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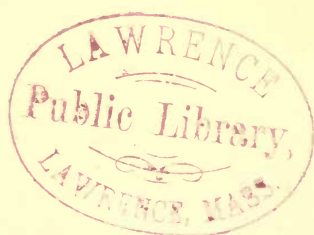
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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



VOLUME VIII JULY - DECEMBER



•CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS NEW YORK•
•F. WARNE & CO. LONDON•

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TROW'S
PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING COMPANY,
NEW YORK.

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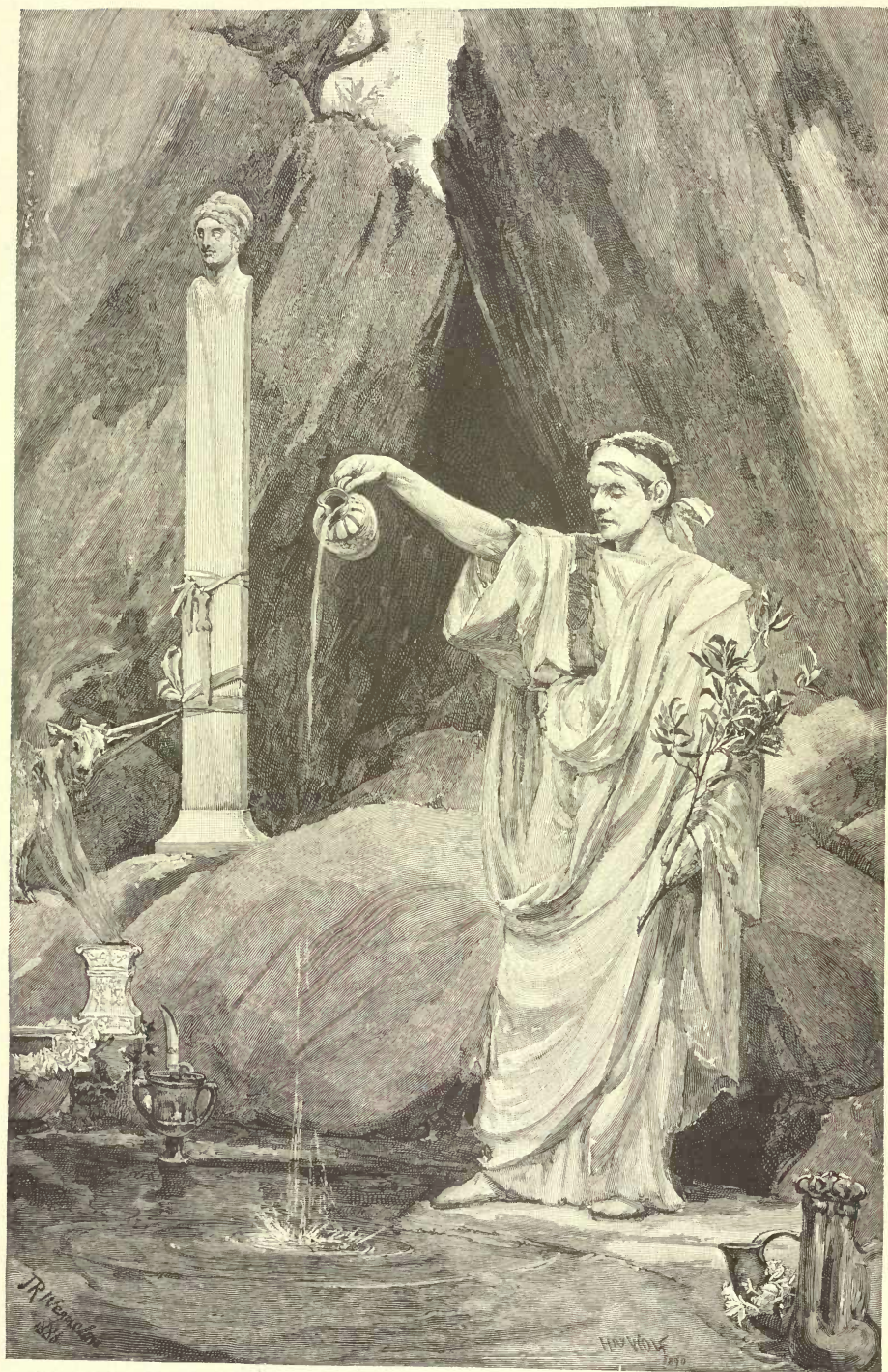
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DRAWN BY J. R. WEGELIN.

"O BABBLING SPRING,"
[Horace, Book III., Ode XIII.]
(See page 19.)

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.



SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.

JULY, 1890.

No. 1.



House at Tuxedo, N. Y.

THE SUBURBAN HOUSE.

By Bruce Price.

DURING the last century, and the first half of the present one, country life in America had assumed a popular and well-defined existence, and through all the old Atlantic States numerous seats and homes had been built that were distinctive and beautiful in character. Many of these, upon the larger estates and in the suburbs of the great cities, were of such size and commanding proportions as to be really mansions. But throughout the country generally, and particularly in and about the important towns and villages, were numerous quiet and well-designed homes resting in their own grounds.

The life in these homes during this period was quite as characteristic as the homes themselves. In the country towns of Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and the New England States, lived a charming people, who in their ample way dispensed a broad hospitality and made a society, intelligent, refined, and

almost chivalric in its intercourse. But the progress and development of the country set many influences at work upon the disintegration of this life. The spread of the great cities razed many of the fine suburban houses; the division of property broke up the country estates and reduced the town's. The war told upon both, and with the wider, broader, more nervous life that followed upon the restoration of peace, the old life soon became almost a myth. Commerce, business, and the race for wealth at once engaged the whole nation; the cities filled and grew, and the country fell away year by year.

The fashion, almost universal at this time with city people, was to spend a few days, or weeks at most, during the heated term, at the great hotels of "the springs," "the summer resort," or the sea-shore. There were many, of course, who, loving the country, sought its quiet, and roughed it on a farm, and

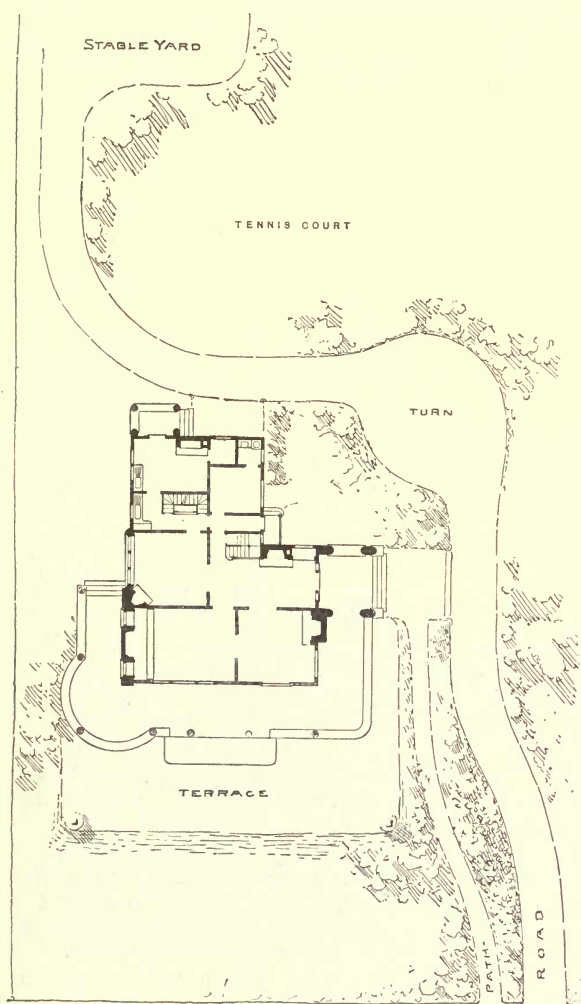
a few others who built, and passed their summers in villas in the suburban country.

But from the whirl and heat of the city, the summer hotel, with its artificial life and huddling quarters, was a poor resource, and early in the seventies the country cottage—a cheap frame nondescript, without cellar or plumbing—began to appear. These cottages were for the most part very simple affairs, built with steep roofs and shallow verandas, and called Gothic. They were the forerunners of a movement that took, at the time, the form almost of a craze. Cramped in the confined quarters of their city

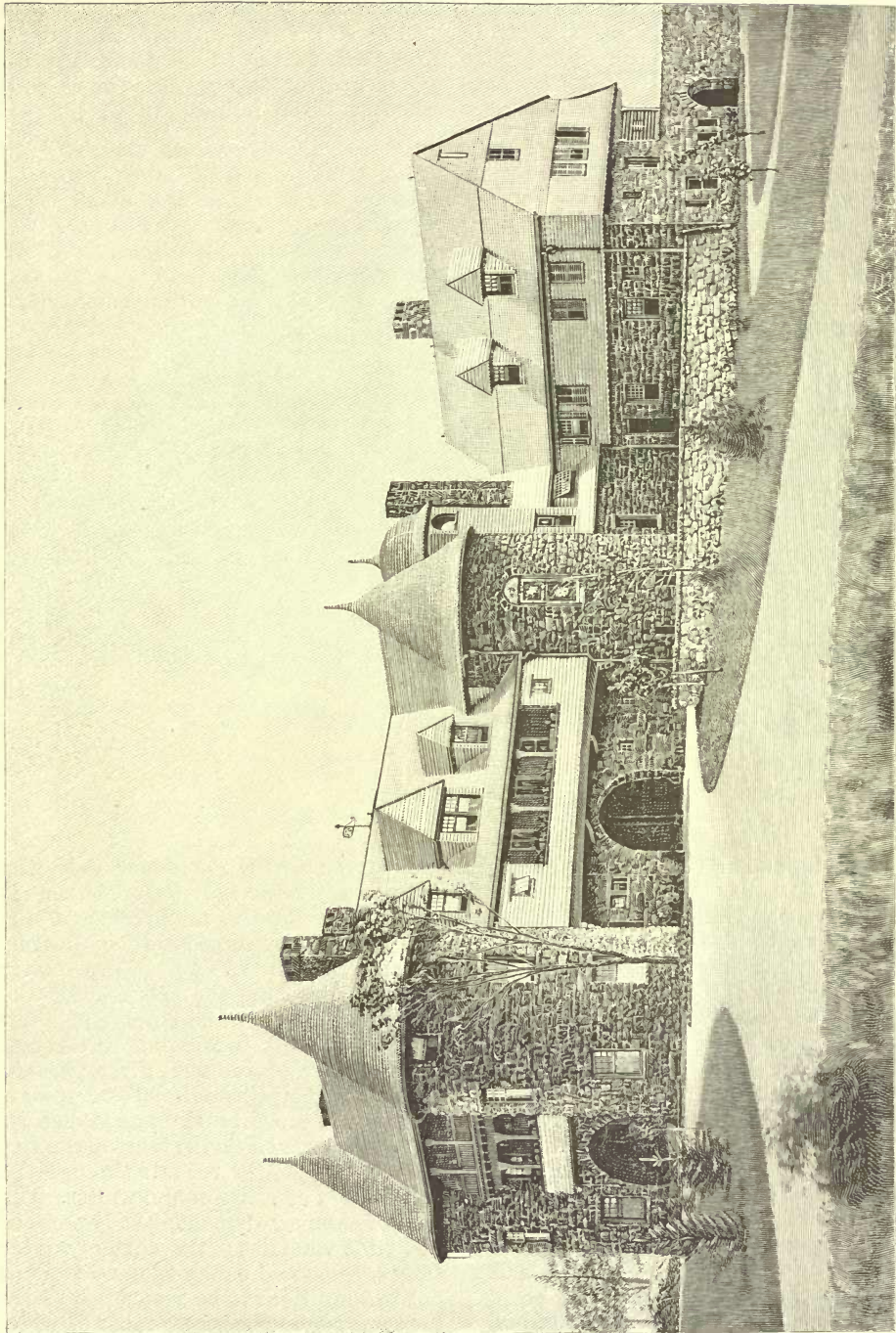
houses, with children growing up about them, numbers looked to the country and longed for some place where they could have free air and abundant room. The fever of this desire spread like an epidemic and developed the epoch of the suburban villa cities, with amazing results. About the outlying towns near the great northern cities large tracts of country were laid out in villa sites and coursed with avenues and boulevards, paved and curbed, and bordered with sickly infantile elms and maples. Block upon block of "villas" sprang up, hideous structures of wood, covered with

jig-sawed work, with high stoops, and capped with the lately imported so-called French roof; all standing in their own grounds and all planned upon the same *motif*—a city house planted in the country. The traveller nearing New York or Philadelphia went through acres of these villas in all stages of progress, from the raw boards to the gorgeous primary reds, yellows, and greens in which their cheap, vulgar details were glaringly set off.

These villa cities were short-lived; the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia soon following, brought our people together and showed them many truths. It taught them that back of all the uses of life there could be art in everything. One beautiful truth fell upon many, Colcott's group of English cottages, the head-quarters of the English Commission to the Exposition, built in half-timbered and shingled work, revealed how lovely a thing a cottage could be when built with artistic intelligence. The influence of these buildings upon both the public and professional mind was, at the time, very great. They showed us not only the ugliness and unfitness of the French-roof villa, but taught us to appreciate,



Plan of House and Grounds at Tacoma, Wash.

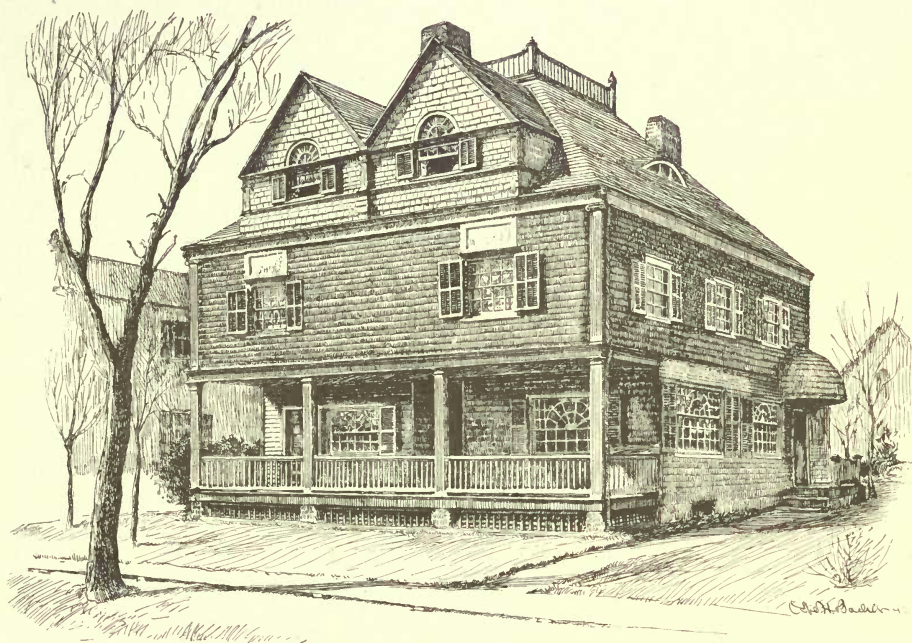


House at Mamaroneck, N. Y.
(McKim, Mead, & White, Architects.)

from the example of their own fitness, the merit and beauty of our national work about us on all sides. Colcott, in England, for his inspiration had gone back to the best period of his own national homes. His contemporaries were

others, feeling the beauty of such places, built upon their lines.

And so the tide turned. The migration back to the country annually became greater and greater, until now, whether these homes are to be per-



House at Morristown, N. J.
(McKim, Mead, & White, Architects.)

doing the same. The good of the old was being revived there; and soon the good in the old with us was sought out and studied.

Men whose paths led them through our older towns could not but contrast their quiet beauty with the vulgar incongruity of these mushroom "villa cities." Their broad, turf-bordered roads, with avenues of great trees spanning the way from side to side; and the old white houses, simple in form, refined in detail, broad and generous in plan and treatment; with the yard in front, the garden at rear, the one filled with rose-trees, oleanders, rose-of-Sharon bushes, and box-bordered walks, the other with fruit-trees and hedges, and garden-beds and borders of hollyhocks or sunflowers. Many, going into the nearer accessible towns, found these old homes and made them theirs; while

manent or for the summer only, the problem, how properly to build them, is a fixed one for the architect, and fills his thoughts and crowds his boards. Climate and habits of life have clearly marked for him the bounds of the problem. The modest cottage of a few years ago, built to rough it in through the hot days of summer, gives place to the more hospitable home of to-day. This home must be snug and comfortable, with broad hearth stones and warm walls to shield its tenants through the biting days of autumn and winter. The heat of summer demands shady porches and wide verandas; the cold of winter snug corners and sunny rooms—two opposite conditions to be reconciled under the same roof. The rooms must be wide, with through drafts inviting the cooling winds of summer, yet low studded and shielded against the blasts of winter.

The house must be ample for summer guests and summer hospitality, compact for the family gathering around the winter fireside, and home-like at all times.

And these homes—what are they now and what shall they be? Passing them in review we have a retrospect of about fourteen years. The movement taking form, as we have seen, about the Centennial year, matured as we know it to-day. In viewing the work of this period it is not to the point to consider the larger establishments of Newport, Mount Desert, Lenox, or the great places that have been raised up all through different parts of the country; it is either the permanent home or the summer residence of the man of moderately independent means that interests us—houses costing from five to twenty thousand dollars.

In all this work the scheme of the plan, whether the cost be of the less or greater amount, is now almost identical.

The ordinary older cottages, those of a quarter of a century ago, were generally planned with a single entrance facing the approach; this opened from a porch into a passage rather than a hall, with the stairways starting a few paces within

kitchen beyond the other. Between the last two came the butlery and servants' stairs, and the back-door, which usually in the family life of the occupants became the thoroughfare to and from the house. This, pure and simple, was the general plan from which the house of to-day started. Step by step it developed. First the passage was attacked, and being broadened became a hall; the staircase fell away from near the threshold to a less obtrusive place, with landings and returns, and windows opening upon them. As the hall grew, the parlor, as its uses and purposes were more absorbed by the hall, became of less importance. The fireplace became a prominent feature, and placed in the hall and more elaborately treated, became an ingle-nook, with the mantel over it, forming an imposing chimney-piece. Improving thus its separate features upon the old, the newer plan advanced further in the disposition of these features. The new hall having become broad and ample, and the rendezvous and seat of the home life, took its position in the most desirable place in the advanced plan. The house grew up about it, following with the other features and details in



House at Cumberland, Md.
(Notman, Architect.)

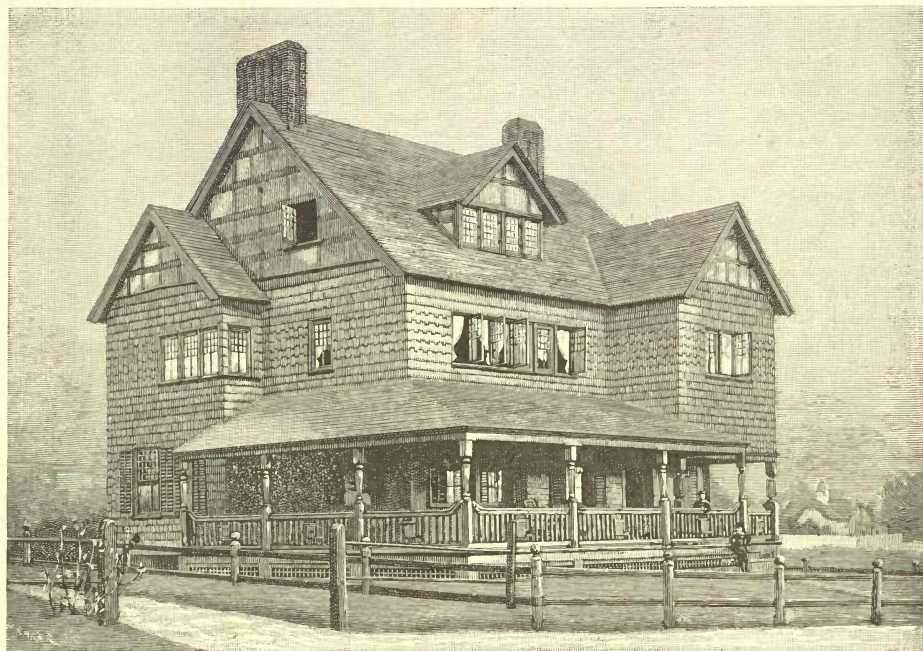
and running straight up against the side-wall to the floor above; the parlor and library to right and left, with the dining-room beyond the one and the

their proper sequence, until now, from the sum of all that has been done, the resulting general plan, with its controlling conditions of site, can be adduced.

Resolving these conditions of site again into general conditions, the result of both is this: to plan and place the house

time. And so it is important to keep these features separate.

As all sites are not alike, so all plans



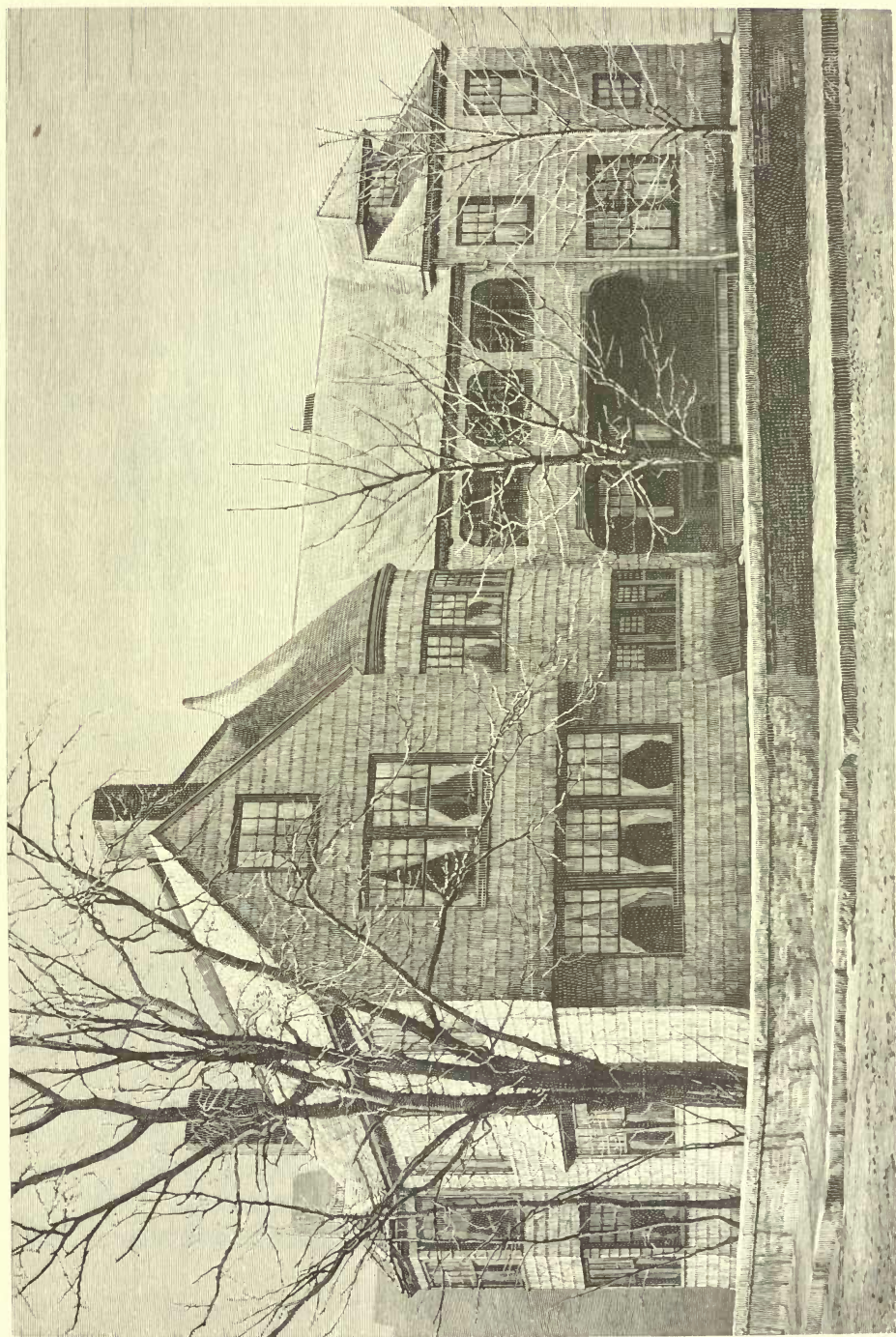
Cottage at Newport, R. I.
(Price, Architect.)

upon its site so that the approach and entrance-door shall be upon one side and the lawn and living rooms upon the opposite. Stating it directly, the best work enables us to approach by a drive upon one side, alight at an entrance-porch, enter by an entrance-hall, advance thence into the hall, and through it out upon the veranda, and so on upon the lawn. This is the simple result, and the reason is as simple. The entrance is for access; the hall, veranda, lawn, and the prospect beyond, belong to the private life of the house. Tradesmen or visitors, however welcome, cannot be dropped into the midst of the family group. Even the welcome guest wishes to cross the threshold and meet the outstretched hand and cordial greeting within. Even Liberty Hall must have its defence.

If the road to the house crosses the lawn and comes at once upon the hall, veranda, and seat of the home life, the home life is open to intrusion at any

cannot be alike; but knowing the site and studying well the access to and the prospect from it, the intelligent architect can readily arrange his plan to suit. If the approach is from the north, and the site falls off gradually to the south, with the view toward that quarter, then the solution of the problem is simple and direct and at its best. The house is placed well to the northern boundary, leaving it sufficiently away from the thoroughfare to insure privacy and space for the turn of the drive. The greater portion of the site is thus given to the lawn upon the south side. The house is placed with its long axis east and west, its approach and entrance upon the north side, its living rooms, hall, veranda, and lawn upon the south, and it stands thus in itself a barrier between the turmoil of the world and the peace and privacy within and beyond its portals.

If the site commands the south, and the approach is from that quarter also, the drive must be thrown to the east or



House at Cambridge, Mass.
(Richard-son, Architect.)

west extreme, and, continuing well beyond the plane of the house, must circle either at the end for the entrance or be brought fully around to the north side and the entrance made there. The road must also be shielded with plantations and shrubbery.

Of course apart from these considerations of approach and outlook, every site has its other conditions of exposure, etc. The prevailing winds in summer and winter must be studied. It may have, upon one hand, an ugly prospect, or upon another, a disagreeable neighbor; there are many points, in fact, to be carefully weighed, and many characteristics of its own calling for skill and judgment. But with its disadvantages the site must still have its good points or it is not a site, and as the architect overcomes the former and avails of the latter, so much

stands its values, just in that proportion will be the success of his result.

Such is the proper house, where a site of some extent, comparatively isolated, and open to the surrounding country can be chosen.

But when the site lies in the midst of other properties already built upon, and possessing in common with them only the single outlook to the front, then the conditions of the problem require that the house shall be planned with its main approach and living rooms alike upon this single open front. Even so, unless the lot is very narrow, a house such as is shown, with its grounds, in the plan on p. 4 of a house at Tacoma, commends itself as still possessing, though hemmed in on three sides by residences and out-buildings, all the salient advantages of a house built in an open country.



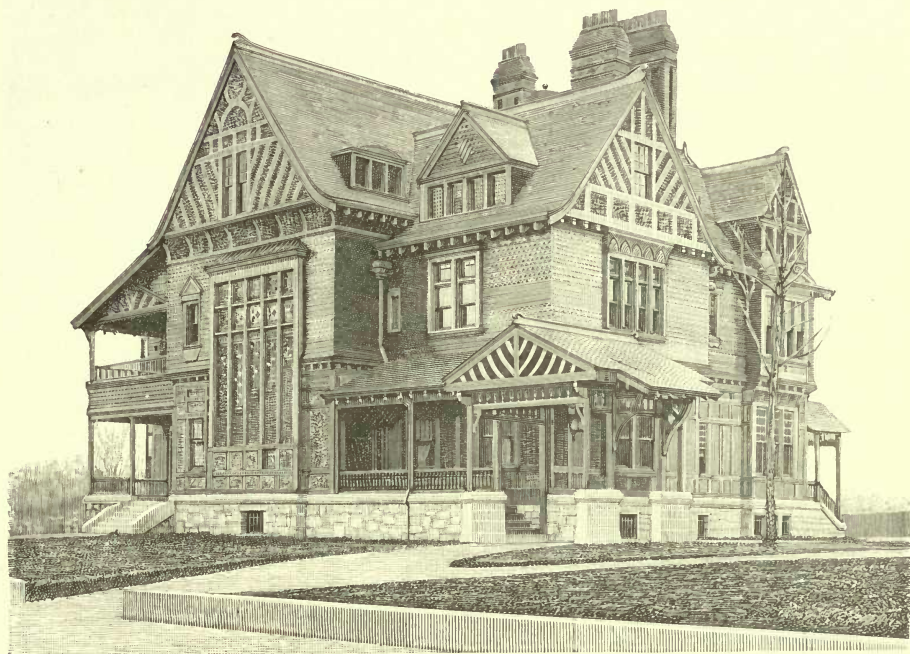
House at Kenwood, Ill.
(Burnham & Root, Architects.)

the greater is his credit and skill, for he will discover that in proportion as he studies and knows his site and under-

Here the house is placed well over upon one side of the lot; the carriage-drive and walk are over against the

other; the entrance-hall is at the rear of the library, with the entrance and entrance-porch at the side. In the angle of the house there is room for the turn in the drive. The grounds in front of

at one corner of the front (as in the Long Island house), with the hall in the centre and the living porch upon the opposite corner, would give a plan meeting many of the above requirements.



House at Evanston, Ill.
(Burnham & Root, Architects.)

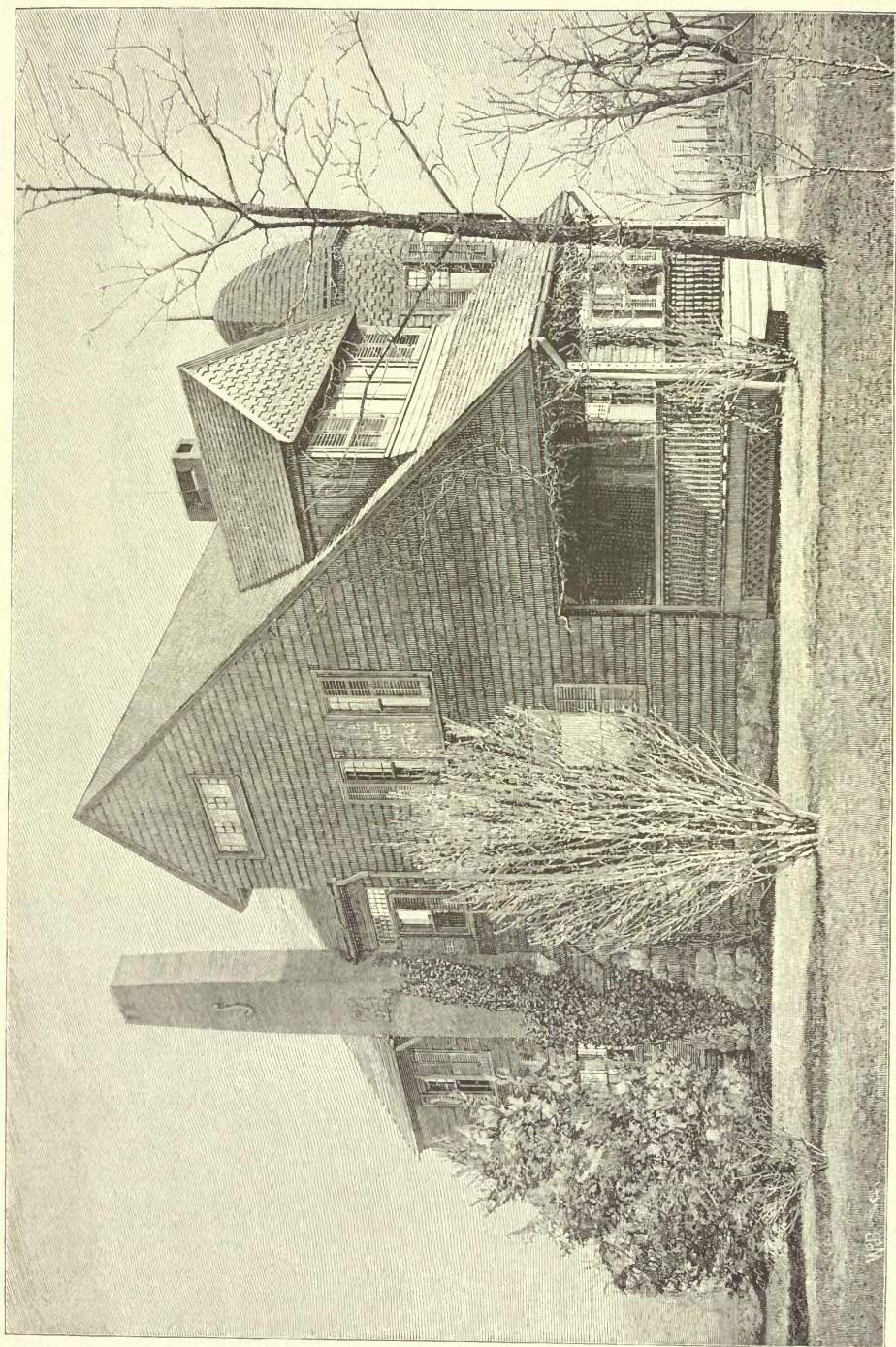
the porch are terraced, and bordering the walk from the angle of the terrace to the entrance-porch are beds of flowers and plantations of low shrubbery. The house, with its porch and principal rooms thus commanded by the approach and the highway, is yet so planned and placed upon the site as to be in no way dominated by them. [See p. 14.]

A house built upon grounds on Long Island, required, from the nature of its site, a scheme of plan similar to the Tacoma house, with the difference that the entrance is at the front corner. It would be well suited for such a situation as the one above described is built upon.

If the site is too narrow for the drive and entrance at the side, the approach, entrance-porch, and entrance arranged

But building sites laid out in nests of lots are usually narrow, and give, at best, to the sides of the houses built upon them only light and air spaces. Upon these the house is generally built across the middle of the lot, sitting back a rod or two from the road, with a walk leading from a gate in the middle of the front. Another gate and walk at one side, for tradesmen and servants, leads to the rear. For such conditions of site the problem of plan has many solutions.

A house recently built at Tuxedo [p. 3] would meet this problem very fairly. In this house the entrance is made at once at the centre into the hall. The porch stretches across the entire front and extends a space beyond at either side. Thus exedras are formed at the ends and give the desired living porches



House at Short Hills, N. J.
(Rich, Architect.)

away from the centre and removed from the intrusion of the entrance.

Also a house at Morristown, N. J. [p. 6], built by Mr. McKim some years since, gives an excellent solution of this "defence against the highway" idea. This house, apart from its planning and placing, is a most successful bit of shingle work, designed upon old colonial lines.

Many of the old-time houses, built upon such lots, are models of proper planning. A house in Cumberland, Md. [p. 7], is, in some respects, the most delightfully arranged home I know. It was built in the early forties from drawings by Notman. The site is upon a hill falling off sharply to the rear, with a prospect at the back of the town below, and the mountains, and narrows between them, in the distance. The house is practically one-storied, and the charm of the plan

Through the centre, from front to rear, runs the hall, fifteen feet wide and sixty feet long from door to door. Upon this hall open all the living rooms; at the front, on the right, is the parlor; on the left, the library. Beyond the parlor, on the one side, are the family bed-chambers, and beyond the library, on the other, comes first a guest-chamber, then the pantry and stair-hall, and the dining-room at the rear. In the roof are additional bedrooms, and in the rear basement is the kitchen, laundry, etc. Across the back of the house runs a wide porch, with a broad stair leading down to the lawn and gardens.

The quarters, or servants' building, was separate and to the left and rear of the main house. With the works of over a half century to judge it by, I do not see how a better plan could be de-



House at Cincinnati, O
(Trowbridge, Architect.)

the is the directness and simplicity of its treatment.

The long axis of the house is with the length of the lot, north and south.

vised for the site. Certain changes and improvements, notably in the plumbing, heating, and lighting, have been made at times by the present owner, but the body

of the house is intact as Notman left it, classical in proportion, simple in outline, and refined in detail. There are numbers of inclosed lots about the suburbs of New York where just such a house could be charmingly placed.

In comparing architecturally the work of to-day with that of the various builders from colonial times up to Notman and his contemporaries, it would seem that their best work, being based strictly upon the study of classic proportions, would outlive the mass of ours. And this for the simple reason that mere novelties will not wear well. In architecture more than in any other art, the work must commend itself for some other reason than its cleverness or originality, or it will very early wear out its welcome. "Quaint," "novel," "picturesque," are terms freely used about us to-day, and "architectural," rarely.

The old builders were *architectural*, first and always, and quaint was perhaps as far as they ever got beyond that. It is not maintained that there is nothing

too, and picturesque and beautiful and original, and will last. But it will last because its motive is purely and architecturally expressed and based upon artistic principles stronger than the originality of its handling.

The old builders, though their works were at times dull and meagre and thin, were yet never undignified, never outrageous, and never forsook the idea that their work had a definite purpose and that that purpose must be expressed in it. In the Long Island, Tacoma, and Tuxedo houses it was with a thought of the old builders and their purposes that they were designed. The gambrel and deep roofs are much as they made them, and the entablature and columns are as the rules of the orders give them.

The Tacoma house, the Armistead cottage at Newport [p. 8], and the Tuxedo house, the writer considers a fair solution, architecturally and picturesquely, of the problem of the suburban home of moderate pretensions. Other examples are numerous; notably Mrs. Stoughton's house at Cambridge, Mass. [p. 9], one of Richardson's designs, though built of shingle in the simplest way, is in plan, mass, and treatment, one of his best works. In two instances of



House at Tacoma, Wash.

in the new equal to the old, or nothing good that is not based upon some older model; or nothing good that is quaint in its effect, and both novel and picturesque as well. On the contrary, there is abundance in the new, superior in every way to the old, and architects greater and abler than the old; and much of their work is quaint and novel

suburban houses by Messrs. Burnham & Root, near Chicago [pp. 10 and 11], the architects have met the problem most fairly, and show in their picturesque composition that the thought of the home was first and most important.

Of the quaint and artistic smaller

cottage, two examples, most opposite in their *motif* and materials, yet both equally delightful in their architectural results, are seen in the house at Short Hills, N. J. [p. 12], built by Mr. Charles

any of its forerunners upon the borders of the Loire or among the hills of England.

The Megalithical houses, of which Richardson's famous Gate Lodge upon

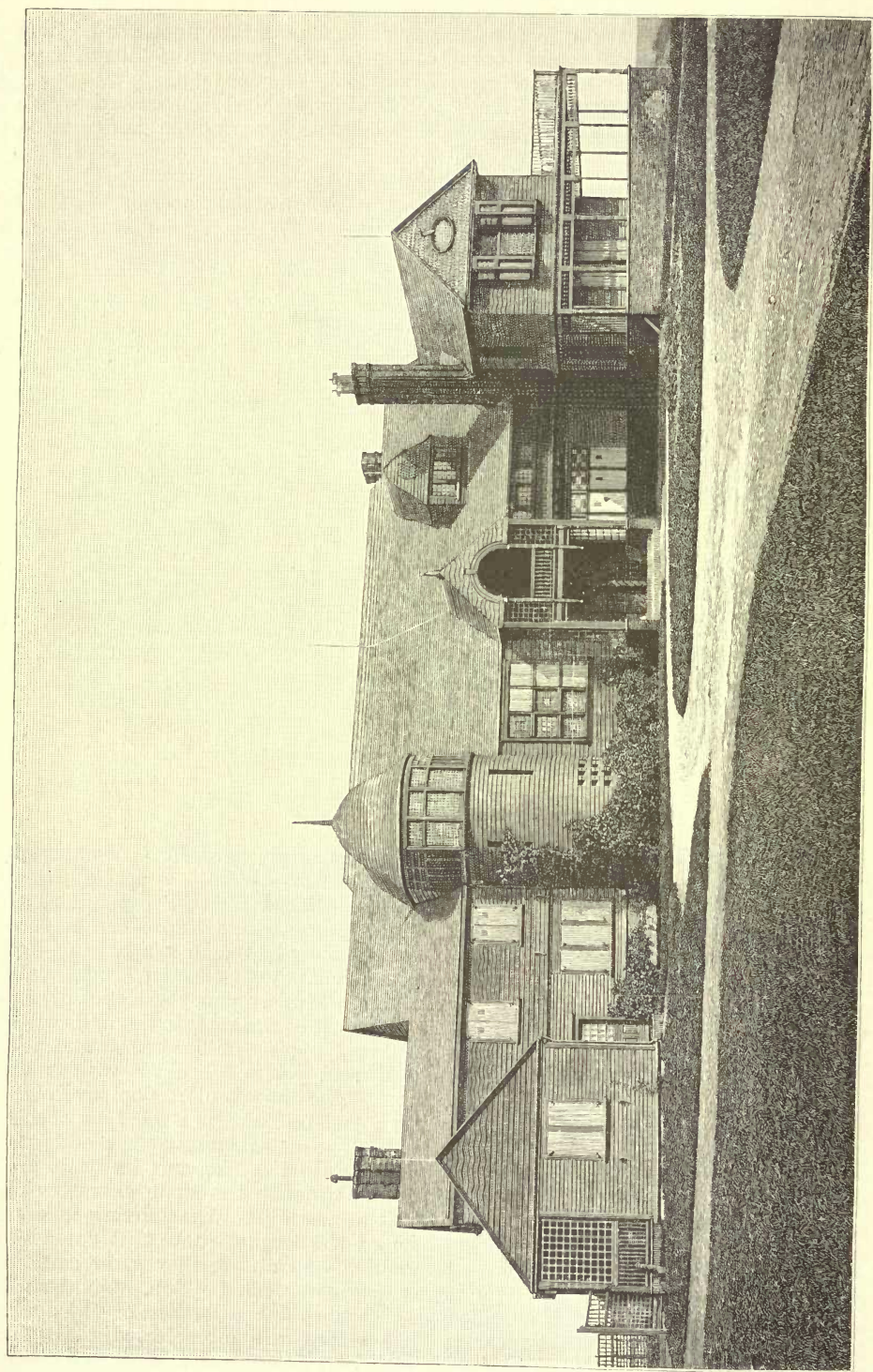


English Suburban House.
(Norman Shaw Architect.)

A. Rich, for himself, and the other in the suburbs of Cincinnati [p. 13], built by Mr. Trowbridge.

Of houses of greater pretensions the field is full. The Osborn house at Mamaroneck [p. 5] may be taken as an example of the best of this type. The approach is from the land side. The house is entered from a *porte-cochère* through its centre. The division of its features is in perfect sequence. All the living rooms and verandas are upon the water side; the offices and entrances upon the other. The home life is perfectly defended and protected. Architecturally the work is handled with great dignity and art. Its materials are rough granite and cedar shingles, and though born of a French *motif* it is the exponent of no style. It is moulded to the needs of its uses, and the result is a genuine American art creation, as good in itself and as honest in its purpose as

the Ames estate near Boston was perhaps the first example, appeal strongly to the original bent of the American mind. The Lodge and Keep at the main gates of Tuxedo are built of the mossy and weather-beaten rocks and boulders found upon the slopes of the park. These are set into the walls without tool marks or fractures, and the beds and joints chocked with rock moss. The house built at Boulder Point, upon Tuxedo Lake, is a fair type of this sort. The house stands upon a cliff projecting into the lake, and its walls are carried up with the same character of rock as the cliff. The starting-courses are of the largest rocks that could be handled, and above, they grow smaller as they approach the top. Great skill is shown in the execution of the work. The stones are all selected with flat faces and fitted one against the other with great patience and care, and the



House at Elberon, N. J.
(McKim, Mead, & White, Architects.)

result is the appearance of cyclopean masonry centuries old. In arrangement, though the house is planned to overcome the many difficulties of its site, the principle of the separation of the approaches from the living quarters, etc., is maintained.

In the details of the interior of the house of to-day, the hall, and especially its fireplace, has received much attention. The "ingle-nook" has been taken up and treated in many ways, amply and beautifully, and the impression is current that with us it is entirely a modern idea. Such is not the case. In an old house in Maryland, built long before the Revolution, the hall was of unusual size—so large, in fact, that the owner boasted that he could (and on a wager, did) turn a four-in-hand in it. On one side was an enormous fireplace, with benches built out at the sides of the jambs, and large enough to seat quite a company. This fireplace was unique. It was built of stone, broad and deep, with a heavy lintel over it; above this lintel was a niche with a separate flue from it, and here in the evening, knots of fat pine were heaped and burned, and the great hall was by this means brilliantly lighted. The old house has long since crumbled and rotted away, but the ruins of the old fireplace still mark the site. This house had at the time the title of being the finest one in western Maryland. Its claims to distinction rested upon the fact that the ends of the logs of which it was built were sawed off, and its roof was covered with shingles.

Viewing American houses from a stand-point of style, there is as marked a character in the artistic handling as in the planning of them.

The most distinctive national suburban house is undoubtedly the shingle house; that is, the cottage, however great or small, built of frame and covered on sides and roof with shingles, plain or ornamented as the case may be. Next in importance is the stone or brick and shingle house combined; that is, the house with the ground story of stone or brick and the upper structure of frame and shingles.

The old colonial houses cannot be considered in connection with the shingle

houses of to-day. The old colonial houses were in all the best examples built upon classic lines, with a classic base for all their details and a classic feeling in their outlines.

The shingle house, while it has been recently taking a decided old colonial form, both in general and in detail, and is very distinctive in plan, began in a picturesque desire to be novel and quaint, and aimed to impress the beholder with these qualities as well as its originality above everything. That it ran riot, and is still doing so, there can be no mistake. But out of it all there is a lot of splendid work. To enumerate it or classify it is not within the scope of this article, but I am impressed with the conviction and believe in the thought that in the planning, designing, and building of the moderate-cost suburban villa of to-day, the American architect has no equal. I believe his work is well above and beyond any period of the school anywhere. Of course, I mean his best work. There is much that is bad, very bad; there have been many conditions to make it so. Vulgar and ambitious clients, uncultivated draughtsmen, who, gifted with clever manual dexterity (and our draughtsmen are getting to be very, very clever as such), set up as architects; *nouveaux riches*, who gauge the beauty of their house by its cost; these and many other conditions produce inevitably their results. But when the client and his architect are in accord, the one to the manner born and the other a part of it, the results are noble and true.

Out of the abundance I select one house in particular, as the forerunner, to my mind, of the type of shingle houses that have since become so distinctively an American class. It must be now ten or twelve years since Mr. Victor Newcombe built his house at Elberon [p. 16]. It is certainly that long since I first saw it. I was driving from Sea Girt to Long Branch at the time, and, unaware of its existence, came suddenly upon it. The whole scheme, form, and treatment of the house were new to me, and I looked upon it with mingled feelings of surprise and pleasure. Mr. McKim has since done greater work, and others have done as good; for "*Facilis est inventus addere*,"

and many have profited thereby. But when I saw it first it was new and stood alone, the first of its class; and that it was true, the numbers that followed it and went beyond it soon showed. I have passed this house many times since, and to me it is as good a piece of work to-day as when I first saw it.

But Mr. McKim was not the only one. Mr. Bassett Jones, fresh from the studio and influence of Norman Shaw, had built one or two lovely cottages on Staten Island. Mr. William Ralph Emerson had done likewise about Boston and at Bar Harbor. Mr. Jones's work was inspired by the Queen Anne revival then starting up in England, but so modified and adapted under his skillful treatment as to be distinctively his own. Mr. Emerson's work was more distinctive still, and went farther than either Mr. McKim's or Mr. Jones's in its individuality. While Mr. McKim, Mr. Jones, and others clothed their frame buildings with clap-boards to the height of the first story and shingled them the rest of the way up, Mr. Emerson started his shingles over the entire house at the water-table, and gained a step in repose that the other houses had not reached.

But the Queen Anne revival in England, from which all this work started, was so different in its motives, both in the use of materials and disposition of the plan, that the American cousin soon lost all family resemblance. One of the best examples of this English work, built from designs of Norman Shaw, is shown in the illustration of an English suburban house on p. 15. It is delightful in composition, is essentially a home, and meets exactly the English idea of one; raise it from the ground, put a veranda around it, and transplant it to New York, and its congruity is destroyed.

Under such conditions and aided in his work by the increasing knowledge and higher cultivation of our intelligent people in all matters pertaining to art, the American architect of to-day finds his great opportunity to found an American style. That the American country-house has become distinctive in becoming suited to our economies and habits of life is clear. Our wants call for new

forms in plan and masses; our materials for new lines and textures in elevations; and with our national inventiveness fostered by the problem, our work becomes more and more national. All these conditions demand original thought and hard study; and bending the mind and talents to answering them must produce distinctive results.

The feeling of the old may survive, but the style of the prototype has been bent to the homes we live in, and in bending yields to a new form. The new form, begun in a friendly school, will often borrow from a sympathetic type, and the result, while neither of the two, yet is true to both; true to its new conditions and good withal. And so the American architect is passing into his incipient Renaissance, copying less from the masters he has studied and reveres, and dropping the word style from his practice. How that word rises up; a frowning spectre to some, a safeguard to many! How can the American practitioner be true to it? Will his client have a replica from Italy, from France, or even from England? Will he build and live in a Scotch fastness, with high, draughty halls, ill lit from narrow windows, flood his moat, haul up his bridge, and lower his portcullis with the chiming of the vesper bells? Will he plant his roof-tree upon the walls of a French *manoir*, give up his ground floor to carriage-drive and flunkies' quarters and live above stairs? Will he give up his shady porches, his wide verandas, his broad piazzas, and take the style he asks for in the literal truth of its examples? There are none of these, as he knows and needs them, in the great schools from which he would borrow a name for his cottage. True there are verandas in Italy, and *loggias*, too, in both Italy and France that lend ideas—and beautifully they have been used. But American life could not thrive—could not exist, indeed—housed in any of the buildings upon which these are found. American country life has marked out its current—broad, clear, well defined. It has its source in a thousand well-springs deep down in the national character. Hampered with no traditions, with a quick perception of his wants,

an innate love of the beautiful, independent and practical, the American must inevitably show his national traits in his home. Scattered apart or grouped together, upon the hills, in valleys, and along the streams that wander through them to the ocean, or perched upon the bluffs and beaches that mark its boundaries, for encircling miles about our great cities, have sprung up, and are still rising, the true homes of the American of to-day. From them and to them a great tide ebbs and flows, and pours over the ferries, by the cars, and along the great water-ways every day. Never ceasing, this torrent pours in and pours out, stronger and greater year by year,

giving to the life of the day one of its most distinctive features. In all the rush, in the marvellous phases that have marked the growth and progress of our wonderful epoch, there is nothing so impressive in the city's life as this daily coming and going throng. It is a vivid expression of that American trait which inspires every man, no matter how subordinate his position in the business world, to assert his individuality and independence by owning a home which is the outgrowth of his special tastes and needs. Amid the pretences and shams of which American life is often accused, this at least has the instinct of truth, and an honest purpose.

HORACE, BOOK III., ODE XIII.

TO THE FOUNT BANDUSIA.

[O fons Bandusiæ.]

Austin Dobson's Translation in Rondeau Form.—Reprinted by permission with Mr. Weguelin's drawing [frontispiece].

O BABBLING Spring, than glass more clear,
 Worthy of wreath and cup sincere,
 To-morrow shall a kid be thine
 With swelled and sprouting brows for sign,—
 Sure sign!—of loves and battles near.

Child of the race that butt and rear!
 Not less, alas! his life-blood dear
 Must tinge thy cold wave crystalline,
 O babbling Spring!

Thee Sirius knows not. Thou dost cheer
 With pleasant cool the plough-worn steer,—
 The wandering flock. This verse of mine
 Will rank thee one with founts divine;
 Men shall thy rock and tree revere,
 O babbling Spring!



JERRY.

PART FIRST (CONTINUED).

CHAPTER VII.

The steadfast silence that holds peace for
wrong
Or love—that keeps the smile on quivering lips;
That holds the tears back from the brave, sad
eyes;
That with a steady hand doth sod the grave
Of all its hopes, so none may know a grave
Is there!

A LONG, low, frame house, unpainted, and weather-beaten, standing a little back from the road that at this point turned, and became the one street of Durden's. A house without the very smallest attempt at beauty—that fulfilled but one end—a shelter.

The main shed, extending straight down from the apex of the roof, takes under its protection a broad piazza, in whose shadowy depths the doors and windows of the house open.

The windows are glazed, which is a luxury in the town of Durden's; but the doors and blinds are simply battened, like the rest of the houses.

Three chimneys come from the roof, one from either end and one from the middle; wonderfully square and ugly, but softened to the view on this cool September day by slender plumes of smoke. A thin rail extends round the piazza save where a clear space is left for the steps, at the corner of which stands a hitching-post for horses. The reddish-brown soil of the yard is baked to the consistency of brick, rising and falling in mimic ravines and hills as the rain is pleased to wash it. No sign of a fence—no sign of paint or whitewash anywhere—no vestige of any attempt at

flower, or shrub, or grass—an ugly, barren, neglected place.

In a high-backed, splint-bottomed rocking-chair, with his feet on the hand-rail that goes about the piazza, a boy sits reading; delicately made and fair, and with a finish in his dress and bearing that shows familiarity with localities very different from Durden's. Indeed, he looks entirely out of place in this rough environment, and seems perfectly to realize the unfitness of things.

Evidently he is very tired; but only of himself and his book, for no work can ever have soiled his white hands nor hardened his delicate muscles; yet he yawns and stretches very wearily, clasping his hands behind his head.

"A beastly hole," he muttered. "I shall be cross-eyed if I read any more," but yet, for lack of other interest, he takes up his book again. The shapely head bends forward, the long lashes shade the girlish cheeks where a little flush has come from the exertion of the last yawn, and the boy is beautiful. No other word would describe him; indeed one would not be tempted to fit any other adjective to him.

And the doctor, riding up and tying his horse, thinks how different this face is from the other he left up on the mountain side.

The boy rises.

"At last!" he says, coming forward, "I thought you might possibly spend the night."

"Scarcely; I waited only to watch the case."

"And how is the case?" yawning again.

"Progressing favorably."

"Unlike your humble servant," turning to follow the doctor indoors.

The doctor paused to hang up his saddle-bags and hat, then turned to look at the boy.

"You look in good case," he said.

"My face is my fortune," looking up with a smile that made this same face brilliant, "but really, I am nearly dead of loneliness; and at noon a letter from mamma; a letter a month old, but telling of the most enchanting things; really, you know!" with an earnest, regretful look in his beautiful eyes.

The doctor listened quietly, watching the boy's face, that seemed to charm him against his will.

"It is very unfortunate," he said, gravely, then went into a fire-lighted room, where a table was laid for two, and a servant in waiting.

"Dinner at once," he said, "and a fire in the study;" then sitting down in the great arm-chair he turned to the boy, who stood near a window. "Is there any news, Paul?" he asked.

"Nothing, except no end of balls, and lunches, and lovely art exhibitions, and operas, and concerts, and everything that can make a fellow long to go home; and I go everywhere with mamma, don't you know; I wish you knew her," the boy added, slowly.

"Yes," and the doctor leaned his head back as if this precocious child worried him.

"Yes," Paul went on, drawing a letter from his pocket—"and she sends you a message."

The creamy paper rustled in the boy's hands; a faint perfume floated on the air, and the words came softly—"I miss you more than I can say, and long for you with a longing that I hope you may never realize. Would it not be possible to persuade your guardian to come home with you some time this winter, so that I can see you?" pausing and looking steadfastly at the doctor; but there was no movement, and he read on—"Thank him for me for all his care of you; I know he will do whatever is best for you, and, in the highest sense of the word, make a man of you,"—the boy stopped, folding the letter slowly.

"Thank you," came coldly from the

doctor, and he passed his hands wearily over his eyes.

"Did you ever know her?" the boy asked, hesitatingly, after a moment's silence.

"Yes."

Then the dinner and lights came in, and the conversation ceased.

The meal was rather silent, and afterward the evening in the book-lined study seemed rather cold and still. The lessons went on without much heart, dragging heavily; with cold patience on the doctor's part; with undisguised weariness on the boy's part, until the tasks were done.

"Now I will fly back with delight to my novel, of which I was so weary," and the boy rose and stretched himself; "to think I should be thankful to my lessons for anything," he went on; "to think that I should fall so low that one dullness is a boon because it makes the next dullness seem less dull."

"I am reading," the doctor said, not looking up.

"I beg pardon," hurriedly, and the boy, with the color burning in his cheeks, subsided with his book into an arm-chair.

But he did not read; instead, he watched furtively the man before him, wondering what was the point of his life. Why did he live in this lonely fashion, away off in these wilds; why study so diligently; why spend his time and his money on the poor creatures, the scum of the country, who gathered out in this region? Like to-day, spending hours over one little waif who was of no earthly use to anyone. Was he altogether right in his mind? He must be, Paul concluded, for he remembered quite distinctly his father's dying words about him—"I give him Paul as unconditionally as such a thing can be done, and charge him to be all to him that he would be to his own son." Paul remembered it all quite distinctly, and the last talk his father had given him. After that the long months when his mother pleaded not to give him up—the lawyer's protest, and the letters from this guardian, that had made his mother so ill; then his journey to this far Western region, his reception, and wonder at his surroundings. It was very strange; and with all

his precocious, shallow knowledge of the world, he could make nothing of these facts that met him on every hand.

Now he found that there had been some acquaintance between his mother and his guardian ; a new piece of knowledge that deserved much thought. Why not ask about this new puzzle ? Why not, indeed ! After that last snub, he would rather put his hand in the fire than say a word. No really harsh word had ever been said to him by this man, yet Paul would sooner have attempted to strike him, than positively to disregard one wish of his. He shirked his duty sometimes, when in a particularly rebellious frame of mind, and when his guardian was not at hand to look him over after a cool, calm way he had. Sometimes he longed to see him angry, to hear him curse and swear and storm as he had heard other men do ; he thought it would be almost refreshing. This intense calm ; this controlled stillness that nothing seemed to disturb, was frightfully monotonous, and the man must surely be devoid of feeling. And yet he helped all the poor and sick, and got no pay for it ; certainly a strange man.

And this strange man sat in the brilliant circle of lamplight reading on and on ; turning page after page as if nothing existed for him save that book. All day long he had been resting with no eye to scan his features—no keen curiosity to probe his self-control—all day he had been resting with only the wild creatures about him.

So they sat until the word came of a miner who had fallen and injured himself ; then the doctor closed his book and ordered his horse, and telling the boy not to wait for him, rode away in the darkness to spend the hours of the night among the lowest of mankind—watching the death-struggles of the strong—the misery and desolation of the weak.

Aye, what did life seem to him ? what use in all its toil and striving ? what comfort for all its sorrow and suffering ?

As well as he could he eased the agony of body, and comforted the heart—for he knelt and prayed for the passing soul—this strange man whose life had no visible point.

And riding homeward in the wild dawn he whispered once again :

“If God will ever forgive me !”

CHAPTER VIII.

And with no language but a cry.

JERRY sat in the low doorway very much as he had done on the spring morning before he left his home, with the sun shining all about him, finding out all the hollows in his small face, and showing the grave eyes grown larger and more wistful. His hopes had all failed him ; the only object he had ever had was seemingly an illusion ; a blankness had come to him that was strange and unaccountable, and he realized thoroughly but one thing—that he was sorry he had ever wakened from his sleep on the trail. He felt more lonely now that there was nothing to remind him of his past save his little bundle. His clothes were all new and warm ; Joe had brought them from Eureka, whatever or wherever that might be. Red flannel shirts and thick trousers, and a thing Jerry had never known before in his short life—a pair of boots ! In his recollection his father had possessed one pair ; but further than that he did not know boots. Now he sat in the sunshine, thinking, as far as his half-awakened faculties could think. Heretofore his life had been but a dull routine, never reaching beyond the old rail-fence, of helping his mother with the scant crop, or picking berries that his father took away to “peddle”—which meant to Jerry that his father would return with a small store of provisions, but always whiskey. So his life had passed in ignorance and silence, with pain and hunger for variety. With his mother's disappearance came the first change and excitement. She had talked to him of the “Golding Gates,” and then for the first time he had heard that there were such things as peace and plenty. After that his journey—the excitement—the failure—the long sleep and slow awakening to kindness and rest, and this strange blankness for which he could not account, for he

knew his life was more full than ever before.

He sat in the sunshine, slowly revolving the reasons of things as far as he knew them, and gradually coming to the conclusion that he had missed the "Gates," because he had not his mother with him, and added to this was the hopelessness of ever being able to return and undo the evil done to his mother. He leaned against the door-post sorrowfully. "I can't never git back," he muttered, "Joe 'llows as he dunno how I made out to git here; 'cause he 'llows I muster come from whar he come from, 'cause I talks like all his'n's folks; an' ther big water—I'm fearder that, sure!" He would not continue his wanderings, for he had no hope now, and one place was as good as another. Joe never beat him—Joe gave him food and clothes. There was nothing for it but to stay where he was; mind the house by day while Joe was gone; cut wood down among the pines, and have the supper cooked when Joe came home; this was the routine. "If I only hed Mammy," he would whisper in the long, silent days, turning his bundle over in his hands. But when Joe came home at night the fire was always burning, the supper ready, and the little face watching for him. And Joe felt he had done a good thing in taking in the little wail.

"He's sumpen ter say 'hardy' to when I gits home of a evenin'," he said to the doctor as if to excuse his weakness; and long before there was any chance of seeing his house, Joe would look up the trail and try to catch a glimpse of the open door and the little figure showing black against the fire-light.

And when supper was despatched, and the house closed for the night, it was pleasant to feel that if he put down his pipe and asked a question there was a voice to answer him.

He often wondered over the child, and occasionally put a question to him; but the doctor had said to wait until the child was quite strong before he took his mind back to the things that had caused his illness. So Joe waited until one night, when the crisis was reached unintentionally.

Joe had sat silent for a long time, when, putting down his pipe and looking solemnly into the fire, he said:

"To-morrer pore 'Lije Milton is agoin' to be buried, Jerry, an' youuns kin go alonger me if youuns hes a mind thet way. 'Lije an' hisn woman come from home, too."

Jerry, squatting by the fire, was silent for several minutes, then looked up slowly.

"Buried?" he said.

Joe looked at the child in astonishment.

"Well, I reckon thet's what I said; buried," he repeated.

"What's thet?" very simply.

"My soul, boy!" in absolute wonder, "why, pore 'Lije is dead, dead as a cole stone, an' weuns is agoin' to bury him. Ain't youuns never been to a buryin'?"

"I dunno," hesitatingly.

"Ain't youuns never seen nothin' die?"

"I dunno," with a tone of humility added to the ignorance.

"Ain't youuns never broke a chicken's neck?"

"No, but I hev sawn it done," somewhat of confidence coming again into his voice.

"Well, when its neck's broke, an' it's a-lyin' thar rale still——"

"But it don't," Jerry interrupted, quickly, "it hops around powerful, it do, jest all over ever'thing."

"Thet's true," Joe acknowledged, seeing the weakness of his simile, but at a loss for a better, until after a little thought he looked up slowly, "but it do git rale quiet atterwards."

"Thet's so," Jerry allowed in his turn.

"An' cole, an' stiff," Joe went on, with superiority growing in his voice.

"It do," looking up.

"Well, then it's dead; it can't crow no mo', an' if it's a hen it can't cluck no mo' to its chickens; it can't eat ner nothin', an' it's dead," solemnly.

Jerry made no response, his little mind was far too busy, was groping too earnestly for him to make any sound; and Joe went on:

"An' thet's what's come to pore 'Lije Milton; he's dead, plum dead; he can't eat, ner talk, ner do nothin'; he jest

lies thar stiff an' cole, an' youuns kin call him furever! Pore Mis Milton were jest a-howlin', but 'Lije never knowed it."

"An' what's buryin'?" Jerry asked again, in the silence that followed Joe's words.

Again Joe looked the child over from head to heels, as a naturalist would scan a totally new and unexpected development in some well-known species. This ignorance was something entirely beyond his experience—any extreme being beyond him—and he scarcely knew how to account for it; but with exemplary patience he tried to make it clear to the child.

"When folks is dead," he began slowly, "we digs a hole an' puts 'em in, and kivvers 'em good."

The child's eyes grew wider as he listened, and he fastened them on the speaker with an intensity that made Joe halt a little in his speech.

"They're 'bleeged to do it," he explained hastily, as if the child had condemned the practice.

"An' puts rails 'round it, an' bresh on top?" the little, anxious voice questioned.

Joe was puzzled for a moment, but he answered bravely, nevertheless:

"Sometimes they do when critters air roun'; they purtects 'em that way."

"An' can't theyuns never git up no mo'?" with his pitiful eyes still on the man's face.

Joe shook his head.

"Not fur a long spell," he said; "an' I ain't rale sartain sure 'bout thet; but some preachers b'lieves it, an' calls it the 'jedgment day,' an' says as all folks as is dead gits up then; gits up a-singin' an' a-shoutin' to march to the 'Promis'-lan'; whar thar ain't no mo' sickness, ner nothin' bad. My Nancy Ann's gone—gone in at the 'Pearly Gates'!"

"Golding Gates," the child interrupted eagerly, "the 'Golding Gates.' Mammy 'llowed she were agoin' thar, her did."

Joe looked at the child earnestly.

"Is youun's mammy dead?" he asked, too curious to remember the doctor's injunctions.

Jerry shook his head.

"I dunno," he answered, and all the light died out of his eyes, "I dunno; I

dunno nothin'!" covering his face with his hands. "Mammy's gone away, an' I piled bresh on her, I did," the burden of his remorse breaking out in a wail, "an' some blossoms; but I never knowed—I never knowed!" rocking back and forth with the pitiful refrain coming almost hysterically from his lips—"I never knowed, I never knowed!"

Joe was startled, for he remembered the days when this cry never faltered until the voice was too weak to cry. Was the child becoming ill again? And in his anxiety he remembered the doctor's quieting words.

"It's all right, Jerry," he said, gently, "youuns done all right: ax the doctor when youuns sees him, he knows."

The pitiful cry died away and the rocking ceased as Joe went on:

"If youuns Par buried her——"

"The woman in the valley named it 'plantin' of her," the child put in wearily.

"Well," Joe granted, "some folks do name it plantin', but I don't 'llow as I like it; it soun's like weuns wus taters or corn, so I says buried, I do; an' if youuns' Par buried youuns' Mar, her must be dead, sure; an' if youuns piled rails an' bresh roun' her, youuns done jest right; youuns purtected her, youuns did."

Jerry leaned against the chimney, silent; his remorse was being stilled, but his hopelessness was increasing with every word Joe uttered. He would never see his mother again unless what Joe only half believed should turn out true; the "Jedgment day," when all the dead should rise; and he looked up asking:

"An' when'll it come?"

"What?" in some anxiety lest his stock of learning should be exhausted.

"The day when all the folks gits up?"

"Thar ain't no man as knows," Joe answered, with reassured solemnity; "the doctor told my Nancy Ann as nobody knowed; he said the horn 'ud blow an' all 'ud rise; but some folks don't b'lieve it; pore 'Lije Milton never b'lieved it, 'cause he 'llowed he'd rather never git up no mo'; he 'llowed he'd done lived in a mine as is a hole in the groun', and he'd jest as lieve stay thar;" then rousing as from a meditation, he turned to the

child, "but youuns done right, Jerry, an' youuns pore Mar is a-resting' mighty easy, I reckon, an' youuns kin rest easy too;" with which grain of comfort the child went away to his bed in the corner; and Joe, feeling troubled about him, determined to tell the doctor of his perplexity, and ask his advice. He had done his best, but he was dimly conscious that his knowledge had run short under the child's questioning, and any further probings from this quarter would put him where he would have nothing to say. Besides, he was in some doubt as to the soundness of the child's mind; such dense ignorance puzzled sorely his own half-knowledge. He could not comprehend this extreme any more than he could realize the other, and he felt obliged to appeal to a higher power.

He would ask the doctor the next day, for of course the doctor would be at 'Lije's funeral.

CHAPTER IX.

Death endeth all ;

And then ?

The tears are dried—The dim hope fled,
Love lieth still, and cold, and dead—

Death endeth all ;

And then ?

A DIM, gray day, with the clouds drifting so low that they hid the tops of the mountains, and hung far down the sides like ragged curtains. No rain was falling, and the wind was still save now and then it rose in sudden gusts that tore the clouds to pieces.

Joe and Jerry set out on their way at an early hour, as the distance was not short, and the occasion one that demanded the respect of long and solemn waiting, especially from Joe, who had the honor of having come from the same county in Tennessee as 'Lije Milton. Many in the colony had come from neighboring States and counties, but Joe alone had come from the same place.

They had beaten their clothes clear of dust, had greased their boots, and scrubbed their faces and heads until the skin shone and the hair lay as sleek as wax. But it was a great day in Durden's,

and one that required these rites and ceremonies. 'Lije Milton was a miner of high degree, indeed, a mine owner; and not only this, but one who had dared to go so far as to doubt the doctor's doctrine of a hereafter; one who had actually argued this point with the doctor, but who still loved the doctor, and had more than once declared his intention of knocking down anyone who agreed with him in his opinions against the doctor. He could not second the doctor in his views, but no one else should dare to take such a stand while "Lije Milton hed a fist."

And 'Lije was held in most profound respect; he had killed a "grisly" with a jack-knife—he had knocked down a mule with his fist—he had discovered the new mine—he had scalped more Indians than anyone else had ever seen—he had been to more places, even to the end of the old mine, where everybody knew he would have to meet old Durden's ghost that lived there in peace and plenty.

All these things 'Lije had done; and all these things Joe poured into Jerry's ears, adding a full description of the awful terror of the black depths in "Durden's mine," where 'Lije had met and conquered the wandering spirit of the ancient possessor.

"Thar's water in thar thet never quits a-drappin'," Joe went on, "an' 'Lije kep' on a-hearin' it, an' a-hearin' it," tell it jest wore him plum out, an' he 'llowed he'd go in thar an' see 'bout it; an' he did," pausing solemnly, "you bet he did; an' he were gone two days, he were; an' I tells youuns, Jerry," drawing a long breath that seemed to catch a little, "'Lije wornt never the same man sence; never, sure's youuns is born," stopping to put a fresh piece of tobacco in his mouth; "an' he never tole nobody what it was he sawn in thar, ceppen thet he hearn things a-cryin' an' the water allers a-drappin'; but he 'llowed as old Durden'd never pester him no mo'; an' now 'Lije is gone, an' ain't no better man 'an old Durden."

"Were old Durden buried?" Jerry asked, his mind occupied with these rites he did not understand.

Joe shook his head.

"I ain't plum sure," he said, "fur ole

Durden were dead an' gone 'fore ever I come out to this place; but I hearn as he never wuz! He tumbled off some rale deep hole in the mine, an' nobody never knowed rightly whar it were; but nobody couldn't git no mo' men to work in Durden's mine." Then more meditatively, "I ain't never worked none in thar, but they do say as thar's mo' gole in Durden's mine 'an any man kin dig, they do."

"Gole?" the child asked.

Joe turned back in the narrow path to look down on him.

"My Lord! boy, ain't youuns got nary idee?" he said; "ain't youuns never seed no gole?"

Jerry shook his head, leaning humbly against an adjacent rock.

"I dunno nothin'," he answered, wearily.

"Ain't youuns never seed no money?"

And again Jerry shook his head. Joe was in despair almost; the child surely must be wrong in his mind.

"Well, Jerry," compassionately, "I mus' 'llow as youuns is a most onknow-in' creetur; well, jest listen; money jest means ever' blessed thing an' creetur," taking his hands out of his pockets to emphasize his words; "money means mules, an' powder, an' shot, an' a house, an' ever' kinder truck; money means wittles, an' clothes, an' boots, an' hats; money means youuns is too good to do nothin'; money means terbacky, an' seg-yars, an' whiskey——"

"Dad hed whiskey all the time," the boy interrupted, quickly.

"Then youuns Par hed money," Joe finished, conclusively, "an' money air made outer gole, an' gole air yaller, an' shines; an' gole just lays roun' loose in Durden's mine!"

"An' gole makes the 'Golding Gates'?" the child queried, deprecatingly, as Joe was about to proceed on his way.

"You bet it do," he answered, "'cause the preachers says thar's riches thar as never fails—never!" and again turning from the child, he walked on.

Down, down, down to the funeral of this hero who had passed by the shining treasures of Durden's mine in order to do battle with Durden's ghost; but who had, nevertheless, come back a changed man.

Jerry listened and wondered, if the confusion of ideas in his mind could be called wonder. His pure and simple conception of the "Golding Gates" had become inextricably mixed with his father and the money that bought whiskey! *Could* it be the same gold?

His judgment wavered for a time; but before he reached 'Lije Milton's, it had settled to the conviction that the gold that bought whiskey, and so represented his father and all his misery, could not be the same thing that made the entrance to the wonderful land of which his mother had told him—the land where he must meet her. "Mammy'd never go no whars as thar wuz whiskey," he whispered to himself—"never, as sure's I'm alive." Still, this conclusion did not change the mystery; did some people like beatings and hunger, and so go to a place where all was gold, and so all was whiskey? 'Lije Milton was right; leave the gold, if gold meant whiskey.

Yet there was something strange about it all; Joe seemed to set great store by gold, but not by whiskey, for he never got drunk.

And Jerry was at a loss.

"I'll ax the doctor," he said softly to himself—"Joe says as he kin jest tell about ever'thing—I'll ax him," and he followed silently down the steep way.

The clouds came lower and lower over the rough land that was torn and rent in every direction by hands hungry for gold—the rough, red land, so dark and unlovely; with no exquisite coloring; no beautiful fresh greenness; no gorgeous autumn staining—poor, hard, rock-broken land.

But humanity did not seem to miss the soft loveliness that had spread about their paths in the far East; they did not ever think of the wind that sobbed among the black pines, and crept down the lonely gorges, as the same wind that swept across the green hills far away beyond the Mississippi. A little child listened to it because it sounded "like Mammy a-singin';" but that was all.

The people had come only for gold, and what use in listening to the wind, even if it did come from their old homes? All was equal out here in the West, and money was made more easily. In the

East it had been long toil and little pay ; riches and luxury were all about them, to be envied and longed for, but not to be won by them. What folly to listen to the wind—what folly to think of their old homes where their fathers had been content ; the old men and women making their living so hardly—the old graves where so many had laid them down in weariness and hope. It had done very well for the old, who had been content to see others above them ; but in this new West things were very different.

The wind was whispering very low to-day—and Jerry listened almost unconsciously ; in his own home the clouds and wind came down just as they did here, and he felt less lonely when they closed about him, as he followed Joe in puzzled silence.

At last 'Lije Milton's house was reached ; a frame house with an upper story, which, being the only one in Durden's, had caused much talk at the time of building. But 'Lije's wife, who had come out later than he, had made him build this addition, which his friends had criticised quietly. Criticised because they were friends, and quietly because 'Lije was not over-scrupulous about either words or blows.

There were curtains at the glazed windows, and a fence about the front yard, which last was more than even the doctor's house could boast ; more than this, there was a horse-rack in front of the gate for the convenience of anyone stopping either at 'Lije's, or at any other house in the settlement.

Inside, all was in solemn order ; a large fire burned in the broad fireplace of the best room ; on the walls were frightful prints ; a gorgeously painted clock ticked on the mantel-piece, flanked by two brilliant china vases ; the bedstead in the corner boasted a feather-bed, a rare and costly thing in Durden's, and was covered by a patchwork quilt that would have defied any rainbow to a contest of colors. A rug of fringed woollen rags was on the floor in front of the hearth, and on the backs of the three cane-seated rocking-chairs were tidies of wonderful workmanship. Rows of medicine bottles stood on a table in one corner, to show that no money had been spared in 'Lije's illness ; and around

this gorgeous apartment—for it was gorgeous and luxurious for Durden's, and Mrs. Milton saw with much pride that all were awed by it—were placed benches and chairs for the accommodation of friends. They were pretty well filled now, and had been so for hours, by rows of women and children, with their long bonnets either pushed back from their heads, or held in their hands.

Near the fire, rocking slowly in the largest of the rocking-chairs, backed by the gaudiest tidy, sat the widow. Her straight, sandy hair was screwed into a tight knot at the back of her head ; her dress, made of curtain chintz, was gorgeous in palm-leaves a foot long, but toned in front with large white china buttons, also a rare article in Durden's.

"'Lije never grudged her nothin', you bet !" and all the women moved their heads mournfully. "'Lije never grudged nothin', thet was sure," they said, then looked to where, on two rough carpenters' benches, rested the painted deal coffin, and in it all that remained of the hero of Durden's.

A powerfully made giant, now lying in unwonted quiet and unnatural neatness, arrayed in a suit of "sto' clothes" that proved more than anything the great wealth and importance of the man, and the calm disregard his widow had for money. "Thar ain't nothin' mean 'bout me," she had said, "an' 'Lije *shell* be buried in the best clothes thar is in Durden's, an' them is his own sto' clothes," and all the settlement agreed with her, and looked with much just pride into the eyes of the people who had come over from Eureka to the funeral.

Outside a group of men stood about the door and lounged against the fence ; and inside, through an open door another group of men could be seen in the kitchen, where refreshments were being served by two or three women.

All had been in and out more than once, for it was not often that corn-bread and bacon, and whiskey and coffee were to be had without stint, and had with the choice either of "long" or "short sweetenin' !" But "there warn't nothin' mean 'bout Mrs. Milton."

No one went in as if they specially needed or desired the food and drink,

but with an air of accommodation, as if they took it only to please their hostess and their dead friend.

So it all was when Joe and Jerry arrived ; it took a little time to make their way through the group in the front yard, for everyone had some word to say to Joe about the boy. Gossip and news spread even in that wild country, and everybody knew that Joe Gilliam had found a boy and had taken him in ; but more than this Joe scarcely knew himself. That the boy's name was Jerry—that his mother was dead—that he had run away from home and would have died in the attempt but for Joe—was all that Joe knew, except that the boy was hopelessly ignorant—might be considered even a little off in his mind. But Joe let none of this appear in his talk.

"Is thet your boy, Joe?" they asked.

"Thet's ther boy," looking down on Jerry, standing beside him with his hands in his pockets.

"Where'd ye' find him?"

"A-comin' down Blake's trail."

"He looks mighty skimpy."

"He do," Joe acknowledged ; then a silence fell, during which all the group was occupied in looking Jerry well over, and no sound could be heard save the chewing and spitting of tobacco. This was the way of their kind, and Jerry, seeming to understand it, was silent under the scrutiny. Then Joe turned away toward the house, and Jerry followed him.

"Tuck off youuns' hat," Joe whispered as they entered, and the child obeyed.

All around the room his eyes wandered ; over the rows of ugly, work-worn, stolid-looking women—wearing on their faces and in their eyes a sort of unquestioning stoicism. They knew all that life could possibly hold for them ; they had solved, as far as they could hope to solve, or as far as they had realized them, all the mysteries of their days ; they knew no higher desire than the bare necessities of food and clothing ; their hopes were bounded by their actual wants ; their sorrows, their joys, their pains, and pleasures were borne without any outcry ; nothing but their fatalistic stoicism possessed any intensity for them, and from that they were seldom shaken.

A birth, a death, a beating came naturally into the day's work, and passed by with little comment.

Jerry looked about him now without any understanding of what this gathering meant. 'Lije Milton was dead, Joe had told him, and they had come to see him buried, or planted, whichever name one preferred using ; and Jerry had come to see, and to judge and condemn, or exonerate his father ; to satisfy himself as to his own action in piling the brush on his mother's grave, and then in deserting her. It was a thing of momentous importance to him, for either it would settle forever on his life the burden of remorse and pain, or it would prove to him that the burying of his mother was an absolute necessity, so leaving him no hope but the day of Resurrection, which Joe seemed to hold as very questionable.

It never occurred to him that the burying of his mother, right or wrong, would have deprived her of life, and so have exonerated him from all ill-doing ; he felt only that either his father had buried her to keep her from running away to the "Golding Gates," or that she was really dead, and there was nothing in the future but the "Jedgment day."

Next to the long white box which Joe was now approaching, Jerry was the centre of attraction, for all were curious to see Joe Gilliam's boy.

Fortunately for Jerry, the curiosity of this class was not demonstrative ; a fact satisfied them, and Jerry standing among them proved all the story they had heard, and the passing whisper that "Joe ain't found much," ended the matter.

But Jerry realized nothing after his first look around the room, save that Joe was standing, hat in hand, gazing into a long box that seemed strangely like one he had seen before. His patient eyes grew more wistful, and a look of pain and wonder came in them as he watched Joe.

He was afraid to go nearer, afraid of the certainty that would be his if he looked in that box. Almost it seemed as if he would again see his mother as he had seen her last, before his father had nailed the box up to put it in the

ground. He trembled from head to foot as he stood looking up with eyes fixed steadfastly on Joe's.

"Yon's afraid," one woman said to another, and the all-important widow, hearing the words, looked at the child.

"Youuns kin look in," she said. "'Lije ain't a-goin' to hurt youuns; he never b'lieved he'd git up no mo,' an' I don't b'lieve it nuther," obstinately.

Jerry only half comprehended the words as he stood watching Joe, and had no thought that they were addressed to him; but Joe fully realized, not only all that was being said, but all that was being thought; and beyond this, the awful breach of funeral etiquette of which Jerry was now guilty. Not to stand and look mournfully at the poor lump of clay clothed in the mocking emblems of daily life—not to stand and think how "he'd falled away in his sickness," and how he looked "rale nateral"—not to make a close inspection of the defenceless fellow-creature so as to be able to describe and criticise for the benefit of less fortunate friends, was to show a decided lack of breeding, and mortally to offend all surviving relatives.

And Joe, not in the least comprehending Jerry's trembling terror, drew the child forward; drew him forward until the questioning eyes could not but look down to the dead for their answer. The gaunt, grayish-yellow face—and the great toil-worn hands crossed in unearthly quiet. There was no sound, no movement from the child; he stood and looked, while his heart seemed to sink within him, and the daylight seemed to fade from about him. His disconnected wonders were drawing together—his weary questions were finding answers.

He had done no wrong, had aided in no ill against his mother; he had been right to lay the rails about her, and to pile the brush there; and his running away was not leaving her.

White and still he stood, losing his ignorance—losing his fair hope of the "Golding Gates"—and with a loneliness sweeping about him even as the clouds swept down and clung about the mountain-side—a loneliness that grew and grew as the ceremonies of the day went on.

Every blow that drove the nails home

in the coffin-lid seemed to echo back through all his useless journey, to his poor home among the far-off hills! Every dull thud of the clods as they fell from the busy spades, seemed to choke him, to fill him with a stifling, breathless horror, to separate him still more hopelessly from the only love his days had known.

What it was the doctor read, what it was the hoarse voices sang, what it meant when all stood bareheaded while the doctor looked up to the dull gray sky, the child could not comprehend; it was to him like a dream, and over and over he whispered: "I ain't got nobody, Mammy, I ain't got nobody."

All the way home he plodded silently after Joe; no words passed, only the whisper, soft as a breath:

"I ain't got nobody, Mammy, I ain't got nobody."

And when his scarcely-touched supper was over, he wrapped himself in his blanket, with his little bundle held close in his arms. Somehow he was less lonely while he could hold it close, could know and remember that his mother had worn that very apron, and had hung it on the very peg from which he had taken it. This was a comfort to him, for amid all the changes and wonders of the life he had lived of late, he seemed to be losing hold of the stolid facts that hitherto had filled his days. Things seemed strange and unreal to him, and the poor faded apron was something tangible that proved to him that his past had been more than a dream.

CHAPTER X.

The fair pure soul of a little child,
Opened wide to the light of day—
Looking away to the far Paradise,
Forgetting its roots are in clay.

"MORNIN', doctor."

"Well, Joe."

"I'm done brunged him, doctor."

"Very well; where do you go from here?"

Joe turned his hat over in his hands once or twice, and threw his weight from one foot to the other before he answered, with a jerk:

"Eureky."

"You work there steadily, do you?" gravely.

"Not percisely," giving his hat another turn, "but I makes a livin' fur me an' Jerry."

The doctor took his pipe from his mouth and blew out a wreath of smoke.

"What is your work?" he asked.

There was a pause, then Joe answered, slowly:

"It's hones' work, doctor, I promise youuns thet."

"The same work your wife used to cry about?" the doctor went on.

For one moment Joe stood irresolute, then he turned from the study-door, where he had been waiting.

"Jerry's out har," he said, and walked away down the hall.

"Very well," the doctor called after him, "send him in."

Coming from the glare of the daylight into the comparative gloom of the study, where the windows looked like holes cut in walls of books, Jerry was blinded for a moment, but in a little while it seemed more natural to him, for the sombre books seemed to shade the sunshine down to the likeness of the light up under the rocks where Joe's little house stood.

A bright fire burned, for the season was late autumn, and in front of it, in a long, low-hung smoking-chair, rested the doctor.

Hat in hand, Jerry paused just inside the door and looked about him.

Books were unknown to him, and the walls might just as well have been lined with stones for aught he knew. He did not look at them with wonder, even, nor at anything except the doctor looming like a shadow in the clouds of tobacco-smoke.

This man was a power to Jerry; a hero, a magician who could cure every kind of sickness; who knew everything; who could "bury folks," which was to Jerry the most mysterious of all his attributes.

So Jerry paused and looked at him with a deep, wondering interest, and some awe.

"Shut the door, Jerry," the doctor said, "and come here."

Slowly the door swung on its hinges, closing with an uncertain grating of the

lock that betokened much hesitation, then the clumsy boots tramped heavily across the floor. Close up he came and stood looking down with much gravity on the doctor, who returned his look with corresponding interest.

"How are you?" he said.

"I'm well as common," Jerry answered.

"And Joe is good to you?"

"I'llow he's rale good, I do," with a little more heartiness creeping into his voice; "he gin me boots, he did," looking down to where his trousers were carefully stuffed into the coarse, rough tops.

"Well, sit there by the fire," the doctor went on, pointing to a stool near the hearth, "and tell me all about it. I hear that you went to 'Lije Milton's funeral."

"Buryin'," Jerry corrected, taking his seat quickly. "Joe he names it a buryin', he do."

"Well, a burying if you like; Joe said you had never been to one before," the doctor went on, encouragingly. Joe had implored him to talk to Jerry on these subjects, as from Joe's conversation with him Jerry did not seem quite right in his mind; so the doctor, watching the child carefully, put his question.

"I'llowed I never hed been to nary a-one," looking steadfastly at the doctor, "'cause I never knowed what it were 'till I sawn it; but when I sawn it I knowed it," shaking his head like an old man, and turning his eyes from the doctor to fix them sadly on the fire.

"And did you hear the words I read, Jerry?"

The child shook his head.

"Ireckon I hearn," he answered, slowly, "but I never knowed 'em—I ain't never hearn none like 'em."

"Can you read?"

A blank look came over the child's face.

"I dunno," he answered, without looking up.

"Could your father read? or your mother?"

"Mebbe," was answered, doubtfully, "but I never hearn nothin' 'bout it; an' I dunno nothin' nohow," putting his elbows on his knees, and his chin down in his hands. So much that was bewildering had come to him, that he felt weary and despairing when made to re-

alize, however kindly, his ignorance. "I gits rale tired a-steddyin' 'bout things as I hears Joe a-talkin' 'bout," he went on; "I jest sets an' sets, an' keeps on a-steddyin' 'till I'm plum wore out, I is."

"Tell us some of the things you do not understand," the doctor suggested, becoming more interested in the boy, about whom there was an air of such unspeakable loneliness; whose place in the world's general plan seemed to have been forgotten. No one owned him; no one cared especially for him; and having been instrumental in restoring the boy to life, the doctor felt in some sort bound to try to help him; and now the child looked at him gravely, asking:

"Do gole makes money as buys whiskey?"

"Yes."

"An' do gole make the 'Golding Gates'?"

"The 'Golden Gates'?" slowly.

"That's what I said," earnestly, "the 'Golding Gates'; thet's whar Mammy 'lowed she were a-goin', her did," solemnly, "an' her pinte straight out the winder to whar the sun were a-setting, her did."

"And they buried her?"

"They did, sure," then, with a little catch in his voice, "an' I piled bresh on her, I did," looking up wistfully.

"Well?"

"An' I were feared as she couldn't never git up no mo', 'cause of the bresh," speaking more rapidly as he touched the cause of his agony, "an' I hearn a woman a-sayin' as her were planted, an' I 'llowed as Dad hed kivered her in so her couldn't run away to the 'Golding Gates'—an' I 'llowed I hed he'pped him, I did, but I never knowed—I never knowed!" putting his hands over his face.

"But you did right, Jerry," the doctor said; "the brush will protect the grave from washing."

"An' it kivered the rails, it did," looking up anxiously, "I 'llowed as 'twornt a-tuckin' nothin' jist to lift a few rails from the fence; Dad 'll never know; but 'twornt a-tuckin' nothin'. Mammy tole me never to tuck nothin' as wornt mine, her did."

"And would not your father have given you the rails?" the doctor asked, more

to draw the child out than to decide on the wickedness of stealing the rails.

Jerry shook his head.

"Dad never sot no store by Mammy, never, sure's youuns is born," turning his eyes once more to the fire. "Dad were a-goin' to bust my head agin the chimbley, an' Mammy ketched his'n arm, her did," his face lighting up and his eyes flashing—"an' Dad knocked her agin the wall, he did, an' chunked me a-topper her! It was in the mornin', an' the nex' mornin' thar were a-buryin'; an' then Minervy Ann Salter comed to live, her did," breathlessly, "an' her knocked me deaf an' bline," pausing, "an' I runned away," with a fall in his voice and a change in his whole manner; the running away had been such an utter failure.

The doctor sat silent while the wretched story dawned on him; would it be merciful to open the child's eyes to all the story—merciful to make him understand all its bearings?

"But Mammy he'pped to split them rails, her did," the child went on, slowly, "an' I only tuck a few, only a few; an' I kivered 'em good so Dad couldn't seen 'em; 'cause if he tuck 'em away ole Molly—thet's the sow," in an explanatory tone, "ole Molly'd a-rooted it sure, jist sure," meditatively, "fur ole Molly were the meanes' hog a-livin'; I 'llow Minervy Ann Salter's done kilt her by now, I reckon her hes," drawing his shirt-sleeve across his nose; "pore ole Molly, her were pisen mean, sure, but her b'longed to Mammy, an' I'd like powerful to see her onest more, I would—I ain't got nobody," putting his face down on his arms that were crossed on his knees—"I aint got nobody——" with a little cry that struck home to his companion's heart.

"And I too have nobody, Jerry," the doctor said.

The child looked up slowly.

"Not nary a soul?" he asked.

The doctor shook his head.

"My mother died when I was a little baby," he said.

"An' youuns' daddy?" interestedly.

"He married again."

"An' she beat youuns?"

"No, but she did not like me, and I lived with my uncle."

"An' youuns never runned away?"

"No, but after I was a man my uncle died, and I came out here."

"What fur?" gravely.

"There are people here; people who get sick, and lonely, and tired, and I can help them; I can make them well, and help them to be good, so that they can go in at the 'Golden Gate' when they die."

"Does youuns b'lieve thar's a 'Golding Gates'?" wonderingly; for his own belief in it had seemed to fade from him in the presence of death and the grave as he had lately realized them.

"Yes."

"An' youuns' mammy is thar?" softly.

"Yes."

"An' my mammy?"

"Yes."

There was a moment's silence; then the thin little face was raised again.

"I comed a fur ways an' I ain't never sawn it."

"And I have never seen it, but I know it is there."

"Whar?"

"On the other side the grave."

"The grave?"

"Yes, where we will be buried."

"Like 'Lije Milton'?"

"Yes."

The child turned away again to the fire that danced and flickered up the chimney, as if he saw some vision in the flames; and the doctor, thinking his own thoughts, almost forgot the child.

"But 'Lije Milton never b'lieved as he'd git up agin," came at last, rousing the doctor from his dream, "and Joe says as 'Lije'd jest as lieve stay in thet thar hole furiver, an' hisn woman tole me them same words, her did."

"Maybe he would," the doctor answered, "but that does not mean that he is going to stay there; you may be willing to sit by that fire forever, but that does not mean that you are going to do it."

"Thet's true as mornin'," the child said, slowly; "I'd jest as lieve stay har, but I ain't agoin' to; an' 'Lije will hev to git up?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"I do not know."

"Joe 'llows as it's named the 'Jedgment day,'" deprecatingly.

"Some people call it so," the doctor answered.

"An' what does youuns call it?"

"I call it going home," watching a wreath of smoke as it floated away slowly.

"To youuns' mammy?" the boy asked.

"Yes," and the doctor drew his hand across his eyes.

How persistently the child clung to the one love of his life; and he pictured to himself what a poor, draggled creature this mother had been, yet how divinely the child's love wrapped her in its beauty. Her life had been given for his; and some day he would know this. Then, with a sigh, the doctor roused himself.

"You must learn to read, Jerry," he said.

"Read?"

"Yes, like this," taking a book from a table near him, and opening it, "you see these little marks?"

"I do."

"Well, they are words, and a great many of these words put together make a book; a book like one of these," pointing to the shelves.

The child looked about him in wonder; on every side were rows and rows of these things called "books." What were they—what did they mean?

"And you must learn so that you can take one of these and know what is in it."

"What fur?" gravely.

"So that you will know everything without asking any questions," the doctor answered; "and there is a book that will tell you about the Judgment day, and about the home where your mother has gone, and about what you must do to get to your mother."

The solemn eyes opened wide, and the boy came close to this friend who would do so much for him.

"Show me it?" almost breathlessly.

The doctor took up a small Bible that lay near, and put it in the boy's hands.

"That will tell you all about it, when you learn to read it."

The child went back to the hearth, but not to the stool; the crowding emotions drove all unnaturalness from his

mind, and he squatted down after his own fashion. He turned the book over and over tenderly, from time to time wiping his hands on his trousers; over and over, then he opened it—nothing but little black marks and dots—nothing he could know or understand; it was disappointing, and he shut it up again.

"It'll tell me the way to go?" he asked, wonderingly.

"Yes."

"To tuck me right straight to Mammy?"

"Yes."

"An' when I gits thar kin I tell her 'bout thet bresh?"

"Yes."

"An' 'bout ther big water I were feared on?"

"You can tell her everything, Jerry, but it will not be any use, for she knows it all now; she is always watching you, and is always near you; you cannot see her, but she is always with you."

"My Mammy!" looking quickly over his shoulder, with a sort of terror gathering in his eyes—"tell me agin, doctor, I 'llow I don't rightly on'erstan' youuns," dropping on his knees and creeping to the doctor's side.

"It will take a long time for you to understand, Jerry," looking pityingly down into the anxious eyes, "but you must believe what I say; believe that your mother is near you, watching you; and when you are good she is happy, and when you are bad she is sorry."

The child looked all about him where he knelt with the book clasped in his hands, and a whisper crept through the silence—

"Mammy!"

A mystery more strange than all others had come to him, which there was no hope of solving; this, however, made no difference, the doctor said he was to believe it, and his lonely heart had grasped it and was hugging it close. And the doctor watching him saw the little hand reach out with an uncertain, longing gesture—if only he could touch his mother!

And all the way home the happy thought went with him that his mother walked beside him. Almost he heard her footsteps, and would pause to listen.

CHAPTER XI.

And with small, childish hands we are turning around
The apple of life which another has found.

"I CLEAN furgot," Jerry said, slowly. He was squatting on the hearth, looking into the fire, with the book the doctor had given him held close in his hands. "I clean furgot 'bout the gole, Joe."

"Folks mostly 'members gole," Joe answered, packing his pipe carefully. "An' I 'llowed as youuns never knowed nothin' 'bout it, youuns'd ax the doctor."

"Ain't youuns got no gole as youuns kin lemme see?" the boy asked.

Joe stirred diligently in the fire until he found a coal to suit him, then picking it up deftly with his hard fingers, he dropped it on his pipe.

"Mebbe I hes," he answered, slowly, running his hand deep into his trouser pockets. "Mebbe I hes one piece as youuns kin see," and he drew out a five-dollar piece, old and dingy.

"Look at thet," he said, with some pride, "jest turn it over an' feel of it."

Jerry turned it over obediently, but no exclamation of admiration escaped him, no word of any kind, and a look of disappointment clouded his face.

"It ain't much purty," he said at last, holding it at a little distance; "it ain't much yaller, nor much shiny, it ain't."

"It's ole," Joe granted, "an' heapser folks is hed thet."

"What fur?" looking up simply.

"What fur! Lord, boy, sure ernough, youuns dunno nothin'! What fur? Great-day-in-the-mornin'! bringing his fist down heavily on the table, "why, fur ever'thing, jest ever' blessed thing."

Again Jerry turned his eyes on the money that to him meant so little—good for everything.

"Good to git me to Mammy?" he asked, at last.

"You bet," Joe answered, hastily; "fur if youuns hev ernough, youuns ain't agoin' to cuss, ner sw'ar, ner steal, ner hev a-hankerin' att'er other folks' truck; an' if youuns don't do noner thet, youuns kin git anywhars."

"Mammy never hed none," thoughtfully.

"An' her never went no whars," Joe struck in, conclusively.

"Her went to the 'Golding Gates,'" slowly, "'cause the doctor says so," the doctor being overwhelming evidence.

Joe rubbed his hand all over his ragged hair; what could he say; his own knowledge embraced only barren facts and unproved beliefs.

"The doctor 'llows as she hev gone to the 'Golding Gates,'" the child repeated.

"An' I 'llows it," Joe answered; "an' I 'llows as my Nancy Ann—leetle Nan, I calls her mostly—hev gone thar too."

"An' her never hed no gole?" simply.

"Not rayly much," Joe answered, hastily; "but jest youuns rub thet gole in the ashes," he went on, changing the subject, "an' youuns 'll see jest how it shines an' shines 'tell it gits right in a feller's eye, it does." Then, more meditatively, "It seems like a eye don't rayly count, it gits holt of a feller all roun', it do."

And Jerry stooping, rubbed diligently first one side of the coin, then the other, in the warm soft ashes until the gold shone and glittered.

"It do shine," he said at last, turning it over in his palm, "folks oughter keep it a-shinin'."

"Folks hes too much to 'tend to, they hes," Joe answered, blowing clouds of smoke out in his satisfaction over having convinced Jerry of at least the beauty of gold; "they'll tuck thet to the sto'," Joe went on, instructively, "an' Dan Burk 'll give 'em a lotter truck; fur all he's pisen cheatin'!" again striking the table. "When I come har he never hed nary a thing, an' his'n woman tuck in what pore little washin' she could git, her did; an' now—God-er-mussy!—thar ain't nothin' good enough fur her—nothin'; an' my pore leetle Nan air dead!"

Jerry sat silent, turning the gold over in his hands; he did not understand all of Joe's words, but being accustomed to this mistiness of comprehension, he said nothing.

There was a long silence, then Joe knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"An' the doctor wants ter see me?" he said.

"He do," Jerry answered; "he wants

to see youuns 'bout sumpen, I dunno rightly what; but he says, says he, 'Jerry, tell Joe I wanten see him right pertickler,' says 'ee, an' I says, says I, 'Doctor, I will.'"

"That's cl'ar," Joe said, slowly, "an' I'll go to-morrer, I will;" then to the boy, "gimme the gole, boy, it's to buy wittles, it is."

And Jerry delivered up the money he had made to shine, the money he did not as yet know the meaning of, but that, nevertheless, had a mysterious fascination for him.

He had turned it over many times, had looked at it with a longing desire to know its full value and meaning; he should have asked the doctor about it, and must surely remember to do it the next time he saw him. He would go and see him again very shortly, for there was growing up in his heart an absorbing adoration of this man—this man who had first made him well, and had now made him happy. Had told him his mother was near him always—had given him a book to tell him the sure way to reach her.

"I loves him, I do," he said to himself, and Joe, hearing the indistinct whisper, roused from his reverie.

"What's thet youuns says?" he asked.

Jerry looked up—

"I says as I loves the doctor," he answered, gravely.

"I 'llow I do too," and Joe rubbed his stubbly hair; "he's a rale gentleman, he is, ceppen he's mos' too hones'."

"I wonder!" Jerry said, slowly.

"It's so," Joe went on, "the doctor jist helps all the mean—pisenes' mean—trash thet comes to Durden's, an' he never axes a center pay, he don't."

"What's pay?" and Jerry pushed the fire that had fallen a little apart.

"Well," and Joe's tone was well-nigh hopeless, "if youuns ain't the 'all-beatenes' boy I hev ever saw! ain't youuns never done a job afore youuns leff home?"

"I hepped Mammy hoe the crap," Jerry answered, "an' I hepped her split rails, I did, an' I 'llowed I could tuck a few to lay roun' her, I did."

Joe was in despair almost; only one thought the child seemed to have—his mother, and the grave he had heaped

with brush—how could anything be explained to him? And into Joe's half-developed mind crept the thought that whatever Jerry took hold of he would never let go—never. While the child's strangely simple question found him always without an answer, and about things he had thought himself in full knowledge of.

"Pay means to gie a feller pay when he works fur youuns," Joe began; "an' the doctor works on all the trash as gits sick, an' they never gie him a cent."

"Did youuns pay him fur a-workin' on me?" the child asked.

Joe shook his head.

"He 'llowed as youuns didn't rightly b'long to me nohow—an' he wouldn't tuck no pay; an' when Nancy Ann an' my leetle baby died he never tuck no pay nuther, 'cause he 'llowed as I were too pore, he did; but I'll pay him yit, you bet!" slapping his pocket, that jingled as if there were more gold pieces there like the one he had shown Jerry, "I'll pay him 'cause I loves him, I do."

"An' what kin I do?" the child asked, slowly; "I dunno nothin' ceppen to hoe, an' chop wood, an' to tote water."

"Youuns kin larn," Joe answered, comfortingly; "when I were a little chap I never knowed nothin' nuther, but I larned; jist keep youuns' eyes open, an' youuns' yeers open, an' youuns 'll larn a heap, you bet."

"An' I'll larn to read the book," Jerry added, taking his Bible from the floor where he had laid it while he rubbed the money, "an' I'll read it to youuns, Joe, 'bout how youuns mus' git to Nancy Ann," he went on, simply.

"I'm 'bleeged, Jerry," Joe answered, taking Jerry's offer as it was meant, "but I don't sot much store by larnin'," gravely; "but I reckon it 'll take all youuns kin git to git youuns along: folks as ain't got much natteral sense needs a heaper larnin', they do."

"An' I'll try to git it," humbly; "an' I'll ax the doctor 'bout gole, I will."

"An' I'll go to see him in the mornin', I will," and Joe began to bar the door and the window, and Jerry crept away to his blankets in the corner, and Pete to his leaves; and when all was still Joe made his usual rounds, and leaned his loaded rifle by the bedside.

CHAPTER XII.

"Nevertheless," continues he, "I, too, acknowledge the all but omnipotence of early culture and nurture; whereby we have either a doddered dwarf-bush, or a high-towering, wide-shading tree; either a sick yellow cabbage, or an edible, luxuriant green one."

AFTER Joe had been to see the doctor, Jerry had been told that he was to go there every day, that he might learn to read and write. There was no school in Durden's, and Eureka was too far for Jerry to walk there every day; so the doctor had agreed to teach Jerry, and the money Joe would have had to pay the school-master in Eureka, he was to give to some poor people in Durden's—families the doctor knew to be worthy of help.

"So I'm a-payin' fur youuns, Jerry, and youuns mus' try to larn," Joe had said; and Jerry, with a very humble and dejected mind, had promised to make every effort in his power. The feeling that he had to learn because he had not enough natural sense was dispiriting; but it was some comfort to know that the doctor had learned all these things, and if he had begun life with a deficiency of mind, Jerry felt there was hope. And he said mildly, in answer to Joe:

"The doctor jist knows ever'thing, Joe, an' I 'llow he hed to larn 'em; I reckon he hed mighty leetle sense when he started."

Joe shook his head.

"I dunno," he answered honestly, in spite of the point Jerry so unconsciously had made, "I dunno 'bout hisn sense; but if larnin' kin do thet much fur any pusson, then I says larn, I do."

"I will," Jerry had said, earnestly, and had trudged away down the mountain-side with determination in every step. It was all a great mystery to Jerry, and somehow, since he had learned what books were, and that they knew everything, he felt somewhat afraid of them, and looked at the study as an educated child would look on a haunted house. He dreaded the room, but overcame his fears sufficiently to stay there alone for hours when the doctor would leave him to go on his round of visits. He would endure everything in order

to learn ; his motives were simple, but, because of their simplicity, were strong ; first, the doctor had said he must learn ; and second, Joe was paying precious gold for his learning. But beyond all this, there was the longing to read the books that would tell him everything, and show him the way to his mother ; and with these motives behind him he plodded patiently along the road to knowledge close at his master's heels. And the doctor had asked himself if he were wise in the course he had begun with Jerry ; would not his own ignorant, narrow groove in life be happier for him ?

Maybe ; but it was right to lift, be it ever so little, every immortal soul. He had made a vow once to help in some way every life that came in contact with his own—more than this, to seek out lives and strive to raise them ; a step might not be altogether clean, yet people could mount by it. He would raise the boy as high as possible ; would give him as much education as he would take—this would be doing only his duty. The life of this poor little waif was as lonely as his own, and—what was marvelous for his class—feeling the loneliness. Usually, if they had enough to eat and clothes to cover them, this was sufficient ; but this child, living in comparative comfort, knew there was something he missed, and was hunting for it vaguely, blindly. Only a spark of soul, maybe, but he would keep it alive, and perhaps light a life that would be a beacon to many.

And the possibilities that he was setting up a "will-o'-the-wisp"—could he overlook them ? How many chances of inheritance were there against this boy—what lay behind in his blood ? Still, he would try, for the child was surely above the average ; already he had shown thought and gratitude ; standing, looking up in the doctor's face, with his hands in his pockets, he had asked, gravely :

"Do gole keep a feller from cussin' ?"

The doctor took his pipe from between his lips the better to see the sharp little face.

"Joe 'llows as gole keeps a feller from cussin'," the child went on, "and from stealin', and a-hankerin' atter other folk's truck ; do it ?"

And the doctor answered, slowly :
"Sometimes it does, Jerry," smoothing his mustache over his lips that were smiling.

"An gole gits a heaper truck ?"

"Yes."

"An' pays youuns fur a-workin' on pore folks, an' sick folks, and pisen' mean folks ?" eagerly.

"Yes."

"An' I can't pay youuns," wistfully ; "but I kin chop wood, an' hoe, an' tote water, I kin."

"It does not make any difference, Jerry," was answered, gravely. "I was glad to make you well."

Then there was a silence while the boy, from where he stood, looked pityingly on the man.

"An' nary a pusson he'ps youuns," slowly, "'cause youuns is big an' strong, an' knows ever' thing," the child went on, as if to himself, "an' I can't do nothin', nothin' ceppen sot a heaper store by youuns ; an' I do—fore God, I do ; jest youuns say, an' I'll do it sure, jest sure ! Farwell !" and then the door was shut, and down the hall the heavy boots had tramped out of hearing ; and the lonely man had listened and known that into his life a true love and gratitude had come—like a sweet, fresh rain falling wastefully on fire-hardened clay. True, still all that duty could do should be done for the child.

And Paul, coming in and finding Jerry's slate full of poor little efforts at writing, propped up on the table so that the fullest light fell on it, and knowing whose it must be, pondered on the meaning of this man's strange life. What was the point of this new freak that made a man like his guardian spend hours on this wretched little creature. He had better be a clergyman at once. And was this what his mother meant by being a man ? Was this the hope entertained for him ? A feeling that was hatred almost, came over him ; and he swore a silent, angry oath that no such hope should be fulfilled.

But he had a curiosity to see this boy, and one day he waited for him, one day when the doctor was out. It was a crisp, cold day, with a thin covering of snow rounding all the sharp outlines about the country, and making the pine

woods look like fairy-land. Very cold in the early daylight, when Joe went away to his work ; and Jerry, as he put things to rights, whistled a straight sort of tune he had heard Joe whistle as he sat idle on Sundays—whistled on and on in calm contentment, not knowing that the day would mark a turning-point in his life ; life was a good thing as it came to him now.

His work was soon done, and shutting up the house securely, he tucked his trousers deeper into his boots, tied his hat down over his ears with a woollen scarf, and put on a coat of Joe's which, if rather large, was warm.

A queer figure he made trudging across the white country, his long coat flapping against his heels, and occasionally sweeping the snow off some drift higher than the rest, and his sharply-cut yellow face looking out from the folds of his scarf. But the hollows in his face had filled out, the angles had rounded down, and the expression had changed in a way that was remarkable. His eyes were wistful still, but there had crept into them a keen, thoughtful look that asked a question at every glance.

Still whistling the straight tune, he steadily overcame the obstacles of the steep, slippery path ; then out across the sweep of the valley, where the wind seemed to gather up its scattered forces and attack one on all sides, keen, bitter, merciless.

But the boy did not pause ; steadily on against wind and snow until the road that formed the one street of Durden's was reached ; then he slackened his pace, and even with this pause was almost breathless when he reached the doctor's house. Still the end was accomplished, and up the steps and down the hall he went, and in at the study door in perfect peace with himself.

Always reverent in his demeanor toward the study, yet this time he paused longer in his closing of the study door ; a new presence was there, a person that in all his visits Jerry had never before seen. Fair and tall, but still a boy ; certainly a boy, for his trousers were stuffed into his boots—but such boots ! A round fur cap was set on one side of his fair head—a fur-lined cloak, held in

place by a glittering clasp, was thrown back over his shoulders, and his hands, small and white, were stretched out to the roaring blaze.

Jerry paused inside the door and looked at this new person without any hesitation or expression of embarrassment ; the same honest observation that would have been called forth by any unknown wonder, now came to the front in honor of Paul ; for it was he who occupied Jerry's eyes and thoughts.

"Well," Paul said, slowly, giving the new-comer a stare quite as unmitigated as Jerry's own, "is your name Jerry ?"

"It are," gravely, coming toward the fire.

"It are, are it ?" Paul went on, with a mockery in his tone that was not lost on Jerry ; "you must love lessons to come on such a day as this."

"I do," Jerry returned, beginning to divest himself of coat and hat, "an' I loves the doctor too."

"That is really wonderful, and your coat," slapping his legs with a riding-whip he held, "who made that ?"

"I dunno," turning the clumsy garment over with recollection only of the great comfort he found therein, for what were cut and fit to Jerry ? "Joe he gin it to me, an' its rale warm, it are."

"Rayly ?" and Paul threw his hat on a neighboring chair, and his cloak on top of it. "Well, the doctor are gone out, he are," he went on.

"Doctor's mostly out when I gits har," Jerry answered calmly, but not without some appreciation of the sarcasm contained in Paul's English ; for he was beginning to realize the great gulf that separated his language from that of his master, "an' I allers waits fur him, an' I steddys my book tell he comes."

"You don't say !" Paul went on, showing himself master of the vernacular ; "an' when he comes do he say youuns is a good boy ?"

Jerry shook his head quietly enough, but the color stole up slowly into his dark face.

"He says, says he, 'Does youuns knows yer lessing, Jerry ?'" steadily—"an' I says, says I, 'I'm a-steddyin'," taking his place on the accustomed stool, "an' then," with an expression of despair in his eyes that quite amuses

Paul, "I tries to say it, an' I'm thet flustered I can't do nothin'."

Paul laughed with real amusement in his tones this time, and asked his next question with an honest desire for information.

"And the doctor looks like a meat-axe, don't he?"

"A meat-axe!" indignantly, "no, he don't nuther; he says, says he, 'Jerry, try agin,' ceppen the doctor he says 'agen,' he do."

"The mischief!" and Paul poked the fire viciously; "when I miss," he went on, "he's as mad as the devil, and does everything but fling the book at my head."

Jerry looked his companion over from head to foot, a look of scorn almost.

"I jest don't believe thet," he said, quietly; "I jest don't b'lieve it."

The quick color sprang into Paul's girlish cheeks—"The devil!" he cried angrily, looking down on Jerry where he sat in his favorite position, with his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands—"I'll beat the life out of you."

Jerry shook his head.

"No, youuns won't, nuther!" a new light of defiance shining in his eyes, "and youuns jest better not try it."

Paul laughed lightly, already half ashamed of threatening such an enemy.

"You need not be so uppish!" he said, with great contempt; "do you suppose I would touch such a dirty little beggar as you are? You are a fool!"

The color deepened in Jerry's face, and slowly he rose from his place as the full meaning of Paul's words reached his mind.

"I ain't no beggar," and he drew his slim figure to its full height, "an' I ain't dirty; an' youuns kin jest take thet for youuns' lyin' words;" and before Paul could move to defend himself—could in any way realize what was coming—Jerry's rough hand struck him fairly in the mouth.

But that was all Jerry did, for in a second Paul's soft, plaited riding-whip was wrapping itself round Jerry's back and shoulders in quick, stinging blows, blinding, bitter blows that fell with bewildering rapidity!

It lasted only for a moment, then the smaller boy's arms, hardened by toil, were wrapped tightly about Paul's body,

and Jerry, strong with rage and hatred, bore him relentlessly back, heedless of all obstacles, until Paul's spurs caught and he crashed down among the chairs and stools, and in an instant, before he could at all realize what was being done, Jerry was sitting on top of him.

"Now jest dar' to say ther doctor's a meat-axe!" he cried, emphasizing his words by tapping his finger on the end of Paul's nose, "an' jest dar' to say thet I'se a beggar an' dirty—jest youuns dar' to say it, an' I'll just gouge youuns' eyes plum out," giving Paul's nose a little tweak.

"I will kill you!" Paul cried, in a fury, trying in vain to free his arms from where Jerry pinned them with his knees; "damn you! let me get up—I'll tell the doctor—I'll have you put in jail—I'll kill you!"

"When youuns gits up," Jerry answered, quietly, his success having restored his temper; "but I'se agoin' to set right har atopper youuns tell the doctor comes, I is; ef youuns 'llows thet I'm agoin' to let youuns git up an' beat me agin, youuns is got the wrong pig by the leg, sure; I ain't agoin' to stir, I ain't."

"Let me get up, I say," and Paul's voice sounded constrained, for a dreadful thought had come to him—suppose the servants should find him in this horrible position! and his pride put its flag at half-mast: "I will not touch you, I promise," then one step lower—"I will pay you, Jerry, just let me get up?" pleadingly—"and I will never say a word about it."

"An' youuns'll take back what youuns cussed me?" gravely.

"Yes."

"An' 'bout the doctor?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't much keer," patronizingly. "Git up," and Jerry sprang nimbly from off his fallen enemy, "but don't youuns never furgit this dirty beggar," with stinging sarcasm; "an' thet trick of ketchin' a feller roun' the legs is a rale good un', you bet; a boy 'cross the mounting tole me thet; it's been a long time, but I ain't never furgitted it, an' to-day it come in rale handy;" but Paul had gone, in silent, unspeakable rage, slamming the door after him.

What a black disgrace! How could he ever revenge it—how could a gentleman retaliate on this little vagabond—this vagabond he had waited to see? “But I’ll pay him off if it takes my whole life,” and locking the door of his room, he cast himself down on his bed and cried like a girl.

And in the study Jerry was putting the chairs straight, and shaking his head in a threatening way as he swept the hearth. He was too much excited to study, and at the same time very much pleased by the realization of his newly discovered strength.

“I gits it a-cuttin’ wood,” he said, feeling his arms, “an’ I’ll git some mo’, cause it come in rale handy;” then he sat down with his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands, gazing into the fire.

What kind of person was this boy he had whipped? who was he? and where did he come from? and what made him so fine? He talked like the doctor, and his hands and his voice were like a child’s—what was it that made them so different? they were both boys.

“An’ he looked at me like I was a dorg, he did,” the color coming into his face again, “but I punched his’n nose good, I did; but he’s rale purty—rayly purty,” thoughtfully, as Paul’s fair face came up before him. Still, he shook his head as he said—“It’s rale purty, but thar’s a leak sommers,” and he could not like it.

CHAPTER XIII.

The true gods sigh for the cost and the pain—
For the reed that grows never more again—
As a reed with the reeds of the river.

AND the doctor, coming in with an open letter in his hand, sat down as if worn with a weariness deeper than that of body, and closed his eyes with but one glance in the direction of the boy. Jerry sat quite still. What ailed the doctor? and anxiously watching him, all thought of Paul and the recent fray passed from his mind. Was the doctor sick? was he going to die like ‘Lije Milton? and a great terror came over the child. To die like ‘Lije Milton! The doctor die—then the wider question, must everybody die? It had never occurred to him

before, this idea, and who would bury the last one? But the doctor, who saved everyone; what would become of all the people if he should die? Maybe he was dead now! And the boy was afraid to move, while his heart was rising up within him, swelling with this great imaginary pain.

“I’ll jest die too,” and in his preoccupation he said the words aloud, rousing the doctor, who opened his eyes with a sigh.

“What is it, Jerry?” he asked.

“I were feared youuns were dead,” was answered, hesitatingly, “an’ I’llowed I’d die too.”

“Not just yet for either of us,” and the doctor held out his hand for the book. Then suddenly it came to Jerry’s mind that he did not know his lesson, and he began to feel anxious about the affair with Paul—what would the doctor say?

“I don’t reckon I knows it,” he began, not for one moment doubting that confession was a necessity.

“Well.”

“Well,” slowly, “thar were a feller in here when I come—a rale purty feller,” gravely, “an’ he says, says ‘ee, ‘Does youuns love lessings?’ Says I, ‘I do.’ Says ‘ee, ‘What do the doctor do when youuns don’t knows ‘em?’ Says I, ‘He says, Jerry, try agin.’ Says ‘ee, ‘The doctor looks at me liker meat-axe,’ says ‘ee, ‘an’ mos’ chucks the book at my head.’ Says I, ‘I don’t b’lieve it,’” his face beginning to color with the recent excitement; “then I furgits rightly what comed next, ‘cause I were so mad; but he cussed me a dirty beggar, he did,” his fists involuntarily doubling themselves, “an’ I ups an’ knocks him in the mouth, I did, an’ he licked me liker dorg!”

“What?” and the doctor sat up straight in his chair as the long story climaxed so astonishingly.

“Don’t git skeered,” and Jerry put his hand reassuringly on the doctor’s shoulder, “I never hurted him much; I jest tripped him up an’ sot on him, I did, an’ I punched his’n nose till he asked me please to git up, he did; but I never hurted him much.”

The doctor was smiling now, a smile that broke over his face as the sunlight breaks through a cloud, and lighted up

and transfigured every line of it, making it look as it must have done in his youth when all the untried, beautiful years and days lay before him where to choose; then his face became grave once more, and the lines about his lips hardened as the thought came to him, "Would Paul tell him of this difficulty?" He thought not, Paul told him nothing.

"I do not suppose that you did hurt him," he began, coldly, "but I do not like it, and you must not fight in my house; as long as you are here, Jerry, you must behave like a gentleman."

"What's thet?" quietly.

Again a smile flitted across the doctor's lips; the boy was so unconscious, and he answered: "I am a gentleman."

Jerry stood and looked at him with a curious wonder growing in his eyes.

"An' youuns 'llow as I kin be like youuns?" drawing a long breath; "nary time, an' it's no use a-tryin' it; youuns kin jest as easy make a hick'ry stick outer sourwood, jest as easy;" then more slowly, "but I'd like to," and his patient eyes looked wistfully at his friend.

"We must try, Jerry," and the doctor laid his hand kindly on the boy.

"I will," the narrow face lighting up in its earnestness. "I'll jest do ever blessed thing youuns says, I will," and a new future, a grand, overwhelming possibility, opened before the child.

To be like the doctor: a thought that had only dimly dawned on him when the question came up of his learning to read; that had never been a defined thought, but only a glimmer of light that for one instant had shone and faded. And now it had been put before him not only as a possibility, but as an expectation, and an end set for him by the exemplar himself. Jerry drew a long breath as he stood there trying to realize this great thing; stood there rough and untrained, ignorant and a pauper, and set this end before himself. Heretofore he had been one of many who only lived from day to day; to whom life is an accident that for some is smooth, and for some rough; now he had begun another journey with an end that seemed far more impossible to him than the "Golden Gates" had seemed. To try to be something, to try to rise, presented a far more vague and

intangible outline to him than the effort to reach some place had done. A realization of this future was impossible, and he came back to the original suggestion as to something he could take hold of. He knew the doctor; every day he saw him, touched him, spoke to him; and he could grasp this first proposition of trying to be like him.

"An' I will," he said, speaking aloud as if he were alone, "I will if it kills me."

And that night, when the bitter wind howled up and down the mountains, driving the snow until it banked high against Joe's little house; and Joe in front of the roaring fire smoked, and told of dark danger in the heavy snows—Jerry sitting there scarcely heard, for he was looking at his future in the flames, and wondering. And in the midst of the most thrilling of the stories he got up from where he squatted on the hearth, and drew a chair forward.

Joe paused.

"I 'llows as youuns ain't a-listenin'," he said, in a rather injured tone.

"Yes, I is," and Jerry seated himself in the chair gravely, "but I 'llows as I'd ruther hev a cheer; the doctor don't never sit on the flo'; leas'tways, I ain't never sawn him a-doin' it."

"The Lord hev mussy!" and for many minutes Joe sat silent, regarding his small companion with doubtful looks. "Air youuns crazy, Jeremiah P. Wilkerson?" he said at last, "jest plum crazy?"

Jerry shook his head.

"The doctor 'llows I mus' be a gentleman," he answered, "jest like him ezactly; an' I will," nodding his head complacently, "I will if it kills me!"

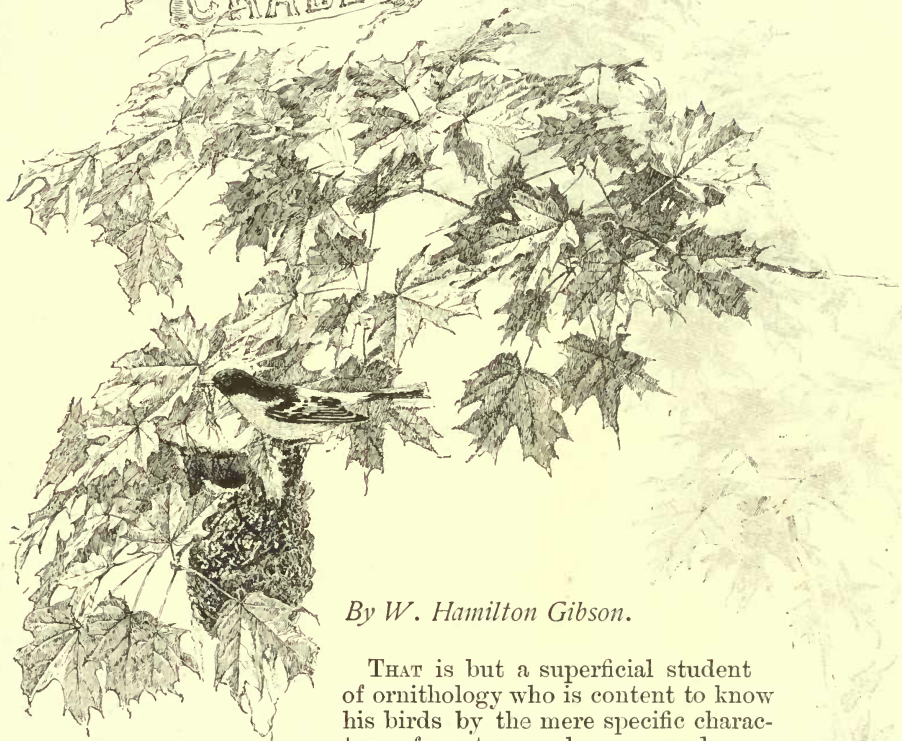
"An' the doctor 'llows to give youuns a good buryin'?" Joe asked, with solemn sarcasm.

"I never axed him," Jerry answered, literally; and as he hitched his heavy boot-heels on the rung of the chair, a mild sense of self-approval swept over him that was like a breath of summer air; and he did not know that Joe's story remained unfinished, the narrator smoking slowly and in silence, only now and then glancing at his preoccupied companion.

"Thet boy air a cur'us one, sure," Joe's thoughts ran, "a reg'lar nubbin."

(To be continued.)

BIRD CRADLES



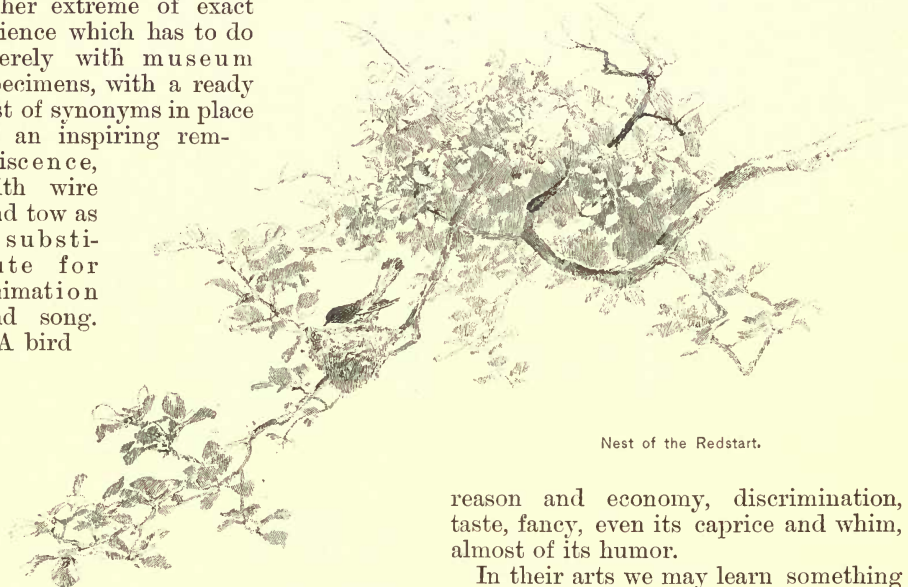
By W. Hamilton Gibson.

THAT is but a superficial student of ornithology who is content to know his birds by the mere specific characters of anatomy, plumage, and egg; who shoots his bird and names the dead body afterward, by the analytical key—a songless ornithology. Even though he shall name his specimens at a glance—Latin tag and all—he may yet have less *ornithology* in his soul than his unlettered country cousin—the old miller, perhaps, who will tell us that “the hang-bird has been there on such a morning, unravelling his bagging or stealing his tie string;” who will point out to us “the teeter-bird that picks the water-bugs from the wet stones for his long-legged fuzzy young ’uns;” or the “little brown chap with speckled breast that builds a nest jest like an oven, year after year, down yonder among the weeds below the mill, and calls ‘*queeche, queeche*’ every time I look out of the window.” Does he not *know* his birds, even though he might fail to identify their skins?

Even the amusing testimony of the savants of the French Academy who presented to Cuvier for identification a description of a certain “red fish that walked backward” is not without its distinct value. “Of course,” replied the naturalist instantly, “you mean a crab, though it is not a fish, neither is it red, nor does it walk backward.” The learned tyro would at least show his “fish” where he

found it in its native element, and though his vision appears to have been somewhat askew, his was a worthier aim and attitude than the other extreme of exact science which has to do merely with museum specimens, with a ready list of synonyms in place of an inspiring reminiscence, with wire and tow as a substitute for animation and song. "A bird

its mind, an epitome of its loves, its hope, solicitude, providence, its individuality, its energy, caution, intelligence,



Nest of the Redstart.

in the hand is worth two in the bush" is a pagan motto for the ornithologist. "The bird is not in its ounces and inches," says Emerson, "but in its relations to nature; and the skin or skeleton you show me is no more a heron than a heap of ashes into which his body has been reduced is Dante or Washington." The true ornithologist knows his bird in the bush before he converts it into a specimen; and to truly know his bird in its bush he must have been admitted to its *home*. Neither the color of the plumage nor the shape and decoration of its egg, while so essential in the scientific classification of the bird, are any index to its conscious being—the true bird. Bobolink doffs his white cap, not from desire or volition, but because he can't help it. These functions are fulfilled in spite of the bird and are beyond his control, while even the finer attributes of habits and song may be said to be scarcely less spontaneous and automatic.

Not so the nest—the home, the cradle. In these exquisite fabrics, materializations of the supreme aspirations in the life of the bird, we have at once a key to

reason and economy, discrimination, taste, fancy, even its caprice and whim, almost of its humor.

In their arts we may learn something of their mental resources, even as the antiquary will find in the remnant decorated relics of an extinct people testimonies not disclosed by the mummy. To know the nidification and nest-life of a bird is to get the cream of its history. We may snap our fingers at vocabularies and synonyms.

Even an empty nest is still eloquent with interest. A few of them have been gathered about me as I write; and how beautiful they are! Here is one picked up at random. Not a rare specimen from the tropics, but an every-day affair of our country walks. What an interesting study of ways and means and confident skill! Hung by its edge from a horizontal fork of a maple twig, with a third of its circumference unsupported, it is yet so boldly wrought that this very span shall serve as the perch of the parent bird. Its edge is plainly compressed, though barely depressed, by evident continual use, and considering the nature of the materials at this portion its stability was perfectly insured. What nice discrimination in the choice of strands by which the nest is anchored to the swinging bough, its support being almost entirely dependent upon a cer-

tain brown silk from the cocoon spider (*Argiope Riparia*).

Often in my rambles have I pulled this floss from its round tough cocoon suspended among the weeds, and wondered whether the loom might not yet prove its utility! And here it is, adjusted with artful design just where its need is most apparent, and its strength recommends it, lapping and overlapping the forks and extending across the span from twig to twig where it is interwoven and twisted with strong strips of bark and long wisps from the stalk of the milkweed, or similar hempen substance. The economy of this spider silk is manifest in all the five nests of this kind which are before me, and while it appears occasionally lower down in the structure, these outcroppings prove to be only the ends of the loops which encompass the twig and are securely anchored among the interwoven meshes of the fabric. The reliance of the bird on the strength of this material would seem perfectly plain, for in the nests where in it is largely employed, much fewer strands of bark are passed about the twigs than when the inferior white cobweb is used at this point of support—a fact which I have often noticed.

The cobweb element forms an important amalgam in the nests of all the vireos, of which the above will be recognized as a specimen. Laid on in snowy tufts, or artfully twisted into fine threads—I cannot believe this twisting to be accidental—meshed about the basket framework or drawn across some precious bit of hornet nest or glisten-

ing yellow birch-bark or newspaper clipping, or hung below in fluffy tassels, it is a recognized badge of this particular tribe of feathered architects, whose pendent nests are among the most picturesque of all our birds. The hereditary art of nidification of the vireos has probably suffered little change through the ages. As a rule their nests, unlike those of other pensile builders, are wrought from nature's own raw materials, and, even as we generally find them, might have been constructed a thousand miles from the haunts of man or a thousand years ago. And yet, in one particular respect, it must be admitted the nest often betrays the degenerating human contact. It is an admitted fact that many of the vireos manifest a strange fascination for the newspaper, fragments of which are often a conspicuous contamination in their motley fabrics, composed most commonly of generous strips of white and yellow birch, hornet's nest, dried leaves, grape-vine bark, asclepias hemp, bits of



Allen's Humming Bird at Home.



The Politician (the White-eyed Vireo).

wood and pith, and various other ingredients.

It was this well-known propensity of the bird that won it the name of "the Politician" from an ornithological friend of Wilson; an appellation especially given to the white-eyed vireo, although from my experience the others are equally deserving of the soft impeachment.

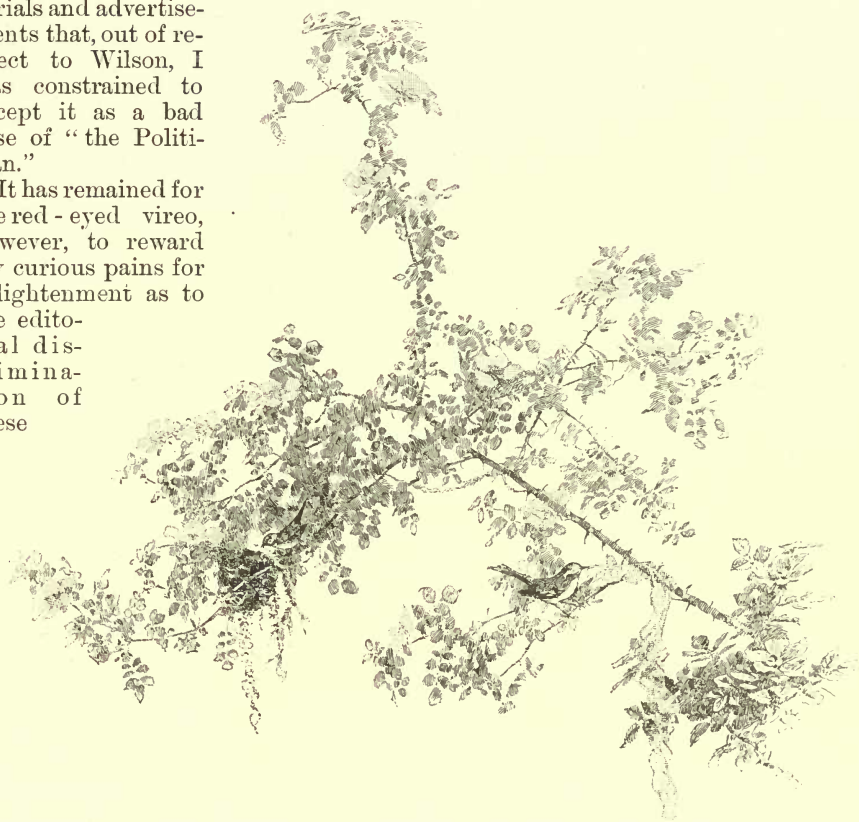
How often have I paused in the woods to study the strange ingredients of these vireos' nests, of which I have dissected at least a hundred, in many of which the newspaper had formed an element. And why is it that I am always led with such eager quest—yes, even at the risk of life and limb on one occasion—to scan these ragged, weather-beaten fragments of print, as though consulting the oracle! 'Tis true they usually disclose but little intrinsic reason for their conspicuous preferment, though I *do* remember one or two exceptional instances; once in my boyhood, when I enjoyed a great laugh at the disclosures of one such literary fragment, the precise nature of which has escaped me, save that it was an advertisement having a comical relation to the bird world. But my memory is distinct of having brought the editorial selection home in my pocket, where it was subsequently forgotten and reduced to pi among the jack-knives, buttons, jack-stones, and other usual concomitants of the small boy's outfit. The nest I well remember. It was suspended in a small thicket and variously sup-

ported by the bend of a bramble and stalks of hard-hack and meadow rue. I did not see the birds, as the nest was abandoned, and though not a typical vireo's nest, it was so conspicuously decked out with editorials and advertisements that, out of respect to Wilson, I was constrained to accept it as a bad case of "the Politician."

It has remained for the red-eyed vireo, however, to reward my curious pains for enlightenment as to the editorial discrimination of these

a matter in which the volition of the bird had no part whatever!

It has always been a favorite pastime with me, in my autumn walks, this dissecting of abandoned nests of all kinds,



A Bit of Lace.

nests, and considering the popular name which Wilson has bestowed upon the bird, "the Preacher," from its well-known habit of launching precepts by the hour from its tree-top pulpit—the text from my nest would certainly seem to reinforce his happy title. In this nest are about six pieces of newspaper, of various jagged shapes and sizes; but among them all the only complete sentence anywhere to be discovered in the print—and this appearing as though obviously treasured—is the following: "*Have in view the will of God.*"

And yet I suppose there are those who would affirm that this selection was

then disclosed to view in the denuded woods—this unravelling of the warp and woof of these nature-woven fabrics, extracting the secrets of the downy bed of warblers, analyzing the queer components in the hollow of a stump, picking apart the felted masses in deserted woodpeckers' dens, since plainly occupied by chickadee, creeper, blue-bird, nuthatch, or crested flycatcher, and disclosing by the aid of a magnifier a wide variety of curious textile elements. How endless and whimsical the choice of building materials for which nature has been laid in tribute by the bird, from the tree-top cradles of the oracles to the soft feather-

beds of the wrens, the curled-hair mattress of the chipping sparrow, the basket cribs of the starlings among the rushes, the mossy snuggeries of the oven bird, and the adobe of swallow, phoebe, and robin, with their various

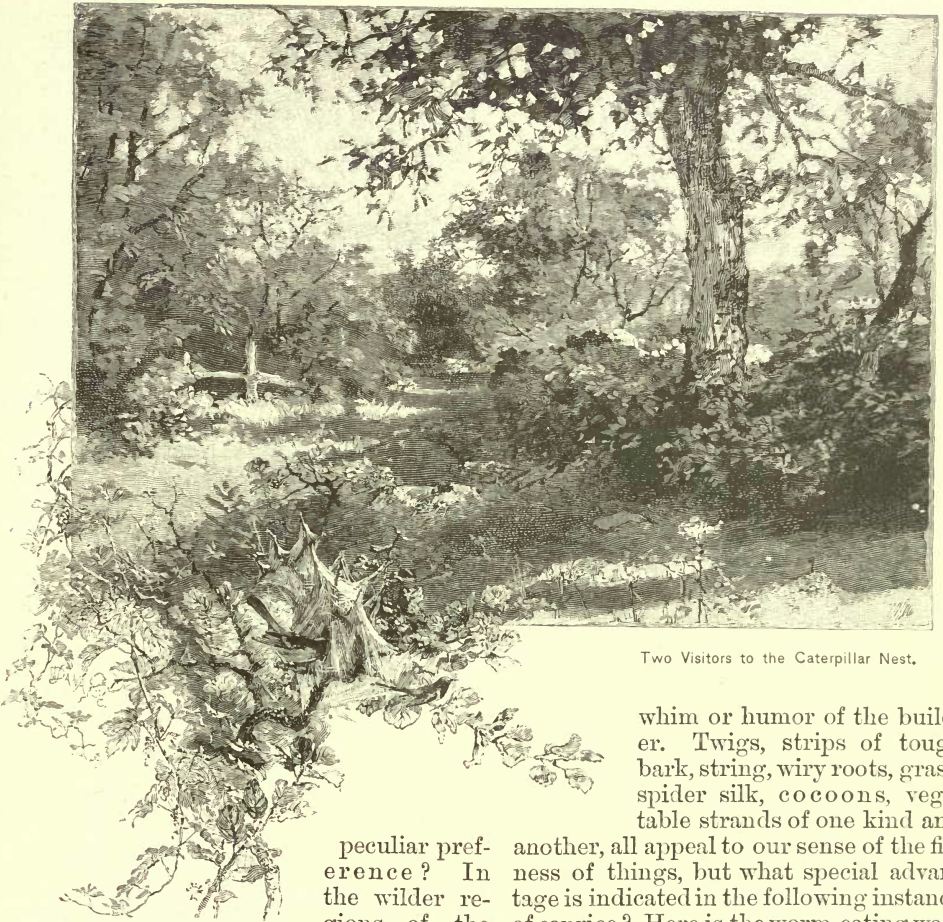
preferences of pine-roots, bark, strings, feathers, hornet's nest, caterpillar hairs, wool, skeletonized leaves, cobwebs, spider-egg tufts, fur of various animals, pappus of seeds of all sorts—dandelion, thistle, cat-tail willow—gleaned from the thickets, the trees, the air, the barnyard, the stable, the poultry-yard, even from your vestibule door-mat or window-sill.

The individual preferences of a few of our more common birds afford a number of interesting facts. "When I want a horse-hair for my compass-sight," says Thoreau, "I must go to the stable; but the hair-bird, with her sharp eyes, goes to the road." The nest of the chipping sparrow is commonly lined with horse-hair, a fact which has won the name of hair-bird to the species; although several others of the sparrows, notably the field sparrow and song sparrow, are equally partial to this particular carpet for their nursery. Burroughs recounts the bold incident of a sparrow picking a hair from

the body of a horse. Who ever sees a coon-hair in the woods? And yet here is the solitary vireo that gleans in the crafty trail of that animal, through fern and brier and hollow logs, and rarely fails to feather her nest with the soft fur. What is the secret of this



In the Track of the Coon.
(A Vireo searching for hairs for nest-lining.)



Two Visitors to the Caterpillar Nest.

peculiar preference? In the wilder regions of the country the hair of the deer is also said to be a common substitute or accompaniment. Certain observers claim that the red-eyed vireo has an occasional fancy for squirrel-hair, which is sometimes found in considerable quantities in its nest. I have found what I have assumed to be the abandoned nest of the solitary vireo, distinguished mainly from the others by the hairy lining and the employment of moss and lichen within the interior; one nest being plentifully lined with sheep wool from a neighboring pasture. The snow-bunting would be at a loss in its boreal nest without the fur of the arctic fox. Various of these cradle-building ingredients readily recommend their utility in the qualities of strength, pliability, warmth, etc., while others again are only to be accounted for on the hypothesis of the passing

whim or humor of the builder. Twigs, strips of tough bark, string, wiry roots, grass, spider silk, cocoons, vegetable strands of one kind and another, all appeal to our sense of the fitness of things, but what special advantage is indicated in the following instance of caprice? Here is the worm-eating warbler, for instance, whose nest is seldom free from dried hickory and chestnut catkins. The oven bird's hut is generally intermeshed with fruiting stems of urn moss, with their dried spore-caps. The Nashville warbler is partial to a mesh of pine needles and horse-hair; while the purple finch considers hog-bristles and horse-hair a more suitable compound. The Kentucky warbler, and various other warblers, show a preference for the pith of weeds. Perhaps the prairie warbler has discovered some rare virtue in cast-off caterpillar skins that ordinary humanity cannot guess. Its nest, I am told, usually showing a penchant toward this singular ingredient.

But this bird is not alone in this odd choice, of which others of the warblers and the vireos occasionally avail themselves. In addition to spider silk, and

cocoon silk, I have occasionally discovered evidences that the web-tent of the apple-tree caterpillar is occasionally raided for material, having identified numbers of the caterpillar skins among the web meshes of the vireos and redstart. The oriole visits the web-nest too, but on a different errand for her cradle. I once observed one of these birds mysteriously prying about one of these tents. It left me hardly time to guess its object, but quickly thrust its head through the silken

walls and took its pick of the fattest caterpillars in the squirming interior, carrying them to what it evidently considered as more appropriate surroundings in the hang-nest above. I once found a nest of the red-eye which exhibited a marked entomological preference, being composed largely of the hairy cocoons of the small

The Haunt and Home of the Redwing.



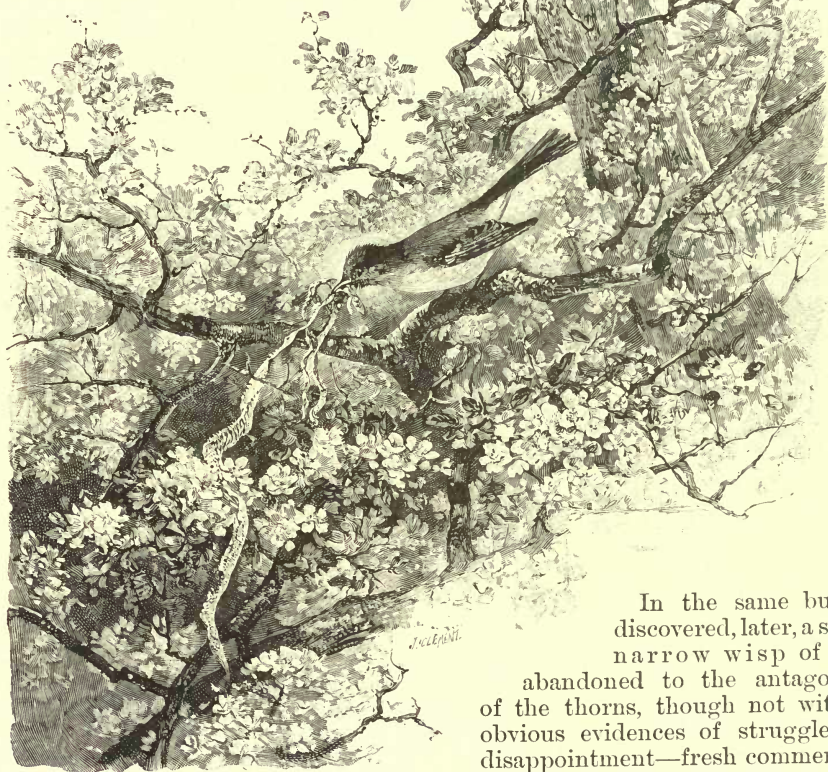
tussock moth, and conspicuously decorated with a hundred or more of the black skins of the antiopa caterpillar, of all ages. What a singular waste of energy one would naturally think was here revealed in the search for a material which at best must be a rare ingredient in the wild gleaning. But the inference does injustice to the bird's intelligence. Assuming that there is an advantage in the material, and granting the bird even a school-boy's knowledge of the habits

of a conspicuous insect, few substances could be acquired at a less expense of time than these withered skins; for the caterpillars of the antiopa live in swarms of hundreds, sometimes of thousands, in the elms

and swamp willows, and leave their black, spiny, cast-off skins—of all their five periodic moults—attached to the denuded branches upon which the larvæ have fed.

In another amusing specimen I found a large piece of hornet's nest, four inches broad, arranged

as a pendant, and dangling from this a string of brilliants that glittered like emeralds, and which proved to be three dead bluebottle flies entangled in spider silk. Whether or not the bird had appreciated the especial attractions of some particular remnant of cob-web thus enriched, or had deliberately adjusted the flies by way of ornament, I could not



A Specialist in Snake-skins (the Crested Flycatcher)

determine. But it is undeniable that a similar decorative sense is frequently displayed in their nests, certain rare treasures being held in reserve for finishing touches of adornment, even as I once actually witnessed the careful adjustment of a bright green iridescent feather of a peacock beneath a pendent nest in a rose-bush just outside the closed blinds of my room. What twitterings of congratulation, mutual suggestion, and experimental touches ere the dainty prize found its final setting!

In the same bush I discovered, later, a small, narrow wisp of lace, abandoned to the antagonism of the thorns, though not without obvious evidences of struggle and disappointment—fresh commentary on a well-known text in proverbial philosophy.

There is obvious wisdom in the use of cocoons and hornets' nests, so much sought after by pensile builders—compact, tough fabrics in themselves, they are naturally chosen for their strength. But it is not easy to explain, on any grounds of utility, the uncanny discrimination of the great crested flycatcher, whose nest in the hollow tree would seem to demand no thought for other qualities than softness and warmth. Once, in my boyhood, while investigating the fascinating hollow in an old willow-tree, where I had once surprised a

day-doing owl, I found the familiar matted felt at the bottom largely intermixed with fragments of snake-skin. Knowing the habits of snakes in the casting of their skins, having once or twice found them in the grass, I fell to wondering whether it could be a common practice of the black snake or "racer," to climb a tree for the purpose of exuviation. Later on the mystery was solved, having learned in my ornithology that the great crested flycatcher considered the snake-skin the *ne plus ultra* of nest-linings. The nidification of this bird usually takes place in the deserted retreat of the woodpecker, and is seldom without its complement of one or more snake-skins, which are frequently interwoven in a bed of hog-bristles and feathers, rather indicating a peculiar fancy for *exuvie*.

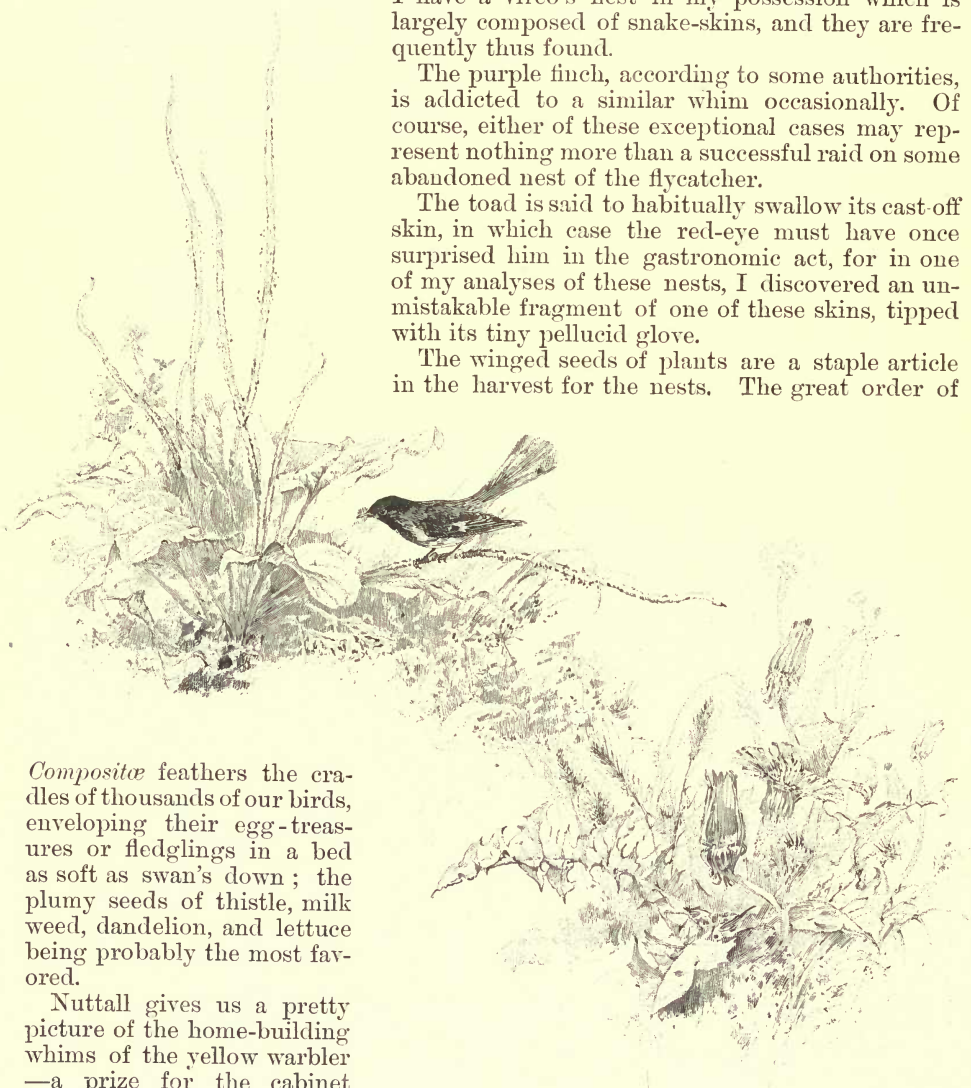
But here, again, who knows but what some stray vireo's nest—those catch-alls, samplers of nature's nest-textiles—may not have given the flycatcher the hint.

I have a vireo's nest in my possession which is largely composed of snake-skins, and they are frequently thus found.

The purple finch, according to some authorities, is addicted to a similar whim occasionally. Of course, either of these exceptional cases may represent nothing more than a successful raid on some abandoned nest of the flycatcher.

The toad is said to habitually swallow its cast-off skin, in which case the red-eye must have once surprised him in the gastronomic act, for in one of my analyses of these nests, I discovered an unmistakable fragment of one of these skins, tipped with its tiny pellucid glove.

The winged seeds of plants are a staple article in the harvest for the nests. The great order of



Compositæ feathers the cradles of thousands of our birds, enveloping their egg-treasures or fledglings in a bed as soft as swan's down; the plummy seeds of thistle, milk weed, dandelion, and lettuce being probably the most favored.

Nuttall gives us a pretty picture of the home-building whims of the yellow warbler—a prize for the cabinet truly!

"The nest is extremely neat

The Dandelion Mystery Solved.
(A Redstart nest-building.)

and durable ; the exterior is formed of layers of silkweed lint, glutinously though slightly attached to the supporting twig, mixed with some slender strips of fine bark and pine leaves and thickly bedded with the down of willows, the Nankeen wool of the Virginia cotton grass (*Eriophorum Virginicum*), the down of fine stalks, the hair of the downy seeds of the buttonwood (*Platanus*), or the pappus of compound flowers, and then lined either with fine bent grass (*Agrostis*) or down and horse-hair, and, rarely, with a few accidental feathers," presenting a fanciful bit of bird architecture as well as a keen piece of analysis, in which the erudite botanist is as conspicuous as the ornithologist.

One other "yellow bird," the goldfinch, builds a similarly exquisite home, but reserves its nesting till a much later season than most of our birds, a fact which has caused no little discussion among naturalists ; the commonly accepted, though hardly satisfactory, theory having reference to a scarcity of the required seed-food for the young during the vernal months. In a similar vein of reasoning it might be claimed that the nesting was deferred to await the ripening of certain favorite plummy seeds of which the structure is usually composed. One theory is as good as the other, for both are somewhat shattered by numerous instances of nidification as early as the middle of May, in which the nest is of course composed of seasonable downy elements ; for the willows and poplars then offer their silken tribute, and the dandelion balls cloud the meadows.

For some years I was puzzled to account for a certain mutilation which I had often observed on the dandelion. As is well known to some of my readers, the dandelion usually blooms three consecutive days ; after which the calyx



A Good Place for a Wren's Nest.

finally closes about the withered flower, and withdraws beneath the leaves. Here it remains for a week or more, its stem gradually lengthening while the seeds are maturing, until, on the fourteenth day from the date of first flowering, the smoky ball expands. For some days prior to this fulfilment the seeds are practically full feathered, the growing pappus having forced the withered petals from the tip of the calyx. On several occasions I have observed the side of their calyxes torn asunder and the interior completely emptied of its contents of a hundred or more winged seeds. I had attributed the theft to some whimsical caterpillar appetite, until one day I surprised the true burglar in the act. I observed a small black bird rummaging suspiciously in the grass,

and suddenly saw him fly to a branch near by with a tiny puff in his bill—a downy tuft on one side and a bundle of seeds on the other—the spot from which he flew disclosing one of the tell-tale rifled calyxes of the dandelion. The bird, not immediately identified, soon

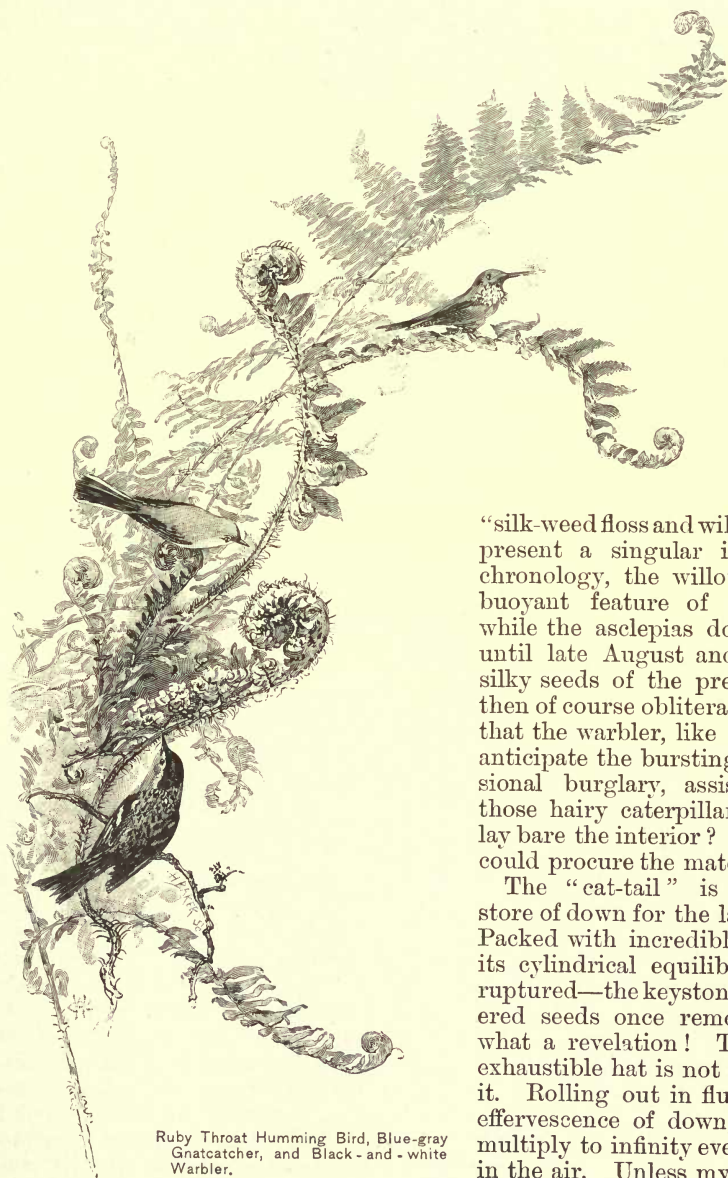
start. I subsequently discovered the nest in a low-hanging fork of an apple-tree, and a dainty structure it was, exquisitely adorned with gray moss and skeleton leaves and in this case showing an unusual preference for dandelion seeds, with which its soft bulk was well

felted. Inasmuch as there were thousands of the dandelion bulbs opening every sunny day this feat of forage was not one of anticipation of a natural harvest; rather a question of economy of labor—a whole dandelion ball at one compact pinch. Wilson gives the nest material of the yellow warbler as

“silk-weed floss and willow cotton,” which present a singular incongruity as to chronology, the willow cotton being a buoyant feature of the May breeze, while the asclepias does not take wing until late August and September, the silky seeds of the previous year being then of course obliterated. Is it possible that the warbler, like the redstart, may anticipate the bursting pod by an occasional burglary, assisted perhaps by those hairy caterpillars which so often lay bare the interior? How else the bird could procure the material is a mystery.

The “cat-tail” is an inexhaustible store of down for the later nest-builders. Packed with incredible compactness in its cylindrical equilibrium, when once ruptured—the keystone among the feathered seeds once removed as it were—what a revelation! The magician’s inexhaustible hat is not a circumstance to it. Rolling out in fluffy masses, a very effervescence of down, which seems to multiply to infinity even after launching in the air. Unless my estimate of bird-wisdom is much overwrought, it finds its way into many a warm nest.

But it is not alone to the soft seeds



Ruby Throat Humming Bird, Blue-gray Gnatcatcher, and Black-and-white Warbler.

spread its name abroad in the rosy gleam from its fan-shaped tail—the red-

of plants that the nests are indebted for their downy lining. Here is another picture of a dainty home, and one that may be verified in the woods if our eyes are only sharp enough. If the nest of the yellow warbler is a *chef d'œuvre* what shall be said of this, the work of the small blue-gray gnatcatcher, one of the most refined art-treasures among our native nests? It is usually hung among the twigs of a tree, somewhat like that of a vireo, though sometimes placed on a branch. The body of the nest is closely felted together with the softest materials of the forest bird scales, dried blossoms, vegetable downs, and the delicate cottony substance which envelopes the unfolding fronds of fern, with flexible skeletons of leaves as an external framework. The rim of the nest is generally contracted. But the most marked feature of the structure is its ornamentation; the whole exterior being closely thatched with small, brightly-colored, greenish-gray lichen.

The woolly, unrolling fronds of many of our ferns are a familiar feature of the spring woods, and offer at this season, and later, from the mature stems, a tempting crop to a number of our more diminutive birds, including the various warblers, the black and white creeper, and humming-bird, etc.

This exquisitely soft, buff-colored material, for convenience called "fern-cotton," however, is not all from the ferns. A close analysis with the magnifier discloses a diversity of elements. Some of it has been sheared from the mullein. The woolly bloom from young linden leaves and buds of white and red oak have already been identified in the substance, the stems of everlasting have furnished a generous share, and there are doubtless elements from a hundred other sources best known to the birds. Some of it, too, has already served in the winter snuggery of the horse-chestnut bud beneath the varnished scales.

I once observed a tiny bird, presumably a kinglet, gleaning among the opening leaves, now webbed and festooned with the liberated soft yellow down, that most beautiful of all the spring's revelations of bursting buds, so aptly figured by Lowell in the provincial tongue of Hosea Biglow :

"The gray hoss-chestnut's leetle hands unfold
Softer'n a baby's be at three days old."

How irresistibly does this recall that companion couplet in the "Pastoral line" from the same memorable paragraph, so true to the spirit of the vernal season :

"In ellum shrouds the flashin' hang-bird
clings
An' for the summer vy'ge his hammock
slings."

For the skilful nests of the vireos have yet their matchless pattern in the work of that prince of weavers, the "hang-bird," or Baltimore oriole, whose swinging, pendulous nest is a masterpiece, not only of textile art, but equally of constructive skill, whether from an engineering or architectural point of view. What sagacious perception of means and intelligent discrimination in their employment are here disclosed! The trite maxim that "the strength of a chain is only that of its weakest link" would seem, on a superficial glance at the nest, to be entirely ignored by the oriole, the attachment of the nest often seeming to exhibit a daring dearth of material and in singular contrast to the elaborate density of the weaving below. A closer examination, however, shows a most sagacious compensation in the economy of this apparently weak portion, for here it will be found in almost every instance the toughest fibre in the entire nest has been concentrated, in most cases that have come under my observation; and in three specimens now before me, consisting of remnants of strings, fish-line, strips of cloth securely twisted and looped around the forked or drooping twigs, the loose ends below being intricately interwoven among the gray hempen fibres of which the body of the nest is composed, the whole structure being literally sewed through and through with long horse-hairs.

Remembering Wilson's investigations into the similarly compact nest-fabric of the orchard oriole, from which he disentangled a strand of grass only thirteen inches long, but which in that distance was thirty-four times hooked through and returned in the meshes, the relation of which fact led an old lady acquaint-

ance of his to ask whether "it would not be possible to teach the birds to darn stockings," I was led to test the darning skill of the hang-bird which uses the horse-hair in true regulation style. With much labor I succeeded in following a single hair through fourteen passes from outside to interior in the length of about ten inches, which I was then quite willing to assume as an average as to the total, which would doubtless have reached at least thirty stitches. When this is multiplied by the hundreds of similar sinews with which the body of the nest is compacted some idea may be formed of its strength.

Two types of the nest, both beautiful specimens, are now before me. One, a true example of the "hang-nest," being suspended from the tips of the long, drooping branches of an elm, while the other, more ample, is hung from a horizontal fork of a maple. It is larger at the mouth than the first, but like it is suspended from stout strings, twisted round and round the twigs and spanning the fork. For a long period the nature of this peculiar gray hempen fibre which forms the bulk of the oriole's nest was a puzzle. And even now that the tough material has been identified principally as the dried strips of the stalks of common milkweed, which Nuttall observed the bird to tear from the plants "and hackle into flax," I am not aware that the hint of the oriole, as to its evident utility as a textile for the spinning-wheel or loom, has ever been respected. A strip of this tough dried bark, even when drawn firmly across the finger-nail, separates into the finest of flax, almost reminiscent of the milkweed seed-floss in its white glossy sheen.

The oriole's nests are not all made in the same mould nor of the same material, but generally reflect the resources of the locality in which they are built. There are numerous instances of anomalous nests, in which the eager quest of the bird has been artfully humored by the housewife, or the ornithological curio hunter, resulting in works of questionable art sophisticated with all manner of contaminations—rags and ribbons, tape and lampwick, or perhaps patriotic pendants flying the national colors of red, white, and blue, in particolored

zones and strips of red flannel. In contrast to these I cannot but revert with relief to that beautiful fancy which Chadwick has woven into one of these beautiful nests, and in which the intertwined golden and silvery locks of childhood and old age tell a pathetic story.

In one case at least the hint of the oriole would appear to have been appreciated, his nest having first introduced to the public the utility of the black flexible compound which is so common an ingredient toward the centre of our costly "curled-hair" mattresses.

During a recent Southern trip I noted one or two of these pendulous mattresses of the oriole, their black color giving little hint to the observer of the gray Southern moss of which they are really constructed. In the Long Island Historical Rooms there is a specimen of one of these Southern nests, fully eighteen inches long, composed entirely of this glossy black fibre—a veritable piece of hair-cloth to all appearances, no single thread, I believe, showing its familiar gray complexion, the entire material having been presumably abstracted from the drying-poles of the "moss gatherers," beneath whose arts the Southern moss is converted into "genuine curled hair" by the rotting and subsequent removal of the gray covering, leaving only the black shiny core, which is duly shipped and subsequently sold and "warranted" at fifty cents a pound.

In strong contrast to the foregoing products of warp and woof is the humbler art of the plastic builders—the adobe-dwellers among our birds. Of such are the robin—true child of the sod, with its domicile of mud and coarse grass—and the thrushes generally, the phoebe, pewee, and the swallows. Solid and substantial fair-weather structures, they are yet far inferior in the scale of architectural intelligence; for while in the textile nests even a drenching rain serves but to amalgamate the mass, the mud-builders are often at the mercy of the storm; a possible fate which is not always anticipated in the selection of a building site. In the case of the swallow beneath the eaves, and the phoebe under the bridge, the home is safe, but the robin occasionally pays a heavy penalty for the daring exposure of its

nest, the fair structure of the sunshine literally melting away in the rain. During the past wet season two such mishaps occurred upon my lawn, the nests having disentangled and fallen in a shapeless mass, scattering the egg contents upon the ground.

Recently I chanced upon another reckless nest, that of the yellow-billed cuckoo, or rain-crow, in the top of an apple-tree, if, indeed, the loose pile of sticks could be dignified by the name of nest at all, being more suggestive of a gridiron, through which the outlines of the head and the long projecting tail of the bird were distinctly perceptible against the sky. As I climbed the tree the bird flew to the neighboring branches, uttering an occasional hoarse croak in its familiar tone, obedient as it were, to a periodic pumping stroke of the long tail. I found the nest occupied by a single fledgling, and was moved to congratulate the remnant for having managed to reach his pin-feather days without tumbling out of bed, which I fancied must have been the fate of his presumably former bed-fellows, for the edge of the open pile of sticks was lower than the centre whereon he rested.

Examples of this sort of nest-building are happily not common, and in the case of this bird, a near congener to the European cuckoo, though entirely without its parasitic habits, it would seem to have a somewhat parallel sin of shiftlessness. In all the four nests of this bird which I have found, this contributory negligence toward the destruction of its offspring has been manifest. My fancy has sometimes suggested the query whether this may not be an example of the process of evolution from a lower parasitical to a higher state, the dawning intelligence in the art of nest-building.

The turtle-dove is accused of a like carelessness in the construction of its nest. The night-hawk and the whip-poor-will, though building no nest at all, are more considerate of their babes, at least assuring them against the fate of the cuckoo's brood by nesting on the ground.

Last summer I was favored with a rare neighbor in the shape of a red-headed woodpecker, not a common

visitant in Connecticut, at least in the section familiar to me. Remembering that this was the bird whose flashing plumage and flaming scarlet head kindled the ornithological fervor of Wilson, which led to his subsequent fame, my visitor came doubly recommended. The nest was excavated on the under side of a large branch of an apple-tree near the house; and even though naturally safe from observation, the bird seemed little desirous of concealment, pirouetting about the elm trunk close by the window and speeding like a rocket directly to its nest.

At first thought the peculiar conditions of the woodpecker's nest would appear to offer advantages of safety above those of other birds, as in truth it does, being at least secure against the hawks and owls and foxes. Yet it is by no means invulnerable. The black snake has a well-known fancy for young woodpeckers, and has often been surprised within the burrow, to the horror of the small boy oölogist, perhaps, who is thinking only of the rare white eggs as he feels the depths of the hollow. The birds are also an easy prey to the murderous red squirrel, one of the arch enemies of our nesting birds. Last year two of my woodpecker fledglings fell his victims, and only a few weeks since a whole family of flickers, which built in a large neighboring maple, were well-nigh exterminated by the same brigand. Two fully pinioned fledglings were found dead on the ground beneath the hole, each with an ugly gash at the throat, and one of which the squirrel was observed dragging by the head, while endeavoring to ascend the trunk—treating birds like pine-cones—dropping his cone first to enjoy it at his leisure. But one survivor of the brood was seen later, and this doubtless followed the fate of the others. The woodpeckers, in addition to serving their own ends, are also pioneers for a number of smaller fry among the birds, the deserted tunnels being in great demand for apartments, and often a prize won only by supreme strategy or victory among the bluebirds, nut hatches, creepers, wrens, and chickadees, though the last has been known to excavate its own domicile. Indeed, to the wren a hole of any kind possesses great

attraction, it "will build in anything that has an accessible cavity, from an old boot to a bombshell," says Burroughs. But whether a palatial tin box, a post-hole, a tin oil-can, auger-hole, pump-spout, pocket of an old coat, wheel-hub, or tomato-can, the interior is always brought to the same level of luxury in its copious feather-bed.

I remember once, in the days of my early ornithological fervor, discovering a wren's nest in a shallow knot-hole of an old apple-tree. The bird scolded and sputtered at the entrance like a typical setting hen, and even suffered herself to be poked from the hole; and if there be those who think that birds cannot swear, they should have witnessed the subsequent vocal exercises. The feather-bed disclosed twelve pinkish eggs by actual count, for I remember in humiliation my scandalous pride at having "eleven duplicates for trade."

There are a number of especially well-known favorites among the nests which should be mentioned, either one of which is a sufficient quest for a summer's walk.

There is the grass hammock of the indigo bird, so artfully swung between two or three upright branches of weed; the skilfully woven basket of the red-wing blackbird in the bog, either meshed within its tussock, twisted into the button-bush, or suspended among the reeds. Then there are the quaint covered nests of the oven bird at the edge of the brook, the bee-hive of the marsh-wren among the sedges, or the Maryland yellow-throat in the swamp, and the rare snuggeries of the golden-crested wren and blue, yellow-backed warbler—the former a tiny hermitage, built on the branch of an evergreen, composed of moss and lichen, with only a small hole left for entrance, and the interior lined with down; the latter a dainty den, constructed, according to Samuels, of the "long gray Spanish moss (lichen?) so plentiful in the States of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont. The long hairs of the moss are woven and twined together in a large mass, on one side of which is the entrance to the nest—a mere hole in the moss. The lining is nothing but the same material, only of finer quality." I have seen but two specimens of this

nest—one composed entirely of the long gray lichen which beards the patriarchal trees of our Northern forests and the other of a shorter species found on fences and rocks.

The nest of the blue-winged yellow warbler is really worth a search. Few of our ornithologists have found it. According to Wilson, it is usually placed in a bunch or tussock of long grass, and is in the form of an inverted cone or funnel, the bottom thickly bedded with dry beech-leaves, the sides formed of the dry bark of strong weeds, lined with fine dry grass. These materials are not placed in the usual manner, circularly, but shelving downward on all sides from the top, the mouth being wide, the bottom very narrow and filled with leaves.

Nor must I forget to mention that curious and anomalous three-, four-, and once I believe five-storied nest which occasionally rewards the search of the persevering oölogist—a true piece of architectural art, each compartment perhaps with its single repudiated speckled egg—a monument as it were to the intelligence and indefatigable pluck of the yellow warbler in overtopping the wit of the parasitic cow-bird, each story of the curious domicile being erected over the insinuated portentous egg, and sufficiently separated therefrom to insure against its incubation, when the bird shall at last have exhausted her adversary's resources and nestled in peace on the summit of her lofty pile, an apt, if facetious embodiment of "Patience on a monument."

We have already alluded in superlative terms to the nest of the blue-gray gnatcatcher, but even that artistic production must yield to its easy rival and model of the humming-bird, in truth the prize among all our nests. Well does the ruby-throat deserve the golden medal which he wears upon his breast. From picture or cabinet specimens this beautiful mimetic structure saddled on its branch is familiar to most of my readers, few of whom, I am sure, will ever have disclosed it in its haunts, even though the eye may have rested on it a dozen times. The construction of this nest, barely an inch and a half in diameter, is well described by Wilson: "The outward coat is formed of small

pieces of bluish-gray lichen, that vegetates on old trees and fences, thickly glued on with the saliva of the bird, giving firmness and consistency to the whole as well as keeping out moisture. Within this are thick matted layers of the fine wings of certain flying seeds, closely laid together; and lastly the downy substance from the great mullein and from the stalks of fern lines the whole. The base of the nest is continued around the branch, to which it closely adheres; and when viewed from below appears a mere mossy knot or accidental protuberance."

I have found but two in my lifetime, but am confident that a systematic search among the orchards in the glittering trail of the bird as he leaves the trumpet blossoms, would reveal one or two more. For there is a strange inconsistency in the bird, which, in spite of its secretive art work, does not hesitate to reveal it by her tell-tale actions, hovering about an intruder's head like a sphinx moth in the twilight, and, far from decoying one's attention away from her treasure, like other birds, deliberately settling herself thereon in preference to alighting elsewhere—a conscious jewel that would seem to know its most appropriate setting.

The United States is favored with but a dozen species of the humming-bird, only one of which is found east of the plains. But what glints and gleams and scintillations and spangles among the flowery tropics! where the hundreds of species of these sun-gems sport among their suggestive legion of companion orchids, each feathery atom with its

especial whim of nest, here suspended among waving grasses, there hung upon a tendril or poised upon a leaf, or perhaps glued flat upon its swinging, drooping tip. But there is a choice even among diamonds, and it may be doubted whether even the famed tropics afford a more unique example of artistic refinement than this of our native Western humming-bird, described by Dr. Brewer, a species only recently discovered by Mr. Allen, whose name it bears.

"This nest is of a delicate cup-shape, and is made of the most slender branches of the hypnum mosses, each stem bound to the other and all firmly tied into one compact and perfect whole, by interweavings of silky webs of spiders. Within it is finely and softly lined with silky vegetable down. Even in the drawer of a cabinet, without its long natural framework, it is a perfect little gem in beauty. What, then, must it have been in its original position, with the graceful, waving leaf of the maiden-hair fern for its appropriate and natural setting. It was fastened to the fern not two feet above the ground, and to this frail support it was secured by threads of spider-webs so slender as to be hardly visible."

We know not what other nest-treasures yet await us in the woods. There are many rare finds yet in store for the ornithologist in the long list of bird-species, well known by their skins, and even by their songs, but whose nidification is wrapped in mystery—dozens of the warblers, sparrows, flycatchers, and vireos, and others yet awaiting their true historian.



THE RIGHTS OF THE CITIZEN.

IV.—TO HIS OWN REPUTATION.

By E. L. Godkin.



THE first condition of all permanent associations of men, however primitive, is that each member should, in a greater or less degree, enjoy the confidence and good opinion of his fellows. No social organization, however rudimentary, could hold together for any great length of time unless the majority of those composing it were satisfied that they had in common certain ideas about the things which most concerned the safety and welfare of the community. This common stock of ideas need not be, and, as a general rule, has not been, what civilized men call morality. Civilized notions of right and wrong may have but little, if any, place in it. But it always imposes certain obligations in the matter of fidelity to custom, and of mutual help and succor in times of danger, necessity, and tribulation, the non-fulfilment of which calls forth some sort of social penalty. In all pursuits of tribal life, whether the particular undertaking be war, or hunting, or marauding, or merrymaking, or marrying, the savage is expected to behave in the manner prescribed by the customs and traditions of the community, so that his fellows may depend on him. No man in the tribe can keep his social place unless the other members are able to foresee how he will act under any given set of circumstances. This is the necessary basis of all gregarious existence, even that of animals. Buffaloes or wild horses could not live in herds, or wolves hunt in packs, or wild geese fly in flocks, without some sort of general understanding or agreement as to gregarious conduct, violation of which would entail death, or expulsion, or desertion.

Darwin and Spencer think that out of this gregarious sympathy and co-operation grew civilized morality, as a neces-

sary result of the working of the social instinct. Whether this view, or the opposing one that morals are the creation of the Divine will, be the correct one, makes little difference for my present purpose. What is certain is that the need of mutual help, on which gregarious existence depends, created the very first form of individual property, the earliest of individual belongings, in the shape of social repute. No matter how far we go back in the earlier forms of society, even in those in which individual ownership of material things can hardly be said to exist, in which lands are held for the common tribal benefit, and even game is turned into the common tribal stock, we find that there is always one thing which is each man's *peculium*, which, though of no use to anyone else, is to him the most valuable thing on earth, namely, the estimation in which he is held by the other men of the tribe with regard to the principal social virtue.

I say "the principal social virtue," because every community, civilized or uncivilized, arranges social virtues on a scale of its own. At the top of the list it places the virtue which it considers most important to its own existence and prosperity. In barbarous or military communities physical courage naturally occupies this place. The highest honors are reserved for the successful fighting man, and the deepest scorn heaped on the man who shrinks from fighting. Courage was, in truth, the only foundation for respectability all over Europe in the Middle Ages, except in the commercial Republics, where it was supplemented, if not supplanted, by financial probity. To-day it has sunk into a very secondary position in all commercial communities, and has been almost lost sight of in others, as is shown by the disappearance of the duel. In the former, in order to be respected by his neighbors, a man must, as a gen-

eral rule, be peaceable, or what is called "law-abiding;" that is, not only slow to quarrel, but ready when he does quarrel to have his dispute settled by the courts. He must be truthful, that is, must be a man whose account of what he professes to know or have seen, and whose promises with regard to what he will do in future, may be relied upon. His domestic life must be pure, that is, he must be the husband of one wife and live with her in amity. If he has children, he must make such provision for their wants as his means will permit, and give them a decent education. If he is engaged in a trade or profession, he must carry out his contracts faithfully, and answer all expectations for which he has given reasonable cause. If he is an employer, he must treat his workmen with consideration and pay them their wages duly. He must, too, be ready to bear cheerfully his share of such burdens, whether in money or labor, as sudden or unforeseen occasions, whether of good or evil fortune, may impose on the community to which he belongs. He must, furthermore, be what is called "a good neighbor," that is, be ready to interchange with those who live near him not only the small courtesies called for by mere propinquity, but the larger offices of charity created by sickness or misfortune.

It will thus be seen that as civilization has advanced the conditions of respectability have multiplied. At the beginning valor constituted a sufficient claim to social consideration. As the arts spread and the social organization grew more complex, and opinion became more powerful, a man had to increase the number of his titles to the esteem of his neighbors. But there never has been any period when these titles were not among his most valuable possessions, or in other words, when what people thought of him was not, almost as much as tangible property, or even more than tangible property, necessary to the comfort and happiness of his life. Shakespeare's—

Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed—"

is but the poetic expression of the idea of all societies, savage or civilized, that have ever existed, that a man's social standing was the particular kind of property most necessary to his enjoyment of life, the loss of which would greatly impair, if not destroy, the satisfaction derivable from all other kinds.

Now, where does the value of this social consideration to the community lie, apart from the satisfaction which it gives to each man's own self-esteem? In other words, why had he at one time to defend it himself with the sword, and why does the community now undertake to defend it for him through the courts? The first reason is, that the love of reputation is the most powerful motive to good conduct—perhaps the very strongest guarantee the community has for the good conduct—of the citizen. The approval of a man's own conscience is, of course, also a powerful one, but that it acts with anything like the same force on the great bulk of any community, we have not and cannot have any proof. What the power of conscience is in any individual case, nobody knows but the man himself. For the state of his moral nature, we have to trust entirely to his own story, and experience justifies us in refusing to pay much attention to this story until it is supported by a long course of visible good works. "By their fruits ye shall know them" is as sound a rule of jurisprudence as of moral philosophy.

Practically, it is to the desire of social approval, and the corresponding fear of social reprobation, that every community owes most of its protection from disorder and fraud, and most of its improvement on the moral side. No legislator depends on the courts and police for more than a very small part of the public peace and progress. Nearly the whole of that portion of every population to which the State looks for its general welfare and security—that is, the intelligent and industrious portion—are acted on strongly by the desire for the applause and good will of their neighbors, comparatively very little by the fear of the penal code. Outside

"Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name

the class in which crimes of violence are commonest, the ignorant, the vicious, and disorderly, the largest part of the penalty, even for violations of the law of the land, is the keen suffering which comes from the social disgrace which they entail on the offender and his family. For offences which do not entail such social disgrace, like those committed, as it is said, for conscience sake, such as succoring fugitive slaves in this country, or the refusal of Anglican clergymen in England to obey the civil courts in matters of ritual to-day in England, the jail has no terrors whatever. A very large part of our immense structure of commercial and financial credit is maintained by the same sanction. Of course, the fear of business ruin, which would follow failure to keep positive engagements, is the greatest support of financial fidelity and exactness; but for protection against that great mass of trickery and sharpness which is possible without absolutely putting credit, in the strict technical sense of the term, in peril, society has to rely in the main on the general love of approbation.

The purity of the sexual relation is largely preserved in the same way. The law in some countries punishes adultery; it punishes bigamy in all; but it punishes unchastity in none. It is the testimony of all competent observers that the penalties directed against adultery, where they exist and are enforced, have little or no deterrent effect, owing to the difficulty of proof, and the unwillingness of the injured party to appear as a prosecutor. In practice, the only legal defence of the marriage relation is divorce, which is, in nine cases out of ten, something which the guilty party desires or, at all events, does not fear. The most effective deterrent from matrimonial infidelity, next after consideration for the children, is fear of social reprobation. This is the one terror of the dissolute, or depraved, or light-minded, and thus does most for the maintenance of the family bond.

Many, however, who acknowledge that legislation in defence of domestic purity is useless unless supported by a strong public sense of its value, forget that this public sense of its value must, in order

to act as a sanction, pass out of the stage of simple appreciation, or admiration, and take the form of judgment on conduct; that is, it must take the form both of praise and blame of individuals. It must be converted into positive approbation of the good husband or wife, and positive and expressed condemnation of the unfaithful husband or wife. It is this sentiment in this form which, more than any marriage vows, or any form of legal penalty, keeps down matrimonial irregularities, and compels large numbers of persons to support matrimonial infelicity with patience and resignation. It will thus be seen that the interest of the State in keeping alive the love of social approbation is immense. The dangerous men, whether high or low in every community, are the men who do not feel it, or feel it only in a very slight degree.

Next we may ask, what does social consideration or reputation do for the individual? What rights, privileges, or immunities does it procure him, apart from the satisfaction it may give his vanity or self-esteem? It gives him in the first place the comfort which comes to every man and to his family from the knowledge that his neighbors think well of him. The extent to which this enters into a man's happiness, of course, varies in individuals, but next after assured subsistence, it forms, to nine men out of ten, the chief reason for loving life, for clinging to one's own birthplace and country, and for reluctance to emigrate or fix one's abode among strangers, whose opinion of one has still to be formed. A disgraced man is, to all intents and purposes, a man beginning a life of exile, and one of the sorrows of early struggling youth lies in the fact that people have not yet formed any estimate of the young man's character or capacity. Reputation, in fact, surrounds a man with an atmosphere of peace and hopefulness which he enjoys unconsciously, very much as he enjoys health in bright, clear weather; and his family live in it and benefit by it hardly less than he does himself.

In the next place, it gives weight to his opinions in all matters in which he shares his interest with other people.

A man of good reputation is listened to with a deference which nothing but actual power can procure for a man of poor reputation. His advice, too, is taken with a readiness which his ability or experience may not always warrant, because there is a strong disposition in human nature to infer wisdom from goodness—a conclusion which is generally true in spite of the contempt often felt and expressed by “practical men” for the opinions of moralists, like clergymen and philosophers, and in spite of the frequent exhibitions of incapacity in ordinary affairs of life made by men of undoubted purity and simplicity of character. Influence, of course, follows power, whether it be the power of wealth or of office, without much reference to the character of the holder; but it is enormously increased and strengthened by popular belief in a man’s sincerity, kindness, and honesty, and may, by the same help, survive the loss of both fortune and place.

Though last, not least, reputation in trade and business takes the place to a large extent of capital. Every man whose character is held in high estimation by his neighbors, can always command more credit than his visible means will warrant; that is to say, he can borrow to an extent which a mere examination of his assets would not justify. His promises are treated as if they were cash, although the manner in which they can be converted into cash may be unknown to those who trust him. In fact, if reputation were taken from under the fabric of modern commercial credit, the result would be an immense financial collapse. The larger part of it is built up on the assumption that the word of certain men is literally “as good as their bond,” or, in other words, that they feel moral obligations more strongly than legal ones. Illustrations of this proposition can be found in nearly every pursuit and calling. A lawyer’s professional value is greatly increased by public confidence in his character; so is a doctor’s, or architect’s, or engineer’s. The value of this confidence from a purely commercial point of view can hardly be estimated until a man loses it; then, and then only, can it be seen how much it had done for him. That particu-

lar men have been and are able to achieve worldly success in certain occupations without it, is doubtless true, and a matter of common observation; but it will be found in nearly every such case that the absence of reputation has been compensated for by some rare peculiarity of mind or temperament. To illustrate or enforce this theory by examples would be easy, but it would carry me into personalities which would hardly be warrantable in a paper of this sort.

The value of reputation to the individual, and the importance to the state of having him estimate it highly, being made clear, it remains to consider what does, can, or might the state do to protect him in the enjoyment of it. The reluctance of the state to do anything whatever, has been one of the most curious facts of modern history. It is only since the invention of printing that libel has become an important subject to the legislator or jurist. Spoken slander, in the days before pamphlets and newspapers, was of trifling importance, and the punishment or repression of it was left, as attacks on property were at a still earlier period, to the victim himself by means of the duel or single combat, or some sort of corporal chastisement. The idea that this class of injury is most appropriately punished by personal violence has in fact survived down to our own day. There still lingers in the minds of the public, even in this country and in England, where the duel has died out, the notion that, though one ought to rely exclusively on the police and the courts for the protection of one’s goods and chattels, yet there is certain peculiar fitness in protecting reputation or privacy against libel or intrusion by the cudgel or the horsewhip. That there is a certain pusillanimity in seeking redress for such wrongs in the courts only, has only very recently wholly disappeared from among us, and the public “thrashing” of libellous editors has been witnessed in New York within the present generation.

There is, too, a very remarkable survival of this idea in the theory on which the common law first based its procedure in the criminal prosecution of libel. That theory was that the state was only called in to concern itself with libel

or slander as a criminal offence, because it was likely to lead to a breach of the peace. Out of this grew the apparently absurd, but really perfectly logical, dictum, "the greater the truth the greater the libel," because the truer it was, the more likely it was to lead to what Southerners call "a difficulty." It was, in short, only when the person libelled seemed likely to seek redress *vi et armis*, that the law felt called upon to interfere; but this was a distinct advance on the earlier view that the law need not concern itself at all with such quarrels. It fell a long way short, however, of the more modern and more civilized view that it is as much the duty of the state to provide security for reputation as for property, and that it is, moreover, the interest of the state to do so, a man's regard for his reputation being one of the chief guarantees of social order and progress.

This duty of punishing slander as a crime exists apart from, and is independent of, the duty of furnishing the citizen with means of recovering from the libeller pecuniary compensation for the injury done, when the extent of such injury is ascertainable in terms of money. There are certain cases in which damage computable in money is presumed by the law to have resulted from the slander, as when a clergyman is accused of intemperance or profligacy; a lawyer of dishonesty; a merchant of insolvency; or a doctor of ignorance. In all such cases it is not necessary for the plaintiff to prove any loss resulting from the slander. The law says loss *must* have resulted from it, and the only question the jury have to pass upon, the utterance of the slander having been proved, is the question of amount. In other cases, where damage is not presumed, the plaintiff has to prove his damage, but the jury are allowed a large discretion in the matter of estimating it. They can take into account his mental suffering, or the frequent repetition, as an aggravation; or they may, on the other hand, treat an apology, or the absence of malice, a good intention, as a mitigation of the damage. In fact, the whole matter of libel and slander is in the hands of the jury. The law, as laid down by the judge, has now very little

control over it. The juries are to-day the true and untrammelled protectors of private reputation and, it may be said also, the true censors of the press. It is they who really decide what may and may not be written or said about a man's reputation.

Cases of real slander, however, now very seldom come before them. Actions for words spoken are now almost unknown in the United States, although in the earlier history of the country they occupied a good deal of the time of the courts, even in the remoter districts. There are two probable reasons for this. One is that local life is now much less isolated than it used to be. Even the inhabitants of farms and country villages are in much closer communication with outer world and much more occupied with large external events than formerly. They are, therefore, much less concerned about each other, and pay less attention to each other's sayings and doings, and are less sensitive to unkind or malicious speeches. The other reason is that, when anyone wishes seriously to damage reputation nowadays, he inevitably seeks to put it in a newspaper, as the channel through which he can obtain most publicity, and make his attack most seriously felt. Consequently, it is newspaper libel which furnishes nearly all the cases on which juries are required to pass. In one way this makes their task easier; in another harder. In actions for oral slander there was always a good deal of trouble in getting at the words actually spoken, owing to the defective memory or bad faith of witnesses. In cases of printed libel there can be no dispute about the language constituting the libel.

But the question of libel in newspapers is attended with a difficulty of another sort, and a much more serious one. Newspapers are not only collectors of news in the ordinary sense of the term, they are also the channels through which the citizen gets nearly all his knowledge of the working of his government, and of the character, aims, and deeds of the men who carry it on, or seek to influence it. This fact generally increases the responsibility of juries, by the importance it gives to the

question of "privilege." As an English writer on jurisprudence * has well said : "A notoriously bad man has not a legal right to be respectfully described in speech or writing as a good man has. A man doing an important public act, or addressing a literary treatise to his fellow-countrymen, has no right entitling him to shut the mouths even of harsh and severe critics, even though their general intention be unkindly, but not accompanied by that vehement desire, or distinct consciousness of doing evil, which alone the law denounces. For general public reasons it may be, that no man has a right entitling him to close the mouths even of the severest critics of his conduct in the course of his administration of public justice ; in that of the deliberations of the Legislative Assembly, or in certain other more private circumstances, as in the course of tendering confidential advice with respect to trustworthiness for important employments."

When we add to these considerations another and most important one—the extent to which the government, as well as those large quasi-public enterprises, the railroads, is carried on or regulated by discussion, mainly through the newspapers, it is easy to see how difficult is the task imposed on jurors in our day of defining the exact limits of individual right in the matter of security for reputation. And it is also, for the same reason, easy to understand the confusion and uncertainty which exist in the public mind as to what is libellous and what is not. No two juries are likely to take the same view of any case of libel. This is notoriously true, when the libel has any relation to politics, or when the decision in it is likely to have any political influence or effect. It is then of the most importance, to either plaintiff or defendant, to have the jury composed, wholly or in the main, of persons of his own way of thinking on public questions. Nothing is more striking in the way in which men judge newspaper criticism, than the difference it makes, whose ox is gored. Whether condemnation is too severe, or whether the limits between public and private

character have been overstepped in any particular comment on a man in public life, is apt to be decided by most men under the influence of party predilection. A low view of one's opponents, personally as well as politically, seems an almost inevitable result of active participation in, or strong interest in, party politics. It grows up imperceptibly, and often becomes incapable of eradication, and is a strong stimulus, and sometimes a powerful protection, for newspaper attacks on reputation.

But perhaps the most powerful agent in instigating such attacks, and securing for them a certain indulgence or impunity, is the increasing importance of elections in those States which have adopted universal suffrage. Not only is the mass to be moved much increased and increasing in bulk at parliamentary or presidential elections ; but the interests dependent on the result of the election are increasing in the same ratio. The effect of this is to give to electioneering, as has been often remarked, the unscrupulousness of actual warfare, and to create among partisans on both sides a strong disposition to connive at, or at all events to condone, any excesses however great which seem likely to influence the issue, for this result is now tremendous. A general election in France, England, or the United States to-day, may transfer to fresh hands the control of some hundreds of thousands of officeholders, the command of great fleets and armies, and the spending of revenues which would, even a century ago, have seemed fabulous in amount. The chief engine in effecting this transfer is the press, for even orators now reach the public through the press, and of course, the pressure to resort to any assertion or insinuation which can by any chance influence even a hundred votes, is very strong, in many cases overwhelming. The defences which in ordinary times surround private character, or separate public from private life, are apt in the midst of a political canvass to be treated as of no more account, by the directors or managers on either side, than the palming round a private garden by the commander of a battery going in to action in a real warfare.

* Amos's Systematic View of the Science of Jurisprudence, p. 293.

The countenance given to forgery of documents, or—if this be too strong a phrase—the easy acceptance accorded to suspicious documents for the purpose of blackening the character of political opponents, within recent years, both in England and this country, is a striking illustration of the fierceness of political contests, and of the readiness with which any means of influencing public opinion may be resorted to at critical periods. Legal prevention of this is difficult to furnish as long as, under our jury system, the jurymen have to be partisans who have themselves been taking part in the fray. At present there is no punishment for forgery which does not aim at the transfer of property, or at the escape from pecuniary liability. But forgery which has for its direct or indirect object the deception of voters at an election touching the character and aims of a candidate, is fully as great an offence against the community at large as fraud committed for the purpose of pecuniary gain. It can only be repressed, however, by making those who use a forgery without reasonable exertions to ascertain its real character, share to some extent in the responsibility of the actual concoctors of it. This latter is apt, in most cases, to be a paltry person, who has little or nothing to lose in money or reputation in case of discovery, and yet it is he only who now has, in case of discovery, any legal penalty to fear. Everybody who turns his labor to account in the press or in the platform ought to be exposed also to criminal pursuit. There is nothing more important to the state than that the voter should have accurate knowledge as to the character and history of the men whom he puts into important official places; and attempts of any kind to prevent his getting it, or to furnish it to him in a spurious condition, are quite as fit objects of punishment as attempts to prevent his voting according to his conscience through corruption or intimidation.

Finally, there ought to be provision made for the more speedy trial of libel cases, because slander is the one form of personal injury the consequences of which gain in severity by mere lapse of time. After a robbery or a physical as-

sault, the victim, if the injury be not fatal or he is not stripped of everything he possesses, begins to recover more or less rapidly. But a wound to the reputation not only does not heal, but grows deeper every day which goes by before the appearance of some formal and public refutation of the slander. Each day adds to the number of those who hear it and believe it, and for the same reason, to the number of those whom the refutation of it cannot reach. It is, therefore, of the last importance to the injured person that the means of redress should be easily attainable in point of time; but it is also of importance to newspapers that these means of redress should not be so easily attainable pecuniarily that they should offer temptations to blackmailers, or to excitable or morbid persons, to begin proceedings which the courts are sure to treat as frivolous.

One of the facts of human nature which all legislators dealing with the question of libel have to take into consideration, is its greater readiness to receive and circulate stories detrimental than stories creditable to reputation. The saying that "a lie makes its way across lots, while truth has to go round by the dirt road," is more applicable to calumnious attacks on character than to any other form of falsehood. A piece of news which throws some kind of disrepute on a person, particularly if he is well known, or occupies a place of any prominence, although it may not be generally believed, is diffused much more rapidly than one which would raise him in popular esteem. Rochefoucauld's well-known saying that, "we take a secret pleasure in the misfortunes of our best friends," has been explained, by those who acknowledge its truth, by the general desire for superiority, no matter how acquired, with which we are all consciously or unconsciously animated. The love of scandal has possibly the same source. It for the moment raises the narrator above his victim, or at all events pulls the victim down to his level, by revealing some great or small imperfection. The old *scandalum magnatum*, or libel on peers and other great personages, of the English law, although an absurdity in modern democratic eyes,

did recognize the fact that the highly placed furnish calumny with a shining mark, and that the dragging down of the mighty has been not unpleasing sport to the natural man in all ages. Consequently, a disposition to attack reputation is the form of lawlessness which survives longest in all civilized communities, and is most difficult to deal with by legislation.

Closely allied to it, and in fact growing out of it, is the disposition to intrude on privacy. Privacy is a distinctly modern product, one of the luxuries of civilization, which is not only unsought for but unknown in primitive or barbarous societies. The savage cannot have privacy, and does not desire or dream of it. To dwellers in tents and wigwams it must always have been unknown. The earliest houses of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors in England, even among the Thanes, consisted of only one large room in which both master and mistress, and retainers, cooked, ate, and slept. The first sign of material progress was the addition of sleeping-rooms, and afterward of "withdrawing-rooms" into which it was possible for the heads of the household to escape from the noise and publicity of the outer hall. One of the greatest attractions of the dwellings of the rich is the provision they make for the segregation of the occupants. All of the improvements, too, of recent years in the dwellings of the poor, have been in the direction, not simply of more space, but of more separate rooms. The old proverb which says that "Poverty makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows," is but the expression of the universal desire of civilized man to have within reach a place in which he can, when the fancy seizes him, be alone, and out of the reach of society. In no way does poverty make itself more painfully felt by people of refinement or cultivation, than in the loss of seclusion and the social promiscuousness which it entails. To have a house of one's own is the ambition of nearly all civilized men and women, and the reason which most makes them enjoy it is the opportunity it affords of deciding for themselves how much or how little publicity should surround their daily lives.

The famous dictum of Coke, "A

man's house is his castle, *et domus sua cuique tutissimum refugium*," "his castle and fortress as well for his defence against injury and violence as for his repose," is but the expression in terms of politics of the value attached by the race to the power of drawing, each man for himself, the line between his life as an individual and his life as a citizen, or in other words, the power of deciding how much or how little the community shall see of him, or know of him, beyond what is necessary for the proper discharge of all his duties to his neighbors and to the state. And this recognition by law and custom of a man's house as his *tutissimum refugium*, his place of repose, is but the outward and visible sign of the law's respect for his personality as an individual, for that kingdom of the mind, that inner world of personal thought and feeling in which every man passes some time, and in which every man who is worth much to himself or others, passes a great deal of time. The right to decide how much knowledge of this personal thought and feeling, and how much knowledge, therefore, of his tastes, and habits, of his own private doings and affairs, and those of his family living under his roof, the public at large shall have, is as much one of his natural rights as his right to decide how he shall eat and drink, what he shall wear, and in what manner he shall pass his leisure hours.

Of course, the importance attached to this privacy varies in individuals. Intrusion on it afflicts or annoys different persons in different degrees. It annoys women more than men, and some men very much more than others. To some persons it causes exquisite pain to have their private life laid bare to the world, others rather like it; but it may be laid down as a general rule that the former are the element in society which most contributes to its moral and intellectual growth, and that which the state is most interested in cherishing and protecting. Personal dignity is the fine flower of civilization, and the more of it there is in a community, the better off the community is. It is the only form of self-respect which does not "take on airs," and which is constantly compelled to justify itself by suitable living. But

without privacy its cultivation or preservation is hardly possible. It is not one of the incidents of life in a camp, or a barrack, or in a man-of-war, or in a tenement-house, or a caravan. It can never become a social force without putting within the reach of those who seek it or care for it, the means of defending it.

The chief enemy of privacy in modern life is that interest in other people and their affairs known as curiosity, which in the days before newspapers created personal gossip. As soon in the progress of civilization as men left the tent, or wigwam, or tribal dwelling, and retreated into private houses, a desire on the part of their neighbors to know what was going on in the private houses sprang up rapidly, and has flourished ever since the world over. There is a story of the traveller in the hotel in the Western mining town, who pinned a shirt across his open window to screen himself from the loafers on the piazza while performing his toilet; after a few minutes he saw it drawn aside roughly by a hand from without, and on asking what it meant, a voice answered, "We want to know what there is so darned private going on in there?" The loafers resented his attempts at seclusion in their own rude way, but they did it under the influence of a feeling which runs through all social life in our world. Curiosity, in its larger and nobler aspect, lies at the root of Western, as distinguished from Oriental, civilization. In its smaller, pettier, and more ignoble shape, it became the passion of the Paul Pry and the scandal-monger. Everybody who feels this latter, or social curiosity, as we may call it, is more or less ashamed of it. Nobody quite likes to confess that he is eager to know all he can about his neighbor's private life, and yet the private lives of our neighbors form the staple topic of conversation in most circles in the absence of strong intellectual, political, or commercial interests. This eagerness may be defended on the ground that the love of gossip is after all human, and that everything that is human concerns us deeply. The most absorbing topic for the bulk of mankind must always be other men's doings and sayings, and it can hardly be denied

that there is some substance in this apology. But as long as gossip was oral, it spread, as regarded any one individual, over a very small area, and was confined to the immediate circle of his acquaintances. It did not reach, or but rarely reached, those who knew nothing of him. It did not make his name, or his walk, or his conversation familiar to strangers. And what is more to the purpose, it spared him the pain or mortification of knowing that he was gossiped about. A man seldom heard of oral gossip about him which simply made him ridiculous, or trespassed on his lawful privacy, but made no positive attack on his reputation. His peace and comfort were, therefore, but slightly affected by it.

In all this the advent of the newspapers, or rather of a particular class of newspapers, has made a great change. It has converted curiosity into what economists call an effectual demand, and gossip into a marketable commodity. The old Paul Pry whom our fathers despised and caricatured, and who was roundly kicked and cuffed on the stage for his indiscretions, has become a great wholesale dealer in an article of merchandise for which he finds a ready sale, and by which he frequently makes a fortune. In other words, gossip about private individuals is now printed, and makes its victim, with all his imperfections on his head, known hundreds or thousands of miles away from his place of abode; and, what is worst of all, brings to his knowledge exactly what is said about him, with all its details. It thus inflicts what is, to many men, the great pain of believing that everybody he meets in the street is perfectly familiar with some folly, or misfortune, or indiscretion, or weakness, which he had previously supposed had never got beyond his domestic circle.

It is no defence for this state of things to say that the passion for notoriety of any kind has been fostered to such an extent by this wide diffusion of printed gossip, that there is a large number of people who do not dislike it, but on the contrary put themselves in the way of having their private life explored by the press. They are a small minority at best, and their taste must be recognized

as a depraved one, which even if the legislator does not discourage, he is not bound to take notice of at all, or to make its gratification easy. But it is not easy to say in what way a legislator could protect privacy, or prevent any intrusions into it, which do not plainly tend to bring a person into contempt or ridicule, or in other words, which do not amount to what the law defines as libel. Press laws, more than any others, have to be supported not simply by the opinions but by the manners of the community. One of the effects on manners of a free and unbridled press, and of a great multiplicity of newspapers, is undoubtedly to lessen public sensitiveness to spoken or printed ridicule, or abuse, or depreciation, and consequently to lessen popular sympathy with the victim of it. In France a man can legally prevent or punish the mere mention of his name in any disagreeable connection, if he be not in political, literary, or artistic life. He can at once stop newspaper gossip about him, even though it be harmless gossip; that is, he can forbid the publication of information of any sort about himself or his affairs. But in France the law on this subject is supported by a sensitiveness to ridicule or insult which has probably never existed in any Anglo-Saxon country, and if it ever existed here in any degree, has been destroyed by the number and enterprise of the newspapers and the extremely democratic condition of American society. To provide legal protection for those who still retain it would, therefore, in the absence of popular sympathy, be very difficult. Juries, as I have said, are the real censors of the press, and juries are apt to be made up of men who, though they will punish actual damage to a man's reputation, are not disposed to make much account of mere wounds to his feelings or his taste. The influence on manners, too, of the eagerness of notoriety is inevitably great in a society in which there are no distinctions of rank and no recognized social grades. To be

widely known for some reason or other, or for any reason, is the one distinction which seems within every man's reach, and the desire for it is sufficiently widely diffused not only to diminish popular sympathy with people who love the shade of private life, but to some extent to make this particular state of mind somewhat incomprehensible.

In truth, there is only one remedy for the violations of the right to privacy within the reach of the American public, and that is but an imperfect one. It is to be found in attaching social discredit to invasions of it on the part of conductors of the press. At present this check can hardly be said to exist. It is to a large extent nullified by the fact that the offence is often pecuniarily profitable. It is frowned on severely by society at the outset, before it has fairly begun to pay, but as soon as the offender is able to show that it is bringing him in a large revenue, it is rapidly condoned or overlooked, and he takes rank among the successful business men of the community, and finds his claim to whatever honors wealth brings with it; if not universally acknowledged, acknowledged sufficiently to more than compensate him for any previous discomfort. This amounts to saying that the responsibility for the excesses of the press in this direction, must fall in the last resort upon the general use of the money as the sign of success in life, and the possession of it as, to some degree, a justification of the means employed in acquiring it. As long as the money-getting talent holds the field against all other competing talents, in the race for distinction of every kind, we shall probably not see any great change in the attitude of the press on this subject. This supremacy of the pecuniary reward over all other rewards, as an incentive to exertion, can hardly be permanent, but it is one of the phenomena of the present day, which cannot be overlooked in any discussion of the defences thrown by law or opinion around the reputation or privacy of individuals.



UNDER FIVE SHILLINGS.

By Octave Thanet.

SIR CHRISTOPHER PULLEN, the new lord of Audely, and the Lady Agatha, his wife, had nearly ridden down Goody Bassely Crawme, as they crossed the common on a gallop.

Lady Agatha reined in her palfrey, frowning and silent; but Sir Kit (so they called him in the village) apologized, using more courtesy than was common in the days of King Edward VI. between his degree and hers.

"'Tis naught," muttered a deep, stern voice, while the old crone pursued her way, omitting the decent reverence to a superior.

"Saw ye the uncivil body?" exclaimed Lady Agatha, with a curl of her handsome lip.

"Ah, well, sweetheart," the pacific Sir Kit answered, "'tis an aged soul and faithful, and the world hath gone ill with her masters."

The knight's wife looked at him fondly. He was no hero; she knew that better than anyone; but Sir Kit had a lovable side to his character which she appreciated keenly, although she could jest at it as she did this moment.

"I have no such evil-willer in the world as that old age," said she, "but I perceive 'tis easy for you to forgive her."

Sir Kit was smiling. "Nay, wife," he answered; "but I consider her hard conditions. And, in good sooth, I be so well content, nowadays, that I can find it in my heart to be noisome, wittingly, to no man."

The face which was turned on Lady Agatha, while he spoke, beamed with a deep and strong emotion. It was a face to please a woman's eye—refined in mould and coloring, with a humorous shrewdness invigorating the sweetness of the mouth and twinkling in the gentle, large, blue eyes. His mouster-deviler-colored silk hose and velvet doublet revealed a graceful, well-knit frame, and he managed his spirited beast with the ease of long practice.

Nevertheless Sir Kit looked the scholar rather than the soldier, and scholar rather than soldier or man of action he was, in spite of some bold service in the wars; a gentle-natured observer, a not unkindly critic of the bitter passions and frantic follies of his time, incapable of fanaticisms or arrogant enthusiasms; it may be, equally incapable of a noble resistance; yet, all in all, a good man, of pure life, and a large humanity. Sir Kit was not noble by birth. He was the second son of a great London goldsmith, Sir Gyles Pullen, alderman and knight. Kit as a lad was destined for the cloister, the natural place, people thought, for a delicate boy with a turn for letters.

At that time, you may be sure, there was no talk of Sir Gyles, knight, and there was a healthy, high-spirited elder brother in the world, to the bargain. But Master Pullen was knighted, and the elder brother died unmarried; therefore it came to pass that the name of Christopher Pullen appears among

those young monks who were permitted (before the general dissolution of the monasteries) to resume their secular habits and return to the world.

Certain scandalous chroniclers of the time will have it that the real motive for the young monk's acceptance of the king's grace was neither his sense of filial duty nor a change in religion. They tell that he had fallen in love with his fair penitent, Lady Agatha Neville. It was a derogation on the part of an earl's daughter to marry a commoner of mean birth, apart from the stain on such "monkish marriages" in good Catholics' notions; but the earl was poor and Sir Gyles was rich, and young Kit distinguished himself in the Pilgrimage of Grace, at the head of a troop raised and paid by his father. In consequence not only was he knighted by the king, but he received a handsome estate from the delighted Sir Gyles, and "at the end," says one old gossip of the day, "the Lady Agatha had her will."

The marriage was an exceptionally happy one, although there had been one sore disappointment—no children were born to the house of Pullen. Hence a cruel whisper among their tenants of the old faith: Behold a righteous punishment for the married monk!

No tongue wagged more glibly or scattered more venom than old Bassely's; and if a great lady may stoop to hate a poor body, the Lady Agatha hated Goody Crawme.

I daresay now she threw a smouldering backward thought on the enemy too low to strike. Such stir of the mind would be of a cast to heighten the brilliancy of a beauty which surviving portraits image stately and calm.

Doubtless it painted her fair, fresh-colored face with a brighter cheek, lighted a liquid sparkle in her deep, dark eyes, and curved the swan-like neck more majestically. Perhaps there was a little hardness about the features (they were large, of the type that we call Roman), but no man on whom Lady Agatha smiled ever thought her face hard.

She smiled, now, at the admiration in her husband's eyes.

"I would I could content Sir Gyles so easily as I can thee," she said.

"Nay, thou dost; 'tis I miscontents

my father," replied Sir Kit, quickly, "he deemeth that I bear me too gentle toward evil-doers. He hath it in hand to settle himself at the Abbey, but he feareth to leave me lord of the manor. Yet, methinks, he will go. Then shall we be alone, dear heart."

Their eyes met, and Lady Agatha forgot Goody Crawme.

The old woman's figure, by this time, was only a black silhouette in the distance, backed by the green fields and the rich August sky.

She was an erect and sturdy old woman, whose gray hair was thick above her wrinkled forehead, and who carried a stick for no need of her limbs, but, I fear, solely to menace divers "waccabones and lotherers," who were used to assail her for the sound and plausible reason that they were zealous Protestants, and she had been wife to the Catholic lord's cook.

The cook and all his children, three stout boys, had followed the old lord, Marmadace Audely, into the insurrection of 1547. Master Crawme was so happy as to be killed in battle; and so were Lord Audely and his elder son; but the younger Audely and Dame Crawme's boys perished miserably in the legal carnage that followed.

Of the children of Audely there remained only a little blind lass, too young to realize her desolation. Old Bassely gave her master's darling a home. They lived, on sufferance, in a poor hut of mud and sticks, on the edge of the village. Goody Crawme kept a cow, and geese, and chickens; and having a good skill in her husband's craft she contrived to earn a humble livelihood as helper at feasts and weddings among the richer sort. Privately she was considered a good deal by the old tenants. But there were many stings. It was a fall in the world. Goody Crawme had been Dame Crawme, a personage in the household, who had her own comfortable timber and plaster house, and rode her own palfrey. Now she lived in a hovel and must go afoot.

But far, far more pain to the loyal old soul was it to watch the bright creature that she loved growing up in poverty. And there was a fear, beside, which stung her anew at every sight of the Lady

Agatha. To-day she cursed the married monk and his wife. "Never to thee will I give my lamb," shrieked she. "'Tis not for long to bide quiet. God's hand is on the king; the Lady Mary's day will come, ye murdering thieves!"

She choked down the climbing passion in her throat, there was no time for grief or fury, she had business in hand, and here was the village.

The Signe of the Egle (thus is the inn of Audely written in the county history) stood cornerwise on the curving village street, pushing its gabled shoulders out of a ragged line of thatched roofs. Already lights and fires made a ruddy glow behind round arched windows; and the shadows were beginning to huddle under the copse sides and in the corners of the court.

If by no other token, you might be aware of approaching nightfall by the ever-deepening clamor of voices in the porch.

Goody Crawme grunted in huge scorn, recognizing a familiar note. "Tom Harwarth prating o' Joan Boacher's burning, still! Oh, ye weary swell-pate! And me which seen a man boiled alive ne'er did brag twice on't. By God's wounds, did ye get your desarvings, for the pestilent heretic knave ye be, we could see a burning i' our own market-set, nor need to gape furdur!"

Grinning malignantly at her vision of the good Protestant's fate, she went into the inn. She had seen the person whom she was seeking. He stood in the centre of the tap-room listening to the talk with a satirical smile. He was a middle-aged man, of a fine shape, a swarthy countenance, and a quick, bright black eye. His dress was grave but handsome; a short gown of "chanabulle" or changeable silk, the main hue being a shade of cinnamon, "purfed" (that is, edged) with minever fur, and lined with blue taffety, with blue silk hose and a jewelled velvet cap. On the strength of his costume he might have passed for a man of rank; he was really a London physician. Perceiving Dame Crawme he disengaged himself from the crowd. The two left the house and drew apart a little, out of ear-shot. She had been fumbling all the while in her leathern bag.

Finally she pulled out some pieces of silver, saying: "Here be the sum, four and twenty testons.* Pleaseth you, worshipful sir, come quickly to my lady!"

The man raised his eyebrows as with a long forefinger he pushed the coins about on her palm. "Nay, Goody," said he, "here are bare sixteen shillings; I said twenty-four."

"The shilling equals ninepence," cried the old woman, all the swift suspicion of the poor in arms; "a murrain on the base money! But here be thirty-two shilling. I had the last, yestreen, of the king's purveyors. They drave a hard bargain wi' me, too. They telled me the king hath called down the shilling to ninepence, and ye call it sixpence."

"Even so, dame," said the doctor, dryly, "by the king's own proclamation, which I did hear read this day at the cross in the market-set."

The old woman hardly seemed to hear him; she was too busy with her own anxiety. "Master Langdon," said she, "when ben ye here last?"

"It may be six months agone."

"Yea, sir. And ye did say ye cold cure my lady's eyes. I ha' worked and starved to gather the fee since that day. How be I to win eight shilling mo'? And ye go to-morrow! How long or ye come again?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders; he had no idea; belike never.

The shillings jangled in the old woman's hand. "God's curse on them that strip the poor!" cried Goody Crawme.

Even as she spoke she was pushed aside by a vehement new-comer in livery, who bade the doctor follow him; Sir Gyles willed his attendance.

"But my lady—" pleaded old Bassely.

"For God's pity—ye did promise!"

"Tush," answered Dr. Langdon, but not unkindly. "I like not to fish and catch a frog! Fet me twenty shillings to-morrow, and we will see. Have with you, good fellow!"

Sir Gyles's retainer hurried the physician away.

Was he a physician, or was he a quack? There were insensible gradations between the legitimate school and the pretenders, those days; but Dr. Langdon's

* A teston equalled a shilling.

cures were considered wonderful ; at any rate, poor Bassely believed in him. Her heart swelled with an intolerable pain. She could see behind the round oak tops the ancient Norman towers of Audely. There lay her nursling's rightful heritage, and the king had wrenched it from her to bestow on a "clerking knight," a "forestaller" and "regrator," a goldsmith who lent out money at usury.

There was a savor of hardness of heart and unchristian-like dealing about all interest to Bassely's generation. Dame Crawme was sure that Sir Gyles was the wickedest and cruellest man in England, which he was not by any means.

And he and the minion, his son, could order the great doctor about like a serving-man ; while the rightful lady of Audely must lose her chance to know the sun for the lack of a few shillings !

Four shillings—four shillings before to-morrow morning—why, they were as much beyond her reach as four hundred !

A merciless thought kept goading her. "No, no," she moaned, answering it, "better blind than bred by her father's foes !"

She could see the child's little face, such a patient, merry, loving face it was. Bassely had prepared a humble feast, which was luxury in their bare living, to do honor to the doctor. Mildred did not know the object of the doctor's coming ; but, child-like, she was delighted with the supper ; and Bassely was listening to her laughter now.

She wrung her hands and groaned aloud. Just at this moment it was the lamentable fortune of Bassely Crawme to perceive something glittering at her feet.

She had gone some considerable way on her road and was traversing a field of the manor.

A foot-path and stile belonging to this field had been free to all, in Lord Audely's time ; it was one of the village grievances that Sir Gyles should fussily interdict such passing. For that very reason the spiteful old woman always went by the path.

She regarded the object before her. It was a scarlet hood of fine Flemish cloth, embroidered in seed pearls and gold. Bassely knew it well. Once the

property of Lady Audely, it had passed with the rest of the wardrobes and household goods to Sir Gyles, and Sir Gyles, a widower of rigid life, had given it to his daughter-in-law. Many a time had she seen the scarlet folds fluttering against Lady Agatha's black hair. She glowered at the radiant spot of finery. All at once her eyes flashed. "Why not ?" she was thinking, exultantly, "the man will make more o' the gaud than four shillings !" She knew something of Dr. Langdon's morals, which were not cut on Sir Gyles's pattern ; and she smiled grimly. "The Lady Agatha hath spoiled it for an honest woman's wearing, I trow," was her cruel word. "And he will go away and say naught. By Saint Stephen, 'tis safe enow !"

No scruple of honesty assailed her conscience ; why should it ? She did but take back her mistress's own.

Casting one swift glance about her, she snatched up the hood and rolled it under her long cloak.

"One good thing done this day," quoth she, piously crossing herself ; "now, blessed St. Stephen, help me bear this matter to the end."

To St. Stephen she prayed because he was the Audelys patron saint to whom they had erected a fair abbey. This, also, had fallen into Sir Gyles's hands, being converted by him into a dwelling-house. He had spent great sums thereon, and it was rumored that Sir Gyles proposed to retire to the abbey, leaving Audely to the young people.

St. Stephen, anyone can see, had plenty of reason to assert himself.

"Now, worthy Master Stephen, be my good lord," prayed Dame Crawme. "I'll e'en fare me home to my mess o' sodden chickens and bacon and a pottel o' ale."

Meanwhile Sir Kit and his wife had ridden to their journey's object. They had discoursed of many things—their own plans, the "troublesome unquietness" of the realm somewhat, a little sadly of their childless state, a good deal of some thefts in the village that had sorely vexed Sir Gyles, and then, by a natural transition, of the dead lord of the manor and his daughter. There was a long-standing desire of Lady Agatha concerning this child, to which she always returned, as she did now.

"Dear heart," said her husband, gently, "were there no other impediment, Sir Gyles——"

"He hath consented this very morn," replied Lady Agatha—and there was a show of triumph in her eye and cheek, if not in her voice—"so the damsel will take the name of Pullen. Then will he crave the king to grant her back her demesne of Gatherock, which," she added dryly, "he hath long coveted."

"Oh, sweetheart, sweetheart," Sir Kit laughed, "thou canst play on the strings of the heart like a lute. Even Sir Gyles cannot withstand ye."

"Ye make sport of me, Kit. Nay, husband, I do long to make the poor, fond maid mine own. Thou wilt come to love her too."

"The mother been dead, methinks," said Sir Kit, studying his horse's mane, "when my lord went to the wars. He did give the wench, being then six years of age, to this same Dame Crawme, and signed a paper to make her guardian because of her approved trustiness."

"Fy!" interrupted the lady, testily, "be we not large enow to overcome one hard-necked, railing old woman?"

"Ay, wife," Sir Kit answered, very gravely; "we be strong, but I mind me of the tale Nathan storied unto David, and the one ewe lamb."

The lady's eyes widened and sparkled, but she checked the retort on her lips. Sir Kit, like most gentle people, could be "marvellous obstinate;" all she said was, "Well, 'tis an old woman. An Goody Crawme did die, thou wouldst not withstand my suit, Kit?"

"By my faith, no, sweetheart," said Sir Kit, heartily.

To this Agatha made no reply. They rode on in silence until the lady pointed ahead, saying: "I did want to show ye the cottage—lo, yonder it stands."

The house was a wattled hut of two rooms, its thatched roof dipping over the crooked doorway like a shaggy eyebrow. The forest curtailed off the horizon to the right, on the left was the village common. Sheep grazed over the sleek pastures, their white backs rimmed with the sunlight, for the sky was kindling above the tree-tops; and in the little garden the herbs and "salats" and waving cloud of asparagus, bathed in

that soft effulgence, glowed with the most vivid tints of green.

A slim girl, in a blue Peneston frock, came to the doorway. Her yellow curls were blown about her sweet little face. Anyone ignorant of her affliction would have said that she looked down the road, with so much seeming intelligence and vivacity did she turn her head in the travellers' direction.

Neither would the ignorant observer have detected any blur or sign of infirmity in her mild violet eyes. Her light, strong, young figure, her eager young face, showed as little trace of the melancholy which is expected to accompany her condition; on the contrary, her entire person—excepting only those soft eyes—seemed to diffuse energy and child-like grace and a sparkling cheerfulness. The truth is, Mildred, poor, orphaned, blind, was as happy as any ten-year-old little girl in England. She had been too young to realize the tremendous catastrophe that had blotted out home and kindred and place in the world for her, and, never having seen, she felt no hardship in her blindness. She could be cheered by the sun which she could not see; she sang like a bird, and no doubt had a bird's poignant joy in singing. Every day her quick mind mastered some novel charm or thrilling secret of nature. There was old Basseley to love her, and the ploughman's babies, and the lambs, and Fangs the dog ("the towardness o' that doggy sure you did never seen!"), and an ugly cat, quite as dear to the affectionate little soul as could have been her beautiful catship that favored the Marquis of Carabas. Mildred would have demanded what should a little girl need more!

The riders drew rein before the pretty picture in the doorway.

Lady Mildred did not seem puzzled by their greetings, but called them by name, courtesying properly to each, as became a child, and always bending her small body in the right direction.

Her demeanor and her smiling face were a marked contrast with Dame Crawme's churlishness. Either the elder had not tried to infect the child with her venomous prejudices, or she had failed. Lady Agatha used to wonder how it was.

She could not resist calling Mildred nearer, in order that she might stroke her soft cheek.

"I did fet thee a gift, child," said she; "in good sooth not quite a gift, since 'twas once thy lady mother's. I am rue that it slipped from my saddle-bow and is clean lost!"

"My mother, she is dead," said Mildred's tender voice. "Bassely telled me. Had you ever sight of her, madam? I often wonder was she like you?"

Lady Agatha winced. Sir Kit came to his wife's rescue, with a twinkle in his eye. The late Lady Audely, a most virtuous and high-born dame, had not been a beauty. Sir Kit, however, answered decorously that there was a likeness, and then, diverting the subject, promised another hood.

"'Tis rare kind o' your ladyship to remember me," Mildred said, gratefully.

"I cannot forget you, child," said Lady Agatha, with an impatient sigh. "Tell me, be ye not wearied, alonely here so much?"

Mildred looked amused.

"Nay, madam," she said, "I have a sight to do; and there be Fangs, and Grimsey, the cat, and Dace, and little Anne, and plenty mo'. And granny ever cometh at night."

"What canst thou do, little one?" Sir Kit asked, playfully, interested in this artless prattle.

She began, with an important air, to number her accomplishments on her fingers. "There be the sewing, I ha' made me a shift, mainly, and the sleeves o' two night rails——"

"God-a-mercy, maiden, *how!*" cried the knight.

In spite of the reverence due the high company, a little ripple of mirth escaped Mildred's pretty lips; it always affected her as a rare jest that people should be so confounded by the easy things which she did; to her mind they placed a ridiculous value on their eyes. "'Tis simple enow," said she; "Bassely doth crease the line, and I sew therein. I can cook, likewise, and I help Bassely make rare fine cates and sinnels and fritters; and all alonely I can make jusel.*"

"Sure ye be the best housekeeper of

a little maid in the county," laughed Sir Kit.

Lady Agatha looked on well pleased (sure that the marvellous quickness of apprehension which had won rugged Sir Gyles could not fail to affect his son's hospitable and inquisitive mind), while the flattered child picked out, unerringly, every utensil or piece of furniture that Sir Kit named, to display her knowledge of the room.

All at once she ran to the door. Her little figure grew rigid, her merry face stiffened with an expression of intensest attention. "'Tis granny," cried she, "but who else? There is a rowte of others."

Husband and wife exchanged glances of amazement; Goody Crawme did indeed approach, and at such a distance that it seemed impossible for any ear to detect a footfall. Behind her (in bare time to save the people with eyes who would have denied their presence) three men came over the crest of the hill. They were running.

They got abreast of Goody Crawme just as she reached the hut. She turned on them with a scowl. The men doffed their caps to the dignitaries. They were all of the village: Jock Miller, who kept the mill; Tom Hawarth, the constable; and poor Will Lack-Wit, who was esteemed little better than an idiot. All three breathed heavily, like men that had strained their lungs. "Pleaseth your worship," cried Hawarth, with his first clear breath, "we 'rest this woman for theft!"

Therewith he plucked Goody Crawme's cloak violently aside, and snatched the scarlet roll.

By now it was too dark to distinguish more than the color and shape; but Lady Agatha claimed it as her hood. She would have taken it had not the constable refused to yield it, saying that it was now evidence in the possession of the law and must be guarded. So he wrapped it up and tied it impressively, under the admiring eyes of Jock and Will.

"Ye wicked old age"—he addressed Goody Crawme as he worked—"I warrant ye done the thieving i' the village, too. We'll look i' your den, ye she-wolf!"

* From juscillum—broth or pottage.

Like a she-wolf Goody Crawme glared at him. Not a sound did she make ; but her lips twitched when the miller joined the cry : " Jesu, mercy, dame. 'A would ne credit it o' my old godsib. I gi'en Will the lie i' his teeth. 'A onely come t' make sure ye beant haired out o' your patience and led to railing, and had to prison for abusing o' authorities. But ye *done* it ! Lord ! Lord ! "

Mildred had flown to her nurse. Instead of crying, as an ordinary child might do, her eyes flashed and she stamped her tiny foot. " You be false scurril knaves and very wicked men," she shouted, " to so entreat my grandam ! She is good. She is no thief ! "

The knight interfered. He demanded what was all this coil ? Let the woman speak, mayhap she had but picked up the toy in the road and purposed to return it.

" Holy St. Stephen ! Why not ? " bawled the miller, his honest brow clearing. " A like hap mote come to any man. "

" Not to her," the constable retorted. Did not the miller remember how Will Lack-Wit, asleep and out of sight under the hedge-rows, had been awakened by her passing, and seen her run and pick up the hood and conceal it under her cloak ? Yea, and did she not vehemently deny having aught, when the said Will made inquisition of her ? wherefore he had run back and found them to pursue her. " And your worship knows," concluded Hawarth, stolidly (with a glance of contempt at his weak volunteer deputy), " there did been a power o' picking and polling i' the parish alate, a vamous deal o' stuff lost, and great shame ! "

" Ay, a parlous shame ! " repeated the idiot, chuckling.

Now, in fact, this same imbecile, Will Lack-Wit, had done all the stealing himself, but he was not discovered until long afterward ; while Goody Crawme, old, sour-tempered, an assured papist and suspect witch, was the most natural person in the world to accuse. She did speak at last. As to the thefts in the village, she solemnly avowed her innocence ; as to the hood, she but took back her lady's own. Then, with mounting indignation, she poured out the

story of her failure to move the doctor, inveighing against the base money ; and she admitted candidly that in her desperation she had taken the hood, esteeming it rightfully her lady's own.

The miller's face worked nervously ; he could feel the bite of part of her argument, having lost by the money and the forced prices. No doubt he wished himself well out of the affair, especially when Mildred broke in, piteously : " Oh, granny, 'tis so *easy* to be blind. I be not rue at all. Oh, kind sirs, she doth not know how easy 'tis, and ever maketh moan for me ; and 'twas all for me she did it. Do not hurt her ! And no harm be done, ye have the hood again. "

" Why, so indeed we have, Tom," urged the miller, in a perspiration. " God's name, let's make no more ado 'bout it. "

" Ay," said Sir Kit, mildly, " no mischief be done, and ye wot, Hawarth, 'tis robbery of a dwelling-house ye would make it ; a felony, no less, punishable, if above five shillings, with death. "

The old woman's ruddy color slipped out of her cheeks, and Mildred turned her blind face with a pathetic bewilderment from one voice to another. The constable's dogged face gave no clue to his thoughts.

" 'Tis on my conscience," said he, sullenly, " to bring this fact afore Sir Gyles, that is a just and painful magistrate. Sure am I he will use his customizable gentleness. "

It was not for Sir Gyles's son to controvert this, whatever his private qualms. He had nothing more to offer. But old Bassely was not cowed, she burst out, shrilly : " Hark to him crack ! *His* conscience ! Zounds, I mind me how I got him whipt in the time of the lord that dead is, for deceiving of Luke Bennet's wife. The first strake he did curse, but after he did howland skip till I was fain to laugh. Lord, miller, ye mind that sport ! "

" Nay, dame, leave off railing," the knight interposed ; " 'tis now too late to call yesterday again. "

The constable, scorning retort, bade her make ready. Dame Crawme loosened the slender arms about her neck. She addressed Lady Agatha. " Will ye take her ? " she said, in a steady voice.

"Yes," said Lady Agatha, as calmly, but she flushed red over cheek and brow.

"Hath *she* practised with these against thee, grandam?" said the child; "is *she* cruel to thee?"

The old woman struggled against some powerful emotion, while Lady Agatha watched her coldly.

The words, when they did come, surprised the lady: "Nay, my lamb," Dame Crawme answered, "that she did not. 'Tis a great noble lady, and thou must be guided by her and obedient unto her. Promise me that. And do ye not fret nor lour, for that will hurt me sharpest o' all."

"But will ye not come with me, granny?" cried the child; "will not the lady free thee from the cruel bad man?"

"I shall be clean free i' a few days, dearling lamb," said Bassely, steadily. There was something in the tone and her calm face that made the worthy miller more uncomfortable than ever. He was glad to be told off to search the house (where of course he found nothing), and he relieved his feelings a little by giving Mildred, who helped the searchers, a bright new sixpence, some very serviceable nails, and a saffron cake stuffed with raisins.

Bassely had a motive in sending Mildred into the house; she thus could speak more freely to Lady Agatha. The constable frowned and gnawed his lip when she stepped to the lady's rein, praying a word aside; nevertheless he did not venture to interfere. Sir Kit maliciously took care that he should not overhear the conversation, by questioning him briskly about the late thefts.

It was brief enough, this conversation.

Dame Crawme said: "Ye have conquered, my lady. I ax ye not to spare me, that ben a vain quest."

"And out of my power," added Lady Agatha, quietly.

"Cake bread and loaf bread be all one wi' me, now," Bassely said; "cannot or will not, 'tis no differ. 'Tis not o' me I wold speak. Look you, I ha' made the path straight for ye wi' the child. I ha' never told her evil o' ye, for I ben enforced with heaviness of heart for a great while, lest peradventure ye get her away, and if she be turned against

thee, lo! how much the worsen for her! Well, ye ha' gotten your will; and me"—she gave one passing glance of inexpressible bitterness at the cottage—"but for—that, I ben so tossed and turmoiled, I be not loath to quit this world. But, because that I defamed ye not, grant me this suit; deal ever gently with the wench! 'Tis a good wench, and loving and obedient, but there be sparkles o' the Audely fire. Ye shall better lead than drive. But I fear me not i' that point."

"God, he knows ye have no need," said Lady Agatha.

"I think mo' on a nodur matter. Rive not all the child's kindness for her own away. Let her remember somewhat her own house. Regarding of religion, the holy saints must e'en boggle for themselves the best they can," said the practical old cynic, "ne'er a one lifted a finger for me this day, and I be not going to make a blowe for them! Well, that be nigh all. She hath an ill throat some days i' the wind, ye will needs wrop her straightly. Ye will find all her cloathes in the big chest; they be not fitten for her quality, but I done my best. I ax ye not to see Master Langdon, for your own sake ye will do that."

"I shall not stick at anything ye would have," said Lady Agatha. "God so deal with me as I deal with this, my daughter."

Dame Crawme set her teeth, half with hatred, half with anguish, at that last word. "Yet why not?" muttered she; "better that than to beg. Better the big wolves than the little." She spoke aloud: "I hate ye right well, but I trust ye. Look ye, but one suit mo'. Ye will not let her mistrust what falleth on me till—it be clean done and ended?"

Lady Agatha promised. I think that she was moved to add a kinder word, to express a cheering doubt as to the peril of the case, but pride and embarrassment bound her tongue; in the event, she did not speak at all.

Often, in subsequent times, the miller used to describe the parting; how the brave little creature dashed the tears from her eyes, and smiled and pressed her flower-like face lovingly to the wrinkled brown cheek, and promised to be

good till her granny could come to her again.

"God help us," said the honest fellow, "Tom himself had not t' heart t' tell un t' trowte. So she fared to the castle, mistrusting naught, w' our lady; and Tom and me fet the old dame; Will Lack-Wit, he ben no good."

Sir Gyles's malady admitted of no intrusion of business that night. Consequently old Bassely was locked up in "a strong chamber" to await her trial in the morning. Sir Kit could think of no more effectual comfort than a generous supply of food and wine.

Lady Agatha sat in her chamber. The tapers in their silver candlesticks shed a pleasant, dim light. A bright fire burned in the fireplace, striking out splendid gleams from the gold-embroidered flowers on the great canopy of the bed. A richly carven arch was the entrance to an alcove in which had been placed a smaller bed. Lady Agatha, in her roched chair, with her needlework in hand and the candle-light on a paler cheek than common, looked strangely gentle. When she glanced toward the alcove her eyes would soften and brighten. Sir Kit had his book, but his own eyes strayed from the clumsy pages to search the dimness of the alcove, or to rest, half sadly, half humorously, on his wife's face. He was pained for many reasons; but, as always with many-sided temperaments like his, there was a little thread of amusement running through his pain.

It was he that spoke first, after a long silence. "The little maid was not troublesome; but did you note, when we left her alone, she fair wept herself to sleep?"

"Yet with ne'er a sound," said Lady Agatha; "'tis a courageous wench, Kit."

"I mistrust me she will take the old dame's death hard"—Sir Kit flung his book aside to jump up and pace the floor—"an' they send her to the assizes, the quest will sure cast her of felony, to be hanged. 'Tis robbery from a dwelling-house, and over five shillings. Wife, canst thou not be her right friend with Sir Gyles? He hath been monstrous out of frame, alate, because of his sickness and the thefts. He wold onely

flout me! But thou canst spin a fair thread, as the saying is, and he loveth thee right well. Ye may bring him to a good trade."

Lady Agatha shook her head dubiously.

She was not afraid of Sir Gyles like Kit, but she knew just how stubborn and tempestuous were his humors. At this time, too, when he was meditating such a splendid gift to them, it seemed both ungrateful and foolish to risk angering the choleric old man. And for what? for the most malignant and bitter scold in the parish.

Like enough the interferers would have a wind of hard words for their pains, and do no good on earth to their client. Sir Gyles prided himself on his administration of justice, his maintenance of order, his wholesome severity with evil-doers.

"Kit, 'tis a hard saying," said Lady Agatha, "but I perceive no remede. Sir Gyles is ireous when he be ill, and he be singular wroth about these thefts. An I entreated him, I mote be irk of mine own importunity. Nay, husband, 'tis best we meddle not withal."

I am not Lady Agatha Pullen's judge, nor will I pretend to weigh her motives. She had hated Bassely, she coveted the child. The age was not one of squeamish mercy; and there are traditions of the Pullen family wherein Lady Agatha makes very short work with obstacles and opposers.

Still I fancy that she did not abandon Bassely without compunction. Somehow the snarling, curdled-natured old woman whose gossip was always snapping at her heels—and could hurt, low as it was—had touched the great lady.

Bassely's stoical courage, her heroic loyalty, awoke a kind of reluctant admiration in her mind. Agatha was brave and loyal herself. She thought: "Had you been my servant I cold have loved you, and you wold have gone to the death for me."

She could appreciate Bassely's trust in herself, but it did not move her; what did move her, to an extraordinary degree, was the old woman's devotion to the child. I do not believe that she had ever before considered Bassely's affection for little Mildred, except as a hin-

dance to be swept aside ; now it was revealed to her in a new aspect. Bassely loved the child even as she herself loved her. Bassely could sacrifice hatred and prejudices which were throbbing through her strong as her heart's blood, because so she would make Mildred's happiness safer. What better could Agatha Pullen do ?

No, I am convinced that Lady Agatha felt compassion for her defeated enemy ; and that the reason why she had shown no more sympathy was that she foresaw her helplessness and her decision of to-night. Besides, there remained the child. Sir Kit never would allow her to keep the child from Bassely, did Bassely live. Yet every mother instinct in Agatha Pullen clung to the little, soft, brave, helpless, female thing. "My little daughter," she repeated, "ah, I could make thee so happy ! Why, 'tis clean against nature to suffer thee go back to poverty !"

She rose and paced with her stately deliberate step into the alcove, her purple damask gown trailing on the oaken floor and richly painted by the fire-light. She stood a long time, sombrely watching the sleeping child.

What her decision cost her, who, with modern lights and ideals, shall compute ? Some harsh pang she certainly felt, to grow so pale, as she said, firmly, "Nay, right or wrong, I cannot do it."

Sir Gyles awoke in a bad humor. The pain was abated ; but Dr. Langdon's mediæval anodynes were like our present pain-dullers in the discomfort which they bequeath to the next morning. Vainly, however, did Sir Kit, hoping for a more propitious mood, beg his father to defer Goody Crawme's examination.

"Do thou learn, sirrah, that a right man can put his dolour and heaviness aside more easier than his duty !" This was all that Sir Kit got for his good-will, except a few pungent criticisms of the rising generation, such as the departing generation always has had in store.

"I trow ye be like all the rest—slothful, lazy lubbers, wastethrifts and squanderers, swimming in soft living"—poor Sir Kit liked a good dinner—"caring for naught but to go gay in new-fangled, fantastical coats, and be

trimmed up with all manner of fine raiment ! Mincing and pranking more like puppets than men !"

So Sir Gyles grumbled on. Of course he demanded what merry England was coming to, and he drew a lively picture of the simple and virtuous youth of his own day ; to all of which Sir Kit listened respectfully. He helped his father down-stairs and settled him in his chair of state in the great hall.

A noble old hall it was, and is—since to this day the visitor admires the grand timber ceiling with its thwarted arches and pendants, its vast, traceried Tudor windows, and the lawless splendor of its carved wainscoting. During Sir Gyles's occupancy the walls bristled with armor, which he never wore, and weapons of the chase as foreign to him as to any man on earth. But then he was accustomed to say Kit was the fighting man of the family ; and he liked to recount (being secretly mighty proud of the son whom he was always abusing) Kit's exploits in the two rebellions, and his vigorous pursuit of certain malapert outlaws who had harried the king's lieges of Audely for a space, but had been captured by the son and promptly despatched by the father, to the joyful contentment of all honest men.

It was quite in the manner of the time to commemorate Sir Kit's valor on the arras which decked the north wall. There was a portrait of him, in armor, as well as a portrait (by no less a painter than the great Hans himself) representing Sir Gyles in his corporation robes, and a family group of Sir Gyles, the late Lady Gyles, and the two boys. These glowing figures had displaced the dusky canvases of the Audelys.

Between Sir Gyles and the fire was a "travers," a movable screen, covered with "cloth of gold baudekyn," the weft of which was gold and the woof silk with embroidery. Carved benches of oak, not so dark by many degrees then as now, were ranged about the hall.

The principal other article of furniture was a long rectangular table, such as appears in all the prints of the time. Sir Gyles was enthroned, so to speak, behind the table. Sir Kit acted as clerk, having a pile of law books, and another pile of quills, almost as high, near the

huge "ink-horn." To further aid the smooth working of the scales of Justice, divers silver cups of sack glittered on the board.

Doctor Langdon was in attendance, on the general ground that he was a learned personage. He viewed the spectacle with the same ironic smile which he had given to Hawarth's horrors the day before.

Sir Gyles's rubicund and clumsy features were drawn awry by a peevish scowl. His gray beard was sunk in the collar of his furred robe.

"I pity the poor miser *you* will judge," thought Dr. Langdon.

Blacker and blacker grew the justice's frown over the constable's charge.

In truth, it was a lame recital. The zealous guardians of the law had been warmly greeted by the steward, and detained over night by the blandishments of good fellowship and prime ale. The mirth, in fine, waxed so loud that it had summoned my lady herself. She reproved them sternly for riot which might disturb Sir Gyles, and bade them lay the constable—by this hour quite past speech—on some sheep-skins in the dye-house, where he might sleep himself sober. By morning neither the miller nor the steward was the worse for excesses so common at the time; but poor Tom's head was spinning as if from raps of the quarter-staff.

"More shame to thee, guzzling and swilling!" his unsympathetic comrade of the mill told him, "and my lady sending thee a fair silver cup o' canarie from her own table, for grace!"

"Well she mote," retorted Tom, "I ha' rid her slick o' a thorn i' her side. But I wold she ha' filled it wi' honest ale. A plague o' them foreign possets, say I, my head and stomach be all hurly-burly!"

He cursed them the more heartily when Lady Agatha herself entered the hall, serene and haughty, and returned an icy greeting to his obeisance.

Well, it was some amends to handle old Bassely roughly. He hustled her into the presence. Once she stumbled, whereupon he jerked her furiously backward by her cloak-strings, choking her.

To the miller's remonstrance he answered: "I warrant the hangman will hurt her mo'!"

But Jock Miller swore a good round oath, in a whisper; and, at the same time, said a rough word of comfort in her ear. Until this the staunch old hater had not changed countenance, but now her eyes grew wet.

Some of the old servants of Audely who were in the hall could not dissemble their pity; indeed, the women's sniffs were loud enough to reach Sir Gyles.

"Why do the wenches blubber so?" growled he.

Sir Kit explained that they pitied Goody Crawme, the accused, who had been kind to them in her good days.

Thereupon he handed Bassely a chair. "She is debile and weak," he apologized, "pray you let her sit!"

"Umph!" snorted Sir Gyles, "ye be soft like milk." But he motioned her to take the chair.

Kit stole a glance in the only quarter where he hoped for understanding. Lady Agatha did not return his look. She wore an inscrutable air, observing Bassely with a kind of cold interest. Even so, thought Kit, who was learned in the classics, must the cruel Roman dames have studied the gladiators in the combats. Sir Kit's heart felt sore. "T' faith, women, for all their soft eyes, be harder than we," he said to himself.

Sir Gyles called on him to read the accusation.

Dame Crawme pleaded "Not guilty." Following the miller's whispered advice, she added: "'T ben a worthless gaud. Pleaseth your noble worship, so the value be under five shillings 'tis no felony."

"Will ye teach me the law, woman?" said Sir Gyles, sourly. "Constable, where be the said hood?"

Hawarth pulled off the wrappings from his bundle, and swung out the hood with a flourish. The result was astounding.

Hawarth could not restrain a furious exclamation. Old Bassely turned white as ashes. Sir Gyles swelled with bewilderment and anger; while his son glued his eyes to his book, twirling his fair mustache—the miller swore afterward that he thus smuggled away a smile. Dr. Langdon also smiled. He had guessed the motive of the theft, and was rather pleased to have the woman acquitted.

Only Lady Agatha guarded her indifference. On all the other spectators' faces were painted the varying emotions which attended their sympathies.

For, plain to see, the gorgeous scarlet and gold, the delicate embroidery of pearls were blotched with great black burns, as if the cloth had been rolled in the coals. It had been a gentlewoman's hood; it was an unsightly rag.

"What mean ye by this jest, constable?" Sir Gyles rapped out. "Ye said a fair hood; here be no fitten garment for wearing!"

Hawarth stammered that there had been some foul trick played on him. He could show by witnesses that it was a costly hood yesterday.

His witnesses, however, failed him flatly. Sir Kit could not see the gaud, "it been too dark."

The miller followed in his lord's wake. 'Twas main dark and he had noted nothing. Will Lack-Wit, scared by Sir Kit's sharp questions, made a sad mess of his evidence, which Sir Gyles cut short in an access of disgust. The Lady Agatha was the constable's last hope, but she did no better for him. Questioned, on oath, she deposed that the hood was hers and that she had lost it yesterday. Yes, it was in mean good reparation when she did see it last. She could not on her oath say where she did lose it. She assuredly should call the hood worthless now.

At this point Sir Kit ventured to whisper his father that the constable had an ancient grudge against Goody Crawme; belike he did take this chance to feed it fat. His charge that she was the author of the thefts in the village was clean out of reason. The house had been searched and naught found. She bore a right good name i' the village of all who knew her.

Sir Gyles pondered. He was a believer in "the terribleness of punishments"—it was the belief of his age; but he had a robust sense of justice, and was not unmerciful by nature. He concluded to call witnesses respecting Dame Crawme's character. Thanks to the miller, they were at hand, and emboldened by Sir Kit's "aimiable and comfortable countenance," they spoke frankly in her favor.

The clerking knight summed up the case to himself, during a painful silence. He took a deep draught of wine.

"Prisoner," said he, then, "ye be quit. But I warn ye, trespass no more on others' lands! Had ye been walking i' the highway, as behooved ye, this mischief had not befallen ye. I pass that, this once. And leave ye your neighbors' goods alone; though they look worthless they may chance cost ye dear. As for you, constable, know that the law be to shield the innocent effectuously, as to punish evil-doers. Therefore be not cock-sure and over-hasty."

On the whole Sir Gyles acquitted himself very well with the scales and sword. And there was a real enthusiasm in Sir Kit's compliments.

Now, rough-tempered, domineering, blustering Sir Gyles secretly valued the opinion of his calm son. He thawed into a wintry good humor; that very day is the date of his deed of gift of Audely to his beloved son, Christopher Pullen.

He sent a purse after Bassely. By good luck the miller was near, whence it happened that, in place of flinging it in the messenger's face, she kept it and returned (in the miller's person) a most fitting, humble acknowledgment.

Previously Dr. Langdon had been consulted by Lady Agatha concerning Mildred's eyes. He pronounced them capable of cure; and, indeed, he proved himself as strong as his boast. During the whole interview he was thinking, "'Twas sure this lady bore the matter in hand—but why?"

Another man wondered in the same strain, but his answer was ready.

No sooner weré Sir Kit and his wife by themselves than he embraced her, lovingly. "Sweetheart," he whispered, "I cold kneel down and kiss your foot because that I wronged you so. I am assured 'twas thee contrived this ending."

"Jock Miller and I," said Agatha, happily; "'tis a faithful knave was in my father's train. A word was enow to him."

"And the silver cup? I marvelled ye should do the bandog such grace."

"I crave thy pardon, Kit, for my se-

crecy. But I wold not tangle thee in my naughty facts. 'Twas a posset o' Dr. Langdon's for sleepless night. 'Twold do no harm, he saith."

"And after, when I did miss ye for a little space——"

"I fear me, Kit, I been a robber myself, albeit I did give back the property—and 'twas mine own."

"And yet," said Sir Kit, slowly, "you coveted the child!"

"That property, too, must be restored," she said, sorrowfully; "but—but thou wilt not liken me to David, or the wicked rich man——"

"I will liken thee to nothing on earth, for there is no woman so noble!" cried her husband, ardently.

How it happened I am not able to say, but the story of the lady's action must have reached old Bassely through some channel (perhaps the miller), because when the young Lady Mildred, laden with gifts, was returned that same day to her, it is on record that she forthwith trudged her back to the castle.

"'Tis my lady's fitten place," said she.

"But how can ye bear to part from her?" said Sir Kit.

"I mean not so to do," replied the old woman, composedly; "how chance I may not stay here to serve ye withal? I be

a main better cook than your Master Jack, the French fellow."

So the matter arranged itself; Dame Crawme rose to a high position in the household, and served Lady Agatha and Mildred Pullen, Countess of Audely and Gatherock, until the day of her death.

It may be supposed that so staunch a partisan and so staunch a Catholic as Bassely had some wrestling of soul regarding her new masters, Sir Gyles, the usurer, and Sir Kit, the monk. Not she; discovering Sir Gyles's munificent intentions toward Lady Mildred, she promptly dismissed all the scandal as "cursed lies;" she declared, truly enough, that the Pullens had been no party to her dear lord's destruction; and was not Lady Mildred (through them) coming to her own again? Sir Kit's marriage she viewed with the same philosophy.

"Mayhap his saints bewrayed him, like St. Stephen done me," Bassely would say; "sure I wunnot blame him. And at leastways 'twas on his bishop's head, not his, poor seely lad. I warrant me that wicked bishop will burn for unfrocking a monk; but Sir Kit, it ben his bounden duty to obey. Nay, he be no mo' a monk nor you, Miller. The scurriel knaves put me out o' my patience wi' their clatter; an I ben my lord, I wold hang them up by the heels i' the pillory!"

TO THE CRICKET.

By A. Lampman.

DIDST thou not tease and fret me to and fro,
 Sweet spirit of this summer-circled field,
 With that quiet voice of thine, that would not yield
 Its meaning, though I mused and sought it so?
 But now I am content to let it go,
 To lie at length and watch the swallows pass,
 As blithe and restful as this quiet grass,
 Content only to listen, and to know
 That years shall turn and summers yet shall shine,
 And I shall lie beneath these swaying trees,
 Still listening thus; haply at last to seize
 And render in some happier verse divine
 That friendly, homely, haunting speech of thine,
 That perfect utterance of content and ease.

IN THE VALLEY.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE STRANGE USES TO WHICH REVENGE MAY
BE PUT.



IN after times, when it could do no harm to tell this story, people were wont to regard as its most remarkable feature the fact that we made the trip from the Oriskany battle-field to Cairneross in five days. There was never exhibited any special interest in the curious workings of mind, and conscience too, if you like, which led me to bring my enemy home; some few, indeed, like General Arnold, to whom I recounted the affair a fortnight later when he marched up the Valley, frankly said that I was a fool for my pains—and doubtless many others dissembled the same opinion. But they all with one accord expressed surprise, admiration, even incredulity, at the despatch with which we accomplished the difficult journey.

This achievement was, of course, entirely due to Enoch. At the outset he protested stoutly against the waste of time and trouble involved in my plan. It was only after much argument that I won him over to consenting, which he did with evident reluctance. But it is right to say that, once embarked on the adventure, he carried it through faithfully and with zeal.

The wounded man lay silent, with closed eyes, while our discussion went on. He seemed in a half lethargic state, probably noting all that we said, yet under too heavy a spell of pain and weakness to care to speak. It was not until we two had woven a rough sort of litter out of hickory saplings, covered thick with moss and hemlock twigs, and Enoch had knelt by his side to look to his wounds again, that Cross spoke:

"Leave me alone!" he groaned angrily. "It makes me worse to have you

touch me. Are you not satisfied? I am dying; that ought to be enough for you."

"Don't be a fool, Mr. Cross," said Enoch, imperturbably, moving his hand along the course of the bandage. "We're trying to save your life. I don't know just why, but we are. Don't make it extra hard for us. All the help we want from you is for you to hold your jaw."

"You are going to give me up to your Oneidas!" cried the suffering man, raising his head by a violent effort at the words, and staring affrightedly straight ahead of him.

There, indeed, were the two friendly Indians who had come with me to the swamp, and had run forward in pursuit of Cross's companions. They had returned with absolute noiselessness, and stood now some ten feet away from us, gazing with stolid composure at our group.

A hideous bunch of fresh scalp-locks dangled from the belt of each, and, on the bare legs beneath, stains of something darker than vermilion mingled with the pale ochre that had been rubbed upon the skin. The savages breathed heavily from their chase, and their black eyes were fairly aflame with excitement, but they held the muscles of their faces in an awesome rigidity. They were young men whom pious Samuel Kirkland had laboriously covered, through years of effort, with a Christian veneering. If the good dominie could have been there and seen the glances they bent upon the wounded enemy at our feet I fear me he would have groaned in spirit.

"Keep them off!" shrieked Cross, his head all in a tremble with the sustained exertion of holding itself up. "I will not be scalped! So help me God, I will not!"

The Indians knew enough of English to understand this frantic cry. They looked at me as much as to say that this gentleman's resolution did not materially alter the existing situation, the prob-

abilities of which were all on the other side.

"Lay your head down, Mr. Cross," said Enoch, almost gently. "Just keep cool, or you'll bust your bandages off. They won't hurt you 'till we give 'em the word."

Still he made fitful efforts to rise, and a faint purplish color came into his throat and cheeks as he strove excitedly. If Enoch had not held his arm he would have torn off the plaster from his breast.

"It shall not be done! I will die now! You shall not save me to be tortured—scalped—by these devils!"

I intervened here. "You need fear nothing from these Indians," I said, bending over him. "Lie back again and calm yourself. We are different from the brutes in your camp. We pay no price for scalps."

"Perhaps those are not scalps they have hanging there; it is like your canting tongue to deny it!"

It was easy to keep my temper with this helpless foe. "These savages have their own way of making war," I answered calmly. "They are defending their own homes against invasion, as well as we are. But we do not bribe them to take scalps."

"Why not be honest—you!" he said, disdainfully. "You are going to give me up. Don't sicken me with preaching into the bargain!"

"Why be silly—you!" I retorted. "Does the trouble we propose taking for you look like giving you up? What would be easier than to leave you here—for the wolves, or these Indians here. Instead of that we are going to carry you all the way to your home. We are going to *hide* you at Cairncross—until I can get a parole for you from General Schuyler. *Now* will you keep still?"

He did relapse into silence at this—a silence that was born alike of mystification and utter weakness.

Enoch explained to the Oneidas, mainly in their own strange tongue, my project of conveying this British prisoner, intact so far as hair went, down the Valley. I could follow him enough to know that he described me as a warrior of great position and valor; it was less flattering to have him explain that Cross was also a leading chief, and that

I would get a magnificent ransom by delivering him up to Congress.

Doubtless it was wise not to approach the Indian mind with less practical arguments. I saw this, and begged Enoch to add that much of this reward should be theirs if they would accompany us on our journey.

"They would be more trouble than they are worth," he said. "They wouldn't help carry him more than ten minutes a day. If they'll tell me where one of their canoes is hid, betwixt here and Fort Schuyler, that will be enough."

The result was that Enoch got such information of this sort as he desired, together with the secret of a path near by which would lead us to the river trail. I cut two buttons from my coat in return, and gave them to the savages; each being a warranty for eight dollars upon production at my home, half way between the old and the new houses of the great and lamented Warraghiyagey, as they had called Sir William Johnson. This done, and the trifling skin-wound on my arm re-dressed, we lifted Cross upon the rude litter and started for the trail.

I seem to see again the spectacle upon which I turned to look for a last time before we entered the thicket. The sky beyond the fatal forest wore still its greenish, brassy color, and the clouds upon the upper limits of this unnatural glare were of a vivid, sinister crimson, like clots of fresh blood. In the calm gray-blue of the twilight vault above birds of prey circled, with a horrible calling to one another. No breath of air stirred the foliage or the bending rushes in the swale. We could hear no sound from our friends at the head of the ravine, a full half-mile away. Save for the hideous noises of the birds a perfect silence rested upon this blood-soaked oasis of the wilderness. The little brook babbled softly past us; the strong western light flashed upon the rain-drops among the leaves. On the cedar-clad knoll the two young Indians stood motionless in the sunset radiance, watching us gravely.

We passed into the enfolding depths of the woods, leaving the battle-field to the furred and feathered scavengers and

the scalping-knives of the forest primeval.

Our slow and furtive course down the winding river was one long misery. I recall no other equally wretched five days in my life.

The canoe which Enoch unearthed on our first evening was a small and fragile affair, in which only one beside the wounded man could be accommodated. The other must take his way as best he could through the sprawling tangle of water-alders, wild artichoke, and vines, facing myriads of flies and an intolerable heat in all the wet places, with their sweltering luxuriance of rank vegetation. One day of this nearly reduced me to the condition of our weak and helpless prisoner. I staggered blindly along toward its close, covered to the knees with black river-mud, my face and wounded arm stinging with the scratches of poisonous ivy and brambles, my brain aching savagely, my strength and spirit all gone. I could have wept like a child from sheer exhaustion when at last I came to the nook on the little stream where Enoch had planned to halt, and flung myself on the ground utterly worn out.

We were somewhat below Fort Schuyler, as near to the first settlements on the German Flatts as we might with safety venture by daylight. Thereafter we must hide during the days, and steal down the river at night. Enoch had a small store of smoked beef ; for the rest we ate berries, wild grapes, and one or two varieties of edible roots which he knew of. We dared not build a fire.

Philip Cross passed most of his time, while we lay hiding under cover, in a drowsy restless stupor, broken by feverish intervals of nervous activity of mind which were often very like delirium. The heat, the fly-pest, and the malarial atmosphere of the dank recesses in which we lay, all combined to make his days very bad. At night in the canoe, floating noiselessly down the stream, Enoch said he seemed to suffer less and to be calmer in his mind. But at no time, for the first three days at least, did he evince any consciousness that we were doing for him more than might under the circumstances be expected. His

glance seemed sometimes to bespeak puzzled thoughts. But he accepted all our ministrations and labors with either the listless indifference of a man ill unto death, or the composure of an aristocrat who took personal service and attention for granted.

After we had passed the Little Falls—which we did on our third night out—the chief danger from shallows and rifts was over, and Enoch was able to exchange places with me. It was no great trouble to him, skilful woodsman that he was, to make his way along the bank even in the dark, while in the now smooth and fairly broad course I could manage the canoe well enough.

The moon shone fair upon us, as our little bark glided down the river. We were in the deep current which pushes forcefully forward under the new pressure of the East Canada waters, and save for occasional guidance there was small need of my paddle. The scene was very beautiful to the eye—the white light upon the flood, the soft calm shadows of the willowed banks, the darker, statelier silhouettes of the forest trees, reared black against the pale sky.

There is something in the restful radiance of moonlight which mellowes hearts. The poets learned this, ages since ; I realized it now, as my glance fell upon the pallid face in the bow before me. We were looking at one another, and my hatred of him, nursed through years, seemed suddenly to have taken to itself wings. I had scarcely spoken to him during the voyage other than to ask him of his wound. Now a thousand gentle impulses stirred within me, all at once, and moved my tongue.

"Are you out of pain to-night?" I asked him. "The journey is a hard one at best for a wounded man. I would we could have commanded a larger and more commodious boat."

"Oh, aye ! So far as bodily suffering goes, I am free from it," he made answer, languidly. Then, after a little pause, he went on, in a low musing voice : "How deathly still everything is ! I thought that in the wilderness one heard always the night-yelping of the wolves. We did at Cairncross, I know. Yet since we started I have not heard one.

It is as if we were going through a dead country."

Enoch had explained the reason for this silence to me, and I thoughtlessly blurted it out.

"Every wolf for forty miles round about is up at the battle-field," I said. "It is fairly marvellous how such intelligence spreads among these brutes. They must have a language of their own. How little we really understand of the animal creation about us, with all our pride of wisdom! Even the shark, sailors aver, knows which ship to pursue."

He shuddered, and closed his eyes as I spoke. I thought at first that he had been seized with a spasm of physical anguish, by the drawn expression of his face; then it dawned upon me that his suffering was mental.

"Yes, I dare say they are all there!" he said, lifting his voice somewhat. "I can hear them—see them! Do you know," he went on excitedly, "all day long, all night long, I seem to have corpses all about me. They are there just the same when I close my eyes—when I sleep. Some of them are my friends; others I do not know, but they all know me. They look at me out of dull eyes; they seem to say they are waiting for me—and then there are the wolves!"

He began shivering at this again, and his voice sank into a piteous quaver.

"These are but fancies," I said, gently, as one would speak to a child awakened in terror by a nightmare. "You will be rid of them once you get where you can have rest and care."

It seemed passing strange that I should be talking thus to a man of as powerful frame as myself, and even older in years. Yet he was so wan and weak, and the few days of suffering had so altered, I may say refined, his face and mien, that it was natural enough too, when one thinks of it.

He became calmer after this, and looked at me for a long time as I paddled through a stretch of still water, in silence.

"You must have been well born, after all," he said, finally.

I did not wholly understand his meaning, but answered:

"Why, yes, the Van Hoorns are a very good family—noble in some branches, in fact—and my father had his sheepskin from Utrecht. But what of it?"

"What I would say is, you have acted in all this like a gentleman."

I could not help smiling to myself, now that I saw what was in his mind. "For that matter," I answered lightly, "it does not seem to me that either the Van Hoorns or the dead Mauverensens have much to do with it." I remembered my mother's parting remark to me, and added: "The only Van Hoorn I know of in the Valley will not be at all pleased to learn I have brought you back."

"Nobody will be pleased!" he said, gloomily.

After that it was fit that silence should again intervene, for I could not gainsay him. He closed his eyes, as if asleep, and I paddled on in the alternate moonlight and shadow.

The recollection of my mother's words brought with it a great train of thoughts, mostly bitter. I was bearing home with me a man who was not only not wanted, but whose presence and continued life meant the annihilation of all the inchoate hopes and dreams my heart these last two years had fed upon. It was easy to be civil, even kind, to him in his present helpless, stricken state; anybody with a man's nature could do that. But it was not so easy to look resignedly upon the future, from which all light and happiness were excluded by the very fact that he was alive.

More than once during this reverie, be it stated in frankness, the reflection came to me that by merely tipping the canoe over I could even now set everything right. Of course I put the evil thought away from me, but still it came obstinately back more than once. Under the momentary spell of this devilish suggestion I even looked at the form recumbent before me, and noted how impossible it was that it should ever reach the bank, once in the water. Then I tore my mind forcibly from the idea, as one looking over a dizzy height leaps back lest the strange latent impulse of suicide shall master him, and fixed my thoughts instead upon the man himself.

His talk about my being well born helped me now to understand his character better than I had before been able to do. I began to realize the existence in England—in Europe generally, I dare say—of a kind of man strange to our American ideas; a being within whom long tradition and sedulous training had created two distinct men—one affable, honorable, generous, likeable among his equals, the other cold, selfish, haughty, and harsh to his inferiors. It struck me now that there had always been two Philips, and that I had been shown only the rude and hateful one because my station had not seemed to entitle me to consort with the other.

Once started upon this explanation I began to comprehend the whole story. To tell the truth, I had never understood why this young man should have behaved so badly as he did; there had been to me always a certain wantonness of brutality in his conduct wholly inexplicable. The thing was plainer now. In his own country, he would doubtless have made a tolerable husband, a fair landlord, a worthy gentleman in the eyes of the only class of people whose consideration he cared for. But over here, in the new land, all the conditions had been against him. He had drawn down upon himself and all those about him overwhelming calamity—simply because he had felt himself under the cursed obligation to act like a “gentleman,” as he called it. His contemptuous dislike of me, his tyrannical treatment of his wife when she did not fall in with his ambitions, his sulky resort to dissipation, his fierce espousal of the Tory side against the common herd—I could trace now the successive steps by which obstinacy had led him down the fell incline.

I do not know that I had much satisfaction from this analysis, even when I had worked it all out. It was worth while, no doubt, to arrive at a knowledge of Philip's true nature, and to see that, under other circumstances, he might have been as good a man as another. But all the same my heart grew heavy under the recurring thought that the saving of his life meant the destruction of all worth having in mine.

Every noiseless stroke of my paddle in

the water, bearing him toward home, as it did, seemed to push me farther back into a chill, unknown world of gloom and desolation. Yet, God help me, I could do no other!

CHAPTER XXXVI

A FINAL SCENE IN THE GULF WHICH MY EYES ARE MERCIFULLY SPARED.

JUST before daybreak of the fifth day we stole past the sleeping hamlet of Caughnawaga, and as the sun was rising over the Schoharie hills I drew up the canoe into the outlet of Dadanoscara Creek—a small brook which came down through the woods from the high land whereon Cairncross stood. Our journey by water was ended.

Enoch was waiting for us, and helped me lift Cross from the canoe. His body hung inert in our arms; not even my clumsy slipping on the bank of the rivulet startled him from the deep sleep in which he had lain for hours in the boat.

“I have been frightened! Can he be dying?” I asked.

Enoch knelt beside him, and put his hand over the patient's heart. He shook his head dubiously after a moment, and said: “It's tearing along like a race-horse. He's in a fever—the worst kind. This ain't sleep—it's stupor.”

He felt the wounded man's pulse and temples. “If you're bent on saving his life,” he added, “you'd better scoot off and get some help. Before we can make another litter for him, let alone taking him up this creek-bed to his house, it may be too late. If we had a litter ready, it might be different. As it is, I don't see but you will have to risk it, and bring somebody here.”

For once in my life my brain worked in flashes. I actually thought of something which had not occurred to Enoch!

“Why not carry him in this canoe?” I asked. “It is lighter than any litter we could make.”

The trapper slapped his lank, leather-clad thigh in high approval. “By hokey!” he said, “you've hit it!”

We sat on the mossy bank, on either side of the insensible Philip, and ate the last remaining fragments of our store

of food. Another day of this and we should have been forced to shoot something, and light a fire to cook it over, no matter what the danger. Enoch had, indeed, favored this course two days before, but I clung to my notion of keeping Cross's presence in the Valley an absolute secret. His life would have been in deadly peril hereabouts, even before the battle. How bitterly the hatred of him and his traitor fellows must have been augmented by the slaughter of that cruel ambushade I could readily imagine. With what words could I have protected him against the righteous rage of a Snell, for example, or a Seeber, or any one of a hundred others who had left kinsmen behind in that fatal gulch? No! There must be no risk run by meeting anyone.

With the scanty meal finished our rest was at an end. We ought to lose no time. Each minute's delay in getting the wounded man under a roof, in bed, within reach of aid and nursing, might be fatal.

It was no light task to get the canoe upon our shoulders, after we had put in it our guns, covered these with ferns and twigs, and upon these laid Philip's bulky form, and a very few moments' progress showed that the work before us was to be no child's play. The conformation of the canoe made it a rather awkward thing to carry, to begin with. To bear it right side up, laden as it was, over eight miles of almost continuous ascent, through a perfectly unbroken wilderness, was as laborious an undertaking as it is easy to conceive.

We toiled along so slowly, and the wretched little brook, whose bed we strove to follow, described such a wandering course, and was so often rendered fairly impassable by rocks, driftwood, and overhanging thicket, that when the sun hung due south above us we had covered barely half our journey, and confronted still the hardest portion of it. We were so exhausted when this noon hour came, too, that I could make no objection when Enoch declared his purpose of getting some trout from the brook, and cooking them. Besides, we were far enough away from the river highway and from all habitations, now, to render the thing practically safe. Ac-

cordingly I lighted a small fire of the driest wood to be found, while the trapper stole up and down the brook, moving with infinite stealth and dexterity, tracking down fish and catching them with his hands under the stones.

Soon he had enough for a meal—and, my word! it was a feast for emperors or angels. We stuffed the pink dainties with mint, and baked them in balls of clay. It seemed as if I had not eaten before in years.

We tried to rouse Cross sufficiently to enable him to eat, and in a small way succeeded, but the effect upon him was scarcely beneficial, it appeared to us. His fever increased, and when we started out once more under our burden, the motion inseparable from our progress affected his head, and he began to talk incoherently to himself.

Nothing can be imagined more weird and startling than was the sound of this voice above us, when we first heard it. Both Enoch and I instinctively stopped. For the moment we could not tell whence the sound came, and I know not what wild notions about it flashed through my mind. Even when we realized that it was the fever-loosed tongue of our companion which spoke, the effect was scarcely less uncanny. Though I could not see him, the noise of his ceaseless talking came from a point close to my head; he spoke for the most part in a bold, high voice—unnaturally raised above the pitch of his recent faint waking utterances. Whenever a fallen log or jutting boulder gave us a chance to rest our load without the prospect of too much work in hoisting it again, we would set the canoe down—and that moment his lips would close. There seemed to be some occult connection between the motion of our walking and the activity of his disordered brain.

For a long time—of course in a very disconnected way—he babbled about his mother, and of people, presumably English, of whom I knew nothing save that one name, Digby, was that of his elder brother. Then there began to be interwoven with this talk stray mention of Daisy's name, and soon the whole discourse was of her.

The freaks of delirium have little significance, I believe, as clues to the saner

courses of the mind, but he spoke only gently in his imaginary speeches to his wife. I had to listen, plodding wearily along with aching shoulders under the burden of the boat, to fond, affectionate words addressed to her in an incessant string. The thread of his ideas seemed to be that he had arrived home, worn out and ill, and that he was resting his head upon her bosom. Over and over again, with tiresome iteration, he kept entreating plaintively: "You *are* glad to see me? You do *truly* forgive me, and love me?"

Nothing could have been sadder than to hear him. I reasoned that this ceaseless dwelling upon the sweets of a tender welcome doubtless reflected the train of his thoughts during the journey down from the battle-field. He had foreborne to once mention Daisy's name during the whole voyage, but he must have thought deeply, incessantly of her—in all likelihood with a great softening of heart and yearning for her compassionate nursing. It was not in me to be unmoved by this. I declare that as I went painfully forward, with this strangely pathetic song of passion repeating itself in my ears, I got fairly away from the habit of mind in which my own love for Daisy existed, and felt myself only an agent in the working out of some sombre and exalted romance.

In Foxe's account of the English martyrs there are stories of men at the stake who, when a certain stage of the torture was reached, really forgot their anguish in the emotional ecstasy of the ideas born of that terrible moment. In a poor and imperfect fashion I approached that same strange state—not far removed, in sober fact, from the delirium of the man in the canoe.

The shadows were lengthening in the woods, and the reddening blaze of the sun flared almost level in our eyes through the tree-trunks, when at last we had crossed the water-shed of the two creeks, and stood looking down into the gulf of which I have so often spoken heretofore.

We rested the canoe upon a great rock in the mystic circle of ancient Indian fire worship, and leaned, tired and panting, against its side. My arm was

giving me much pain, and what with insufficient food and feverish sleep, great immediate fatigue, and the vast nervous strain of these past six days, I was well-nigh swooning.

"I fear I can go no further, Enoch," I groaned. "I can barely keep my feet as it is."

The trapper himself was as close to utter exhaustion as one may be and have aught of spirit left, yet he tried to speak cheerily.

"Come, come!" he said, "we mustn't give out now, right here at the finish. Why it's only down, over that bridge, and up again—and there we are!"

I smiled in a sickly way at him, and strove to nerve myself manfully for a final exertion. "Very well!" I made answer. "Just a moment's more rest, and we'll at it again."

While we still stood half reclining against the bowlder, looking with trepidation at the stiff ascent before us on the farther side of the gulf, the scene of the old quarrel of our youth suddenly came to my mind.

"Do you see that spruce near the top, by the path—the one hanging over the edge? Five years ago I was going to fight this Philip Cross there, on that path. My little nigger Tulp ran between us, and he threw him head over heels to the bottom. The lad has never been himself since."

"Pretty tolerable fall," remarked Enoch, glancing down the precipitous, brush-clad wall of rock. "But a nigger lands on his head, as a cat does on her feet, and it only scratches him where it would kill anybody else."

We resumed our burden now, and made our way with it down the winding path to the bottom. Here I was fain to surrender once for all.

"It is no use, Enoch!" I said resolutely. "I can't even try to climb up there with this load. You must wait here; I will go ahead to Cairncross, prepare them for his coming, and send down some slaves to fetch him the rest of the way."

The great square mansion reared before me a closed and inhospitable front. The shutters of all the windows were fastened. Since the last rain no wheels

had passed over the carriage-way. For all the signs of life visible, Cairncross might have been uninhabited a twelvemonth.

It was only when I pushed my way around to the rear of the house, within view of the stables and slave quarters, that I learned the place had not been abandoned. Half a dozen niggers, dressed in their holiday, church-going raiment, were squatting in a close circle on the grass, intent upon the progress of some game. Their interest in this was so deep that I had drawn near to them, and called a second time, before they became aware of my presence.

They looked for a minute at me in a perplexed way—my mud-baked clothes, unshaven face, and general unkempt condition evidently rendering me a stranger in their eyes. Then one of them screamed: "Golly! Mass' Douw's ghost!" and the nimble cowards were on their feet and scampering like scared rabbits to the orchard, or into the basement of the great house.

So I was supposed to be dead! Curiously enough, it had not occurred to me before that this would be the natural explanation of my failure to return with the others. The idea now gave me a queer quaking sensation about the heart, and I stood stupidly staring at the back balcony of the house, with my mind in a whirl of confused thoughts. It seemed almost as if I *had* come back from the grave.

While I still stood, faint and bewildered, trying to regain control of my ideas, the door opened, and a white-faced lady, robed all in black, came swiftly out upon the porch. It was Daisy—and she was gazing at me with distended eyes and parted lips, and clinging to the carved balustrade for support.

As in a dream I heard her cry of recognition, and knew that she was gliding toward me. Then I was on my knees at her feet, burying my face in the folds of her dress, and moaning incoherent nothings from sheer exhaustion and rapture.

When at last I could stand up, and felt myself coming back to something like self-possession, a score of eager questions and as many outbursts of deep thanksgiving were in my ears—all

from her sweet voice. And I had tongue for none of them, but only looked into her dear face, and patted her hands between mine, and trembled like a leaf with excitement. So much was there to say, the sum of it beggared language.

When finally we did talk, I was seated in a great chair one of the slaves had brought upon the sward, and wine had been fetched me, and my dear girl bent gently over me from behind, softly resting my head against her waist, her hands upon my arms.

"You shall not look me in the face again," she said, with ah! such compassionate tender playfulness—"until I have been told. How did you escape? Were you a prisoner? Were you hurt?"—and oh, a host of other things.

Suddenly the sky seemed to be covered with blackness, and the joy in my heart died out as by the stroke of death. I had remembered something. My parched and twitching lips did their best to refuse to form the words:

"I have brought Philip home. He is sorely wounded. Send the slaves to bring him from the gulf."

After a long silence, I heard Daisy's voice, clear and without a tremor, call out to the blacks that their master had been brought as far as the gulf beyond, and needed assistance. They started off helter-skelter at this, with many exclamations of great surprise, a bent and misshapen figure dragging itself with a grotesque limping gait at their tail.

I rose from my chair, now in some measure restored to calmness and cold resolution. In mercy I had been given a brief time of blind happiness—of bliss without the alloy of a single thought. Now I must be a man, and walk erect, unflinching to the sacrifice.

"Let us go and meet them. It is best," I said.

The poor girl raised her eyes to mine, and their startled, troubled gaze went to my heart. There must have been prodigious effort in the self-command of her tone to the slaves, for her voice broke down utterly now, as she faltered,

"You have—brought—him home! For what purpose? How will this all end? It terrifies me!"

We had by tacit consent begun to walk down the path toward the road. It

was almost twilight. I remember still how the swallows wheeled swiftly in the air about the eaves, and how their twittering and darting seemed to confuse and tangle my thoughts.

The situation was too sad for silence. I felt the necessity of talking, of uttering something which might, at least, make pretence of occupying these wretched minutes until I should say :

"This is your husband—and farewell!"

"It was clear enough to me," I said. "My duty was plain. I would have been a murderer had I left him there to die. It was very strange about my feelings. Up to a certain moment they were all bitter and merciless toward him. So many better men than he were dead about me, it seemed little enough that his life should go to help avenge them. Yet when the moment came—why, I could not suffer it. Not that my heart relented; no, I was still full of rage against him. But none the less it was my duty to save his life."

"And to bring him home to *me*." She spoke musingly, completing my sentence.

"Why, Daisy, would you have had it otherwise? Could I have left him there—to die alone, helpless in the swamp?"

"I have not said you were not right, Douw," she answered with saddened slowness. "But I am trying to think. It is so hard to realize—coming like this! I was told you were both dead. His name was reported in their camp, yours among our people. And now you are both here—and it is all so strange, so startling—and what is right seems so mingled and bound up with what is cruel and painful—Oh! I cannot think! What will come of it? How will it all end?"

"We must not ask how it will end!" I made answer, with lofty decision. "That is not our affair. We can but do our duty—what seems clearly right—and bear results as they come. There is no other way. You ought to see this."

"Yes, I ought to see it," she said, slowly and in a low distressed voice.

As she spoke there rose in my mind a sudden consciousness that perhaps my wisdom was at fault. How was it that I

—a coarse-fibred male animal, returned from slaughter, even now with the blood of fellow-creatures on my hands—should be discoursing of duty and of good and bad to this pure and gentle and sweet-souled woman? What was my title to do this?—to rebuke her for not seeing the right? Had I been in truth generous? Rather had I not, in the purely selfish desire to win my own self-approbation, brought pain and perplexity down upon the head of this poor woman? I had thought much of my own goodness—my own strength of purpose and self-sacrifice and fidelity to duty. Had I given so much as a mental glance at the effect of my acts upon the one whom, of all others, I should have first guarded from trouble and grief?

My tongue was tied. Perhaps I had been all wrong. Perhaps I should not have brought back to her the man whose folly and obstinacy had so well-nigh wrecked her life. I could no longer be sure. I kept silence, feeling indirectly now that her woman's instinct would be truer and better than my logic. She was thinking; she would find the real right and wrong.

Ah, no! To this day we are not settled in our minds, we two old people, as to the exact balance between duty and common-sense in that strange question of our far-away youth.

There broke upon our ears, of a sudden, as we neared the wooded crest of the gulf, a weird and piercing scream—an unnatural and repellent yell like a hyena's horrid hooting! It rose with terrible distinctness from the thicket close before us. As its echoes returned we heard confused sounds of other voices, excited and vibrant.

Daisy clutched my arm, and began hurrying me forward, impelled by some formless fear of she knew not what.

"It is Tulp!" she murmured, as we went breathlessly on. "Oh, I should have kept him back! Why did I not think of it!"

"What about Tulp?" I asked, with difficulty keeping beside her in the narrow path. "I had no thought of him. I did not see him. He was not among the others, was he?"

"He has gone mad!"

"What—Tulp, poor boy? Oh, not

as bad as that, surely! He has been strange and slow of wit for years, but——”

“Nay, the tidings of your death—you know I told you we heard that you were dead—drove him into perfect madness. I doubt he knew you when you came. Only yesterday we spoke of confining him—but poor old Father pleaded not. When you see Tulp, you shall decide. Oh! What has happened? Who is this man?”

In the path before us, some yards away, appeared the tall, gaunt form of Enoch, advancing slowly. In the dusk of the wooded shades behind him huddled the group of slaves. They bore nothing in their hands. Where was the canoe? They seemed affrighted or oppressed by something out of the common—and Enoch, too, wore a strange air. What could it mean?

When Enoch saw us he lifted his hand in a warning gesture.

“Have her go back!” he called out, with brusque sharpness.

“Will you walk back a little?” I asked her. “There is something here we do not understand. I will join you in a moment.”

“For God’s sake, what is it, Enoch?” I demanded, as I confronted him. “Tell me quick!”

“Well, we’ve had our five days’ tussle for nothing, and you’re minus a nigger. That’s about what it comes to.”

“Speak out, can’t you! Is he dead? What was the yell we heard?”

“It was all done like a flash of lightning. We were coming up the side niggest us here—we had got just where that spruce, you know, hangs over—when all at once that hump-backed nigger of yours raised a scream like a painter, and flung himself head first against the canoe. Over it went, and he with it,—rip, smash, plumb to the bottom!”

The negroes broke forth in a babel of mournful cries at this, and clustered about us. I grew sick and faint under this shock of fresh horrors, and was fain to lean on Enoch’s arm, as I turned to walk back to where I had left Daisy. She was not visible as we approached, and I closed my eyes in abject terror of some further tragedy.

Thank God, she had only swooned—

and lay mercifully senseless in the tall grass, her waxen face upturned in the twilight.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE PEACEFUL ENDING OF IT ALL.

In the general paralysis of suffering and despair which rested now upon the Valley, the terrible double tragedy of the gulf passed almost unnoted. Women everywhere were mourning for the husbands, sons, lovers who would never return. Fathers strove in vain to look dry-eyed at familiar places which should know the brave lads—true boys of theirs—no more. The play and prattle of children were hushed in a hundred homes where some honest farmer’s life, struck fiercely at by savage or Tory, still hung in the dread balance. Each day from some house issued forth the procession of death, until all our little churchyards along the winding river had more new graves than old—not to speak of that grim, unconsecrated God’s-acre in the forest pass, more cruel still to think upon. And with all this to bear, there was no assurance that the morrow might not bring the torch and tomahawk of invasion to our very doors.

So our own strange tragedy had, as I have said, scant attention. People listened to the recital, and made answer: “Both dead at the foot of the cliff, eh? Have you heard how William Seeber is to-day?” or, “Is it true that Herkimer’s leg must be cut off?”

In those first few days there was little enough heart to measure or boast of the grandeur of the fight our simple Valley farmers had waged, there in the ambushes of Oriskany. Still less was there at hand information by the light of which the results of that battle could be estimated. Nothing was known, at the time of which I write, save that there had been hideous slaughter, and that the invaders had foreborne to immediately follow our shattered forces down the Valley. It was not until much later—until definite news came, not only of St. Leger’s flight back to Canada, but of the capture of the whole British army at Saratoga, that the men of the Mohawk

began to comprehend what they had really done.

To my way of thinking, they have ever since been unduly modest about this truly historic achievement. As I wrote long ago, we of New York have chosen to make money, and to allow our neighbors to make histories. Thus it happens that the great decisive struggle of the whole long war for Independence—the conflict which in fact made America free—is suffered to pass into the records as a mere frontier skirmish. Yet, if one will but think, it is as clear as daylight that Oriskany was the turning-point of the war. The Palatines, who had been originally colonized on the upper Mohawk by the English to serve as a shield against savagery for their own Atlantic settlements, reared a barrier of their own flesh and bones, there at Oriskany, over which St. Leger and Johnson strove in vain to pass. That failure settled everything. The essential feature of Burgoyne's plan had been that this force, which we so roughly stopped and turned back in the forest defile, should victoriously sweep down our Valley, raising the Tory gentry as they progressed, and join him at Albany. If that had been done, he would have held the whole Hudson, separating the rest of the Colonies from New England, and having it in his power to punish and subdue, first the Yankees, then the others at his leisure.

Oriskany prevented this! Coming as it did, at the darkest hour of Washington's trials and the Colonies' despondency, it altered the face of things as gloriously as does the southern sun, rising swiftly upon the heels of night. Burgoyne's expected allies never reached him; he was compelled in consequence to surrender—and from that day there was no doubt who would in the long run triumph.

Therefore, I say, all honor and glory to the rude, unlettered, great-souled yeomen of the Mohawk Valley, who braved death in the wildwood gulch at Oriskany that Congress and the free Colonies might live!

But, in these first few days, be it repeated, nobody talked or thought much of glory. There were too many dead left behind—too many maimed and wounded brought home—to leave much

room for patriotic meditations around the saddened hearth-stones. And personal grief was everywhere too deep and general to make it possible that men should care much about the strange occurrence by which Philip and Tulp lost their lives together in the gulf.

I went on the following day to my mother, and she and my sister Margaret returned with me to Cairncross, to relieve from smaller cares, as much as might be, our poor dear girl. All was done to shield both her and the stricken old gentleman, our common second father, from contact with material reminders of the shock that had fallen upon us, and as soon as possible afterward they were both taken to Albany, out of reach of the scene's sad suggestions.

From the gulf's bottom, where Death had dealt his double stroke, the soldier's remains were borne one way, to his mansion; the slave's the other, to his old home at The Cedars. Between their graves the turbulent stream still dashes, the deep ravine still yawns. For years I could not visit the spot without hearing, in and above the ceaseless shouting of the waters, poor mad Tulp's awful death-scream.

During the month immediately following the event, my time was closely engaged in public work. It was my melancholy duty to go up to the Falls, to represent General Schuyler and Congress at the funeral of brave old Brigadier Nicholas Herkimer, who succumbed to the effects of an unskilful amputation ten days after the battle. A few days later I went with Arnold and his relieving force up the Valley, saw the siege raised and the flood of invasion rolled back, and had the delight of grasping Peter Gansevoort, the stout commander of the long-beleaguered garrison, once more by the hand. On my return I had barely time to lease The Cedars to a good tenant, and put in train the finally successful efforts to save Cairncross from confiscation, when I was summoned to Albany to attend upon my chief. It was none too soon, for my old wounds had broken out again, under the exposure and travail of the trying battle week, and I was more fit for a hospital than for the saddle.

I found the kindest of nursing and care in my old quarters in the Schuyler mansion. It was there, one morning in January of the new year, 1778, that a quiet wedding breakfast was celebrated for Daisy and me—and neither words nor wishes could have been more tender had we been truly the children of the great man, Philip Schuyler, and his good dame. The exact date of this ceremony does not matter—let it be kept sacred within the knowledge of us two old people, who look back still to it as to the sunrise of a new long day, peaceful, serene, and almost cloudless—and not less happy even now because the ashen shadows of twilight begin gently to gather over it.

Though the war had still the greater half of its course to run, my part thereafter in it was far removed from camp and field. No opportunity came to me to see fighting again, or to rise beyond my major's estate. Yet I was of as much service, perhaps, as though I had been out in the thick of the conflict; certainly Daisy was happier to have it so.

Twice during the year 1780 did we suffer grievous material loss at the hands of the raiding parties which malignant Sir John Johnson piloted into the Valley of his birth. In one of these the Cairncross mansion was rifled and burned, and the tenants despoiled and driven into the woods. This meant a considerable monetary damage to us—yet our memories of the place were all so sad that its demolition seemed almost a relief, particularly as Enoch, to whom we had presented a freehold of the wilder part of the grant, that nearest the Sacandaga, miraculously escaped molestation.

But it was a genuine affliction when, later in the year, Sir John personally superintended the burning down of the dear old Cedars—the home of our youth. If I were able to forgive him all other harm he has wrought, alike to me and to his neighbors, this would still remain obstinately to steel my heart against him, for he knew that we had been good to his wife, and that we loved the place better than any other on earth. We were very melancholy over this for a long time, and, to the end of his placid

days of second childhood passed with us, we never allowed Mr. Stewart to learn of it. But even here there was the recompense that the ruffians, though they crossed the river and frightened the women into running for safety to the woods, did not pursue them, and thus my mother and sisters, along with Mrs. Romeyn and others, escaped. Alas! that the Tory brutes could not also have forborne to slay on his own doorstep my godfather, honest old Douw Fonda!

There was still another raid upon the Valley the ensuing year, but it touched us only in that it brought news of the violent death of Walter Butler, slain on the bank of the East Canada Creek by the Oneida chief Skenandoah. Both Daisy and I had known him from childhood, and had in the old times been fond of him. Yet there had been so much innocent blood upon those delicate hands of his, before they clutched the gravel on the lonely forest stream's edge in their death-grasp, that we could scarcely wish him alive again.

Our first boy was born about this time—a dark-skinned, brawny man-child whom it seemed the most natural thing in the world to christen Douw. He bears the name still, and on the whole, though he has forgotten all the Dutch I taught him, bears it creditably.

In the mid-autumn of the next year—it was in fact the very day on which the glorious news of Yorktown reached Albany—a second little boy was born. He was a fair-haired slender creature, differing from the other as sunshine differs from thunder-clouds. He had nothing like the other's breadth of shoulders or strength of lung and limb, and we petted him accordingly, as is the wont of parents.

When the question of his name came up, I sat, I remember, by his mother's bedside, holding her hand in mine, and we both looked down upon the tiny, fair babe nestled upon her arm.

"Ought we not to call him for the dear old father—give him the two names—'Thomas and Stewart?'" I asked.

Daisy stroked the child's hair gently, and looked with tender melancholy into my eyes.

"I have been thinking," she mur-



"My hatred of him seemed suddenly to have taken to itself wings,"—Page 83.

mured, "thinking often of late—it is all so far behind us now, and time has passed so sweetly and softened so much our memories of past trouble and of the—the dead—I have been thinking, dear, that it would be a comfort to have the lad called Philip."

I sat for a long time thus by her side, and we talked more freely than we had ever done before, of him who lay buried by the ruined walls of Cairncross. Time had indeed softened much. We spoke of him now with gentle sorrow—as of a friend whose life had left somewhat to be desired, yet whose death had given room for naught but pity. He had been handsome and fearless and wilful—and unfortunate; our minds were closed against any harsher word. And it came about that when it was time for me to leave the room, and I bent over to kiss lightly the sleeping infant, I was glad in my heart that he was to be called Philip. Thus he was called, and though the General was his godfather at the old Dutch church, we did not conceal from him that the Philip for whom the name was given was another. It was easily within Schuyler's kindly nature to comprehend the feelings which prompted us, and I often fancied he was even the fonder of the child because of the link formed by his name with his parents' time of grief and tragic romance.

In truth we all made much of this light-haired, beautiful, imperious little boy, who from the beginning quite threw into the shade his elder and slower brother, the dusky-skinned and patient Douw. Old Mr. Stewart, in particular, became dotingly attached to the younger lad, and scarce could bear to have him out of sight the whole day long. It was a pretty spectacle indeed—one which makes my old heart yearn in memory, even now—to see the simple, soft-mannered, childish patriarch gravely obeying the whims and freaks of the boy, and finding the chief delight of his waning life in being thus commanded. Some-

times, to be sure, my heart smote me with the fear that poor quiet Master Douw felt keenly underneath his calm exterior this preference, and often, too, I grew nervous lest our fondness was spoiling the younger child. But it was not in us to resist him.

The little Philip died suddenly, in his sixth year, and within the month Mr. Stewart followed him. Great and overpowering as was our grief, it seemed almost perfunctory beside the heart-breaking anguish of the old man. He literally staggered and died under the blow.

There is no story in the rest of my life. The years have flowed on as peacefully, as free from tempest or excitement, as the sluggish waters of a Delft canal. No calamity has since come upon us; no great trial or large advancement has stirred the current of our pleasant existence. Having always a sufficient hold upon the present, with means to live in comfort, and tastes not leading into venturesome ways for satisfaction, it has come to be to us, in our old age, a deep delight to look backward together. We seem now to have walked from the outset hand in hand. The joys of our childhood and youth spent under one roof—the dear smoky, raftered roof, where hung old Dame Kronk's onions and corn, and perfumed herbs—are very near to us. There comes between this scene of sunlight and the not less peaceful radiance of our later life, it is true, the shadow for a time of a dark curtain. Yet—so good and generous a thing is memory—even this interruption appears now to have been but of a momentary kind, and has for us no harrowing side. As I wrote out the story, page by page, it seemed to both of us that all these trials, these tears, these bitter feuds and fights, must have happened to others, not to us—so swallowed up in happiness are the griefs of those young years, and so free are our hearts from scars.



THE HOUSE OF TEMBINOKA.

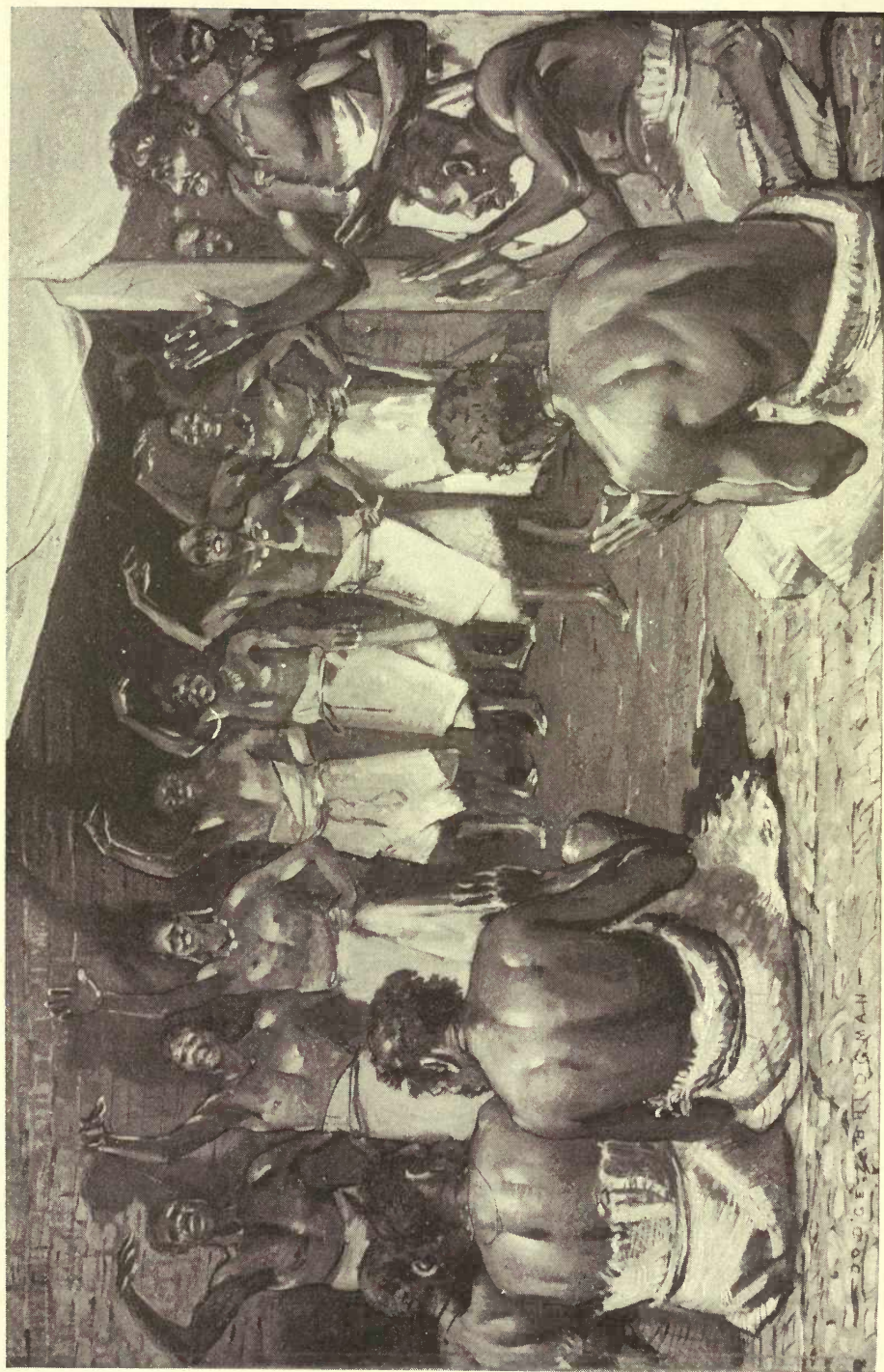
By Robert Louis Stevenson.

At my departure from the island of Apemama, for which you will look in vain in most atlases, the King and I agreed, since we both set up to be in the poetical way, that we should celebrate our separation in verse. Whether or not his Majesty has been true to his bargain, the laggard posts of the Pacific may perhaps inform me in six months, perhaps not before a year. The following lines represent my part of the contract, and it is hoped, by their pictures of strange manners they may entertain a civilized audience. Nothing throughout has been invented or exaggerated; the lady herein referred to as the author's muse has confined herself to stringing into rhyme facts and legends that I saw or heard during two months' residence upon the island.

R. L. S.

Envoy.

LET us, who part like brothers, part like bards ;
 And you in your tongue and measure, I in mine,
 Our now division duly solemnize.
 Unlike the strains, and yet the theme is one :
 The strains unlike, and how unlike their fate !
 You to the blinding palace-yard shall call
 The prefect of the singers, and to him,
 Listing devout, your valedictory verse
 Deliver ; he, his attribute fulfilled,



"Thirty matted men, to the clapped hand, intone."

To the island chorus hand your measures on,
 Wed now with harmony : So them, at last,
 Night after night, in the open hall of dance,
 Shall thirty matted men, to the clapped hand,
 Intone and bray and bark. Unfortunate !
 Paper and print alone shall honor mine.

The Song.

Let now the King his ear arouse
 And toss the bosky ringlets from his brows,
 The while, our bond to implement,
 My muse relates and praises his descent.

I.

Bride of the shark, her valor first I sing
 Who on the lone seas quickened of a King.
 She, from the shore and puny homes of men,
 Beyond the climber's sea-discerning ken,
 Swam, led by omens ; and devoid of fear,
 Beheld her monstrous paramour draw near.
 She gazed ; all round her to the heavenly pale,
 The simple sea was void of isle or sail—
 Sole overhead the unsparing sun was reared—
 When the deep bubbled and the brute appeared.
 But she, secure in the decrees of fate,
 Made strong her bosom and received the mate ;
 And men declare, from that marine embrace
 Conceived the virtues of a stronger race.

II.

Her stern descendant next I praise,
 Survivor of a thousand frays :—
 In the hall of tongues who ruled the throng ;
 Led and was trusted by the strong ;
 And when spears were in the wood,
 Like to a tower of vantage stood :—
 Whom, not till seventy years had sped,
 Unscarred of breast, erect of head,
 Still light of step, still bright of look,
 The hunter, Death, had overtaken.

III.

His sons, the brothers twain, I sing,
 Of whom the elder reigned a King.
 No Childeric he, yet much declined
 From his rude sire's imperious mind,

Until his day came when he died,
He lived, he reigned, he versified.
But chiefly him I celebrate
That was the pillar of the state ;
Ruled, wise of word and bold of mien,
The peaceful and the warlike scene ;
And played alike the leader's part
In lawful and unlawful art.
His soldiers with emboldened ears
Heard him laugh among the spears.
He could deduce from age to age
The web of island parentage ;
Best lay the rhyme, best lead the dance,
For any festal circumstance ;
And fitly fashion oar and boat,
A palace or an armor coat.
None more availed than he to raise
The strong, suffumigating blaze
Or knot the wizard leaf : none more,
Upon the untrod windward shore
Of the isle, beside the beating main,
To cure the sickly and constrain
With muttered words and waving rods,
The gibbering and the whistling gods.
But he, though thus with hand and head,
He ruled, commanded, charmed and led,
And thus in virtue and in might
Towered to contemporary sight—
Still in fraternal faith and love,
Remained below to reach above,
Gave and obeyed the apt command,
Pilot and vassal of the land.

IV.

My Tembinok' from men like these
Inherited his palaces,
His right to rule, his powers of mind,
His coco-islands sea-enshrined.
Stern bearer of the sword and whip,
A master passed in mastership,
He learned, without the spur of need,
To write, to cipher, and to read ;
From all that touch on his prone shore
Augments his treasury of lore,
Eager in age as erst in youth
To catch an art, to learn a truth,
To paint on the internal page
A clearer picture of the age.

His age, you say ? But ah, not so !
 In his lone isle of long ago,
 A royal Lady of Shalott,
 Sea-sundered, he beholds it not ;
 He only hears it far away.
 The stress of equatorial day
 He suffers ; he records the while
 The vapid annals of the isle ;
 Slaves bring him praise of his renown,
 Or cackle of the palm-tree town ;
 The rarer ship and the rare boat
 He marks ; and only hears remote,
 Where thrones and fortunes rise and reel,
 The thunder of the turning wheel.

V.

For the unexpected tears he shed
 At my departing, may his lion head
 Not whiten, his revolving years
 No fresh occasion minister of tears ;
 At book or cards, at work or sport,
 Him may the breeze across the palace court
 Forever fan ; and swelling near
 Forever the loud song divert his ear.

SCHOONER EQUATOR, AT SEA.



SURF AND SURF-BATHING.

By Duffield Osborne.



THE popularity of surf-bathing as a sport may be said to be of fairly recent growth in this country. Although few perhaps realize the fact, it is nevertheless true that most of the beaches where now the surf curls over net-works of life-lines, and where the brown-faced bathing-master lounges, lazy yet watchful, before hundreds of gayly clad pleasure-seekers, were solitudes but a few years since. The white-topped waves tumbled, one after another, unnoticed upon the gray shore, the sea-breeze played only with the rank grasses upon the dunes, while circling gull and tern screamed their confidential communications to each other without fear of being overheard by human eavesdroppers.

Only on Saturdays, at the hour of full tide, did the scene change; and then perhaps a farm-wagon or so rolled heavily down to where the ripples lapped the sand; a stout rope was drawn from its coil under the seats and tied firmly around the hub and axle; a dilapidated fish-house lent itself for a change of garments, and finally, some bronzed ex-whaler, with his bulky strength robed in a flannel shirt and old trousers tied with ropes at waist and ankles, slipped his wrist through the hand-loop at the free end of the rope and dragged it out into the surf—a sort of human anchor-buoy—while women, children, and less sturdy manhood clung to its now tightening, now slackening length, and sputtered and shrieked over their Saturday bath.

But, passing at a bound from farm-wagon, hand-looped rope, and ex-whaler to the less picturesque, but more effectual, appliances of to-day, the following is by all odds the simplest and best. Two parallel ropes, firmly anchored, and so elevated from the shore as to lie along the surface of the water, are run out to two heavy log-buoys, also

anchored, at a distance of seventy-five yards, more or less, according to the character of both beach and surf. Half-way from the shore to the buoys these ropes should be connected by a transverse line with cork-floats fastened at regular intervals—the distances being such that the cork-line shall rest upon the water some yards beyond the point where the heaviest breakers comb. If placed closer in shore, it is likely to become a source of serious danger, for, diving beneath a heavy wave and coming up under, or perhaps being thrown with more or less force against, a taut rope or a rough cork-buoy, has been the occasion of many painful hurts, and serious injury can be very readily imagined.

Regard being had to the above caution, this system of life-lines is really safer than much more elaborate contrivances. Women, children, and the inexperienced in general should keep within the rectangle formed by the shore, the long ropes, and the cork-line; and they would, moreover, do wisely to stay near that rope lying upon the side from which the surf may “set.” Then, if swept off their feet, the chances are all in favor of their being carried within reach of some support which will keep them up until assistance can be had. It seems hardly necessary to say that any such complication of lines as is seen at some points of Coney Island, for instance, would be a danger rather than a safeguard in any surf heavy enough to “throw” a bather.

A word as to bathing costumes may be of some service here. A man's suit should be of flannel, because that material is both warm and light; it should be made in one piece, sleeveless, reaching just to the knee, belted in at the waist, and, above all, close-fitting.

There are few, nowadays, who do not appreciate the privilege of playing with the Atlantic Ocean; but perhaps there are fewer still who have ever taken the

trouble to study the character and humors of their playmate—for he is full of tricks, this same ocean, and his jests are sometimes sadly practical; he is all life and good spirits—the jolliest of jolly company—when he is in the humor; but he must be treated with tact, tact born of a knowledge of his ways and moods; and, above all, his would-be friends must learn to recognize when he is really angry, and then they must leave him to rave or grumble alone until boisterous good-nature resumes its sway.

Watch and note the character of the surf and the formation of the beach for a few days; the knowledge gained may be useful. Do you see that line of breakers a quarter of a mile away? There lies the bar, and to-day the surf is heavy enough to break upon it, though the depth there must be at least six feet. Sometimes it is shallower, and, if you are ambitious and—foolish, you can wade and swim out there and meet the waves first-hand. It is not worth while to run the risk, though; the seas will usually form again long before they reach the shore, and, if you are sensible, you can enjoy them fully as much here as if you had put several hundred yards between yourself and help in the always possible contingency of accident.

No, it is not remarkably rough now; but last week! you should have been here then. There had been great tumults far out beyond that smoke you see floating above the horizon, where some hidden steamer is ploughing her way through blue water; and the great seas rolled and tumbled upon the bar and broke there, but they had no time to form themselves again. Plunging onward under their own impulse and beaten out of shape by fiercely thronging successors, they rushed in toward the shore, a seething turmoil of foam, sweeping the sand from one side and heaping it up on another—all white above and gray below from bar to beach. Next week there may be scarce a ripple; you would not know there was an outer bar, and the wavelets, as they lap the sand, will seem so placid that you cannot conceive how they could ever have lost their temper.

In spite of all its changes, however,

the surf has sometimes local characteristics as fixed as anything can be with which the fickle ocean has to do. For instance, on the Atlantic coast the storms are generally bred and nurtured in the east; the milder weather is born of southern or western winds, and therefore it is that those who have spent much time upon the New Jersey beaches have probably noticed that during very heavy weather the waves, as a rule, roll straight upon the shore; while when the surf is lighter it is apt to run diagonally, or, as they say, “sets” from the south. On the Long Island coast all this is reversed; there, when the storm winds prevail, the “set” is strong from the east, and the foam and breakers race along the beach from Montauk toward the Metropolis; while at other times the surf will usually run straight on. It is hardly necessary to say that a surf without “set” is far more agreeable and somewhat safer. A bather is not forced to fight constantly against the impulse that is drifting him down the beach and away from companions, ropes, and bathing-grounds.

The strength and height of the waves depend mainly upon influences at work far out upon the ocean, but the beach, as shaped by its watery assailants, reacts upon them in turn. The finest surf will be found under the following conditions: First, let there be a storm well out at sea, sending the big rollers straight onto the beach, and then a sharp wind off-shore for a few hours. The effect of this will be, in the first instance, to thin the waves, and he who is fortunate enough to make trial of them under such circumstances will find a high, clean-cut surf, each breaker of which combs over in even sequence, and yet without such weight or body of water as to seriously threaten his equilibrium. Should that same wind off-shore blow for a few hours longer, the tops of the waves will be cut off and the ocean become too calm to be interesting.

I speak of a “fine surf,” but were each man asked what he understands by it or by the term “good bathing,” his definition would probably be largely governed by his skill and ability to take care of himself. For instance, what would be highly satisfactory to a good

surfman would be altogether too rough for those compelled by weakness, timidity, or inexperience to stand near the shore and look on; while what might be agreeable to them would be tame for him. The opinion of such as say, "Wasn't it splendid to-day! Why, I swam way out to the bar," need not be considered. *They* don't enjoy surf-bathing; it is only the swimming that they care for, and they would doubtless be even better pleased at any point on Long Island Sound. But what I take to be, and what I mean by, "a good bathing-day," is one on which a man who understands himself can take the surf as it comes, either alone or "with convoy," and yet, when there is an ever-present excitement in the knowledge that a second's carelessness may result in an overthrow of both his person and his pride.

Turning now from the water to the beach itself we find its formation varies, from day to day and from year to year, almost as much as do the waves that are forever smiting it. It may deepen gradually or abruptly, and the shoaling of an abrupt beach is usually the result of some days' heavy sea "setting" from one direction or the other, which cuts away the sand above low water-mark and spreads it out over the bottom. But that characteristic which at the same time varies and affects us most is the position and depth of what is known as the "ditch," that is, where, sometimes at a few feet, sometimes at several yards from the shore, will be found a sudden declivity caused by the continual pounding of the surf along one line, and consequently lying farther out in heavy weather, and conversely.

As a source of danger this same "ditch" is often very material. Often a man ignorant of the surf, perhaps a poor swimmer or no swimmer at all, starts to wade out waist or breast deep. To his eyes there is no sign of peril;—one step more, and lo! he is beyond his depth; and that, too, just where the waves are pounding him down and the conditions most potent to deprive him of his much-needed presence of mind. Nor is this all;—he may not, of his own free will, take that last step which involves him in all this difficulty, for it is at the edge of the "ditch" where the

"under-tow" is strongest; nay, more—the very strength of the "under-tow" depends largely upon the depth of the ditch.

Doubtless we have all heard a great deal about this "under-tow," as though it were some mysterious force working from the recesses of a treacherous ocean to draw unwary bathers to their doom. As a matter of fact its presence is obviously natural, and the explanation of it more than simple. As each wave rolls in and breaks upon the beach, the volume of water which it carries does not remain there and sink into the sand; it flows back again, and, as the succeeding wave breaks over it, the receding one forms an under-current flowing outward of strength proportionate to the body of water contained in each breaker, and, again, proportionate in a great measure to the depth of the ditch. Where this latter is an appreciable depression, it can be readily seen that the water of receding waves will flow into it with similar effect to that of water going over a fall, and that a person standing near is very likely to be drawn over with it, and thus, if the ditch is deep enough, carried out of his depth. This is all there is to the much-talked-of "under-tow" and the numerous accidents laid to its account.

It may be well to speak here of another phenomenon not infrequently observed. I do not recall ever seeing the name by which it is known in print, and, as the word is ignored by Webster, I shall invent my own spelling and write it "sea-poose." This term is loosely used on different parts of the coast, but the true significance of it is briefly this: There will sometimes come, at every bathing-ground, days when the ocean seems to lose its head and to act in a very capricious way. On such occasions it often happens that the beach is cut away at some one point, presumably where the sand happens to be softer and less capable of resisting the action of the water. There will then be found a little bay indenting the shore, perhaps ten feet, perhaps ten yards. The waves rolling into such a cove are deflected somewhat by its sides and "set" together at its head, so that two wings of a breaker, so to speak, meet and, running

straight out from the point of junction, form a sort of double "under-tow," which will, if the conditions that cause it continue, cut out along its course a depression or trench of varying depth and length. It can be readily understood that such a trench tends to strengthen the current that causes it, and these two factors, acting and reacting upon each other, occasion what might be called an artificial "under-tow" which is sometimes strong enough to carry an unwary bather some distance out, in a fashion that will cause him either to be glad he is, or to wish he were, within the rectangle of the lifelines.

I have sometimes heard old surfmen speak of what they call a "false poose," but I have never been able to find out just what was meant by the expression, much less its causes and character. I shall therefore leave the question for those who delight to delve into the mysteries of local nomenclature.

And now, standing upon the dunes, our eyes have wandered over the expanse of ocean with a glance more critical and inquiring as it drew near the shore. The salt savor of the breeze is, at the same time, a tonic and an anodyne; we are drowsy, but the sea yet draws us to itself with an irresistible impulse; the waves are rolling straight in and breaking high and clean; shall we plunge into their cool depths; shall we combat their strength; or ride them as they come galloping from the blue to the green, and from the green to the white, until at last they fall spent upon the gray sand of the beach? Surely! Who is there can stand by and resist such temptation! But wait! Surf-bathing is not a solitary sport. See! the beach is thronged with gay toilets and bright sunshades, and the water has already given place to many. Watch that couple as they run gracefully down to the shore; they dash confidently out; now they have almost reached the line where the waves are breaking; he takes her hands, and they stand prepared to "jump" the breakers—and then! and then a big, foamy crest curls over them and falls with a roar; and, as it rolls in, you think you see a foot reaching up

pathetically out of its depth, and now a hand some yards away, until at last, from out the shallows of the spent wave two dazed and bedraggled shapes stagger to their feet and look, first for themselves, and then for each other. A broad smile runs along the line of pretty toilets, and the gay sunshades nod their appreciation. There stand some men, just where the breakers comb, and, as each wave succeeds its precursor and rises into a crest, you may see the half-dozen brown-armed figures shooting over, like so many porpoises, and plunging headforemost under the advancing hill of water. Look! there come some big ones—one, two, three of them! The bathers see them too, and press out a few yards

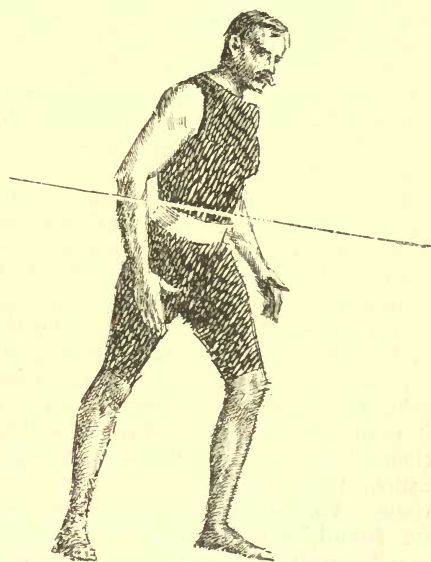


Fig. 1.

into deeper water; and then the diving commences. It is sharp work this time; the big ocean-coursers are running close upon each other's heels, and the heads scarcely emerge after the first before the second is curling directly above; now they have passed, and each breathless bather looks around to see how the rest have fared—three, four, five—but where is the sixth? A roar of laughter floats shoreward as a demoralized form is seen to gather itself up, almost upon the beach; that last breaker of the trio struck too quickly for him; he cannot

tell you just how many somersaults he has turned since the ocean proceeded to

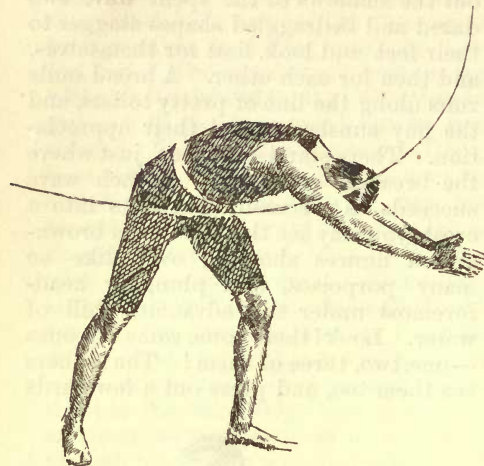


Fig. 2.

take him in hand, but he is sure that they numbered somewhere among the twenties. Yes, it is brisk sport, and we must "go in."

But then, it does not look comfortable, to be thrown; nor will it please our conceit to so minister to the good-natured mirth of that gay company. It is pleasanter to be among the laughers—and so we shall be. To that end a few hints will perhaps be found useful, and even though what I shall say may, when said, seem to be obvious enough, yet it is amazing how few people will, of themselves, perceive the obvious and utilize their perceptions. You, my scornful friend, who think you know it all; you will go to Southampton next summer, and—the spirit of prophecy being upon me—you will be thrown, ignominiously thrown, eight times inside of two weeks; so, remember that much that is "obvious" is yet fairly occult after all, or at least might as well be, as far as practice is concerned. And now, to return to the ocean and to didactics.

We shall assume, in the first place, that you are able to swim, and further, that you are not minded to follow the inglorious, yet really dangerous, example of those who wait for a calm interval, and then, rushing through the line of breakers, spend their time swimming out beyond. Well, then, take your place just where the seas comb. This point will vary somewhat with the height of the waves, but you will stand, for the most part, in water about waist deep (as shown in Fig. 1). Should a particular breaker look to be heavier than the preceding, remember that it will strike further out and that you must push forward to meet it. Then, if you are where you should be, it will comb directly above your head. Wait until it reaches that point of its development, for if you act too soon or too late your chances of being thrown are greatly increased, and, with the white crest just curving over you, dive under the green wall of water that rises up in front. Dive just as you would from a low shore, only not quite so much downward—say at an angle of twenty degrees off the horizontal (Figs. 2 and 3); your object being to slip under the incoming volume of water, to get somewhat into the "under-tow," and yet to run no risk of running afoul of the bottom. The heavier the wave, the deeper will be the water in which you stand, and the deeper you can and should dive. If your antagonist be very big and strong, you will find it advisa-

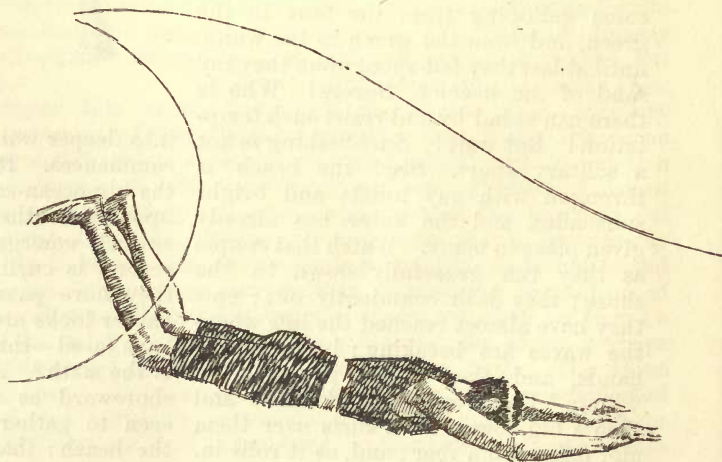
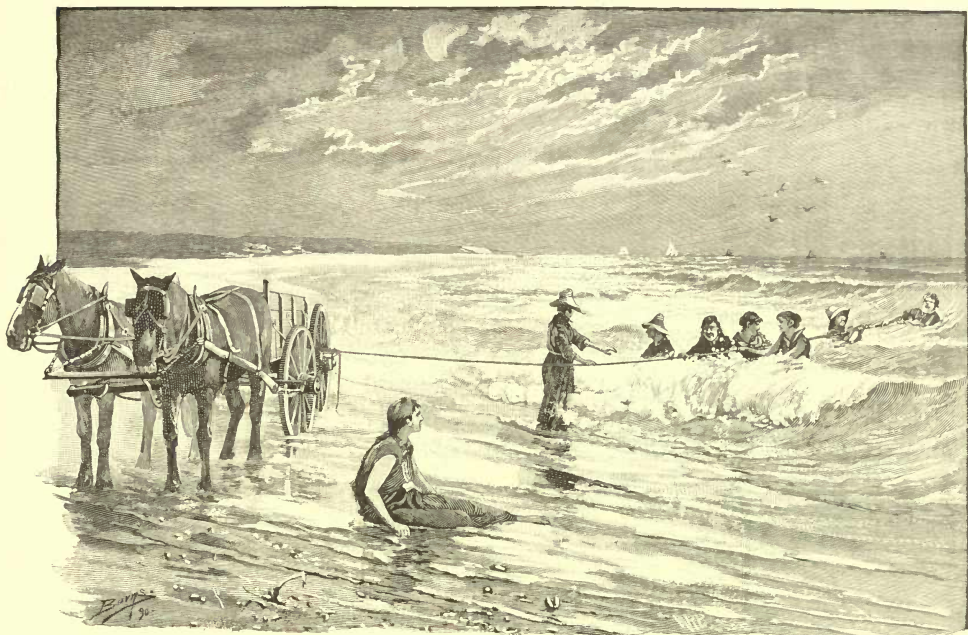


Fig. 3.



The Saturday Bath in the Old Days.

ble to strike out the instant you have plunged ; very much on the theory that, as a bicycle will stand when in motion and fall the instant it stops, so a man can, by swimming under water, keep control of and balance himself much better against the peculiar vibratory motion which one experiences when under a big wave and surrounded by conflicting currents. Swimming will also tend to bring you to the surface again under full control, and, provided you have acted with judgment, you will find yourself, when the wave has passed, standing on about the line from which you plunged.

A thing good to remember but difficult to explain the cause of, is that extraordinarily heavy waves almost invariably travel by threes ; that is, very often, when you have been standing at one spot and taking perhaps a dozen breakers, you will of a sudden see, rolling in from the bar, a hill of water and foam much higher and heavier than those that have gone before. Then be sure that there are two more of similar magnitude close behind it and push forward as fast as you can. If it seems *very* heavy and you have time, you may try

to get beyond the break and ride them in comfort, but if this is impossible, you must dive low, swim, come to the surface promptly, dash the water from your eyes, and be ready for numbers two and three ; and when all have passed, if you are still in good shape, you will find some long draughts of air very agreeable.

Sometimes it will happen that you cannot get far enough out in time to meet these big seas at the proper point, and then it is that your reputation as a surf-man will be in danger, at least among those who judge by success alone. There is only one thing to do ; dive under the foam as it boils toward you—*dive deep and swim hard*. The wave and the “under-tow” will be here commingled in a sort of whirlpool, and you will need all your strength and skill to keep “head-on.” Suffer yourself to be twisted but a few inches from your course, and—but doubtless you understand.

There is a rather amusing way of playing with the surf on days when it is fairly high, but thin and without much force. Instead of diving as the breaker commences to comb, throw yourself over backward and allow your feet to be car-

ried up into its crest. Provided you have judged its strength accurately and given yourself just enough back somersault impetus, you will be turned completely over *in the wave* (Figs. 4 and 5), and

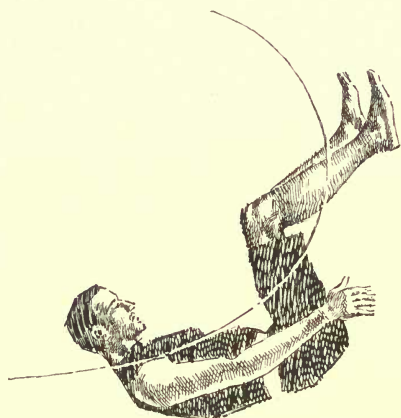


Fig. 4.

strike with it and upon your feet; only be careful in picking out your plaything, and don't select one that will pound you into the sand, or perhaps refuse to regulate the number of somersaults according to your wishes or intentions.

Now, it is more than possible that, being a good swimmer, and having first made personal trial of both beach and surf, you may desire to offer your escort to—well, to your sister; and right here let me note a few preliminary cautions.

Never attempt to take a woman into the surf where there is any reason for an experienced surferman to anticipate a sea which, unaccompanied, you would have any difficulty in meeting; or

When the water in the ditch is more than breast deep; or

When the "under-tow" or "set" is especially strong; or

When there is any irregularity of the beach which might cause a "sea-poose" to form.

You may also find it wise to observe the following:

Never take a woman outside the life-lines, and never promise her, either ex-

pressly or by implication, that you will not let her hair get wet. Above all, impress it upon her that she must do exactly as you say, that a moment's hesitation due to timidity or lack of confidence, or, worse than all, anything like panic or an attempt to break from you and escape by flight, is likely to precipitate a disaster which, unpleasant and humiliating when met alone, is trebly so in company.

And now, having read your lecture on the duty of obedience, etc., lead on. Of course, if the water deepens gradually and the surf is very light, you may go beyond the breakers, but in that event no skill is called for and no suggestions needed.

There are several good ways of holding a woman in the surf, but the best and safest in every emergency is that shown in Fig. 6. You thus stand with your left and her right side toward the ocean, and as the wave rises before you, your companion should, at the word, spring from the sand while at the same moment you swing her around with all your force, and throw her backward into the advancing breaker (Fig. 7). You will observe that your own feet are always firmly planted on the bottom, the left foot about twelve inches advanced, and your body and shoulders thrown forward, so as to obtain the best brace against the shock of the water. The question of preserving your equilibrium is largely one of proper balancing, especially when, as is often the case, you are carried from your foothold and

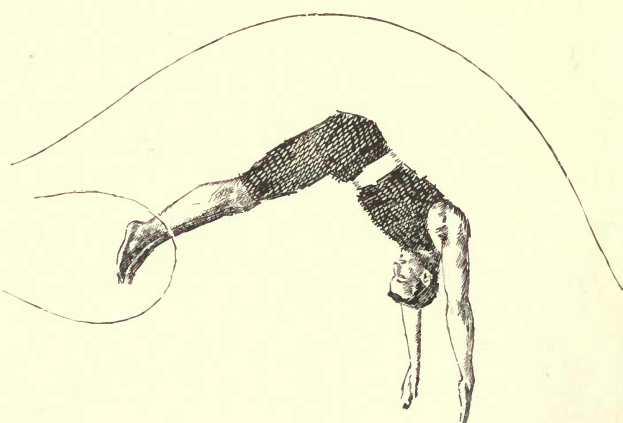


Fig. 5.

borne some yards toward the shore. Your companion's weight and impetus, as well as the position in which she strikes the wave—that is, directly in front of you, all tend to make your anchorage more secure, or in case of losing it, your balance the easier to maintain. The body of the wave will, of course, pass completely over you (as shown in Fig. 8). The instant it has so passed and your head emerges, clear your eyes, regain your position (you will practically drop into it again), and if carried shoreward, press out to the proper point so as to be ready for the next.

Should an exceptionally heavy sea roll in, endeavor to push forward to meet it as if you were alone, being very careful, however, not to get out of depth. Flight is almost always disastrous. If the sea strikes before you can reach it, there is nothing to do but bend your head and shoulders well forward, brace yourself as firmly as possible, and thus, presenting the least surface for the water to take hold of, and getting the full benefit of the “under-tow,” swing your companion (who has also bent low and thrown herself forward) horizontally under the broken wave (Fig. 9). If she has had much experience, it will be still better for you to dive together, side by side.

Before dropping this branch of the subject I will call attention briefly to another way of carrying a woman through the surf. Let her stand directly in front of and facing you (as shown in Fig. 10). Standing thus, she springs and is pushed backward through the wave somewhat as in the former instance (Fig. 11). The disadvantages of this method are, first: that you lose in impetus by pushing rather than swinging your companion; second, that she cannot herself see what is coming; third, that neither is in as convenient a position to hurry forward to meet an exceptionally heavy wave; and fourth, that you have not as good a hold in case a sea breaks before it reaches you, or any other emergency arises.

In all that has been said, bear in mind that the cardinal secret of surf-bathing, in all contingencies, is proper balancing, and nothing but experience seconding knowledge can teach you to

measure forces and judge correctly to that end.

So far the sea has been a good-natured though sometimes a rough playfellow—never really irritable or vindictive; but unfortunately this disposition cannot be counted upon. That there are dangers



Fig. 6.

attendant upon ocean-bathing, he who has been present when human life was being fought for can abundantly testify. To be sure, most of the “accidents” are results of carelessness or ignorance; but then the same may be said of accidents everywhere, and a short summary of the dangers peculiar to the surf may be of use. Some of these have been already indicated, as, for instance, dangers arising from the “under-tow.” This by itself is not likely to trouble anyone except a very poor swimmer, and then only when the ditch is deep; for the reason that the power of the “under-tow” is confined practically to within the line of breakers and cannot carry a bather any distance. In the case of a “sea-poose,” however, it is different. I have seen a current of this character running out for many yards beyond a man’s depth, and against which

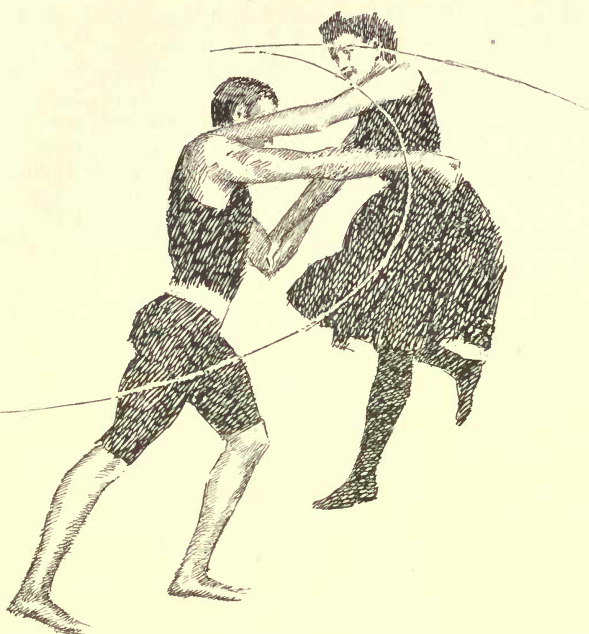


Fig. 7.

a strong swimmer would find it almost impossible to make headway. Fortunately, such instances are rare, but he who may be thus entangled must remember, the moment he realizes his predicament, that by attempting to fight the current and swim directly toward the beach, he, as a general thing, only wastes his strength. He must strike out for a few yards along shore, and a slight effort so directed will soon take him out of the dangerous influence.

Again, the "under-tow" may help to a disaster in the following way: As a rule, there is no real danger in being thrown by a breaker, but there have been occasions when an inexperienced or exhausted bather has been struck in such a way, or thrown with such force, as to be more or less injured or dazed; and then, before he could regain control of himself, and while prostrate in the water, he has been drawn back by the "under-tow," rolled under and

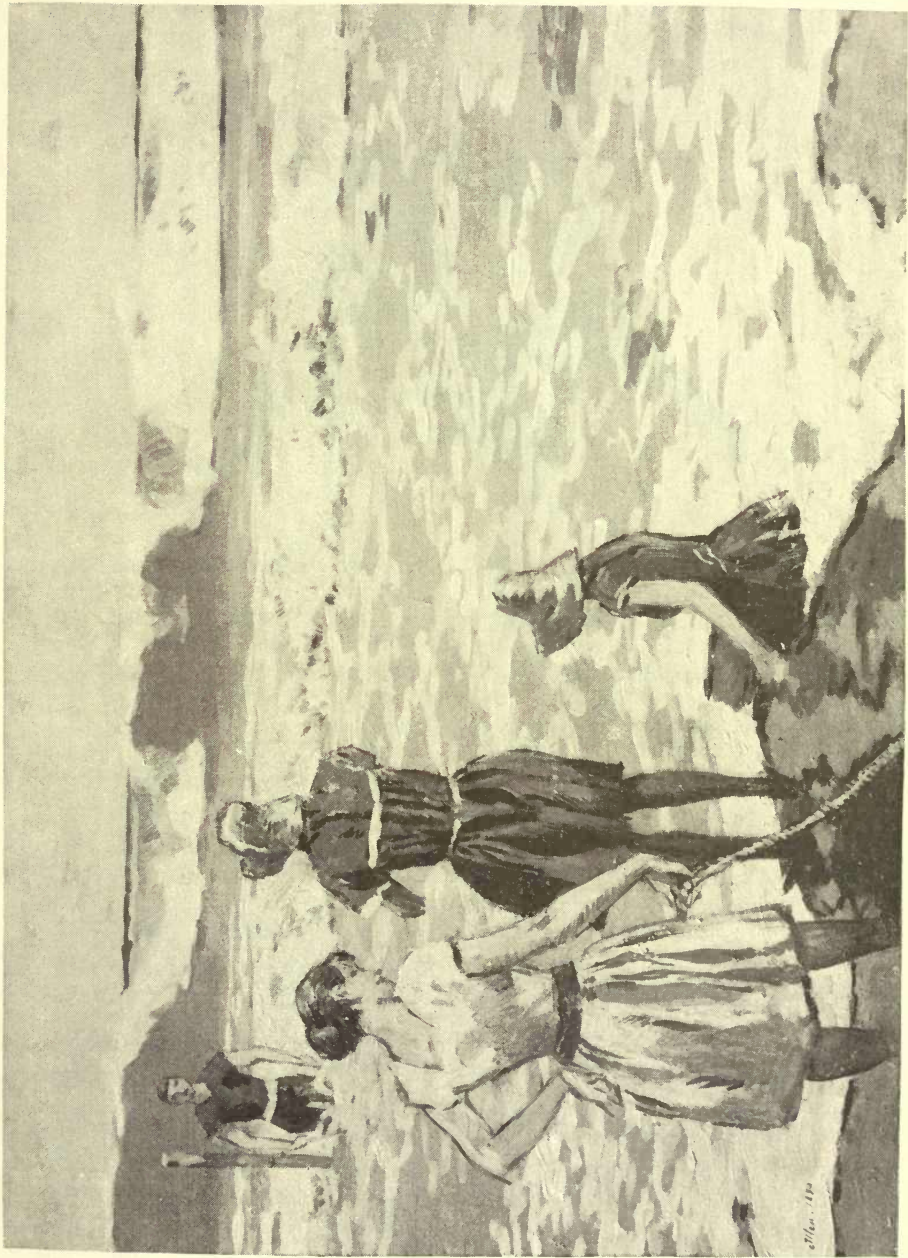
pounded down by each succeeding breaker, and finally even drowned.

The great majority, however, of drowning accidents on the sea-board—that is, of those which can be even indirectly attributed to the surf—take place under the following circumstances: Some strong swimmer comes to the beach, entirely ignorant of the strength and ways of the ocean; he sneers at the warnings of surfmen, and, choosing a calm interval, dashes through the line of breakers and amuses himself by swimming out; ropes and log-buoys are entirely beneath his notice. Finally he begins to feel tired; the chop of the seas splashes up into his nose and eyes; it is not so easy as swimming in still water, and he concludes to come in. Now, the chances are that he will do

this without any serious difficulty, even though he does not quite understand how to swim high, with long strokes,



Fig. 8.



Bathers on the Shore.

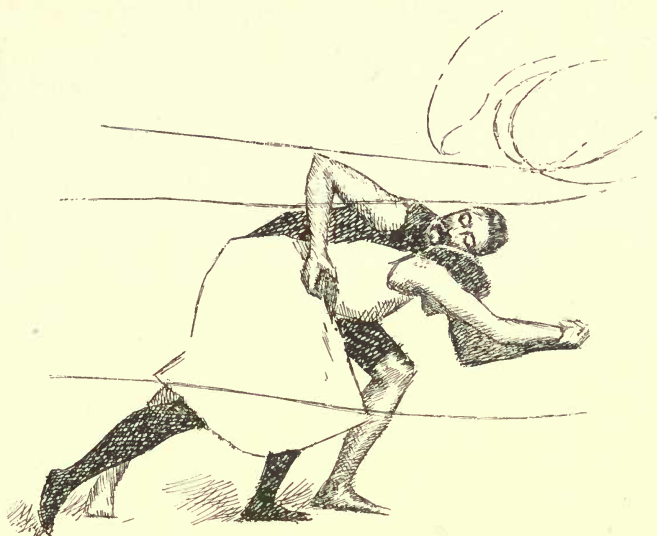


Fig. 9.

when on the inner slope and summit of each wave, until it fairly shoots him toward the shore; and then to rest and hold his own while on the outer slope and in the trough. There is always, however, just a possibility, and the stronger the surf the more possible is it that the inexperienced swimmer can *not* come through the line of breakers when and where he wants to; he must wait *their* pleasure, and, if he has measured his strength closely and the delay be long, it is easy to see how that, in trying to pass, he may be thrown down into the "under-tow" and lack sufficient strength to extricate himself.

Next to caution and life-lines, surf dangers are best provided against by a long rope with a slip-noose at the end, either wound on a portable reel or coiled and placed at the lowest point of the beach. Then a rescuer, throwing the noose around his waist, can make his way to a drowning man, and both can be drawn in by those on shore. In default of some such contrivance, the next best thing is for all the able-bodied to form a chain of hands; for, let me say, there is nothing more difficult, even for a strong swimmer and expert surfer, than bringing a drowning person in through or out of a line of heavy breakers.

I recall an incident which happened some years since at Bridgehampton, Long Island, and which illustrates the difficulty of which I speak. A young clergyman had arrived only the day be-

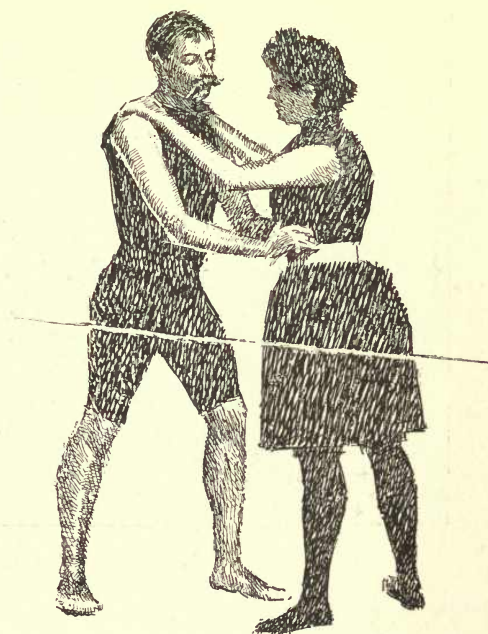


Fig. 10.

fore ; he was unable to swim a stroke ; and his first exploit was to wade out into the ocean, entirely ignorant of the fact that the ditch was that day both abrupt and deep—or perhaps even that

was evident that a change of tactics was necessary ; and, fortunately, at that moment a great ridge of water was seen sweeping in. Thought came quickly then, and the word: "Let it throw us!"



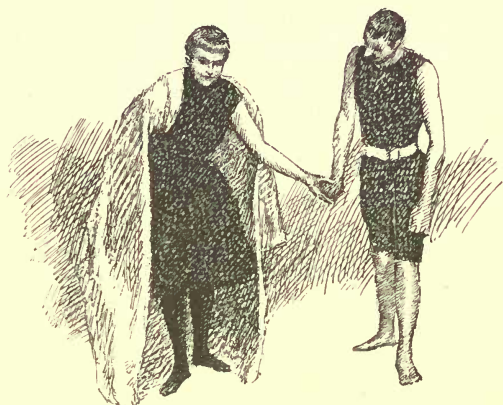
Fig. 11.

there was such a thing as a ditch—and that a single step would take him from a depth of four feet and safety, into one of six and considerable danger. Whether he took the step, or the "under-tow" took it for him, is not material, but the bathing-master and one other saw the trouble, dashed in, and, reaching the drowning man, were able to keep his head above water ; but, what with this and fighting the waves, they could not seem to make an inch shoreward. There were not many on the beach at the time, and only four or five men who could be of any use. A chain of hands was promptly formed, but it was not long enough to bring the inside man into water less than waist deep, and the "under-tow," pouring into the big ditch, sucked with all its might. So they swung backward and forward, now gaining, now losing ground, and meanwhile the bathing-master and those nearest him, being out of depth, were fast becoming exhausted. All, so far, had instinctively tried to fight the waves, but it

was passed down the line ; then it struck, and, for a moment, there was a confused tangle of legs and arms and heads and bodies swirled around, over, under, and against each other. Those closer inshore were hurled upon the beach, but the chain held together long enough to drag the others into a place of safety. Though there were no casualties of any consequence, I am very certain that each link of that chain will not soon forget the experience and will appreciate the truth of my last statement.

And now, let me try to temper all this by saying that the dangers of surf-bathing are, in reality, much less than those that beset still-water swimming, where one is usually out of his depth and with very little chance of escape in case of cramp or exhaustion. Only make friends with the ocean, learn its ways, study its moods a little, and humor it, while you keep careful watch against any sudden ebullition of passion. Those who stand aloof can never realize the pleasure and ex-

citement of the sport they forego, nor shall they know the profound satisfaction born of successfully combating a trio of big rollers, which have tossed companions and rivals in confusion on the beach.



IN GLAD WEATHER.

By Charles B. Going.

I do not know what skies there were,
 Nor if the wind was high or low ;
 I think I heard the branches stir
 A little, when we turned to go :
 I think I saw the grasses sway
 As if they tried to kiss your feet—
 And yet, it seems like yesterday,
 That day together, sweet !

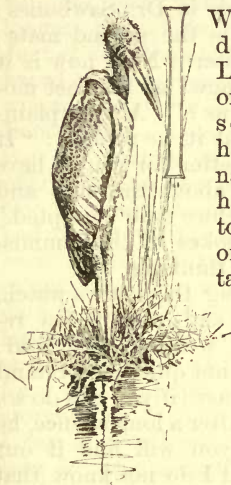
I think it must have been in May ;
 I think the sunlight must have shone ;
 I know a scent of springtime lay
 Across the fields : we were alone.
 We went together, you and I ;
 How could I look beyond your eyes ?
 If you were only standing by
 I did not miss the skies !

I could not tell if evening glowed,
 Or noonday heat lay white and still
 Beyond the shadows of the road :
 I only watched your face, until
 I knew it was the gladdest day,
 The sweetest day that summer knew—
 The time when we two stole away
 And I saw only you !



THE LAST SLAVE-SHIP.

By George Howe, M.D.



WAS a medical student in New Orleans, La., and the course of lectures for the season of 1858-59 had just closed. My name, with others, had been submitted to the administrators of the Charity Hospital for appointment as resident student, a certain number being appointed annually, and the announcement of the names of the fortunate few was daily expected.

Each morning, I met at the hospital gates our late professors, who were visiting physicians and surgeons to the hospital, and with other students made the round of the different wards, each according to his special taste.

At nine o'clock on the morning of April 26th, while I was awaiting the usual arrivals at the gates, one of the professors, Dr. Howard Smith, drove up in his buggy, and without replying to my salutation, said: "George, how would you like to go to the coast of Africa?" The doctor was a very pleasant gentleman, and a great favorite among the students, and, believing him to be in a very pleasant mood, I replied: "First rate, doctor." "How soon can you get ready?" "I am ready now." He saw from my perplexed air that, although I thought him jesting, I did not understand or see the point. "I am seriously in earnest, George; would you like to go?" "Yes, sir." "When can you be ready?" "As soon as I can go to my lodgings and pack up." "Well,

then, come with me;" and, jumping into the buggy with him, I was hurried to the office of the McDonogh Commissioners, representing Baltimore and New Orleans.

En route, the doctor informed me that John McDonogh had died in 1850, possessed of valuable real estate which he had bequeathed to the cities of New Orleans and Baltimore for educational purposes; he had also a number of slaves, who were given their freedom conditioned upon their emigration to Liberia, after a certain period of years. That time had elapsed and arrangements were made for their transportation. At the last moment it was concluded to send a medical officer with them, and, said the doctor, "That selection having been requested of me, you are my choice, if you will go."

My engagement was soon made with the commissioners, to render the negroes such professional and other aid as would be necessary on the voyage. I learned further that all the negroes old enough to work had been taught trades and occupations, and that all the wages they had earned since their master's death had been placed to their credit, and would be distributed among them before they left; and that they were fully equipped with all the agricultural and mechanical appliances they might need to make them self-sustaining upon arrival at their future home. There were carpenters, blacksmiths, coopers among the men; and cooks, laundresses, seamstresses, and nurses among the women. It had been intended to send them via Baltimore, by a sailing-packet leaving annually in the spring for the colony of Liberia with immigrants and general supplies, and returning with such products as the

colony exported ; but an opportunity offering, they would be sent direct from New Orleans on the sailing ship Rebecca.

In the office some of the gentlemen indulged in pleasant jokes about "wool and ivory," and one of them wrote a letter to the surgeon of the United States man-of-war Vincennes, stationed on the coast of Africa, saying: "This is a letter of introduction and may be of use to you." I was so engrossed with the idea of going to Africa that, although I heard, I did not attach that special importance to the jokes and remarks that I did afterward. Leaving them, I went to my lodgings and soon packed my books, clothing, etc.

On my way to the ship, I stopped at the telegraph office and sent to my parents, in Natchez, Miss., the following message: "Gone to the coast of Africa." I was on board the ship at twelve o'clock, at the Government wharf, waiting for the tow-boat to be conveyed to sea. I presented myself to the captain, who was busy with the details of departure. He, having received no notice of my employment, appeared annoyed, but asked me to the cabin and ordered the steward to prepare my room. Going upon deck I saw a motley group of negroes, mulattoes, quadroons, men, women, and children of all ages, numbering forty-three; they were busy getting their baggage on board. Many of them were not anxious to go, and were much disheartened at the idea of leaving home. Just then arrived several of the commissioners with their wives who were known to the negroes, and after a while, they were so successful in imparting new courage and cheerful faces to the immigrants that their adieus were less sad than I expected.

The ship left the wharf at four o'clock in the evening. Early next morning we were at the mouth of the river, and in another hour on the open sea. A pleasant southerly breeze drove us along about eight miles an hour, and dinner being called, I found at the captain's table Captain C—, a naturalized Scotch-Englishman, the first mate, Mr. T—, a Long Islander, and two Spanish gentlemen speaking very little English, and myself. An introduction fol-

lowed, one Spanish gentleman explaining that they were on their way to a trading point on the African coast, representing a commercial house in Havana, and that having waited a long while unsuccessfully for an opportunity to get there, he had taken passage on this vessel as far as its voyage extended.

Our dinner over, the mate remained in the cabin and the other officers came to the table; we were thus introduced by the mate: "This is Dr. Sawbones; I am mate; here is the second mate; there is the carpenter. Now, how is it that you were engaged at the last moment to come with us?" After explaining all I knew about it, he replied: "It would have been better for you to have known something about the ship and her destination before you accepted." This recalled the jokes of the commissioners and set me thinking.

That night, during the mate's watch, I approached him and, after a few remarks about the weather, etc., said: "Mr. T—, I did not quite understand your remark at dinner; if you can do so, please explain." After a long silence, he replied: "Well, you will find it out sooner or later, and I do not know that I am violating any confidence in telling you now; *this ship is a Slaver*. Yes; that is just what she is, and belongs to a company of Spaniards who are represented here by the eldest of the Spanish passengers, who will be the captain at the proper time; the other Spaniard will be his mate. They purchased this ship two months ago, and have had all sorts of difficulties ever since with the Custom-house. She sails under the American flag, and is supposed to be owned by a commission house in New Orleans, who are the agents there of the Spanish company. They wanted to obtain papers permitting the ship to go to the African coast; just now everything destined there is regarded with suspicion, and the Spaniards wanted to go in ballast to seek a cargo of palm-oil, camwood, and any other merchandise offering. The Custom-house authorities declined, for various reasons, to issue the papers. In the meantime, the ship had been loaded with empty casks and a quantity of staves in the rough from which to manufacture other casks, if

necessary. The question of getting sufficient supplies of food aboard was a very delicate one, for food could not profitably be carried as freight to that locality, and it was not required in barter. Then the Spaniards proposed to equip her as a whaling-ship, with her whaling-ground from Bermuda to the Cape of Good Hope. This would permit her occasionally to call on the African coast for water and fresh food-supplies, yet would require a much longer period to complete the trip. Just at this time the commission house heard of the purpose of the McDonogh commissioners to send the ex-slaves, via Baltimore, to Liberia. After considering the matter it was determined to offer this ship as a means of transportation at a very moderate price. If they had dared to do so they would have been willing to pay a handsome premium; the offer was accepted and the date fixed. The Spaniards now had a legitimate cargo for the African coast, and easily procured the necessary papers for a trading point on the Congo River, stopping at Liberia on the voyage out. I can also tell you that your presence here is not pleasant for Captain C——, for he had about determined to run down on the south side of Cuba with these negroes, leave them at a place he knows of, and continue on the voyage. Now, this cannot be done, unless you come into the arrangement; but I do not think he will say anything to you about it. You are a stranger and we are constantly in sight of and speaking vessels, and it would be easy for you to say a few words which might spoil the entire expedition."

Next morning early, as we were taking coffee on deck, the captain, in a general conversation, remarked: "What a valuable lot of negroes these are; all the men have some trade or vocation which makes them most desirable on any plantation. The women are all experienced in their duties; they would bring a round sum in Cuba; and Cuba is very near, and I know where they could be landed without much risk."

I replied: "Captain, these negroes must be landed at their destination in Africa, and as long as I can, I will not permit any change of programme."

As if to disarm me of any suspicion, he said: "Of course, they must be landed in Liberia, I was only regretting that so much money is just thrown away."

During the mate's watch which followed, he asked me what Captain C—— had said to me and my reply; for the captain, on his return to the cabin, had had a long and stormy conversation with the Spanish gentleman, who would not be persuaded that there was very little risk in landing the negroes in Cuba, whether the Doctor consented or not. I repeated the conversation between the captain and myself. The mate replied: "Well, that matter is now decided, for we are sailing southeast, instead of southwest, and that means we will not stop at Cuba this part of the trip." Reassured at this, I pressed him to tell me what he knew of the voyage.

"Now," said he, "I am interested in this ship's voyage as well as the others, and you must pledge your word of honor to say nothing to anyone about it." I assented. "Well, this is my second voyage of this kind; the first was from New York to Africa and Brazil, and as slavery will probably be abolished in Brazil, and coolies are getting cheaper than negroes in Cuba, this is probably the last slave-ship; and if we are successful, we will land the last cargo of slaves. To begin, you must understand that there are necessary, one person as head manager, and three agents, each one with an assistant to replace the principal in case of accident, sickness, or death. The head resides in Havana. One agent, with his assistant, the Spanish captain and his friend, on board with us, went to the United States to purchase the fastest sailing-vessel that money could buy, and he found, in New Orleans, the Baltimore clipper-ship *Rebecca*, near five hundred and fifty tons, carrying sky-sails, studding-sails to royal yards, and stay-sails to royals, with a record of fourteen knots to windward, sailing inside of four points from the wind. She was fitted out with new sails, cordage, extra spars and yards, and a large supply of material with which to make other sails at sea, and to replace uncertain stays, running rig-

ging, etc. The Custom-house officers seemed to be suspicious of her, and watched everything connected with the ship very closely. Just at this time the offer to the McDonogh commissioners was made to take the negroes as passengers, and arrangements were completed. Now began the purchase, in large quantities, of rice, white beans, pork, and biscuit, which were ostensibly for our passengers. With a long hose all the casks were filled with water from an opening below the water-line in the ship's bow, a supply of lumber was obtained, and bunks constructed between decks the whole length of the ship's hold, and for several times the number of passengers expected; a large cooking-furnace was also built on deck. Another agent and his assistant sailed some months ago for the coast of Africa, and has purchased and contracted to carry on shares as many negroes as can be stowed on board. The place where they are to meet is known on board only to the Spaniards; another agent and his assistant are established as fishermen on an unfrequented island on the south side of Cuba, I know that much. There, with a companion or two, they fish for the markets, so as to require a regular camp and a small vessel. They will be ready, when we arrive, to inform us when and where to land the cargo. The head in Havana keeps everything in working order, and it is his particular business to fee the customs officials and keep them away from where they are not wanted. One ounce of gold, seventeen dollars, per head, is the fee he pays to the officials for every negro landed, who divide among themselves, according to previous arrangements."

Life on board was a very pleasant one, our ship splendidly provisioned with every delicacy necessary to our comfort; with beautiful weather, our run in the Gulf Stream was full of interest. We passed south of Bermuda and entered the great Saragossa sea with its boundless fields of sea-weed. Each day experiments were made, by changing size and character of sails, to develop the greatest speed, and I often wondered where they could possibly put another yard of canvas. All the masts were

again examined and put to their utmost strain; new stays and preventer-stays were added until it was no longer doubtful about the masts being able to support any strain. We could easily make three hundred and twenty to three hundred and forty miles daily, running as close to windward as she could sail. Being now in the southeast trades, we would run twelve hours on east-north-east tack and twelve hours on the south by west tack, and in the twenty-four hours' run make a net gain, east, of thirty miles.

The negroes soon became accustomed to the motion of the vessel, but the length of the voyage tired them, and they often assured me that when they got ready to return to Louisiana they would walk around by land, as they had enough of sailing. To keep them employed, the women were engaged to mend and launder our clothing; as their utensils were all stowed away in the lower hold, it was necessary to extemporize others. The washing and drying were easily accomplished, but the ironing was done by putting hot coals in a tin bucket and rubbing that over the pieces—not much of a success, however.

"Land ho!" Anobon appeared like a huge sugar-loaf; we examined the chronometers and found them correct, and did not approach nearer than about ten miles. We were now nearing the African coast, and the sailors took delight in the horrible stories they told our passengers of the customs and habits of the people among whom they were soon to be landed, with such success that they waited upon me and appealed piteously to be allowed to return to Louisiana without going ashore; they were willing to return to slavery, and at once. I tried to persuade them that they were victims of a sailor's joke, but they were not reassured.

On July 1, 1859, there was a terrible storm of wind and rain, and the sea very rough. Cape Palmas was in sight; Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, being situated on it. The mist obscured all objects near the water, and after a while we found that we were being chased by a small steamer which had fired a blank shot for us to come to. We hoisted the American flag and sailed on, followed

by the English cruiser *Viper*. She approached as near as could be safely done and sent an officer on board. He politely stated his mission and was invited below, where the ship's papers were produced and shown him, as an act of courtesy — for we were now within the limits of the Liberian Government. Yet, we might again meet our inquisitive visitor; and if he was now satisfied as to our papers, it would avoid the necessity of a subsequent visit before reaching Congo River, and when there might not be wind enough to outsail him. The officer pleasantly observed that he knew our vessel as soon as it was in sight, and had been with other cruisers on the lookout for us for some time; that his government, by the last mail steamer to St. Paul Loanda, had notified the cruisers that the ship *Rebecca* was suspected, and had been described with such accuracy that there could be no mistake. He thought we had an outward bound cargo, and was much chagrined to find that it was inward bound and at its destination. After a short stay he left and steamed away to the south.

The attention of all was now directed to a long canoe, manned by four apparently naked negroes, approaching us from the shore, through a very rough sea, without much apparent effort. Coming alongside, they climbed over the rail and jumped down among our passengers, naked, except a piece of cloth tied around the loins, fine specimens of muscular development, short and stout, tattooed down the forehead to the end of the nose and on the cheeks with a dark-blue pigment. The officers recognized them as Kroomen, a tribe dispersed along the coast, employed by ships to load, or obtain water, or as pilots — and never exported. A wail as from Hades arose from our passengers; it is impossible to picture the consternation and terror the Kroomen occasioned. The sailors, taking advantage of the situation, distributed themselves among our poor negroes and told them it was now time for them to take off their store clothes and get ready to go ashore — just like these people, they had come to live with. On their knees they implored Captain C —, the mate, and myself to protect them from these

savages and take them back, and do anything we desired with them.

Looking shoreward, there was apparently the end of a chain of mountains which gradually sloped to the sea, forming Cape Palmas; on this could be seen indistinctly evidences of habitation, the forest covering being quite thick. At the base was a small stream, St. Paul River, extending some distance into the interior; between the slope and this little stream was a village of native huts in all their savage picturesqueness; a number of this tribe were scattered along the shore, and many of them were coming in our direction in their curiously-shaped canoes, altogether a picture of unadulterated savage life. It was impossible to restore the confidence of our negroes with this gloomy picture of free Liberia and the recollections of the jokes of the sailors before them.

We anchored at a place assigned by the Kroomen, and a message was sent ashore to the officials announcing our arrival, and requesting the presence on board of the agent or persons authorized to receive our passengers, hoping that the European costumes and a familiar tongue would accomplish more than anything else toward calming the disturbed passengers. The storm delayed until evening the arrival of the official, but his appearance quieted them like oil on troubled waters. This agent was an enthusiast, and soon gave us to understand that the garden of Eden was an ill-conditioned suburb compared to Monrovia. During two days arrangements were being made on shore for the transportation of the baggage and effects of our passengers.

July 4th being observed as a "fête" day, the officers and myself were invited to dine with the President of the Republic and his ministers. Accepting the invitation, we landed on the beach, in front of the native huts, made of bamboo and thatched with straw when they had roofs; and ascending the cape by a tortuous path, we met the only white man in the republic, Rev. Mr. Evans, an Episcopal missionary during thirty years and also acting United States consul, under whose care we were taken to the executive mansion, were introduced to, and welcomed by,

President Benson, ex-President Roberts, and the cabinet.

Before returning to the ship, the Rev. Dr. Evans took me aside and told me he was in considerable doubt as to the character of our vessel; that the Baltimore ship had not arrived, and he had been authorized by the government to tender me as my home, during my stay awaiting the Baltimore ship, the cutter lying in the harbor, which had been presented by Queen Victoria and was their only war vessel. Thanking him for his kindness, I told him I would consider the matter.

Reaching the ship, I told the officers they were suspected. At once a council was held and a demand made for the landing next day of passengers and effects, as, so far, there had been no fixed date determined upon. The English gunboat had just returned to Monrovia and was but a short distance from us, and her company was not desired longer than possible. This demand created some surprise, as it was supposed we would be several days longer getting supplies.

Next morning a fleet of sloops, canoes, and yawls came alongside early. Just then the Spanish captain told me I could go with the vessel as far as the Congo River, where I might meet the mail steamer. Thanking him, I accepted and so informed the Rev. Mr. Evans. He further told me he suspected Captain C—— of treachery, for the return of the cruiser looked like it. By noon passengers and effects were landed and the captain returned with ship's papers, etc. The anchor was hoisted and away we went. The English cruiser followed with steam and sail as long as he could see us; but we sailed twelve miles to his eight, and before dark left him out of sight.

The Spanish captain now appeared on deck, a short, swarthy, black-whiskered man, with a cold, determined look, dressed in open shirt with a large silk handkerchief around his neck, white trousers, with a large red sash wrapped several times around his waist, a wide soft hat—a typical bandit. His assistant followed in almost similar costume, and went forward and rang the ship's bell; the crew was called to the after-deck, where the Spanish Captain A——

thus addressed them, in Spanish and English:

"Men, I am now the captain of this ship; this is my first mate," introducing his assistant; "the other subordinate officers are retained in their positions; the late captain and mate will be respected and advised with. The object of this voyage is a cargo of negroes to be purchased in Africa and landed in Cuba; the trip is full of peril, but if successful, full of money. If there is one of you who desires to go ashore, the ship will stop at a place where he can be safely landed, and double wages to date given him."

All expressing themselves anxious to sign new articles, the wages were declared, if the voyage was successful, to be: For American captain and first mate, \$5,000 each; second mate, \$3,500; carpenter, \$3,000; each sailor, \$1,500. Our crew numbered twenty-three, all told, Turks, Greeks, Italians, Spaniards, Scotch, Yankees, and Danes.

It was plain that the Spanish captain did not trust Captain C——, and although they were courteous to each other, there was an entire absence of familiarity. The crew had the same feeling, and on one occasion, while Captain C—— was inspecting the rudder hinges and suspended in a bow-line over the stern, the sailor at the wheel took out his knife and made a movement as if to sever the rope and drop the captain into the sea. I saw the movement and called the Spanish captain's attention. He positively and firmly forbade anything like an attempt on the life of Captain C——, unless it was plain he intended treachery; then he would act, and promptly.

We were some weeks in advance of the time for the arrival of our ship at a point agreed upon, where the first intelligence could be had of the agents sent there months before, and we sailed leisurely along until one day's sail from Mayumba. This portion of the coast was carefully guarded by the United States, English, Portuguese, and Spanish steam and sailing vessels, so that in approaching the coast there was considerable risk of being overhauled. Although our papers were regular to a point on Congo River, yet the vessel might have

been seized as suspicious, and subjected to a return to Sierra Leone ; and there, the matter fully investigated by a court organized to condemn and confiscate.

One day our movements were so regulated that, by sailing all night toward the coast, we would be, at daylight, fifteen miles distant. A yawl was then lowered, and the Spanish captain with two sailors entered it, provided with two days' supplies and compass, and pulled away for land. We at once returned to sea, and forty days after were to return to the place where the Spanish captain had expected to land. We were now under the control of the Spanish mate and put to sea, four hundred miles from land, then sailed back one day, and the next returned to sea, for the entire period of forty days, never coming within two hundred miles of the shore. This was a very quiet and uneventful cruise ; on two occasions only did we see vessels, which proved to be whalers whom we gave a wide berth.

At daylight, on the morning of the fortieth day, we had approached the coast near enough to see distinctly objects along the shore. Yet, seeing no living creature, we were evidently a little out of the exact position, so sending a man aloft, to be sure no vessel was in sight, we ran along the coast a few miles, when we saw a negro waving a large white flag, with a red cross its entire length and width ; this was the signal, and in a short time we saw several negroes dragging our yawl to the water from its place of concealment. In an hour, Captain A ——— was again on board. It was plain that something had gone wrong ; the agent and assistant had arrived much later than anticipated ; both had been ill with African fever and were at a trading post on Congo River, trying to get well. British cruisers had passed almost daily where we were then, and could be expected at any moment. A council was again held in the cabin ; the ship put to sea, and it was determined that, as our papers were regular and permitted us to go to Congo River, we would proceed there at once and there await events.

Long before we reached Congo River, we saw the discoloration of the sea from the muddy stream. Far at sea we met

floating islands of vegetation as much as twenty feet square. Approaching the river from the sea, there was on the left an elevated plateau, at the base of which the French Government had a station, where negroes were apprenticed to employers in the French islands of the West Indies, for a number of years, for a little more than the Spaniards purchased them outright. The apprentices did not get the money, but the government agent, in consideration of the money, obliged his government to secure them a home, etc., at the expiration of contract. A French gun-boat lay at the station as we passed by.

The river is irregular in width, from two-thirds to one and a half mile, shallow, full of islands, with a very tortuous channel from side to side. We secured the services of a pilot, a prince of one of the Congo tribes near us, on the left bank as you ascend. His costume was an old military coat and a much dilapidated Panama hat, his wrists and arms encircled with thick silver rings and with a multitude of others of a kind of fibre. Short in stature, about five feet three or four inches, fine regular features, as are all of the Congoes, perfect teeth, handsomely developed limbs, and clean for a negro.

Light winds and the strong current delayed our arrival at the trading station, about seventy miles from the mouth, until the next day. Arriving, we found a boat with two white men in it ; one was recognized as the agent's assistant, and before they reached us, we were informed that the agent had died of consumption and African fever. The speaker was slowly convalescing, and all trading operations had been suspended until his recovery or the arrival of the ship. His companion in the boat was a trader, at whose post he had found a home. We were now in for a delay of some time, as Spaniards move slowly. We were anchored about seventy-five yards from the shore or left bank going up stream.

One day we saw coming up the river a man-of-war's long boat, with an officer and ten men ; they anchored almost immediately under our bow, and there they remained as long as we were in the river ; they were from the gun-boat Tigris and had spoken the Vixen,

which we learned had gone farther south to look out for us. The Tigris lay at the mouth of the river to intercept us, if an attempt be made to leave with a cargo of negroes. Again the Spanish captain left us for many days. It being necessary to replenish our store of water, it was done with a hose through the opening in the bow, without the boat's crew knowing anything about it, although but a few feet distant.

During this time I took several trips up the river, going farther than any white man had been known to ascend it, and saw many tribes of negroes who had heard of white men from the lower tribes, but had never seen one, and was much of a curiosity with my European clothing and my white skin. The upper tribes gave me to understand that a white man was far from the coast, in the interior, that they had heard of him through neighboring tribes. So long a time had elapsed that my coming recalled what they had heard of the white man, and they supposed I was the man; this was Livingstone, the great explorer, who having reached one of the branches of the Congo River, diverged from it to explore another route.

One of the interior traders visiting the river informed us that a disease which, he said, was declared to be small-pox, had broken out in the barracoons where the negroes intended for our ship were being collected, and asked what could be done about it. Examining my pocket-case, I found a vaccine crust enveloped in adhesive plaster, which had been given me by Professor Fenner, with which to vaccinate poor people applying at the free dispensary connected with our college.

I left with the Spaniard, and journeying two days up the river, was carried southward many miles into the interior, in a palanquin or hammock slung between two poles, with two men at each end of a pole. This route was circuitous to avoid the annoyance of other tribes who would levy heavy tribute. Arriving, I found a barracoon to be an enclosure of, may be, a square of ground about three hundred feet on each side, fenced with bamboo about eight or nine feet high, a thatched roof running sometimes entirely around it, extending, perhaps, ten feet

toward the centre. A very frail structure as a place of confinement, but sufficient to shelter from sun and rain and heavy dews, which were very cool. These barracoons were permitted in this locality by neighboring chiefs, because it enabled them easily to dispose of their products of depredation upon weaker tribes, and, being so far in the interior, they were safe from unauthorized visitors. I found a few negroes suffering from small-pox, contracted from a tribe which frequented the coast, having intercourse with Kroomen who had contracted it in St. Paul de Loanda. At once the infected were separated and new barracoons erected for them, as well as for the uninfected, in a distant locality. The old barracoons were burned, and as far as the vaccine virus could be extended, it was at once used. In a few days, I was pleased to find a number of those vaccinated with a new supply of virus, with which I continued to vaccinate until the supply was exhausted. The Portuguese were also vaccinated and taught how to use the virus and save crusts for future use. The disease, as far as I could learn, was arrested there.*

From the Spaniard with me I learned that enough negroes had been purchased and contracted for to be transported on shares, to load our ship; and that her departure was only a question of when they could be put on board without risk of small-pox reappearing among them. The negroes were then sent by easy marches to a place half a day's journey from the sea-coast, where they would remain until the time agreed upon to move to the coast. This last march to the coast was always done at night, so that they had ample time to arrive before daylight. The ship was due at daylight, and if she could not reach the coast at that hour, the whole business

* From the factors here I learned something about the manner in which the slave trade was carried on in Africa. A trader, Portuguese always, procured consent from a head of a strong tribe to establish himself among them, and paid liberally in presents for the privilege. Consent obtained, a barracoon was at once built, and each member of the tribe was a self-constituted guardian to protect it; a scale of prices was agreed upon for negroes, according to age and sex, averaging two fathoms or four yards of calico, one flint-lock musket, one six-pound keg of coarse powder, one two-gallon keg of rum, some beads and brass wire; an English value of about eight dollars gold for each negro captured by this tribe from neighboring and weaker ones. There had been a lower rate of prices until within a few years, when competition had slowly increased them to present rates.

was postponed generally one week, the negroes immediately returned to the half-day station, rested, and cared for. We returned to the ship on the river, and found quiet preparations being made to leave at a moment's notice; the officers purchasing goats, poultry, and fruit.

Captain A—— alone knew the locality where the negroes would be met, and it was impossible for any sailor to have given information of value to the English in their boat under our bow.

No opportunity had yet offered for my return to America, and the ship was about to sail. I could not make up my mind to remain on Congo River, and risk African fever for an indefinite period. The spirit of adventure, considerable curiosity, and great confidence in my good luck, prompted me to accept an invitation from the Spanish captain to remain with the ship. At this time we learned that a Portuguese man-of-war had visited the mouth of the river and, finding the English gunboat *Vixen* there, had gone on to the north. This made things very much mixed, one cruiser south, one at the river's mouth, and one north, and the Portuguese was the worst one of all. At that time, if a vessel was captured with negroes on board, they, and the ship with her officers, were taken to Sierra Leone; the sailors being landed at or near the place of capture to look out for themselves. If the ship had a flag and could be identified, the officers were transferred at Sierra Leone to their respective governments for trial, the negroes sent ashore, and an attempt at colonization made, and the ship sold and broken up; but if no nationality could be established, the officers were imprisoned for a term at Sierra Leone, with or without civil trials. If the Portuguese made a capture, every officer and sailor was sent to their penal settlements, and that was the last ever heard of them. The American government had the sailing man-of-war *Vincennes* stationed near us; we did not wish to meet her, for she was a fine sailer.

One morning, early, about October 1, 1859, the anchor was raised and we sailed down the river; our papers yet protected us, for we had ostensibly made

an unsuccessful mercantile venture, and were returning home. We took the English yawl in tow, and inviting the officer on board, enjoyed a pleasant trip to the mouth of the river, reaching there in the afternoon. The gun-boat steamed alongside to get her officer and learn our destination, and being informed, "United States," said: "Oh! of course! perhaps!" Our course during the evening and night was northwest, as if we were returning to the United States. This was to get off shore and ascertain the strength of the wind at that season, at different distances, also to see what speed we could make. At daylight our course was shaped south, and all hands employed in removing every trace of name from bow, stern, and small boats. The ship's side was painted all black—we had white ports before. Every paper or scrap that could be found was, with our American flag, weighted and thrown overboard.

"Now!" said Captain A——, "we have no name, and no nationality; we are nobody and know nothing. If we are captured, every mouth must be sealed, in that way only can we escape the severe penalties."

For four days and nights we cruised about, keeping the distance of nearly one hundred and fifty miles from land. On the afternoon of the fourth day, having taken accurate observations of our position at sea, our course was shaped for the coast; every light was extinguished but that of the binnacle, which was hooded so that the man at the wheel could see the compass and yet the light could not be seen; an extra watch was kept, and at three o'clock next morning we were within two miles of the shore, latitude $6^{\circ} 10'$ south, previously agreed upon. So correct were the chronometers, and the estimation of wind and current, that there was no error in our calculations, we could hear the roar of the breakers, but there was not light enough to see the shore. As it grew lighter we could see the low shore-line, which appeared to be broken into small hillocks of sand sparsely covered with a scrubby vegetation.

A number of small craft could be seen outside the breakers, they resembled oyster-boats. After a satisfactory scru-

tiny of the horizon with a glass from the masthead, our signal, a large white flag with a red cross, was hoisted, and as it blew out was answered from the shore. Very soon the beach seemed to swarm with moving objects which we could not yet distinguish. A number of long, black objects left the shore, and, when through the breakers, they stopped at the small craft outside. Now we could see that the negroes were being transferred to the boats outside the breakers, from canoes, which ran through them, with from four to six in each. As the sloops were filled they sailed for the ship, and, ladders having been arranged, the negroes were soon coming over the ship's side; as each one reached the deck he was given a biscuit and sent below. It seemed slow work at first, but as the canoes were soon all launched and rushing through the surf, it presented a busy scene. The sloops were now flying to and from us, and a great number of negroes were already on board at 2 P.M.

The lookout at the masthead shouted: "Sail, ho! away to the southward." From the deck we could see nothing. A danger signal was hoisted at once to hurry all aboard faster; in a short while we could see from the deck a little black spot. Smoke! A cruiser! Another signal, a blood-red flag, was hoisted, informing those ashore of the kind of danger. If possible the bustle ashore was increased; our own boats were lowered, and they aided materially. The approaching vessel had seen us and the volume of smoke increased. She could now be seen, and was recognized as the *Vixen* with the naked eye. A signal from shore that a very few remained was hoisted, another hour passed, and the vessel was certainly within three miles. Our boats were recalled, and the entire fleet of sloops soon sailed toward us. Our boats were hoisted, and lines thrown to the sloops now alongside. The *Vixen* now changed her course slightly and fired a solid shot, which passed to leeward of us, beyond. At this the Spanish captain cried out: "Let go!" The pin holding the staple in the anchor chain was cut, and the chain parted. Sail was hoisted rapidly, the negroes in the sloops climbed over the

ship's side, and as the sloops were emptied they were cast adrift with their single occupant, a Krooman. They scattered like frightened birds.

We seemed a long time getting headway, and everybody was looking very anxious, as other sails were set; studding-sails were added, stay-sails hoisted, and a large square sail on the mizzen-mast from the deck to topsail—such a cloud of canvas that I felt sure the masts would go overboard. The *Vixen* was now within one mile and she seemed to have wonderful speed; again she changed her course and there followed a puff of smoke. That was too close for comfort, I thought, as the splashing sea showed where the ball ricocheted, and so very near. We seemed to have gained some in distance during this manœuvre, and the wind grew stronger the farther we got from land. A cloud of black smoke showed that a grand effort was being made by our pursuer to recover the distance lost while changing her course to fire at us. We were now easily going ahead and the distance was greater between us, the wind so strong that we were compelled to take in the lofty studding-sails. Another hour, and it was getting near night, with the cruiser at least five miles astern, still holding on, hoping something would happen to disable us yet. Night fell, but we continued our course without change until midnight, when we sailed south-west until daylight, so that if something should happen to our masts, we should be far from the route of our pursuer if he still followed us.

At daylight we were on a west by north course, and the southeast trade-wind was driving us along fourteen knots an hour. Looking around, I found a number of strange white men, Spaniards, representing the barracoon from which some of the negroes were taken on shares. One half for the ship, the other half for the owner, whose representative would purchase merchandise in the United States or England, and ship to St. Paul de Loanda in the mail steamer, and from there in small sloops to destination. Among the sailors I found a number of strange faces, the crew of a captured vessel previously spoken of. They were glad to have a chance to return.

During the embarkation I was engaged separating those negroes who did not appear robust, or who had received some trifling injury in getting on deck, and sending them to an improvised hospital made by bulkheading a space in the rear of the forecabin. The others, as they arrived, were stowed away by the Spanish mate ; so that when all were aboard there was just room for each to lie upon one side. As no one knew what proportion were men, all were herded together. The next morning the separation took place ; the women and girls were all sent on deck, and numbered about four hundred. Then a close bulkhead was built across the ship and other bunks constructed. The women were then sent below, and enough men sent up to enable the carpenter to have room to construct additional bunks. A more docile and easily managed lot of creatures cannot be imagined. No violence of any kind was necessary ; it was sometimes difficult to make them understand what was wanted ; but as soon as they comprehended, immediate compliance followed.

The negroes were now sent on deck in groups of eight and squatted around a large wooden platter, heaping-full of cooked rice, beans, and pork cut into small cubes. The platters were made by cutting off the head of flour or other barrels, leaving about four inches of the staves. Each negro was given a wooden spoon, which all on board had amused themselves in making during our forty-day trip. Barrel staves were sawed into lengths of eight inches, split into other pieces one and a half inch wide, and then shaped into a spoon with our pocket-knives. It was surprising what good spoons could be made in that manner. A piece of rope yarn tied to a spoon and hung around the neck was the way in which every individual retained his property. There not being room on deck for the entire cargo to feed at one time, platters were sent between decks, so that all ate at one hour, three times daily. Casks of water were placed in convenient places, and an abundant supply furnished day and night. When night came they were stowed in their new quarters, the men amidships, the women in the apartment

bulkheaded from the men aft, the hospital forward. Looking down through the hatches they were seen like sardines in a box, on the floor and in the bunks, as close as they could be crowded. Large wind-sails furnished a supply of fresh air, and the open hatches sufficient ventilation.

A muster was made the next day to verify the lists held by each party represented. I was curious to know how each owner could single out his property among so many that did not present any distinguishing peculiarities. I discovered that each factor had a distinguishing brand ; some a letter, others a geometrical figure ; and every negro was branded with a hot iron on the left shoulder, a few days before shipment, by his owner or representative. They were all young, none less than twelve or fourteen, and none appearing over thirty years. Their contentment that day surprised me. They numbered, all told, near twelve hundred.

Captain A—— then selected about twenty of the strong men and clothed them with a sack which had holes cut in it for head and arms ; these men were called *Camisas* (shirts), and were required to do the scrubbing and cleaning between decks, etc., and given daily a small allowance of rum. The women were divided into squads and sent on the after-deck for an hour for each squad. This changing kept up until night ; the men were confined to the main-deck between cabin and forecabin, and sent in squads of as many as could get on deck at once. As they came up on the first trip, each morning, every one plunged into casks of salt water and ran about until dry.

Notwithstanding their apparent good health, each morning three or four dead would be found, brought upon deck, taken by arms and heels, and tossed overboard as unceremoniously as an empty bottle. Of what did they die ? and always at night ? In the barracoons it was known that if a negro was not amused and kept in motion, he would mope, squat down with his chin on his knees and arms clasped about his legs, and in a very short time die. Among civilized races it is thought impossible to hold one's breath until death follows ;

it is thought the Africans can do so. They had no means of concealing anything, and certainly did not kill each other. The duties of the Camisas were also to look after the other negroes during the day, and when found sitting with knees up and head drooping, the Camisas would start them up, run them about the deck, give them a small ration of rum, and divert them until in a normal condition.

The negroes had brought on board with them several small monkeys, which were, to them, a constant source of amusement. Another and almost perpetual pastime was the exploration of each other's head. We were now far away from land, making fourteen knots each hour, and had no fear of any molestation for some time to come. The negroes seemed to tire of the monotony of things, and some grog was daily distributed to the men, and native songs and dances were constantly going on. The ingenuity of everyone was taxed to provide a new source of amusement; a special watch was put at each hatch to render any assistance in the event of sickness, and to prevent intrusion by the sailors. The throwing overboard of the dead did not seem to affect them in any way, as it was their belief they returned to Africa after death away from home.

It was interesting to note the tribal distinctions among them; tattooing was not general, but the teeth were either drawn or filed in most fantastic arrangements, generally to a point like saw-teeth, or every other one was filed half-way down; the nose, lips, and ears had perforations of different sizes, and a mark of distinction appeared to be the cicatrices of numerous short incisions in the skin of arms, breast, and legs, sometimes of irregular shapes with attempts at geometrical figures. The colors of their skin varied also from a shining black to griffe. They have a multitude of gods, and to secure recognition, procure from the fetic or medicine men amulets or wristlets and anklets of braided fibre which are braided on the limb by the medicine man, and remain until death or worn out. One will protect from fire, another from drowning, another from sickness, from

serpents, from thunder (for which they have profound respect), from crocodiles—in fact, all the ills of life known to them. They fraternized as if belonging to the same tribe, and I do not recall a single instance of an altercation.

We were now near the end of October and rapidly approaching the Caribbee Islands. Maps were examined, and, after some discussion, it was thought safest to run between the French islands of Martinique and Dominique, and our course was shaped for the fifteenth degree of latitude, being midway. One morning the mountains of each could be seen, and as we passed between the islands, they appeared about twelve miles distant. Thus far we had not met a sail, and in passing, although at considerable distance, sent all the negroes below, that we might appear to be an ordinary merchantman. We kept about one hundred miles south of Porto Rico, San Domingo, and Hayti, until we were near the extreme western end of Hayti. Our route was now between Hayti and Jamaica, as it was thought the winds would hold better than going to the south of Jamaica. While about midway, the lookout discovered a steamer far to the westward, and as its course was not yet known, we shortened such sail as could be done without discovery and waited. After half an hour it was seen that the steamer's course was almost east, and would intercept us. We slightly changed our course that we might pass behind, and sent all the negroes below as well as the greater part of the white men. We desired to pass so far distant that the absence of a name on our bow would not be noticed. The steamer was very slow, and was thought to be the English mail steamer from Kingston, touching at Hayti and San Domingo. She passed about five miles distant, and we breathed freely after her disappearance, then all sail was again made, the negroes sent on deck, and an extra biscuit given each one as a thank-offering.

We were soon north of Jamaica, but there was a dangerous place which worried us greatly, Cape de Cruz, the extreme southern point of Cuba, and on the eastern end. Our course was now north-

west. Vessels from the United States approach very closely, thereby saving distance to Trinidad, a prominent port on the south side of Cuba, where sugar and molasses are largely exported. We knew that an American cruiser was stationed here to intercept slavers, and we did not wish to run a race with her. The speed of our ship was so governed that we could run by the dreaded locality late at night and at a considerable distance, about fifty miles. To do so we put on all the sail which could be safely carried.

I now for the first time learned our destination: Take a map of Cuba and you will see, south-southeast of Puerto Principe a chain of six little islands running parallel with the island of Cuba, and about twenty-five or thirty miles distant. The second one from the western end is the largest; it has a scrubby growth of mangrove bushes about eight feet high, a few cocoanut-trees, and a most valuable spring of fresh water. It is less than a mile wide and nearly three miles long, of coral formation, but a few feet above the level of the sea.

It was necessary that our approach be after midday, so that the negroes could be discharged and the vessel disposed of before dark. By burning it at night the light would have attracted greater attention than in the day, and during the day it might have been supposed some brush was burning ashore. The place was a regular highway for all vessels approaching and leaving the south of Cuba.

November 3d, we were but fifty miles distant at daylight, with light winds, making about eight miles an hour. About ten o'clock, some few miles ahead of us, we saw an American bark bound in the same direction. It never would have done to approach her near enough to be spoken, for the captain would, in all probabilities, have invited himself aboard to have a chat for an hour or two. We could not shorten sail, for it would have attracted attention, the more so as her canvas had been reduced to enable us the sooner to overhaul her. What could we do? Captain A—— called the carpenter, who, with the assistance of the crew, brought on deck two large water-casks. The head of each was re-

moved, ropes secured to the rim, and lowered astern, so that they would drag with the open end toward the ship; as soon as the ropes tightened our speed was reduced so much that the bark rapidly drew ahead, and in an hour could not see what we were doing.

It was now mid-day, and the chain of islands was in sight. We had calculated very closely the position of the one we were seeking; but our casks retarded our speed so that we would reach it later than we expected. At mid-day another observation was taken and our island located exactly—about fifteen miles distant. As we approached it our signal flag—the large white one with a red cross—was hoisted to the top of the main-mast. Some time elapsed and no sign of any living creature on the island. We were more than six weeks behind the most liberal estimate of time, and our Spaniards began to fear that those assigned to meet us here had given up all hopes of a successful voyage and had gone to the main-land. Just as the gloomiest views seemed to be about realized, we saw two men running through the thin undergrowth to the water's edge, waving their hats and gesticulating wildly. A shout of recognition was the return salute. The ship was sailed to within half a mile, and in fourteen fathoms of water, and anchored. The four boats were lowered in a hurry and the landing of the negroes began. It was wonderful how many could be gotten into a yawl in the quiet sea. More than two hours were needed to land all of them, and a sufficient number of large sails for shelter and food supplies.

The carpenter had been sent below to scuttle the ship; all the combustible material aboard was collected in the fore-castle, between decks, and in the cabin, liberally saturated with oil, turpentine, and paint, and as the last of us left the ship the match was applied to each heap, and before we were ashore she was on fire from stem to stern. The rigging soon burned and the upper masts fell one after the other, still held to the ship by the heavy stays. She gradually sank, and before an hour there was nothing on the sea left to indicate a ship's destruction.

As the negroes were landed they were hurried back far enough to be out of sight of any passing vessel, the scanty growth of mangrove affording ample hiding. After dark the sails were so spread and secured as to shelter the negroes from the dews, which were cold after the warm days: these tents were taken down before daylight, as they could have been seen by a passing vessel. Great was the joy of the Spaniards at being ashore in a place of security, for they felt tranquil about the part yet to come. Immediately after all were ashore the fishing sloop was despatched to the main-land with intelligence of our arrival, and during its absence I explored the island. I found it of coral formation and covered with thin soil and very little grass. Except the mangrove bushes there were no others but about a dozen cocoa-nut trees, stunted in growth but with a good supply of fruit yet green, and highly esteemed as a delicacy.

The stay on the island was delightful, the waters furnishing us with a great many varieties of fish, which were appreciated. The joy of the negroes was great at being ashore, and so bountifully supplied with food and water. Each day vessels passed, and some of them so near that we feared they would discover the island's secret.

Before the sloop left us there was considerable discussion among the sailors about their pay, they wishing to be paid before the negroes were sent to the main-land, and the Spaniards desiring that the remaining risks should be shared by all alike and all paid at the final destination. The matter was compromised by the Spaniards agreeing to pay those who demanded it; but that their protection ended there, and those paid would remain on the island until they were sent for after our arrival. Four days after the sloop left, two small schooners arrived bringing the money for those who demanded it, and they were paid in Spanish doubloons. The negroes were now transferred to the two schooners, and although they had appeared closely packed in the ship they were now jammed together in the hold, as none could be allowed on deck. The officers were divided, and were permitted to remain on deck in the little space that could be found.

We now left for Trinidad, about seventy-five miles distant, and before dark sailed right into the harbor amid a fleet of vessels. We were met by a custom-house boat and told where to anchor, and did so, less than one hundred yards from an American bark, which seemed to be our late would-be acquaintance. Our schooners had the appearance of ordinary coasters and did not attract any attention. At ten o'clock that night we saw a bright light on the beach at the extreme east end of the harbor, and we sailed for it. Arriving we were informed that arrangements were not complete for transportation, and could not be before next night. We returned to our anchorage and kept busy all night distributing biscuits and water to the negroes, who were hungry and restless. The night air was cold, and to keep warm I stood in the open hatch with my chin on a level with the deck, keeping my body in the warm air below while I breathed pure air; to go below and remain a few minutes was terrible. I feared some of the negroes would die in such an impure atmosphere.

Morning came slowly, and again every care was taken not to betray in any way our character. Sail after sail passed us coming and going. What a long day! The city of Trinidad, starting from the beach, rises to quite a height; the old-fashioned houses and irregular streets had very little interest, as we tired our eyes trying to find something which could possibly relieve the monotony and sense of great danger we felt. My patience was exhausted long before dark. At last the sun went down, the air became cool, and night again obscured everything. At ten o'clock the light reappeared and we sailed for it, showing a single lantern, which was extinguished as we approached. The sloop ran ashore in about two feet of water, and the negroes hurried ashore without noise, wading.

I saw in the darkness a long line of wagons, two-wheeled, with an open frame of poles and cords extending around the body of the wagon about three feet high. The women and youngest negroes were put in the wagons, the framework supporting them from falling and enabling many more to crowd

in. The wagons started, the negro men following us on foot. The route led over a mountainous country, through coffee plantations, into the interior. The travelling was slow for some time. We at last descended to a plain and moved along very lively, reaching, at 7 A.M., the plantation of Don S. B——, which was our final destination, nearly twenty-three miles from the coast; here we halted. The negroes were sent to an inclosure to be fed and rested, the officers were escorted to the residence of the proprietor, where we had a bath, change of clothing, a good breakfast, and felt greatly refreshed.

We were seated on the veranda of the residence, smoking, when there arrived a Catholic priest and an assistant, who passed on to the inclosure. Shortly after came a wagon filled with clothing, and being curious to witness anything else connected with the negroes I followed. Inside the inclosure the negroes were drawn up in rows. Their brands were examined and they were separated into lots representing each mark. The priest, assisted by his young man, passed along in front, the young man registering the name the priest had given each, as they were baptized. As the priest finished one lot they were at once furnished, the women with a sort of loose gown of coarse cotton-cloth, and the men with a long shirt, and then sent off in different directions. Dinner being called we returned to the residence. After dinner I returned to the inclosure, but there was not a negro there, and visiting the fields with the proprietor I did not see one that I thought had made the voyage with us. Don S. B—— said that there were but twenty-five of the new arrivals on his plantation, the others having been delivered to the planters who had already contracted for them, paying \$350 for each. We were guests of Don S. B—— four days, and were very hospitably entertained.

The other Spaniards now began to interest themselves in behalf of the American captain, mate, and myself. The laws of Cuba required every person landed to be provided with a passport or permit, the latter being issued under certain conditions for one month, at the

expiration of which the holder would be arrested if on the island; this permit, if the person is satisfactorily identified and vouched for, can be renewed from month to month. Now, we had arrived without the knowledge of the government, and had neither passport nor permit. These permits for one month were purchased for us by the Spaniards from an accommodating official, at a cost to them of one doubloon (seventeen dollars) each. We concluded to go now to Havana, that place offering more opportunities for our leaving the island than the smaller ports. My permit represented me as a machinist, the captain's as a carpenter, and the mate's as a merchant, there being a number of Americans on the island in those capacities.

At three o'clock on the morning of the fifth day after our arrival we started for Trinidad to take the coast steamer to Batabano, stopping at Cienfuegos, Casilda, and other points. We were escorted by our Spanish friends, all of us on horseback with old-fashioned trappings, holsters, and pistols. The steamer left soon after our arrival, and there were several passengers, who scrutinized us very closely. On the evening of the following day we were at Batabano, the terminus of a railroad across the island to Havana, and late in the evening were in Havana, at the American Hotel, corner of Obrapia and Mercaderes Streets, not far from the residence of the Captain-General. After we were there two weeks I saw an American steamer come into the harbor, and soon went out in a boat (steamers not being able to approach the wharves because of insufficient depth of water). I asked about passage to the United States; she was leaving the next day. I was asked for my passport, and replying that I left it at my lodgings, I was informed I could come on board next day, one hour before leaving, provided with my passport, and could go with them. I had no passport, and my permit would not answer, so I remained ashore while she steamed away, and began thinking.

Two or three days after, a steamer from New York to Panama arrived, with some accident to her machinery which

delayed her several days. I went out to her, shortly after her arrival, and saw that a number of her passengers were going ashore to visit the city during the delay of the ship; they could get a permit at a certain place on the wharf and remain ashore if they desired. A happy idea flashed upon me, and I went ashore with them and asked for a permit to visit the island during the stay of the vessel; it cost twenty-five cents and was given to me. I then went to the Captain-General's office, to the passport department, and stated that I was a passenger on the steamer in the harbor from New York to Panama, destined to San Francisco; that I was an engineer going to California; and while visiting the city on my permit I had met a planter with whom I had made arrangements to take off his sugar crop, and the season was near at hand; that some new machinery was needed in the sugar-house, which could only be procured in the United States in time for use that season, and that it would be necessary for me to return to New Orleans by the Panama steamer now due. I therefore asked for a passport, as the steamer could not take me without one. The clerk said those things were of frequent occurrence and soon had my passport ready, describing me very accurately—my height, color of hair and eyes, condition of teeth, etc. Hurrying to the hotel I related my experience to the American captain and mate, who concluded to try their luck in the rôle of homesick and discontented gold-seekers anxious to return to their home in the States. Both of them got into a boat, were taken out to and around the ship to the place of landing spoken of, obtained their permits, and together went to the passport office declaring themselves disgusted with the idea of going to California, and desiring to go back home *via* New Orleans, on the steamer reported due in a day or two. They obtained their passports and came to the hotel, where, in our well-closed room, a bottle of wine was opened and a toast drank to the success of my scheme.

Two days after the Panama steamer arrived and remained two days. We

were not permitted to go aboard with our baggage until one hour before she sailed, but we were on hand in a small boat waiting for the hour. As we ascended the steps we were met by an officer who demanded our passports. These being produced and pronounced satisfactory we were allowed on board and the steward took charge of us. The longest hour I ever knew now slowly passed. At last the bells rang, the wheels turned, and we slowly got under way. We passed the frowning fortress Cabaña, which might have been our prison; farther on the Morro Castle, at the head of the narrow strait from the sea to the harbor. We passed out, saluted the fort, and felt quiet. Looking around I saw the customs officials yet on board. Their presence gave me great uneasiness until, when a mile from shore, they descended to their boat and left us. I could have shouted with joy when they were at a distance from us, and with difficulty restrained myself. It was now dark and we were far away from Cuba.

Two days more and we were again in New Orleans. After a hurried inspection of my baggage, I jumped into a cab, and passing by the telegraph office sent the following message to my parents in Natchez, Miss.: "Just returned from the coast of Africa, safe and well." Continuing to the Medical College I met Professor Howard Smith, whose joy at my return was nearly as great as mine. With him I visited the McDonogh Commissioners and related the history of the voyage to Liberia, and, as they asked no questions about the rest of the trip, I did not say more than, it being impossible to return as had been promised me, I had been obliged to make a very lengthy and troublesome trip along the African coast until I had an opportunity to return *via* Jamaica and Cuba.

Thirty years have elapsed and nearly all of those connected with that voyage must ere this have gone to their last rest. I have never seen one of them since, and do not feel that I now violate any confidence in relating the history of the voyage of *The Last Slave-ship*.



THE POINT OF VIEW.

SOMEONE, it seems to me, ought to point out to certain optimistic critics of our minor literature that there is a great and vital difference between taking one's art seriously and taking one's self, the artist, so. In Mr. Howells's recent defence of contemporary writers, for instance, in reply to Mr. Phelps's paper in this Magazine, they were most excellently championed on the safe ground of sincerity of effort and non-mercenary aims; but there is one accusation, perhaps only implicitly made, if at all, in Mr. Phelps's indictment, though often elsewhere, to which I should like to hear this most kindly advocate plead for his clients—that of the self-consciousness of much of the work from which he looks for great results.

It is almost a waste of time to say that this does not apply to Mr. Howells himself, or to his type of workers. If he has given us occasion lately, by his criticism and performance, to wonder whether he had reversed the old saying, to make it read *video deteriora proboque, meliora sequor*, he has never left a reader in doubt that in him at least the cause—the aim of what he was doing—obliterated every smaller consideration and left him free to use his art at its best. And, indeed, there is no reason at all to drag him into this bit of ungrateful meditation, except that he takes his native contemporaries at the pitch of their aspirations rather than their deeds, and so rouses the latent spirit of the *advocatus diaboli* that is in every one of us.

It may be that the present generation of

younger writers is destined to great achievement: Heaven send it!—and on the whole I for one fully believe it of a goodly number. But was there ever a generation that made such an ado over its own attitude and deportment about its work? or that had in some respects so large an alloy of the artificial in its frame of mind? Perhaps it is only the over-expectant critic who especially notices the solemnity of this squaring of the elbows, of this discussion of technic—the “short-story form” (note well the hyphen); the “cycle” of novels (with prefatory references to the *Comédie humaine* or the recurrence of the Warrington strain from “Esmond” to “The Newcomes”—I should have liked to have Thackeray hear it called a “cycle,” by the way): the machinery of dedications, prologues, and epilogues; in fine, the whole disproportion of the cackle to the size of the be-cackled eggs, of however excellent quality the latter may be. Perhaps such a critic is dyspeptic, and perhaps he reads too much of the self-consciousness of the processes into the results—an easy matter; but enough of his belief is true, nevertheless, to make it worthy of the notice of more sanguine souls. There can hardly be too strong a desire for a good technic, for a thorough mastery of the tools of one's work; certainly there cannot be too strong a self-respect in a man of letters, if in any man; but self-respect is perfectly compatible with humility before one's task; and as for technic, it ought to be remembered that it is not the work itself; as the White Knight said to Alice in “Through the

Looking-glass," "That isn't the song, it is only what it is called."

The younger French writers, whose perfection of technical skill Mr. Howells and those he praises alike rightly admire, have made themselves such masters of their art that they are virtually unconscious of its exercise; but however much they may have talked its argot within the "groups," one does not notice that they make much public exhibition of the processes by which the mastery is acquired. Still less does any one of them magnify the fact that he is going to do a thing above the doing of the thing itself; or forget that the *ars celare artem* cannot be successfully carried out while the artist believes that his personality, at any rate, is too important a thing to be concealed.

It is prodigious what an amount of energy is sunk in the unsuccessful exercise of that inalienable right, the pursuit of happiness. One reason for the waste is that people are governed too much by the opinions of others as to what is pleasure, and neglect to get information that would fit them by analyzing their own experiences. Thousands and tens of thousands of people do things day after day with the purpose of enjoyment, which they never have enjoyed, and never will, but which they have learned to regard as intrinsically pleasant. They ride horses, they drive, hunt, dress, dance, or whatever it is, not because they get personal enjoyment out of those occupations, but because other people have enjoyed them.

Of course, happiness is a state of mind; and it is the mind, or the soul, that we want to get at. We know this well enough theoretically, but fail to act with reasonable intelligence upon our knowledge. To a certain extent, the mind is dependent for its states upon the conditions of the body, and we are rightly taught that a degree of attention must be paid to physical means if we are to get intellectual or spiritual results. But even with the enjoyment of a healthy body a very important share of the pleasure is quasi-intellectual. When he has well eaten or well drunken a man feels pleasantly disposed toward the world. His feelings warm, his sympathies are aroused, and he is happy in consequence.

The exhilaration of the racer or the

hunter, of the oarsman or the football player, any high degree of muscular activity in a healthy man, is perhaps the nearest to a purely physical pleasure; but even here it is a higher enjoyment when it is competitive activity, for competition itself is a notable and legitimate delight. "Rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race," the Scripture saith, and knows its business as usual; for trying to win involves a chance to lose, and that there is not much fun where there is not some hazard has been the rule since Eve acquired knowledge of evil at the same bite with good.

Of those purely intellectual joys that are analogous to the physical joys, not all are healthy. It is fun to develop and exercise the mind just as it is to exercise the muscles; but there are joys of the intellectual glutton and the intellectual sot, joys that are not nearly as disreputable as they ought to be. Minds are clogged with over-feeding and racked by over-stimulation, just as stomachs are. The joys of acquisition are not to be despised. Making money is mighty pleasant; to have things is an unquestionable source of satisfaction; to collect rare commodities, orchids, race-horses, railroad-bonds, is a kind of sport that thousands of people follow with lively enthusiasm. It is fun to have and to hold, to add to and complete, and it has been since who knows how many centuries before Ahab longed for Naboth's vineyard. But avarice in all its forms, old-fashioned and venerable as it is, is only a second-rate sport, since it lacks the element that the greatest pleasures must have, the element of love.

Not passion. Passion is one of your second-rate, quasi-physical pleasures, which are half pain, and cannot be depended upon. But love is quite a different matter, and so detached from all that is bodily about us, as to breed the hope that it will still be a pleasure to us when we have taken our bodies off. When we have loved the most, and with the least passion and the least selfishness, was it not then that we attained most nearly to the state of mind which is the great prize of life?

Is it a matter of general knowledge that to love in this fashion is the best fun going? Is it part of the ordinary experience of the average man, so that it is safe to take it for granted that every reader of this screed can

recall times in his life when there was a magic light on all he saw, and magic music in all he heard? It is a common remark in extenuation of the inconvenience of not having very much money that people of ordinary fortune can eat as much as millionaires; and if we find that we can love as easily and as extensively on small incomes as on greater ones, we may safely consider that we have the better of the rich again. Perhaps we can; wealth offers so many diversions that sometimes the pleasure there is in loving is overlooked. The impression certainly exists that great riches have a tendency to clog the affections; and great inequalities of fortune are a barrier between man and man, not insurmountable but appreciable. Love is personal, and very great possessions almost inevitably throw personal qualities into shadow. We love men for what they are, not what they represent.

We cultivate the muscles because it is fun to use them, and because it brings us the happiness that comes of health. For like reasons we make a business of the cultivation of our minds. How simple it is of us to neglect to the extent that most of us do the systematic cultivation of our hearts! Now and then someone discovers that to love one's neighbor with enthusiasm is the best fun there is, and makes a business of doing it; and then the rest of us lean on our muck-rakes and gape at him, and wonder how he can spare so much time for such an object.

THE imagination of Mr. Grant Allen continues to be distressed by a learned phantom in petticoats who tries to earn her own living, and is supposed to think meanly of the natural vocations of her sex. In a recent magazine article he records his fears that if the theories of the advanced women are not checked, the invaluable faculty of intuition, which is a distinguishing feminine characteristic, will be educated away, with the direful result that men of genius will cease to be born. For the intuitive faculty pertains to genius as well as to femininity. Genius does not stop to reason. It arrives, by a sudden and immediate process which it inherited from its mother. It knows, it knows not how. It only knows that it knows, as women do.

It would be a dreadful pity to have genius stumbling about in limbo for lack of a woman fit to be a mother to it. Let us hope it will not really come to such a forlorn extreme as that. Would it be inexcusable to derive the impression from Mr. Grant Allen's magazine articles, that, learned as he is in natural history, his knowledge of the human female is defective? To my mind she seems to be constructed of much tougher materials than Mr. Allen imagines, and the influences that tend to make a man of her seem enormously overbalanced by those whose tendency is to keep her a woman. For my part I am not a bit afraid but that when God made woman He endowed her with persistence enough to maintain the characteristics of her sex. Monkeys may have evolutionized into Herbert Spencers; but have the females of any species ever yet evolutionized into males? Of course there are masculine women; women afflicted from birth with mannish minds and predisposed to channels of usefulness which are more commonly navigated by men. Such women are not all Sally Brasses either. Some of them even presume to marry and have children. But they are exceptional creatures, and are easily counter-balanced by the feminine men. The average woman is a thorough-going woman, and is not to be educated out of it. You may teach her Latin, you may let her operate a type-writer, or teach school, or work in a factory, or dot off language by telegraph, and become as independent as you please. She is a persistent female still. If Mr. Allen will only stir up his males, and see to it that they are competent, faithful, and good providers, he may cease to distress himself. The proportion of the gentler sex who insist upon reasoning by logical processes and competing with men in bread-winning avocations, will not be great enough to afford him legitimate distress. Take care of your men, Mr. Allen, and your women won't have to take care of themselves. And if they don't have to, they won't do it. The fact that some women who have no one else to take care of them are taught to take care of themselves seems a remote reason for alarm. A woman even with blunted intuitions is better than a woman under six feet of earth.

APPROPOS of successful achievement, it has been said that those who succeed are those who go on after they are tired. The observation bears a family likeness to the one about genius being the capacity for taking infinite pains, and both amount simply to this, that the people who arrive are those who don't have to stop until they get there. To many of us it happens that there are bits of thought—sometimes they are bits of verse—that come into the mind when it is too tired to follow them up. It can just grasp them and go no further. Such waifs are like the feathers that enthusiastic little boys who chase chickens on the farm find in their hands when the bird that they have almost run down gets away. Cuvier, they say, could construct a whole skeleton from a single bone, but it isn't told even of him that he could fix up a whole chicken from a few tail-feathers. Nevertheless, these intellectual relics are not to be wholly despised. Feathers that do not assume to be complete birds may still have a secondary sort of merit as feathers.

An odd lot of such strays that turned up the other day in the corner of a drawer, included some *pennæ* that in hands entirely great might have come to something. One that seems to have been begotten of an inquiry into the grounds of contemporary renown makes such an appearance as this :

So mixed it is, a body hardly knows
If fame is manufactured goods, or grows.
Douce man is he whose sense the point imparts
Where advertising ends and glory starts.

Another grasp of plumage, gleaned, it would seem, in another chase after this same bird, disclosed this :

And here the difference lies, in that, whereas
What a man did was measure of his glory
In those gone days, now gauged by what he has
He reads his title clear to rank in story.

The patriot lives, obscure, without alarms ;
The poet, critics tell us, smoothly twaddles.
The patent-tonic man it is who storms
The heights of noise, and fame's high rafter straddles !
Soap is the stuff—

With the rest of that last broken feather
the bird in the hand became the bird in the
bush. In the next lot :

No saint's physiognomy goes to my soul
Like the features that beam from that brown aureole—

suggests a quest after some female bird ;
and this also seems to belong to the same
theme :

More welcome than shade on a hot summer day
Is the shadow she casts when she's coming my way.
You can see she's a goddess ! Just look at her walk !
I own I adore her : there's bones in her talk !
Defend me from virgins whose talking is tattle,
Whose ears are mere trash-bins, whose tongues merely
rattle ;
Whose brains are but mush, and their judgment a sieve—
Invertebrate discourse is all they can give.
What profits mere beauty where intellect fails ?
Oh, give me the woman whose mind will hold nails !

That was quite a grasp of plumage to be
sure.

When the tennis ball skims by the fault-finding net
is an odd feather from some fleet male
bird, perhaps, who got easily away.

Not as dry as vast Sahara,
Just a sand-bank in July,

suggests a parched throat, and seems masculine too ; and so does the sudden terminal curve of

One cannot be a dying swan
Offhand.

It seems as if there might still be fun enough in some of the birds that shed these things to pay for another chase, if only one could get sight of them. The worst of these fowl though, is that the best feathers and the longest legs seem to go together. It takes quick steps and a power of endeavor to catch ostriches.





DRAWN BY E. H. BLASHFIELD.

ENGRAVED BY WITTE.

EXQUISITES OF D'ARTAGNAN'S TIME.
[The Gardens of the Luxembourg.]

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

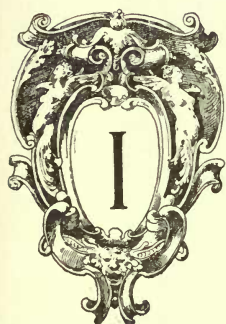
VOL. VIII.

AUGUST, 1890.

No. 2.

THE PARIS OF THE THREE MUSKETEERS.

By E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.



IN laying down the sixth volume of the *Vicomte de Bragelonne*, after following D'Artagnan from when the Gascon stripling rides into Meung upon his father's cherished "orange-colored horse" to where the grizzled captain dies Marshal of France, his baton broken by the shot which shatters his breast, one feels that the friends with whom one has fought and galloped through eleven volumes must be real. Our thoughts still linger in the antechambers of the Louvre, the shaded walks of Fontainebleau, the hostilities of the Boulogne road. The hoof-beats have not quite died away, the swords are not yet quite quiet in their scabbards; we remember gallants and ladies laced and beribboned, and turn regretfully to modern streets, where all the world seems to have gone into mourning, as if the great cardinal had just issued another sumptuary law and sent the silks and satins of puce and *cramoisi* to join the gold galleons and velvets of other edicts. But a moment ago and D'Artagnan was at our elbow; Richelieu in the *Palais Royal*; a little Louis XIV. at play in the garden of the *Tuileries*; but the book is closed—the musketeer who has so long stood sentry, keeping the door of the past against the present, fades away and follows king, cardinal,

and captain into retirement, in the quiet National Library, where behind the dusty glasses of the cases the leonine wigs still curl, the laces still flow over the armor, in the extension of life which the cunning burin of Nanteuil has accorded them. If the people are gone, their town, at least in part, remains, and their memory with it; the monuments stand on the squares, soldier and magistrate alike shine in marble in the dusky church corner, and we may follow in the footsteps of Athos and Porthos, Aramis and D'Artagnan about that Paris of Louis XIII. which still shows in the older quarters of the city of to-day like some ancient manuscript beneath the commonplace accounts of daily life that later men have written there.

The epoch of 1627 to 1660 in France, the background against which Dumas's heroes stand, was not a noble one. The spirit of the Renaissance, the reawakening of thought and inquiry, had done its work in the south, and sweeping northward stood triumphant and portentous in England, Holland, and Sweden, before the laurelled helmets that followed Cromwell and Gustavus Adolphus. In Italy, Spain and France, grand adventure, the quest of continents, the discovery of new worlds, had degenerated into the petty exploits of the duellist and intriguer, and in them the seventeenth century stands like a stagnant marsh between the mighty river of the Renaissance and the torrent of the Revolution.

One vigorous personality was born of these new conditions. Out of the dull

emptiness of the times, out of the dreary record of aimless conspiracies, invasions, famines, and persecutions, springs a striking figure, cloaked, boot-

its opposite sides the king had buckled firmly with two great châteaux—a castle palace to hold himself, the Louvre; a castle prison to hold his ene-



Costume of Musketeers in the Time of Bragelonne.
(With Louvre in seventeenth century.)

ed, and spurred, his hand on his rapier, his moustachios turned straight up to heaven, ready to ride, to drink, to fight; gay, fearless, honorable, according to his code, a material and very individual type, which we call to all time the cavalier—the type of Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan—the darling of his age, and realizing daily its one supreme ideal, “un beau coup d'épée,” a good sword-stroke. This type Dumas has multiplied into a quadruple fascies of human achievement; his heroes ride through a cycle of eleven volumes, with Richelieu before La Rochelle, with Charles I. in England, with the court of the young Louis XIV. at Fontainebleau and St. Germain, and above all in Paris.

This Paris of the Musketeers was a small city; a crowded, thickset town, bristling with towers, still wearing its girdle of ramparts, a girdle which upon

mies, the Bastille. The latter is gone, and the former would not be recognized by our Musketeers could they see it now. Even before their time it had begun to throw off its feudal gloom and appear in Renaissance cheerfulness, just as the gentlemen who rode with D'Artagnan cast away the heavy cuirass of olden times and went to the assault in cloak and doublet; but it still, in place of the long galleries we see to-day, kept walls, gates, and battlements, and was a fortress. Between the Louvre and the frowning eastern sentinel, the Bastille, lay the town. There the burghesses worked and married and buried, in their net-work of tiny streets, threaded at tolerably regular intervals by long, narrow thoroughfares, named after the saints, or those scarcely less great personages the nobles, packed with houses crowding together till they seemed strug-

gling up on each other's shoulders to get out of the press, and glad enough of the breathing space given them now and then by some convent garden ; for although convents were plentiful, they were generally pushed out a little upon the skirts of commerce, and with their long, blank, garden-walls made streets ugly by day and dangerous by night in their convenience for the foot-pad and assassin. Paris still had its triple divis-

venerable assemblage of colleges, and where the architects were hard at work upon a new Paris, building the Sorbonne for Richelieu, the Luxembourg for the queen-mother, and laying the foundations of St. Sulpice.

The city upon its island—venerable descendant of the Lutetia of the Parisii, august with the double headship of Church and State, bearing at once the crosier and the mace, the cathedral and



A Street of Old Paris.

ion of town, city, and university ; the last lay to the south of the Seine, about the mountain of Saint Geneviève, where the school of Abélard had grown into a

the Palace of Justice—was a mass of towers and pinnacles.

There the mother church of Notre Dame rose above Paris, not as now on its

Notre Dame, or the Luxembourg. But the narrow tortuous lanes of the old times are inconvenient for circulation ; he is driven along the main arteries and hardly sees the historic streets at all. He may live for years in Paris and never pass through them ; his cab-driver knows but avoids them ; while to him, as to the modern Parisienne, the Louvre means the grands magasins du Louvre. These are the high altars of feminine adoration, and to many visitors their line of *nouveautés* far outshines the dimmed splendor of the historic fleurs-de-lys in the great building opposite, and the quarter is consecrated rather by bargains than by recollections. And yet this old Paris is vastly interesting and easy to visit too ; D'Artagnan would have stared at its modern map, and would hardly have found the city of 1648 upon it ; for of the one hundred

bank of the Seine cut straight across the garden of the Tuileries, sliced off a corner of the present Palais Royal gardens, ran northeast to the boulevards, then really what their name signifies—fortified ramparts—and followed them to the Bastille. Even during the youth of the Musketeers these walls had grown elastic, and sieges of great cities were out of fashion ; Henry II. had lowered the walls, and Richelieu breached them to make way for the Palais Cardinal, which his last will changed into the Palais Royal and property of the king. The bourgeois life had flowed over the ramparts long since, or struggled out through the fortified gates into the faubourgs, but it is mainly within their antique limits that the old houses are found to-day, by hundreds, from the Bastille to the Louvre, and from the Boulevard St. Denis to St. Germain des Prés ; they



The "Coucher du Roi."

and eight or so of ruled squares, which barely include the metropolis of to-day, a dozen cover the town of the Musketeers, the walls of which upon the right

are easily recognizable, for they thrust themselves out at the girdle like the gentlemen and ladies who wore the wadded gowns and doublets of 1627. Look at

the people in the engravings of Bosse, see how they all hold themselves, bending backward from the waist; then glance down some old street, and where

his houses were lined and squared by Lemercier and Mansart. On all sides you find these old buildings sheltering their modern shops in the dull little Rue



Costume of the Corps of the Black Musketeers.
(In the time of Richelieu.)

the houses lean back like so many buttresses, there you may be sure the cavalier walked and rode and drank. In and out the houses straggle, nowise in line, like the soldiers of Louis XIII., where every man wore what uniform he pleased so that he fought; while the troops of Louis XIV. were struck all arow and alike by the drill-sergeant's staff, just as

Guénégaud, where Athos stopped in 1648, at the sign of the Grand Charlemagne; in the Rue de Vieux Colombier, where the Odéon busses rattle under the towers of St. Sulpice, and where Athos again, in 1660, with the young Bragelonne, put up his horses in a quarter of shops filled to-day with church appurtenances, chalices, fonts, and candlesticks

that would have furnished forth Aramis in his Breton bishopric, and with haloed statues much like the image de Notre Dame above the door of D'Artagnan's cabaret of the Place de Grève. There are still windows looking upon the statue of Henry IV. that may have seen Harcourt and Fontrailles hiding on the crupper of the great bronze horse to steal the burghers' cloaks; narrow streets in the Marais that echoed the scuffle when the gentlemen banded themselves together to rid the quarter of Marion Delorme of the foot-pads that infested it. The ancient façades are plentiful still about the central markets, and their ancient owners are remembered. Colbert kneels in marble in St. Eustache, and there are tablets and busts upon old houses to Molière and to Rousseau. Jean Goujon's lovely fountain still stands a monument to him in the Place des Innocents close by, though the ribbon shops are gone which in D'Artagnan's days did a thriving business right upon the charnel-houses that surrounded the square, showing openly their piles of grinning skulls to a populace which still inherited the mediæval and ghastly combination of indifference to, and fascination for, mortuary signs.

Thickest of all these souvenirs in stone and mortar stand in the part of the town which lies between the Hôtel de Ville and the Bastille, and where the little shops of a now humble quarter have burrowed into battered remains of stately old palaces, like Samson's bees in the carcass of the lion. The Renaissance goddesses, who saw the great King Henry walking with his minister in the sumptuous courtyard of the Hôtel de Sully, now see the washerwomen hanging their linen upon the heavy carving of its façades; school-boys play under the masks and friezes of the Hôtel d'Ormesson, and girls behind the gorgeous restored sculptures of the Lavalette. Between the Gothic towers of the palace of the Archbishops of Sens is a sign in huge letters, "to let for commerce or manufactures;" while the tower of John the Fearless, rising from that famous Hôtel de Bourgogne, theatre of Mazarin's Italian comedians, now also forms part of a school and is shored up with great beams. Only the lovely Hôtel Carnavalet has continued

to be worthy of its ancient memories, though its mistress from 1689 to 1696, the charming Madame de Sévigné, would have been strangely surprised to see this shelter of whole lines of nobles turned into a "Museum of the French Revolution;" her genealogical tree made to furnish wood to house the axe that was laid to its root. These old streets have changed so little that it is easy to half shut the eyes and see them as they were; the Rue Tiquetonne, for instance, where D'Artagnan lived. Time, that deadly duellist, has let rapier holes through old Paris, and has opened the wide Rue Turbigo from the central markets to the Place de la République, but the Rue Tiquetonne has just escaped. There are wine-shops galore in it; indeed they flourish throughout the city. The blue blouses of to-day press about the thick glass tumblers as eagerly as the buff coats and ribboned pourpoints leaned over the tables where the wooden mugs and pewter tankards were spread. They are old, old shops, some of them; drooping feathers of wide felt hats have dragged in the wine lees on their benches, and great spurs have clinked over their door-sills; in one corner is a triangular, vine-covered, balconied roof where Athos and Porthos have certainly sat drinking toward sunset, and watched for D'Artagnan to come riding along the street to the sign of the Kid. It was a pleasant enough place, doubtless, to look down from upon seventeenth-century life, for then the little streets were thoroughfares, and below our Musketeers was the whole jostle and push of Paris—the street venders with their wares; the page carrying his master's falcon to be dosed; the long-gowned magistrate, his books borne before him by his lackey; the monk, haggling with the cobbler over the price of his patched sandal; the provost-guard, gay in the particolored blue and white and red of the city's livery; ladies in high-hipped gowns; exquisites with lace covering even the seams of their garments, and treading carefully on high pattens, strapped under soft boots, from the funnel-like tops of which cascades of lace escaped—boots bearing always the heavy spurs, sometimes of massive silver, and "changing often with the fashion," since it was an equestrian

age, and these cavaliers, horseless, but all astride the hobby of dandyism, would as soon have worn their scabbards without swords as their boots without spurs. Sometimes a glittering squadron of gendarmes passed, covered with steel from head to knee in the last survival of armor, in deference to royal prejudice, despite a soldiery who hated it for its weight, and above all for the destruction which the visored helmet caused to the long locks that floated upon the shoulders of gentleman and burgess alike, and to the fierce mustachios, turned straight upward by assiduous use of that little instrument called the *bigotera*, and which one sees borne by Cupid behind the hearse in Voiture's Funeral of the Dandy.

Take the Rue St. Denis of to-day, suppress the sidewalks and almost suppress the pavement, fill the windows with swinging signs, touch the huge Parisian omnibus with a Cinderella's wand till it becomes the gilded coach of Louis XIV., diminish the number of vehicles, increase that of the horsemen, and you have the Rue St. Denis of Richelieu and Mazarin. By the middle of the seventeenth century chariots, as they were called, lumbered about the streets in such increased numbers as greatly surprised Bassompierre, returning from the Bastille after years of imprisonment, for Fiacre had commenced to let cabs and had given them his name, and soon philosophy, turning aside to the economic problem of cheap transportation, a "*Pensée*" of Pascal was presented to the world in the shape of the omnibus, or *carrosse à cinq sous*. The Duc de Roannez in 1661 exploited this *Pensée*; but although business in many forms was permitted to the great, provided it bore the name of Privilege, the omnibus soon fell into disfavor—"the century was not yet ripe for the principle of equality it involved." The private carriages, or chariots, were huge vehicles seating eight or more comfortably; such was the one, so eagerly watched by the Musketeers as it was driven at full gallop along the Faubourg St. Antoine, from the gate to the Carmelites' Convent, with poor little Madame Bonacieux peeping from its window—a huge machine of wood, and leather, and great nails, and Genoa velvet

curtains, with its wheels inordinately far apart, a perambulating room big enough for a whole family. The later coaches—which rolled out daily to St. Germain or Fontainebleau in long procession of six horses to each, the queens and maids of honor within, the young Louis riding at the portière of La Vallière—were equally large, but masterpieces of elegance in detail, and may still be seen at the Museum of Cluny or in the stables of Versailles. The Rue St. Denis often heard the trumpets of the Maison du Roi, and saw the famous company, called, from the color of their horses, the Black Musketeers, riding, one hundred gentlemen in files of four, with Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan in the ranks, their renowned captain, Monsieur de Tréville—right hand of the King and redoubted enemy of two cardinals—in advance, and just behind the scarlet casques of the trumpeters. At first they were the Royal Carbineers, but soon carried the musket, and under their third commander, Monsieur de Tréville, or Troisvilles, to whom we are introduced in the first chapters of the Musketeers, they became the famous corps of the story—pre-eminently a *corps d'élite*. Sons of dukes enlisted as privates, and D'Artagnan is careful to tell us more than once that the captain of the King's Musketeers had precedence of the marshals of France.

Their equipment was splendid, its distinctive sign being a light blue casaque with a large silver cross on breast, back, and sleeves; they also wore the wide plumed hat, and the high soft boot reaching the thigh, while in Bragelonne's time they already had the stiff jack-boots—those enormous boots which ran after the English at Fontenoy and away from them at Blenheim; which splashed through Flanders, tramped into hostleries and over battle-fields, and bestrode the horses of Vandermeulen's pictures.

Tréville was the avowed enemy of Richelieu, Mazarin inherited the quarrel, and succeeded, in the time elapsing between the novels of the Musketeers and Twenty years after, in breaking and dismissing the company. But Louis XIV. soon reinstated it, adding a second squadron, of which he was the titular captain, and which made a brave show

in 1660 at his entry into Paris, when the real D'Artagnan of the memoirs tells us that his horse wore a small fortune in ribbons.

The spot which has changed the least in all the city since the Musketeers met there in 1647, after twenty years of separation, is the sunny, spacious Place Royale, now Place des Vosges. It was the resort of fashionable Paris in the days of Louis the Just. On the site of the old Palais des Tournelles, destroyed by Catherine de Medici after her young husband met his death there from Montgomeri's splintered lance, Henry IV. built the quadrangle of houses which remain unchanged since the workmen set the medallion of the great King's kindly, bearded face against the central façade, or since a certain Marie Rabutin de Chantal opened her eyes on the world in one of these same hotels. The equestrian statue of Louis XIII., half nude and heroic, with tunic and buskins, rode there in marble in D'Artagnan's time, just as the modern copy does to-day, flecked by the sunlight through the trees that cluster thickly about it. The sullen Medicean face under its flowing hair looks over the gay flower-beds, the fountains, and the long line of steep gray roofs toward the little Church of the Visitation, where Mademoiselle de la Fayette, the only woman poor Louis ever loved, took the veil.

Under the arcades about the quadrangle are fascinating glimpses into quiet courts where caged birds sing in the sun and plants stand about fountains, where Bosse's coquettish maid-servants might fill their pewter nipperkins: courts that suggest a score of pictures. A languid *précieuse* should lean from the casement between the Renaissance masks and scroll-work; Mascarille and Scapin wait for Dorante and Léandre; gilded coaches roll under the portal, or a swaggering cavalier with a cartel lounges at the door. The whole square is a picture even to-day, when children play where gentlemen once fought; retired grocers and linen-draper read their newspapers under the trees, and Monsieur Prud'homme laughs over his *Figaro*, where Malherbe and Ninon walked and talked. The high-pitched roofs, crowning the old pink and yellow

and brown façades, are exquisitely delicate and soft in color; and over it all, above the gray velvet of the house-tops, is the pearly, low-lying sky so familiar to lovers of Paris.

Aramis's fashionable world was true to its own dominant passion in choosing the Place Royale for its duels and its promenades. From the early sixteenth century the Square had been a place of combat, the closed lists of the tournament; and bloody memories clung to it, which endeared it to the cavaliers. There Henry II. was killed, there the bravest mignons of Henry III. fell in the famous duel with Anjou's gentlemen, and were buried near by in the church of St. Paul—St. Louis, with great pomp, disconsolate royalty writing their epitaph. There—in D'Artagnan's own day, and in defiance of the king's edict, dictated by Richelieu, and sorely needed at a time when, in twenty years (ten of which were spent in active warfare), more French gentlemen had been killed in the duel than by the enemy—the Counts of Boutteville and Chapelle, out of pure bravado, fought under the placarded edict, and afterward expiated their disobedience on the scaffold. Later, and under a milder rule, came the blonde Duchesse de Longueville and Madame de Montbazou, rival Frondeuses, to watch the encounter between their respective admirers, Guise and Coligny. Fortune, as usual, smiled on the Venus of the Fronde, whose lover, Guise, ran his opponent through. But it was not only the swashbucklers who haunted the place; on pleasant days, after the early dinner, it was filled with the fine flower of seventeenth-century Paris. Marion Delorme aired her priceless laces under the arcades; on the Square, Beautru, the unbeliever, saluted the crucifix as it passed, and when a friend exclaimed, "What, Beautru, are you then on better terms with the Lord?" replied, "Oh! we bow, but we don't speak." In spite of his atheism Beautru was a royal favorite, as under Louis XIII., says La Bruyère, the courtier wore his own hair and was a free-thinker, while under his successor he wore a wig and was a devotee; Madame Scarron, who was to work this great change and "make religion the fashion,"

often crossed the Place on her way to and from the little apartment where her crippled husband ruled over polite Paris at those famous suppers where witticisms replaced roasts. Arthénice, foundress of the first French *salon* and mistress of the celebrated Hôtel Rambouillet, seldom came to the Square, for she rarely left the house that she had planned and built for herself and her circle of wits, and which served as model for the Luxembourg and half the fine hotels of Paris. In the Place Royale Bussy Rabutin paid his court to lovely Madame Miramion before he carried her off by force, like a hero or a villain of romance, and before our brave D'Artagnan, the real Charles de Batz de Castelmoré of the memoirs, rescued her. Bassompierre found many new things besides the carriages when he came there from the Bastille, after the long imprisonment, which must have been a sad trial to one so handsome, so elegant, and so witty that young men with pretensions to fashion or beauty were called Bassompierres.

He was sadly out of fashion, however, until his first interview with the court tailor, for since he was king of the mode costume had undergone a radical change, and no doubt he found it hard to admire his successors. Foremost among them was Cadenet, Comte de Chaulnes, the first to wear the beribboned love-lock much longer than the rest of the hair, which instantly became popular and was called, in his honor, the *Cadenette*, as befitted a discovery which was the most famous exploit of this marshal of France. A little later another exquisite, the Duke of Harcourt, in whose suite the historic D'Artagnan went to England, appeared in the Place Royale with a great pearl in his left ear. Next day the price of pearls was doubled, and all the barber-surgeons in Paris were busy. Even the grave Charles Stuart of England followed this fashion when he sat to Vandyck; its inventor was nicknamed *Cadet la Perle*, and when Mignard painted him in cuirass and sword-belt, he did not forget the famous ear-ring. Dandies are generally brave, and these gentlemen, recklessly careless of their lives, were extremely careful of their complexions, and spared no pains to

soften and whiten the skin which they constantly risked in the duel; the hands that wielded sword and dagger were as smooth as a lady's, and dashing swordsmen slept in curl papers like Bob Acres.

"Carving the fashion of a new doublet," ordering laces in the Palais Royal, pondering over the choice of a ribbon or the setting of a jewel, occupied a large portion of a gentleman's time. A cavalier was no more ashamed of his love of dress or his use of cosmetics than is a modern Parisienne; and the cyprus scent, almond powder, and Spanish vermilion on his toilet-table did not prevent his risking life and limb in the service of his king or the defence of his honor. The French gentleman was far more mediæval than the burgess; and his ideas in regard to that same honor, in what it consisted and how it should be preserved, were some of them worthy of Don Quixote himself. To keep it, as he imagined, untarnished, he who had talked high-flown *Phœbus* with the *précieuses* overnight, would often, in the early morning, steal through the Place, his face muffled in his cloak, his plumed felt hat drawn well over the eyes, on his way to the deserted banks of the Seine, or the quiet stretch behind the convent of the barefooted Carmelites, where our friends first learned to know D'Artagnan, and from such an errand he sometimes came back still more quietly, feet foremost, borne upon the shoulders of his lackeys. Young blood was hot indeed which needed such a deal of phlebotomy, and society in a strange condition when the duel was not only a noble pastime, but, as a descendant of the old judicial combat, a criterion of truth, the only means of ascertaining which of two opinions was the correct one. Every difficulty was then a Gordian knot to be untied in the true Alexandrian manner, and cold steel was the sharpest and keenest of arguments, cutting through all sophistries and thrusting conviction home to the most obdurate. The pen was not yet mightier than the sword; there was no writing to *The Times* then; no "personal interviewing" concerning private grievance, no pettifoggery among gentlemen; all differences, from creeds to the tying of shoe-knots, could only be



A Casual Encounter.

settled in one way, and the cavalier used his sword as instinctively as the insect his sting.

But the moment the combatants met

refusal by accompanying it with twelve pots of cypress powder and six bottles of orange-flower water. These generals were worthy ancestors of the men who,



"Do you bite your tongue at me, sir?"

the plumed hats swept the ground in courteous salutation; the compliments crossed each other like rapiers; it was not until one of them was fairly conquered in gracious speech that the steel was unsheathed to take its part in this dual fence of word and weapons, for if they believed, like true Moslems, that "Paradise is found in the shadow of crossing swords," they had learned from the Spaniards the niceties of oriental politeness as well. These exchanges of civility often preceded the larger duel of the battle-field, and men who were to meet as enemies on the morrow vied with each other in courtesies.

During the siege of Lerida the commandant of that place sent ices and oranges every day to Condé, and at La Rochelle Buckingham presented Toiras with a dozen melons, and invited him to capitulate; while the latter sweetened his

at Fontenoy, hat in hand, saluted the English with, "*Messieurs de la Garde, tirez les premiers.*"

The cavalier has led us a long way from the Place Royale, where he sauntered and chatted and made love in a certain stately fashion, carefully following the "*carte du Tendre*," that famous map of the region of tender sentiments, where every stage of the grand passion was indicated, from its birth in "the hamlet of Delicate Attentions" to its death in the "cold Lake of Indifference" or its attainment of supreme felicity on the "Mountain of Reciprocated Affection." A typical example of the feminine counterpart of the cavalier, who shared with him the study of the *carte*, was Marie de Rohan, Duchesse de Chevreuse. No personality of the time is more characteristic or better known than hers. Confidante of Anne of Aus-

tria, friend of Buckingham, enemy of Richelieu, and catspaw of Spanish plotters, she played a leading part in the events of two reigns. Intrigue in person (and such a pretty person), conspiracy incarnate, giving more trouble to Richelieu and Mazarin than half a dozen Chalais or Beauforts; fertile in expedient as D'Artagnan's self, a hard rider, an expert in the use of sword and pistol, wearing hose and doublet as often and as gracefully as gown and kirtle, the Frondeuse was a perverse and fascinating personality, whom no historian of the seventeenth century can ignore, and who often was a prime mover of events. She was no Clorinda, in spite of her manly accomplishments, but, light as a bit of thistle-down, floated on the wind of every caprice, and, utterly lacking in principle or continuity of purpose, used her lovers like so many chessmen in the desperate games of chance in which she delighted, outwitting the cardinals with the joyous inconsequence of a child, and snarling European politics as lightly as she would tangle a skein of embroidery silk. Under Richelieu their scope was limited, but during the reign of his weaker successor Mesdames Chevreuse, Longueville, Bouillon, and Mademoiselle were the queens of Paris and the Fronde.

They were the acknowledged leaders of faction. To please Madame de Longueville Turenne deserted the Royalists and served the Spaniard. After the surren-

der of Péronne the Maréchal d'Hocquincourt wrote to Madame de Montbazon, "*Péronne est à la belle des belles.*" Gaston d'Orléans sent a letter to the Frondeuses addressed to "*Mesdames les comtesses, maréchales de camp dans l'armée de ma fille contre le Mazarin.*" This same daughter, "*la grande Mademoiselle,*" when the Parliament and the Princes refused to succor Condé, fighting at St. Antoine, opened the gates of Paris to the wounded and the fugitives, and hurrying to the Bastille turned its guns on the Royal army, though "that cannon-shot killed her husband," as Mazarin said, alluding to the projected marriage



A. Précieuse.

(A lady receiving in bed and playing cards with her visitors in one of the revelles or alcoves of the time—the bed drawn from that of Queen Anne of Austria at Fontainebleau.)

between Mademoiselle and her cousin, Louis XIV., which this bold act of hers rendered impossible.

No picture of the Place Royale would

be complete without one of these Amazons ; but when she wore the buff boots and the cavalier's cloak, and rode with pistols in her holsters and a Spanish letter stitched into the lining of her doublet, Madame de Chevreuse, or de Longueville, would not have cared to pass through its gay crowds. When the "Frondeuse Duchesse," as D'Artagnan called her, strolled with her train of admirers, heroes of the sword and the pen—Condé, Conti, Turenne, and Marcellac Duc de la Rochefoucauld, better known to posterity as the brilliant author of the "Maxims,"—she wore some such guise as that in which Nanteuil engraved her. Less stared at than Beaufort, whose massive shoulders and yellow curls

Balzac, Malherbe (fortified against the cold by three doublets and eleven pairs of stockings), the young Corneille, Richelieu's first academicians ; Mademoiselle de Scudéri, authoress of the famous novels "Cyrus" and "Clélie ;" and Mademoiselle de Gournay, whom posterity remembers not because she wrote the "Ombre," but because her cat Piaillon and its four kittens were pensioned by Richelieu.

In striking contrast to the jolly clerics of the type of Aramis or De Retz, an ominous figure sometimes crossed the Place, generally trudging along on foot as befitted a poor monk. As he approached the gay groups voices were hushed, the ladies bent low in billowy



A Te Deum at Notre Dame.
(Street costumes of 1648, the Epoch of "Vingt ans après.")

made him the idol of the market-women, or his friend De Retz, the plotting Archbishop of Paris, "the least clerical of men," a whole Parnassus of poets passed on their way to the famous blue-room of the Hôtel Rambouillet : Voiture,

courtesies, the cavaliers' feathers touched the ground in lowest obeisance before his gray Eminence the Cardinal's retriever. Galling indeed this deference must have been to the proud Bishop of Noyon, Clermont-Tonnerre, who, when

very ill, prayed God to have mercy on his greatness, and who, when saying mass, rebuked some young men who were chatting together, with "How now, gentlemen, do you think it is a

Prodigal Sons, these allegorical figures of the Four Elements, or the Seven Temporal Works of Mercy, all in contemporary costume, the artist's patrons admired their own types and fashions.



Court Costume of the period of Bragelonne, 1658.

lackey who is saying mass for you?" Another more amiable clerical figure was that of the young Bossuet, who, at the age of twelve read his first sermon at the Hôtel Rambouillet one evening after midnight, and of whom Voiture said: "I have never before seen anyone preach so early or so late."

Though the nobles loved the Place Royale, royalty walked in state in the pleasaunce of the Luxembourg or the courts of the Louvre, and Richelieu and Mazarin preferred the quiet, green gardens of the Palais Cardinal; but there is one garden wherein nobles, cardinals, and royalty may be seen side by side, that "*Jardin de la Noblesse Française, dans lequel ce peut cueillir leur manière de Vêtements,*" for which Abraham Bosse, "*avec privilège du Roi,*" collected the brightest flowers. To-day we find them pressed between the thick leaves, yellowed by time, of huge red folios blazoned dimly with tarnished fleurs-de-llys. In these precious old engravings, these Wise and Foolish Virgins, and

Here we find Aramis in church, elegantly devout, one knee on his velvet hassock, his dainty breviary under his arm, or offering the holy water to some fair penitent; in a group of the "Guards of his most Christian Majesty" D'Artagnan twists his moustachios with a conquering air; Miladi smiles, and waves her fan in the middle of a dance; Madame Bonacieux trips through a busy street with a black mask over her pretty face, and a letter in her beribboned bodice; in a wainscoted tapestried chamber, the leaded casement carefully closed, the huge door securely locked, Porthos's miserly flame counts her money; the handsome noble giving alms at the door of a pleasant country house we like to believe is Athos, at Blois; and we are sure that Porthos is the host who, with Mousqueton behind his chair, presides over the well-spread table in the "Banquet of Dives."

It is pleasant to think that, perhaps, D'Artagnan may have seen and handled these very engravings on his way across



Conspiracy.

the Pont Neuf, or through the Cemetery of the Innocents, where they were sold, hung up in long rows like penny ballads, with a curious crowd before them.

If we would make our bow at court, look at kings and queens and nobles, prim and stately, pranked out in coronation robes and family jewels, Nanteuil will introduce us to the royal presence; and if we love aristocrats superbly costumed and posed, we may study Mignard's portraits. Bosse's are more familiar and homely, with but little of the grand air; his Anne of Austria has none of the beauty which bewitched Buckingham. The engraver could do but little with the dominant nose, the weak,

retreating chin, and the full under-lip, so characteristic of her house, for her charm was all in her coloring, in the satin skin, the radiant complexion, and "the prettiest hand and arm in France," which the full half-sleeves, bordered with fine lace, set off admirably. She was quite aware of these advantages, and to the end of her life clung to the broad collars and cuffs that enhanced her fairness; it was not until she was over forty years old that the long mornings in bed, and the four hearty meals a day in which she delighted, transformed Buckingham's blonde goddess into a "*grosse suisse*," according to De Retz, who in paying his court to her received

the following advice from Madame de Chevreuse : Lose yourself in admiration of her fine skin and her pretty hand, and you can do what you like with her."

Louis XIII.'s thin, dark, melancholy face is a striking contrast to Anne's rounded fairness ; very Medicean is the long chin, the aquiline nose, the hollow, dark eyes, in which there is no trace of the kindly, debonair Henry IV. Always ill, and always taking medicine, caring only for the chase, from which he was often debarred by his poor health, surrounded by household enemies—a wife, mother, and brother who constantly plotted against his throne and even his life—he saw his own creatures, his favorites and friends, join in the conspiracies against him, and the woman he loved, the young Demoiselle de la Fayette, frightened into a convent to become an agent of the Queen's party. He was a true Medici in caprice, indifference, and lack of affection ; "Cinq-Mars is making an ugly face," he said, tranquilly, when his old favorite mounted the scaffold ; and his sole comment on the death of Richelieu, his only friend, was : "A great politician is dead." With the same quiet indifference he appointed regent for his son the woman who had always been his own and his country's enemy, and when, a few days before his death, he asked the dauphin, who had just been baptized, what his name was, and the child answered, "Louis XIV.," the father only replied, gently, "Not yet." It was but a poor phantom of royalty that the brave Musketeers loved and served.

Bosse's Mazarin—portly, handsome, sly-looking—must have been a much better portrait of "L' illustrissimo facchino" than the sentimental prelate of the Louvre ; his Louis XIV. is a Spanish Infante, with muttoney cheeks and a round dot of a nose ; very Austrian indeed he looks ; there is no resemblance to his thin, hypochondriacal father in the round, chubby face of Dieudonné, before Victory and a wig had crowned him. Philippe de Champagne painted Richelieu in his cardinal's robe ; the vivid scarlet makes the pale face ashy ; the sunken cheeks and hollow eyes show what a wreck, physically, was

the man who carried out the policy of the great Henry, and saved France from the fate of Austria and Spain. History shows us that our brave Musketeers fought on the wrong side, but many a young noble erred with them, and regarding Anne as a wronged and neglected wife, acclaimed in her the *Chimène* of Corneille's "Cid ;" Spanish romance, Spanish Jesuitry, Spanish bombast were the order of the day, and how could a Spanish queen, with such a fine complexion and such pretty partisans as Mesdames Hauteville, Fargis, and Chevreuse fail to appeal to the chivalry of the youth of France ? Condé's fierce, foolish face ; Turenne's noble and beautiful head ; lazy, laughing Madame de Longueville, the sorry heroes of the Fronde, the wits, and the beauties, and the scholars are all familiar to us through the fine engravings of the National Library, the monuments, busts, and portraits of the Louvre and Versailles. The English characters—Buckingham, Charles I., Henrietta Maria—Van Dyck painted more than once, lending his noble sitters something of the graceful languor, the unthinking melancholy of the high-bred hounds he so often placed beside them, and Lely's portraits of the merry monarch, and the dishevelled nymphs, "his seven councillors," remain to show how the standard of beauty changes from age to age.

For the backgrounds of his stories Dumas went naturally to the epoch of intrigue, his *mots de la fin* would not easily have come from the bars of a helmet in the rougher older days ; it is the thrust of the rapier he loves rather than the downright blow of the heavy sword, the *coup d'estoc* rather than the *coup de taille*. His is the true drama *de cape et d'épée*, as the French have always called it, and his dialogue is its exponent—the cloak to dissimulate, the sword to attack and defend. The whole epoch of Louis XIII. and of Mazarin was mask and dagger, conspiracy and duel. Dumas leads us among a gilded *dramatis personæ* ; he loves a noble, and though he distrusted princes the blood royal was never quite a common ichor to him. Friend and biographer of Garibaldi though he was, his artist side responded eagerly to the picturesque of the court. Chivalry and



A FRONDEUSE

(Woman's costume of the time of the Fronde—the frame from an engraving of the epoch.)

generosity, the generosity which is akin to lavishness, the courage that borders on temerity, were his favorite virtues. He defends Fouquet and detests Colbert; likes the financier who spends, not the financier who saves; and sympathizes thoroughly with that same ideal of the time, good swordsmanship. The intrigues of Richelieu and the nobles, the English Revolution, the Fronde, and the accession of the young Louis XIV. were all excellent material for the novelist, and if those who attribute impossible romancing to Dumas will follow French history, page for page, with the Musketeers, with the Dame de Monsoreau, and the Quarante-cinq, they will be equally surprised at the closeness with which he adheres to historical facts, the adroitness with which he uses real events, the cleverness with which he departs from them. His imagination has the better of it certainly in some cases, when he makes a wit of Louis XIV., and a sad and lofty hero of Charles II.; but the events are generally furnished by history. There are a good many incidents to a chapter, it is true, and some may agree with the child who, speaking of that boy D'Artagnan, the delightful Tom Sawyer, said: "I think those things might happen to a good many different boys, but I don't know if they'd all happen to just *one* boy." The justice of even this criticism, as applied to a book of Dumas, may be doubted on reading the memoirs of De Retz, or of Charles de Batz de Castelmoré, Chevalier D'Artagnan. Dumas was a Bonaparte in fiction; his heroes were always busy, always there before the enemy, and he never objected to a multiplicity of events, like that old German officer who said of Napoleon: "We used to march and countermarch all summer long without gaining or losing a square mile; and now comes an ignorant, hot-headed, young man, who flies about from Boulogne to Ulm, and from Ulm to the middle of Moravia, and fights battles in December; the whole system of his tactics is monstrously incorrect."

Our Musketeers, who are as reprehensibly active, are always fighting on the wrong side from the moment they are presented to us in the antechamber of Monsieur de Tréville, until we reluctantly part from them in the sixth volume

of Bragelonne. They despised, like nobles and like soldiers, the bourgeois of heroic La Rochelle and the Parisians behind their barricades; undoubtedly they shared Madame de Motteville's naive astonishment when she wrote of the popular manifestation that followed the release of Broussel: "Never was the triumph of king or Roman emperor greater than that of this poor little man, who had nothing to recommend him except his obstinacy in behalf of the public good."

Our heroes are Royalists, everyone of them, aristocrats to the ends of their strong fingers; believing implicitly in Divine right and the prerogatives of noble birth, that the gentleman was privileged to hustle the burgher, beat his varlet, and terrorize the magistrate; that "the people is a mule to bear burdens;" and in regard to their order prejudiced as the marquise who said, referring to the death of a dissolute nobleman, "God will think twice before damning a person of his quality."

And yet, in spite of it all, how we love them. Madame Roland wrote of her favorite authors: "Plutarch is my Bible, Rousseau my breviary, and Montaigne is my *friend*; not that I do not take exception to much that he has written, but when I say he is my friend that expresses it all." And what dear friends of ours these Musketeers are. How often in their beloved company have we galloped away from care and illness and sorrow. No *Atra Cura* can follow when we ride with D'Artagnan, a queen's honor hanging on our bridle-rein. How many Barmecide feasts we have enjoyed with them all in Paris taverns and wayside inns, and how often have they walked unseen by our side through the narrow streets and wide courts of their own old town. How we enjoy even the endless variety and boundless magnitude of their lies, and the dauntless way in which, true to their principles, if not to facts, they equivocate on occasions when truth-telling would have been so much easier and simpler; believing with Voltaire that words were given us to conceal our thoughts. And how we rejoice in their virtues—in Athos's open-handed generosity, in Porthos's reverence for his comrades' abilities, in D'Artagnan's in-

exhaustible invention, in Aramis's devotion to the trio ; how, in our age of hypercriticism, of impartial views, of exhaustive analysis of even our friends' motives, their unswerving loyalty to each other appeals to us ; and how near to our hearts they are in spite of their deep drinking and constant fighting. In them the old French joyousness still survives, the intrepid mirth that the Gaulish legionaries showed in Crassus's terrible campaign, when they jested and sang under the burning sun and the Parthian arrows, and to the Roman soldiers who asked them if they were not afraid, replied, laughing : "Yes, that the sky may fall on our heads." This gaiety, which is the most virile form of courage, this high-hearted contempt of danger, which is the dominant note of the novel, warms the blood like a generous wine. Indeed the whole cycle, with its old pagan ideal of friendship, its apotheosis of the manly virtues—courage, fidelity, and perseverance—is a moral tonic invaluable in an epoch of weak nerves and indecision, in it we breathe a wholesome atmosphere that stimulates like pure air and bright sunshine ; turning its pages we feel the strong sea-wind blowing in our faces, the cool breath of the forest is on our cheeks, sweet with the scent of sun-warmed pines and the odor of fresh earth trampled by hurrying hoofs. If the heavy perfumes of a royal alcove or a fine lady's toilet reach us, they are soon dispelled by a whiff of gunpowder or the rich bouquet of a flask of Burgundy ; it is only now and then that a waft of incense crosses our path, but always around us and about us, resounding with the thud of the iron hoofs and the brave music of steel on steel, is the fresh air, whether it blows from the chalk cliffs of England, over the tulip-beds of Fontainebleau, or through the narrow streets of old Paris.

In Bragelonne the whole atmosphere changes ; the soldiers became courtiers, court intrigue and the life of the *salon*, the strife of wits and diplomats, replaced the shock of steel and the hand-to-hand, man-to-man struggle of more robust times ; while the swords that in the earlier story were crossed in fight were then raised in the minuet. Our heroes were of another age and they fared ill at

court. Athos's heart was broken by the shattering of his idol, Royalty, and the despair of Raoul ; loyal, steadfast Porthos was duped and became the tool of the Jesuits ; D'Artagnan's pride was tamed by an unscrupulous master ; the least worthy of our heroes only flourished under these changed conditions, the crafty Aramis, and even he ceased to be a personality, and as General of his order was only a wheel in a vast machine.

But in spite of this what a sunny picture of court life it is ! A young king eager to enjoy ; Colbert, the genius of finance, to coin gold for fêtes and armies ; a host of men of letters to immortalize it all. *Le cardinal est mort. Vive le roi !* So the ballets are danced, the jewellers and embroiderers are busy, light laughter floats under the old trees of Fontainebleau, the walls of the Louvre echo the violins, comedies are played at Vaux, rockets rise from the gardens, even the gray castle of Blois, with its gloomy memories and blood-stained floor, becomes only a background for young and charming figures ; and how the great author revels in this spring-time gaiety. He loves physical beauty like a Greek, he delights in jewels and rich dresses like a woman, and he enjoys a feast like a true disciple of Vatel and Brillat-Savarin. As we read these dialogues inspired by Molière, these *mots* worthy of Bassompierre, these portraits that La Bruyère might have signed, how complete the illusion is. We feel that we have coquetted with Madame, sighed with De Guiche, and are quite sure that we have seen Molière make his preliminary studies for the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme : " we know intimately Fouquet's court of poets, dislike while we admire Colbert, and are firmly persuaded that Philippe would have made a better king than his brother ; of course we are convinced that the Chevalier de Lorraine poisoned Madame ; while for us the mystery of the iron mask is solved beyond a doubt. With what ease and grace it is done by this "Porthos of fiction : " just as the perfect gymnast performs his feats with an apparent carelessness, so Dumas's mastery of his technique renders that technique almost invisible ; in it there is no sign of

effort, no trace of the file; the story is told so perfectly that the manner of its telling is unperceived.

No one who has galloped and fought and laughed with the Musketeers can leave them without regret, and when we finally part from them we feel a certain sense of loss that our pleasant comradeship is ended; but we have only to re-

turn to the book-shelf, where a foot's space holds all this world of pleasure, like the tiny vase in the "Arabian Nights" that inclosed a genie who could fill all earth and sky with his gifts; we need but reopen the first volume—our heroes are alive and young again, and we can always repeat with D'Artagnan's last words, "Athos, Porthos, au revoir."

A DIALOGUE.

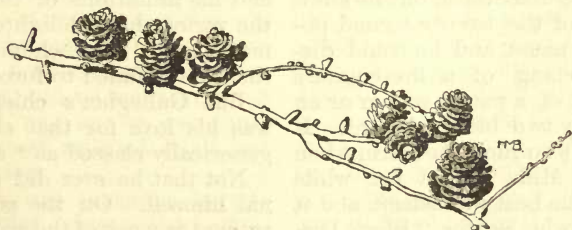
By Andrew Lang.

LUI.

OH, have you found the Fount of Youth,
Or have you faced the Fire of Kôr?
Or whence the form, the eyes, the mouth,
The voice, the grace we praised of yore?
Ah, lightly must the years have sped,
The long, the labor-laden years,
That cast no snows upon your head,
Nor dim your eyes with any tears!
And gently must the heart have beat,
That, after many days, can send
So soft, so kind a blush to greet
The advent of so old a friend.

ELLE.

Another tale doth it repeat,
My mirror; and it tells me true!
But Time, the thief of all things sweet,
Has failed to steal one grace from *you*.
One touch of youth he cannot steal,
One trait there is he leaves you yet;
The boyish loyalty, the leal
Absurd, impossible regret!
These are the magic: these restore
A phantom of the April prime,
Show you the face you liked of yore,
And give me back the thefts of Time!



Del-hergo

GALLEGHER.

A NEWSPAPER STORY.

By Richard Harding Davis.



WE had had so many office-boys before Gallagher came among us that they had begun to lose the characteristics of individuals, and became merged in a composite photograph of small boys, to whom we applied the generic title of "Here, you ;" or, "You, boy."

We had had sleepy boys, and lazy boys, and bright, "smart" boys, who became so familiar on so short an acquaintance that we were forced to part with them to save our own self-respect.

They generally graduated into district-messenger boys, and occasionally returned to us in blue coats with nickel-plated buttons, and patronized us.

But Gallagher was something different from anything we had experienced before. Gallagher was short and broad in build, with a solid, muscular broadness, and not a fat and dumpy shortness. He wore perpetually on his face a happy and knowing smile, as if you and the world in general were not impressing him as seriously as you thought you were, and his eyes, which were very black and very bright, snapped intelligently at you like those of a little black-and-tan terrier.

All Gallagher knew had been learnt on the streets ; not a very good school in itself, but one that turns out very knowing scholars. And Gallagher had attended both morning and evening sessions. He could not tell you who the Pilgrim Fathers were, nor could he name the thirteen original States, but he knew all the officers of the twenty-second police district by name, and he could distinguish the clang of a fire-engine's gong from that of a patrol-wagon or an ambulance fully two blocks distant. It was Gallagher who rang the alarm when the Woolwich Mills caught fire while the officer on the beat was asleep, and it was Gallagher who led the "Black Dia-

monds" against the "Wharf Rats," when they used to stone each other to their hearts' content on the coal-wharves of Richmond.

(I am afraid, now that I see these facts written down, that Gallagher was not a reputable character ; but he was so very young and so very old for his years that we all liked him very much nevertheless. He lived in the extreme northern part of Philadelphia, where the cotton- and woollen-mills run down to the river, and how he ever got home after leaving the *Press* building at two in the morning was one of the mysteries of the office. Sometimes he caught a night car, and sometimes he walked all the way, arriving at the little house, where his mother and himself lived alone, at four in the morning. Occasionally he was given a ride on an early milk-cart, or on one of the newspaper delivery wagons, with its high piles of papers still damp and sticky from the press. He knew several drivers of "night hawks"—those cabs that prowl the streets at night looking for belated passengers—and when it was a very cold morning he would not go home at all, but would crawl into one of these cabs and sleep, curled up on the cushions, until daylight.)

Besides being quick and cheerful, Gallagher possessed a power of amusing the *Press's* young men to a degree seldom attained by the ordinary mortal. His clog-dancing on the city editor's desk, when that gentleman was up-stairs fighting for two more columns of space, was always a source of innocent joy to us, and his imitations of the comedians of the variety halls delighted even the dramatic critic, from whom the comedians themselves failed to force a smile.

But Gallagher's chief characteristic was his love for that element of news generically classed as "crime."

Not that he ever did anything criminal himself. On the contrary, his was rather the work of the criminal specialist,

and his morbid interest in the doings of all queer characters, his knowledge of their methods, their present whereabouts, and their past deeds of transgression often rendered him a valuable ally to our police reporter, whose daily feuilletons were the only portion of the paper Gallagher deigned to read.

In Gallagher the detective element was abnormally developed. He had shown this on several occasions, and to excellent purpose.

Once the paper had sent him into a Home for Destitute Orphans which was believed to be grievously mismanaged, and Gallagher, while playing the part of a destitute orphan, kept his eyes open to what was going on around him so faithfully that the story he told of the treatment meted out to the real orphans was sufficient to rescue the unhappy little wretches from the individual who had them in charge, and to have the individual himself sent to jail.

Gallegher's knowledge of the aliases, terms of imprisonment, and various misdoings of the leading criminals in Philadelphia was almost as thorough as that of the chief of police himself, and he could tell to an hour when "Dutchy Mack" was to be let out of prison, and could identify at a glance "Dick Oxford, confidence man," as "Gentleman Dan, petty thief.")

There were, at this time, only two pieces of news in any of the papers. The least important of the two was the big fight between the Champion of the United States and the Would-be Champion, arranged to take place near Philadelphia; the second was the Burrbank murder, which was filling space in newspapers all over the world, from New York to Bombay.

Richard F. Burrbank was one of the most prominent of New York's railroad lawyers, he was also, as a matter of course, an owner of much railroad stock, and a very wealthy man. He had been spoken of as a political possibility for many high offices, and, as the counsel for a great railroad, was known even further than the great railroad itself had stretched its system.

At six o'clock one morning he was found by his butler lying at the foot of the hall stairs with two pistol wounds

above his heart. He was quite dead. His safe, to which only he and his secretary had the keys, was found open, and \$200,000 in bonds, stocks, and money, which had been placed there only the night before, was found missing. The secretary was missing also. His name was Stephen S. Hade, and his name and his description had been telegraphed and cabled to all parts of the world. There was enough circumstantial evidence to show, beyond any question or possibility of mistake, that he was the murderer.

It made an enormous amount of talk, and unhappy individuals were being arrested all over the country, and sent on to New York for identification. Three had been arrested at Liverpool, and one man just as he landed at Sidney, Australia. But so far the murderer had escaped.

We were all talking about it one night, as everybody else was all over the country, in the local room, and the city editor said it was worth a fortune to anyone who chanced to run against Hade and succeeded in handing him over to the police. Some of us thought Hade had taken passage from some one of the smaller seaports, and others were of the opinion that he had buried himself in some cheap lodging-house in New York, or in one of the smaller towns in New Jersey.

"I shouldn't be surprised to meet him out walking, right here in Philadelphia," said one of the staff. "He'll be disguised, of course, but you could always tell him by the absence of the trigger finger on his right hand. It's missing, you know; shot off when he was a boy."

"You want to look for a man dressed like a tough," said the city editor; "for as this fellow is to all appearances a gentleman, he will try to look as little like a gentleman as possible."

"No, he won't," said Gallagher, with that calm impertinence that made him dear to us. "He'll dress just like a gentleman. Toughs don't wear gloves, and you see he's got to wear 'em. The first thing he thought of after doing for Burrbank was of that gone finger, and how he was to hide it. He stuffed the finger of that glove with cotton so's to

make it look like a whole finger, and the first time he takes off that glove they've got him—see, and he knows it. So what you want to do is to look for a man with gloves on. I've been a doing it for two weeks now, and I can tell you it's hard work, for everybody wears gloves this kind of weather. But if you look long enough you'll find him. And when you think it's him, go up to him and hold out your hand in a friendly way, like a bunco-steerer, and shake his hand; and if you feel that his forefinger ain't real flesh, but just wadded cotton, then grip to it with your right and grab his throat with your left, and holler for help."

There was an appreciative pause.

"I see, gentlemen," said the city editor, dryly, "that Gallegher's reasoning has impressed you; and I also see that before the week is out all of my young men will be under bonds for assaulting innocent pedestrians whose only offence is that they wear gloves in mid-winter."

It was about a week after this that Detective Hefflefinger, of Inspector Byrnes's staff, came over to Philadelphia after a burglar, of whose whereabouts he had been misinformed by telegraph. He brought the warrant, requisition, and other necessary papers with him, but the burglar had flown. One of our reporters had worked on a New York paper, and knew Hefflefinger, and the detective came to the office to see if he could help him in his so far unsuccessful search.

He gave Gallegher his card, and after Gallegher had read it, and had discovered who the visitor was, he became so demoralized that he was absolutely useless.

"One of Byrnes's men," was a much more awe-inspiring individual to Gallegher than a member of the Cabinet. He accordingly seized his hat and overcoat, and leaving his duties to be looked after by others, hastened out after the object of his admiration, who found his suggestions and knowledge of the city so valuable, and his company so entertaining, that they became very intimate, and spent the rest of the day together.

In the meanwhile the managing editor

had instructed his subordinates to inform Gallegher, when he condescended to return, that his services were no longer needed. Gallegher had played truant once too often. Unconscious of this, he remained with his new friend until late the same evening, and started the next afternoon toward the *Press* office.

As I have said, Gallegher lived in the most distant part of the city, not many minutes' walk from the Kensington railroad station, where trains ran into the suburbs and on to New York.

It was in front of this station that a smoothly shaven, well-dressed man brushed past Gallegher and hurried up the steps to the ticket office.

He held a walking-stick in his right hand, and Gallegher, who now patiently scrutinized the hands of every one who wore gloves, saw that while three fingers of the man's hand were closed around the cane the fourth stood out in almost a straight line with his palm.

Gallegher stopped with a gasp and with a trembling all over his little body, and his brain asked with a throb if it could be possible. But possibilities and probabilities were to be discovered later. Now was the time for action.

He was after the man in a moment, hanging at his heels and his eyes moist with excitement.

He heard the man ask for a ticket to Torresdale, a little station just outside of Philadelphia, and when he was out of hearing, but not out of sight, purchased one for the same place.

The stranger went into the smoking-car and seated himself at one end toward the door. Gallegher took his place at the opposite end.

He was trembling all over and suffered from a slight feeling of nausea. He guessed it came from fright, not of any bodily harm that might come to him, but at the probability of failure in his adventure and of its most momentous possibilities.

The stranger pulled his coat collar up around his ears, hiding the lower portion of his face but not concealing the resemblance in his troubled eyes and close-shut lips to the likenesses of the murderer Hade.

They reached Torresdale in half an

hour, and the stranger, alighting quickly, struck off at a rapid pace down the country road leading to the station.

Gallegher gave him a hundred yards' start and then followed slowly after. The road ran between fields and past a few frame-houses set far from the road in kitchen gardens.

Once or twice the man looked back over his shoulder, but he saw only a dreary length of road with a small boy splashing through the slush in the midst of it and stopping every now and again to throw snowballs at belated sparrows.

After a ten minutes' walk the stranger turned into a side road which led to only one place, the Eagle Inn, an old roadside hostelry known now as the headquarters for pot-hunters from the Philadelphia game market and the battle-ground of many a cock-fight.

Gallegher knew the place well. He and his young companions had often stopped there when out chestnuting on holidays in the autumn.

The son of the man who kept it had often accompanied them on their excursions, and though the boys of the city streets considered him a dumb lout they respected him somewhat owing to his inside knowledge of dog-and-cock-fights.

The stranger entered the inn at a side door, and Gallegher, reaching it a few minutes later, let him go for the time being and set about finding his occasional playmate young Keppler.

Keppler's offspring was found in the woodshed.

"'Tain't hard to guess what brings you out here," said the tavern-keeper's son, with a grin; "it's the fight."

"What fight?" asked Gallegher, unguardedly.

"What fight? Why, *the* fight," returned his companion, with the slow contempt of superior knowledge. "It's to come off here to-night. You knew that as well as me; anyway your sportin' editor knows it. He got the tip last night, but that won't help you any. You needn't think there's any chance of your getting a peep at it. Why, tickets is two hundred and fifty a piece!"

"Whew!" whistled Gallegher, "where's it to be?"

"In the barn," whispered Keppler.

"I helped 'em fix the ropes this morning, I did."

"Gosh, but you're in luck," exclaimed Gallegher, with flattering envy. "Couldn't I jest get a peep at it?"

"Maybe," said the gratified Keppler. "There's a winder with a wooden shutter at the back of the barn. You can get in by it, if you have someone to boost you up to the sill."

"Sa-a-y," drawled Gallegher, as if something had but just that moment reminded him. "Who's that gent who come down the road just a bit ahead of me—him with the cape-coat! Has he got anything to do with the fight?"

"Him?" repeated Keppler in tones of sincere disgust. "No-oh, he ain't no sport. He's queer, Dad thinks. He come here one day last week about ten in the morning, said his doctor told him to go out 'en the country for his health. He's stuck up and citified, and wears gloves, and takes his meals private in his room, and all that sort of ruck. They was saying in the saloon last night that they thought he was hiding from something, and Dad, just to try him, asks him last night if he was coming to see the fight. He looked sort of scared and said he didn't want to see no fight. And then Dad says, 'I guess you mean you don't want no fighters to see you.' Dad didn't mean no harm by it, just passed it as a joke, but Mr. Carleton, as he calls himself, got white as a ghost an' says I'll go to the fight willing enough, and begins to laugh and joke. And this morning he went right into the bar-room, where all the sports were setting, and said he was going into town to see some friends, and as he starts off he laughs an' says, 'This don't look as if I was afraid of seeing people, does it?' but Dad says it was just bluff that made him do it, and Dad thinks that if he hadn't said what he did this Mr. Carleton wouldn't have left his room at all."

Gallegher had got all he wanted, and much more than he had hoped for—so much more that his walk back to the station was in the nature of a triumphal march.

He had twenty minutes to wait for the next train, and it seemed an hour. While waiting he sent a telegram to Hefflefinger at his hotel. It read:

"Your man is near the Torresdale station, on Pennsylvania Railroad; take cab and meet me at station. Wait until I come.

GALLEGHER."

With the exception of one at midnight, no other train stopped at Torresdale that evening, hence the direction to take a cab.

The train to the city seemed to Gallegher to drag itself by inches. It stopped and backed at purposeless intervals, waited for an express to precede it, and dallied at stations, and when, at last, it reached the terminus, Gallegher was out before it had stopped and was in a cab and off on his way to the home of the sporting editor.

The sporting editor was at dinner and came out in the hall to see him, with his napkin in his hand. Gallegher explained breathlessly that he had located the murderer for whom the police of two continents were looking, and that he believed, in order to quiet the suspicions of the people with whom he was hiding, that he would be present at the fight that night.

The sporting editor led Gallegher into his library and shut the door. "Now," he said, "go over all that again."

Gallegher went over it again in detail, and added how he had sent for Hefflefinger to make the arrest in order that it might be kept from the knowledge of the local police and from the Philadelphia reporters.

"What I want Hefflefinger to do is to arrest Hade with the warrant he has for the burglar," explained Gallegher; "and to take him on to New York on the owl train that passes Torresdale at one. It don't get to Jersey City until four o'clock, one hour after the morning papers go to press. Of course, we must fix Hefflefinger so's he'll keep quiet and not tell who his prisoner really is."

The sporting editor reached his hand out to pat Gallegher on the head, but changed his mind and shook hands with him instead.

"My boy," he said, "you are an infant phenomenon. If I can pull the rest of this thing off to-night it will mean the \$5,000 reward and fame galore for you and the paper. Now, I'm going to write a note to the managing editor, and you can take it around to him and tell him

what you've done and what I am going to do, and he'll take you back on the paper and raise your salary. Perhaps you didn't know you've been discharged?"

"Do you think you ain't a-going to take me with you?" demanded Gallegher.

"Why, certainly not. Why should I? It all lies with the detective and myself now. You've done your share, and done it well. If the man's caught the reward's yours. But you'd only be in the way now. You'd better go to the office and make your peace with the chief."

"If the paper can get along without me, I can get along without the old paper," said Gallegher, hotly. "And if I ain't a-going with you, you ain't neither, for I know where Hefflefinger is to be and you don't, and I won't tell you."

"Oh, very well, very well," replied the sporting editor, weakly capitulating. "I'll send the note by a messenger; only mind, if you lose your place, don't blame me."

Gallegher wondered how this man could value a week's salary against the excitement of seeing a noted criminal run down, and of getting the news to the paper, and to that one paper alone.

From that moment the sporting editor sank in Gallegher's estimation.

Mr. Dwyer sat down at his desk and scribbled off the following note:

"I have received reliable information that Hade, the Burrbank murderer, will be present at the fight to-night. We have arranged it so that he will be arrested quietly and in such a manner that the fact may be kept from all other papers. I need not point out to you that this will be the most important piece of news in the country to-morrow.

"Yours, etc., MICHAEL E. DWYER."

The sporting editor stepped into the waiting cab, while Gallegher whispered the directions to the driver. He was told to go first to a district-messenger office, and from there up to the Ridge Avenue Road, out Broad Street, and on to the old Eagle Inn, near Torresdale.

It was a miserable night. The rain and snow were falling together, and

freezing as they fell. The sporting editor got out to send his message to the *Press* office, and then lighting a cigar, and turning up the collar of his great-coat, curled up in the corner of the cab.

"Wake me when we get there, Gallagher," he said. He knew he had a long ride, and much rapid work before him, and he was preparing for the strain.

To Gallagher the idea of going to sleep seemed almost criminal. From the dark corner of the cab his eyes shone with excitement, and with the awful joy of anticipation. He glanced every now and then to where the sporting editor's cigar shone in the darkness, and watched it as it gradually burnt more dimly and went out. The lights in the shop windows threw a broad glare across the ice on the pavements, and the lights from the lamp-posts tossed the distorted shadow of the cab, and the horse, and the motionless driver, sometimes before and sometimes behind them.

After half an hour Gallagher slipped down to the bottom of the cab and dragged out a lap-robe, in which he wrapped himself. It was growing colder, and the damp, keen wind swept in through the cracks until the window-frames and woodwork were cold to the touch.

An hour passed and the cab was still moving more slowly over the rough surface of partly paved streets, and by single rows of new houses standing at different angles to each other in fields covered with ash-heaps and brick-kilns. Here and there the gaudy lights of a drug-store, the forerunner of suburban civilization, shone from the end of a new block of houses, and the rubber cape of an occasional policeman showed in the light of the lamp-post that he hugged for comfort.

Then even the houses disappeared and the cab dragged its way between truck farms, with desolate-looking glass-covered beds, and pools of water, half-caked with ice, and bare trees, and interminable fences.

Once or twice the cab stopped altogether, and Gallagher could hear the driver swearing to himself, or at the horse, or the roads. At last they drew up before the station at Torresdale. It was quite deserted, and only a single

light cut a swath in the darkness and showed a portion of the platform, the ties, and the rails glistening in the rain. They walked twice past the light before a figure stepped out of the shadow and greeted them cautiously.

"I am Mr. Dwyer, of the *Press*," said the sporting editor, briskly. "You've heard of me, perhaps. Well, there shouldn't be any difficulty in our making a deal, should there? This boy here has found Hade, and we have reason to believe he will be among the spectators at the fight to-night. We want you to arrest him quietly, and as secretly as possible. You can do it with your papers and your badge easily enough. We want you to pretend that you believe he is this burglar you came over after. If you will do this, and take him away without any one so much as suspecting who he really is, and on the train that passes here at 1.20 for New York, we will give you \$500 out of the \$5,000 reward. If, however, one other paper, either in New York or Philadelphia, or anywhere else, knows of the arrest you won't get a cent. Now, what do you say?"

The detective had a great deal to say. He wasn't at all sure the man Gallagher suspected was Hade, he feared he might get himself into trouble by making a false arrest, and if it should be the man he was afraid the local police would interfere.

"We've no time to argue or debate this matter," said Dwyer, warmly. "We agree to point Hade out to you in the crowd. After the fight is over you arrest him as we have directed and you get the money and the credit of the arrest. If you don't like this I will arrest the man myself, and have him driven to town, with a pistol for a warrant."

Hefflinger considered in silence and then agreed unconditionally. "As you say, Mr. Dwyer," he returned. "I've heard of you for a thoroughbred sport. I know you'll do what you say you'll do; and as for me I'll do what you say and just as you say, and it's a very pretty piece of work as it stands."

They all stepped back into the cab, and then it was that they were met by a fresh difficulty, how to get the detective into the barn where the fight was to

take place, for neither of the two men had \$250 to pay for his admittance.

But this was overcome when Gallagher remembered the window of which young Keppler had told him.

In the event of Hade's losing courage and not daring to show himself in the crowd around the ring it was agreed that Dwyer should come to the barn and warn Hefflefinger, but if he should come, Dwyer was merely to keep near him and to signify by a prearranged gesture which one of the crowd he was.

They drew up before a great black shadow of a house, dark, forbidding, and apparently deserted. But at the sound of the wheels on the gravel the door opened, letting out a stream of warm, cheerful light, and a man's voice said, "Put out those lights. Don't you'se know no better than that." This was Keppler, and he welcomed Mr. Dwyer with effusive courtesies.

The two men showed in the stream of light and the door closed on them, leaving the house as it was at first, black and silent save for the dripping of the rain and snow from the eaves.

The detective and Gallagher put out the cab's lamps and led the horse toward a long, low shed in the rear of the yard, which they now noticed was almost filled with teams of many different makes, from the Hobson's choice of a livery stable to the brougham of the man about town.

"No," said Gallagher, as the cabman stopped to hitch the horse beside the others, "we want it nearest that lower gate. When we newspaper men leave this place we'll leave it in a hurry, and the man who is nearest town is likely to get there first. You won't be a following of no hearse when you make your return trip."

Gallagher tied the horse to the very gate-post itself, leaving the gate open and allowing a clear road and a flying start for the prospective race to Newspaper Row.

The driver disappeared under the shelter of the porch, and Gallagher and the detective moved off cautiously to the rear of the barn. "This must be the window," said Hefflefinger, pointing to a broad wooden shutter some feet from the ground.

"Just you give me a boost once, and I'll get that open in a jiffy," said Gallagher.

The detective placed his hands on his knees and Gallagher stood upon his shoulders, and with the blade of his knife lifted the wooden button that fastened the window on the inside and pulled the shutter open.

Then he put one leg inside over the sill, and leaning down helped to draw his fellow-conspirator up to a level with the window. "I feel just like I was burglarizing a house," chuckled Gallagher as he dropped noiselessly to the floor below and refastened the shutter. The barn was a large one, with a row of stalls on either side in which horses and cows were dozing. There was a hay-mow over each row of stalls, and at one end of the barn a number of fence-rails had been thrown across from one mow to the other. These rails were covered with hay.

In the middle of the floor was the ring. It was not really a ring, but a square, with wooden posts at its four corners through which ran a heavy rope. The space inclosed by the rope was covered with sawdust.

Gallagher could not resist stepping into the ring, and after stamping the sawdust once or twice, as if to assure himself that he was really there, began dancing around it, and indulging in such a remarkable series of fistic manœuvres with an imaginary adversary that the unimaginative detective precipitately backed into a corner of the barn.

"Now, then," said Gallagher, having apparently vanquished his foe, "you come with me." His companion followed quickly as Gallagher climbed to one of the hay-mows, and crawling carefully out on the fence rails stretched himself at full length, face downward. In this position, by moving the straw a little, he could look down, without being himself seen, upon the heads of whomsoever stood below. "This is better'n a private box, ain't it?" said Gallagher.

The boy from the newspaper office and the detective lay there in silence, biting at straws and tossing anxiously on their comfortable bed.

It seemed fully two hours before they came. Gallagher had listened without

breathing, and with every muscle on a strain, at least a dozen times, when some movement in the yard had led him to believe that they were at the door.

(And he had numerous doubts and fears. Sometimes it was that the police had learnt of the fight and had raided Keppler's in his absence, and again it was that the fight had been postponed, or, worst of all, that it would be put off until so late that Mr. Dwyer could not get back in time for the last edition of the paper.) Their coming, when at last they came, was heralded by an advance-guard of two sporting men, who stationed themselves at either side of the big door.

"Hurry up, now, gents," one of the men said with a shiver, "don't keep this door open no longer'n is needful."

It was not a very large crowd, but it was wonderfully well selected. It ran, in the majority of its component parts, to heavy white coats with pearl buttons. The white coats were shouldered by long blue coats with astrakhan fur trimmings, the wearers of which preserved a cliqueness not remarkable when one considers that they believed every one else present to be either a crook or a prize-fighter.

There were well-fed, well-groomed clubmen and brokers in the crowd, a politician or two, a popular comedian with his manager, amateur boxers from the athletic clubs, and quiet, close-mouthed sporting men from every city in the country. Their names if printed in the papers would have been as familiar as the types of the papers themselves.

And among these men, whose only thought was of the brutal sport to come, was Hade, with Dwyer standing at ease at his shoulder—Hade, white and visibly in deep anxiety, hiding his pale face beneath a cloth travelling-cap, and with his chin muffled in a woollen scarf. He had dared to come because he feared his danger from the already suspicious Keppler was less than if he stayed away. And so he was there, hovering restlessly on the border of the crowd, feeling his danger and sick with fear.

When Hefflefinger first saw him he started up on his hands and elbows and made a movement forward as if he would

leap down then and there and carry off his prisoner single-handed.

"Lie down," growled Gallegher; "an officer of any sort wouldn't live three minutes in that crowd."

The detective drew back slowly and buried himself again in the straw, but never once through the long fight which followed did his eyes leave the person of the murderer. The newspaper men took their places in the foremost row close around the ring, and kept looking at their watches and begging the master of ceremonies to "shake it up, do."

There was a great deal of betting, and all of the men handled the great roll of bills they wagered with a flippant recklessness which could only be accounted for in Gallegher's mind by temporary mental derangement. Some one pulled a box out into the ring and the master of ceremonies mounted, it and pointed out in forcible language that as they were almost all already under bonds to keep the peace, it behooved all to curb their excitement and to maintain a severe silence, unless they wanted to bring the police upon them and have themselves "sent down" for a year or two.

Then two very disreputable-looking persons tossed their respective principals' high hats into the ring, and the crowd, recognizing in this relic of the days when brave knights threw down their gauntlets in the lists as only a sign that the fight was about to begin, cheered tumultuously.

This was followed by a sudden surging forward, and a mutter of admiration much more flattering than the cheers had been, when the principals followed their hats, and slipping out of their great-coats stood forth in all the physical beauty of the perfect brute.

Their pink skin was as soft and healthy looking as a baby's, and glowed in the lights of the lanterns like tinted ivory, and underneath this silken covering the great biceps and muscles moved in and out and looked like the coils of a snake around the branch of a tree.

Gentleman and blackguard shouldered each other for a nearer view; the coachmen, whose metal buttons were unpleasantly suggestive of police, put their hands, in the excitement of the moment, on the shoulders of their masters;

the perspiration stood out in great drops on the foreheads of the backers and the newspaper men bit somewhat nervously at the ends of their pencils.

And in the stalls the cows munched contentedly at their cuds and gazed with gentle curiosity at their two fellow-brutes, who stood waiting the signal to fall upon, and kill each other if need be, for the delectation of their brothers.

"Take your places," commanded the master of ceremonies.

In the moment in which the two men faced each other the crowd became so still that, save for the beating of the rain upon the shingled roof and the stamping of a horse in one of the stalls, the place was as silent as a church.

"Shake hands," commanded the master of ceremonies.

Two great, bruised, misshapen fists touched each other for an instant, the two men sprang back into a posture of defence, which was lost as quickly as it was taken. One great arm shot out like a piston-rod, there was the sound of bare fists beating on naked flesh, there was an exultant indrawn gasp of savage pleasure and relief from the crowd, and the great fight had begun.

How the fortunes of war rose and fell, and changed and rechanged that night, is an old story to those who listen to such stories; and those who do not will be glad to be spared the telling of it. It was, they say, one of the bitterest fights between two men that this country has ever known.

But all that is of interest here is that after an hour of this desperate brutal business the champion ceased to be the favorite; the man whom he had taunted and bullied, and for whom the public had but little sympathy, was proving himself a likely winner, and under his cruel blows, as sharp and clean as those from a cutlass, his opponent was rapidly giving way.

The men about the ropes were past all control now; they drowned Keppler's petitions for silence with oaths and inarticulate shouts of anger, as if the blows had fallen upon them, and in mad rejoicings. They swept from one end of the ring to the other, with every muscle leaping in unison with those of the man they favored, and when a New York

correspondent muttered over his shoulder that this would be the biggest sporting surprise since the Heenan-Sayers fight, Mr. Dwyer nodded his head sympathetically in assent.

In the excitement and tumult it is doubtful if any heard the three quickly repeated blows that fell heavily from the outside upon the big doors of the barn. If they did, it was already too late to mend matters, for the door fell, torn from its hinges, and as it fell a captain of police sprang into the light from out of the storm, with his lieutenants and their men crowding close at his shoulder.

In the panic and stampede that followed, several of the men stood as helplessly immovable as though they had seen a ghost; others made a mad rush into the arms of the officers and were beaten back against the ropes of the ring; others dived headlong into the stalls, among the horses and cattle, and still others shoved the rolls of money they held into the hands of the police and begged like children to be allowed to escape.

The instant the door fell and the raid was declared Hefflefinger slipped over the cross rails on which he had been lying, hung for an instant by his hands, and then dropped into the centre of the fighting mob on the floor. He was out of it in an instant with the agility of a pickpocket, was across the room and at Hade's throat like a dog. The murderer, for the moment, was the calmer man of the two.

"Here," he panted, "hands off, now. There's no need for all this violence. There's no great harm in looking at a fight, is there? There's a hundred-dollar bill in my right hand; take it and let me slip out of this. No one is looking. Here."

But the detective only held him the closer.

"I want you for burglary," he whispered under his breath. "You've got to come with me now, and quickly. The less fuss you make the better for us both. If you don't know who I am you can feel my badge under my coat there. I've got the authority. It's quite regular, and when we're out of this d——d row I'll show you the papers."

He took one hand from Hade's throat and pulled a pair of handcuffs from his pocket.

"It's a mistake. This is an outrage," gasped the murderer, white and trembling, but dreadfully alive and desperate for his liberty. "Let me go, I tell you. Take your hands off of me. Do I look like a burglar, you fool?"

"I know who you look like," whispered the detective, with his face close to the face of his prisoner. "Now, will you go easy as a burglar, or shall I tell these men who you are and what I do want you for? Shall I call out your real name or not? Shall I tell them? Quick, speak up; shall I?"

There was something so exultant—something so unnecessarily savage in the officer's face that the man he held saw that the detective knew him for what he really was, and the hands that had held his throat slipped down around his shoulders or he would have fallen. The man's eyes opened and closed again, and he swayed weakly backward and forward, and choked as if his throat were dry and burning. Even to such a hardened connoisseur in crime as Gallegher, who stood closely by drinking it in, there was something so abject in the man's terror that he regarded him with what was almost a touch of pity.

"For God's sake," Hade begged, "let me go. Come with me to my room and I'll give you half the money. I'll divide with you fairly. We can both get away. There's a fortune for both of us there. We both can get away. You'll be rich for life. Do you understand—for life!"

But the detective, to his credit, only shut his lips the tighter.

"That's enough," he whispered, in return. "That's more than I expected. You've sentenced yourself already. Come!"

Two officers in uniform barred their exit at the door, but Hefflefinger smiled easily and showed his badge.

"One of Byrnes's men," he said, in explanation; "came over expressly to get this chap. He's a burglar; 'Archie' Lane, *alias* Carleton. I've shown the papers to the captain. It's all regular. I'm just going to get his traps at the hotel and walk him over to the station.

I guess we'll push right on to New York to-night."

The officers nodded and smiled their admiration for the representative of what is, perhaps, the best detective force in the world and let him pass.

Then Hefflefinger turned and spoke to Gallegher, who still stood as watchful as a dog at his side. "I'm going to his room to get the bonds and stuff," he whispered; "then I'll march him to the station and take that train. I've done my share, don't forget yours!"

"Oh, you'll get your money right enough," said Gallegher. "And I say," he added, with the appreciative nod of an expert, "do you know you did it rather well."

Mr. Dwyer had been writing while the raid was settling down, as he had been writing while waiting for the fight to begin. Now he walked over to where the other correspondents stood in angry conclave.

The newspaper men had informed the officers who hemmed them in that they represented the principal papers of the country, and were expostulating vigorously with the captain who had planned the raid and who declared they were under arrest.

"Don't be an ass, Scott," said Mr. Dwyer, who was too excited to be polite or politic. "You know our being here isn't a matter of choice. We came here on business, as you did, and you've no right to hold us."

"If we don't get our stuff on the wire at once," protested a New York man, "we'll be too late for to-morrow's paper, and——"

Captain Scott said he did not care a profanely small amount for to-morrow's paper, and that all he knew was that to the station-house the newspaper men would go. There they would have a hearing, and if the magistrate chose to let them off that was the magistrate's business, but that his duty was to take them into custody.

"But then it will be too late, don't you understand?" shouted Mr. Dwyer. "You've got to let us go *now*, at once."

"I can't do it, Mr. Dwyer," said the captain, "and that's all there is to it. Why, haven't I just sent the president of the Junior Republican Club to the

patrol wagon, the man that put this coat on me, and do you think I can let you fellows go after that? You were all put under bonds to keep the peace not three days ago, and here you're at it—fighting like badgers. It's worth my place to let one of you off."

What Mr. Dwyer said next was so uncomplimentary to the gallant Captain Scott that that overwrought individual seized the sporting editor by the shoulder and shoved him into the hands of two of his men.

This was more than the distinguished Mr. Dwyer could brook, and he excitedly raised his hand in resistance. But before he had time to do anything foolish his wrist was gripped by one strong, little hand, and he was conscious that another was picking the pocket of his great-coat.

He slapped his hands to his sides, and, looking down, saw Gallagher standing close behind him and holding him by the wrist. Mr. Dwyer had forgotten the boy's existence and would have spoken sharply if something in Gallagher's innocent eyes had not stopped him.

Gallegher's hand was still in that pocket, in which Mr. Dwyer had shoved his note-book filled with what he had written of Gallagher's work and Hade's final capture, and with a running descriptive account of the fight. With his eyes fixed on Mr. Dwyer Gallagher drew it out, and with a quick movement shoved it inside his waistcoat. Mr. Dwyer gave a nod of comprehension. Then glancing at his two guardsmen, and finding that they were still interested in the wordy battle of the correspondents with their chief, and had seen nothing, he stooped and whispered to Gallagher: "The forms are locked at twenty minutes to three. If you don't get there by that time it will be of no use, but if you're on time you'll beat the town—and the country too."

Gallegher's eyes flashed significantly, and nodding his head to show he understood, started boldly on a run toward the door. But the officers who guarded it brought him to an abrupt halt, and, much to Mr. Dwyer's astonishment, drew from him what was apparently a torrent of tears.

"Let me go to me father. I want me father," the boy shrieked, hysterically. "They've 'rested father. Oh, daddy, daddy. There a-goin' to take you to prison."

"Who is your father, sonny?" asked one of the guardians of the gate.

"Keppler's me father," sobbed Gallagher. "There a-goin' to lock him up and I'll never see him no more."

"Oh, yes, you will," said the officer, good-naturedly, "he's there in that first patrol wagon. You can run over and say good-night to him, and then you'd better get to bed. This ain't no place for kids of your age."

"Thank you, sir," sniffed Gallagher tearfully, as the two officers raised their clubs, and let him pass out into the darkness.

The yard outside was in a tumult, horses were stamping, and plunging, and backing the carriages into one another; lights were flashing from every window of what had been apparently an uninhabited house, and the voices of the prisoners were still raised in angry expostulation.

Three police patrol wagons were moving about the yard, filled with unwilling passengers, who sat or stood, packed together like sheep, and with no protection from the sleet and rain.

Gallegher stole off into a dark corner and watched the scene until his eyesight became familiar with the position of the land.

Then with his eyes fixed fearfully on the swinging light of a lantern with which an officer was searching among the carriages, he groped his way between horses' hoofs and behind the wheels of carriages to the cab which he had himself placed at the furthest-most gate. It was still there, and the horse, as he had left it, with its head turned toward the city. Gallagher opened the big gate noiselessly, and worked nervously at the hitching strap. The knot was covered with a thin coating of ice, and it was several minutes before he could loosen it. But his teeth finally pulled it apart, and with the reins in his hands he sprang upon the wheel. And as he stood so, a shock of fear ran down his back like an electric current, his breath left him, and he

stood immovable, gazing with wide eyes into the darkness.

The officer with the lantern had suddenly loomed up from behind a carriage not fifty feet distant, and was standing perfectly still, with his lantern held over his head, peering so directly toward Gallagher that the boy felt that he must see him. Gallagher stood with one foot on the hub of the wheel and with the other on the box waiting to spring. It seemed a minute before either of them moved, and then the officer took a step forward, and demanded sternly, "Who is that? What are you doing there?"

There was no time for parley then. Gallagher felt that he had been taken in the act, and that his only chance lay in open flight. He leaped up on the box, pulling out the whip as he did so, and with a quick sweep lashed the horse across the head and back. The animal sprang forward with a snort, narrowly clearing the gate post, and plunged off into the darkness.

"Stop!" cried the officer.

So many of Gallagher's acquaintances among the longshoremen and mill hands had been challenged in so much the same manner that Gallagher knew what would probably follow if the challenge was disregarded. So he slipped from his seat to the footboard below, and ducked his head.

The three reports of a pistol, which rang out briskly from behind him, proved that his early training had given him a valuable fund of useful miscellaneous knowledge.

"Don't you be scared," he said, reassuringly, to the horse, "he's firing in the air."

The pistol-shots were answered by the impatient clangor of a patrol wagon's gong, and glancing over his shoulder Gallagher saw its red and green lanterns tossing from side to side and looking in the darkness like the side-lights of a yacht plunging forward in a storm.

"I hadn't bargained to race you against no patrol wagons," said Gallagher to his animal; "but if they want a race we'll give them a tough tussle for it, won't we?"

Philadelphia, lying four miles to the south, sent up a faint yellow glow to

the sky. It seemed very far away, and Gallagher's braggadocio grew cold within him at the loneliness of his adventure and the thought of the long ride before him.

It was still bitterly cold.

The rain and sleet beat through his clothes, and struck his skin with a sharp chilling touch that set him trembling.

Even the thought of the over-weighted patrol wagon probably sticking in the mud some safe distance in the rear, failed to cheer him, and the excitement that had so far made him callous to the cold died out and left him weaker and nervous.

But his horse was chilled with the long standing, and now leaped eagerly forward, only too willing to warm the half-frozen blood in its veins.

"You're a good beast," said Gallagher, plaintively. "You've got more nerve than me. Don't you go back on me now. Mr. Dwyer says we've got to beat the town." Gallagher had no idea what time it was as he rode through the night, but he knew he would be able to find out from the big clock over a manufactory at a point nearly three quarters of the distance from Keppler's to the goal.

He was still in the open country and driving recklessly, for he knew the best part of his ride must be made outside the city limits.

He raced between desolate-looking corn-fields with bare stalks and patches of muddy earth rising above the thin covering of snow, truck farms and brick-yards fell behind him on either side. It was very lonely work, and once or twice the dogs ran yelping to the gates and barked after him.

Part of his way lay parallel with the railroad tracks, and he drove for some time beside long lines of freight and coal cars as they stood resting for the night. The fantastic Queen Anne suburban stations were dark and deserted, but in one or two of the block-towers he could see the operators writing at their desks, and the sight in some way comforted him.

Once he thought of stopping to get out the blanket in which he had wrapped himself on the first trip, but he feared to spare the time, and drove on with his

teeth chattering and his shoulders shaking with the cold.

He welcomed the first solitary row of darkened houses with a faint cheer of recognition. The scattered lamp-posts lightened his spirits, and even the badly paved streets rang under the beats of his horse's feet like music. Great mills and manufactories, with only a night-watchman's light in the lowest of their many stories began to take the place of the gloomy farm-houses and gaunt trees that had startled him with their grotesque shapes. He had been driving nearly an hour he calculated, and in that time the rain had changed to a wet snow that fell heavily and clung to whatever it touched. He passed block after block of trim workmen's houses, as still and silent as the sleepers within them, and at last he turned the horse's head into Broad Street, the city's great thoroughfare that stretches from its one end to the other and cuts it evenly in two.

here He was driving noiselessly over the snow and slush in the street, with his thoughts bent only on the clock face he wished so much to see, when a hoarse voice challenged him from the sidewalk, "Hey, you, stop there, hold up," said the voice.

Gallegher turned his head, and though he saw that the voice came from under a policeman's helmet, his only answer was to hit his horse sharply over the head with his whip and to urge it into a gallop.

This, on his part, was followed by a sharp, shrill whistle from the policeman. Another whistle answered it from a street-corner one block ahead of him. "Whoa," said Gallegher pulling on the reins. "There's one too many of them," he added, in apologetic explanation. The horse stopped and stood, breathing heavily, with great clouds of steam rising from its flanks.

"Why in hell didn't you stop when I told you to?" demanded the voice, now close at the cab's side.

"I didn't hear you," returned Gallegher, sweetly. "But I heard you whistle and I heard your partner whistle, and I thought maybe it was me you wanted to speak to, so I just stopped."

"You heard me well enough. Why aren't your lights lit?" demanded the voice.

"Should I have 'em lit?" asked Gallegher, bending over and regarding them with sudden interest.

"You know you should, and if you don't you've no right to be driving that cab. I don't believe you're the regular driver anyway. Where'd you get it?"

"It ain't my cab, of course," said Gallegher, with an easy laugh. "It's Luke McGovern's. He left it outside Cronin's while he went in to get a drink, and he took too much, and me father told me to drive it round to the stable for him. I'm Cronin's son. McGovern ain't in no condition to drive. You can see yourself how he's been misusing the horse. He puts it up at Bachman's livery stable, and I was just going around there now."

Gallegher's knowledge of the local celebrities of the district confused the zealous officer of the peace. He surveyed the boy with a steady stare that would have distressed a less skilful liar, but Gallegher only shrugged his shoulders slightly, as if from the cold, and waited with apparent indifference to what the officer would say next.

In reality his heart was beating heavily against his side, and he felt that if he was kept on a strain much longer he would give way and break down. A second snow-covered form emerged suddenly from the shadow of the houses.

"What is it, Reeder?" it asked.

"Oh, nothing much," replied the first officer. "This kid hadn't any lamps lit, so I called to him to stop and he didn't do it, so I whistled to you. It's all right though. He's just taking it round to Bachman's. Go ahead," he added, sulkily.

"Get up," chirped Gallegher. "Good-night," he added over his shoulder.

Gallegher gave an hysterical little gasp of relief as he trotted away from the two policemen, and poured bitter maledictions on their heads for two meddling fools as he went.

"They might as well kill a man as scare him to death," he said, with an attempt to get back to his customary flippancy. But the effort was somewhat pitiful, and he felt guiltily conscious that a salt-warm tear was creeping slowly down his face, and that a lump that would not keep down was rising in his throat.

"Tain't no fair thing for the whole police force to keep worrying at a little boy like me," he said, in shame-faced apology. "I'm not doing nothing wrong, and I'm half froze to death, and yet they keep a-nagging at me."

It was so cold that when the boy stamped his feet against the foot-board to keep them warm sharp pains shot up through his body, and when he beat his arms about his shoulders, as he had seen real cabmen do, the blood in his finger-tips tingled so acutely that he cried aloud with the pain.

He had often been up that late before, but he had never felt so sleepy. It was as if some one was pressing a sponge heavy with chloroform near his face, and he could not fight off the drowsiness that lay hold of him.

He saw, dimly hanging above his head, a round disc of light that seemed like a great moon, and which he finally guessed to be the clock face for which he had been on the look out. He had passed it before he realized this, but the fact stirred him into wakefulness again, and when his cab's wheels slipped around the City Hall corner he remembered to look up at the other big clock face that keeps awake over the railroad station and measures out the night.

He gave a gasp of consternation when he saw that it was half-past two, and that there was but ten minutes left to him. This, and the many electric lights and the sight of the familiar pile of buildings startled him into a semi-conscious-

ness of where he was and how great was the necessity for haste.

He rose in his seat and called on the horse and urged it into a reckless gallop over the slippery asphalt. He considered

nothing else but speed, and looking neither to the left nor right dashed off down Broad Street into Chestnut, where his course lay straight away to the office, now only seven blocks distant.

Gallegher never knew how it began, but he was suddenly assaulted by shouts on either side, his horse was thrown back on its haunches, and he found two men in cabmen's livery hanging at its head and patting its sides and calling it by name. And the other cabmen who have their stand at the corner were swarming about the carriage, all of them talking and swearing at once, and gesticulating wildly with their whips.

They said they knew the cab was McGovern's, and they wanted to know where he was and why he wasn't on it; they wanted to know where Gallegher had stolen it, and why he had been such a fool as to drive it into the arms of its owner's friends; they said that it was about time that a cab-driver could get off his box to take a drink without having his cab run away with, and some of them called loudly for a policeman to take the young thief in charge.

Gallegher felt as if he had been suddenly dragged into consciousness out of a bad dream, and stood for a second like a half-awakened somnambulist.



"The detective placed his hands on his knees and Gallegher stood on his shoulders."—Page 162.

They had stopped the cab under an electric light, and its glare shone coldly down upon the trampled snow and the faces of the men around him.

Gallegher bent forward and lashed savagely at the horse with his whip.

"Let me go," he shouted as he tugged impotently at the reins. "Let me go, I tell you. I haven't stole no cab, and you've got no right to stop me. I only want to take it to the *Press* office," he begged. "They'll send it back to you all right. They'll pay you for the trip. I'm not running away with it. The driver's got the collar—he's rested—and I'm only a-going to the *Press* office. Do you hear me?" he cried, his voice rising and breaking in a shriek of passion and disappointment. "I tell you to let go those reins. Let me go or I'll kill you. Do you hear me? I'll kill you." And leaning forward the boy struck heavily with his long whip at the faces of the men about the horse's head.

Some one in the crowd reached up and caught him by the ankles and with a quick jerk pulled him off the box and threw him on to the street. But he was up on his knees in a moment and caught at the man's hand.

"Don't let them stop me, mister," he cried, "please let me go. I didn't steal the cab, sir. S'help me I didn't. I'm telling you the truth. Take me to the *Press* office and they'll prove it to you. They'll pay you anything you ask 'em. It's only such a little ways now, and I've come so far, sir. Please don't let them stop me," he sobbed, clasping the man about the knees. "For Heaven's sake, mister, let me go."

The managing editor of the *Press* took up the india-rubber speaking-tube at his side and answered "Not yet" to an inquiry the night editor had already put to him five times within the last twenty minutes.

Then he snapped the metal top of the tube impatiently and went up-stairs. As he passed the door of the local room he noticed that the reporters had not gone home, but were sitting about on the tables and chairs waiting. They looked up inquiringly as he passed, and the city editor asked, "Any news yet?" and the managing editor shook his head.

The compositors were standing idle in the composing-room, and their foreman was talking with the night editor.

"Well," said that gentleman, tentatively.

"Well," returned the managing editor, "I don't think we can wait; do you?"

"It's a half hour after time now," said the night editor, "and we'll miss the suburban trains if we hold the paper back any longer. We can't afford to wait for a purely hypothetical story. The chances are all against the fight's having taken place or this Hade's having been arrested."

"But if we're beaten on it——" suggested the chief. "But I don't think that is possible. If there were any story to print, Dwyer would have had it here before now."

The managing editor looked steadily down at the floor.

"Very well," he said, slowly, "we won't wait any longer. Go ahead," he added, turning to the foreman with a sigh of reluctance. The foreman whirled himself about and began to give his orders, but the two editors still looked at each other doubtfully.

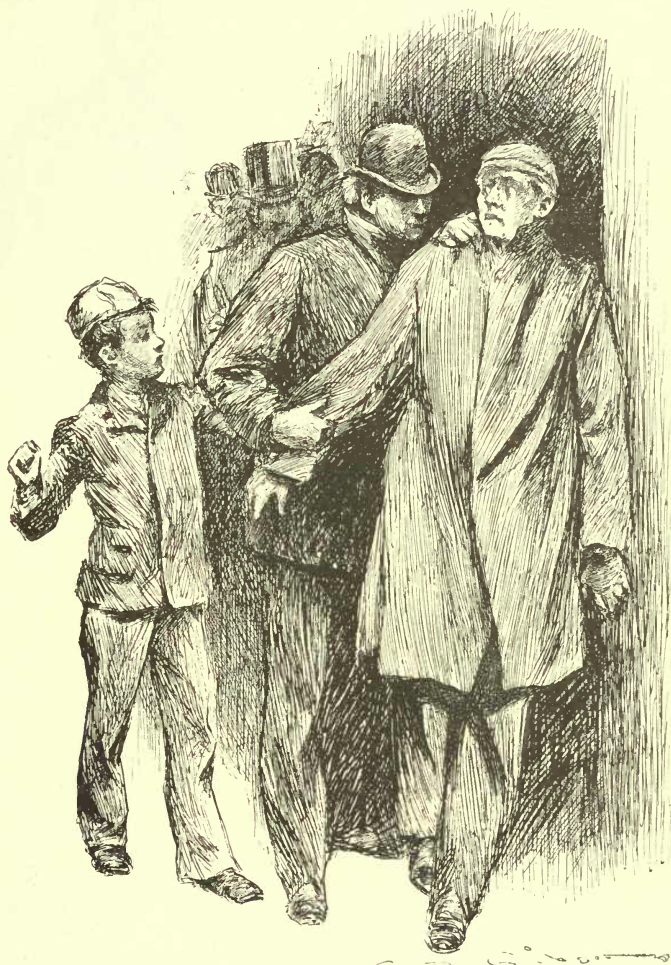
As they stood so, there came a sudden shout and the sound of people running to and fro in the reportorial rooms below. There was the tramp of many footsteps on the stairs, and above the confusion they heard the voice of the city editor telling some one to "run to Madden's and get some brandy, quick."

No one in the composing-room said anything; but those compositors who had started to go home began slipping off their overcoats, and every one stood with their eyes fixed on the door.

It was kicked open from the outside, and in the doorway stood a cab-driver and the city editor, supporting between them a pitiful little figure of a boy, wet and miserable, and with the snow melting on his clothes and running in little pools to the floor. "Why, it's Gallegher," said the night editor, in a tone of the keenest disappointment.

Gallegher shook himself free from his supporters, and took an unsteady step forward, his fingers fumbling stiffly with the buttons of his waistcoat.

"Mr. Dwyer, sir," he began faintly, with his eyes fixed fearfully on the managing editor, "he got arrested—men as rapidly as a gambler deals out cards. Then the managing editor stooped



"For God's sake," Hade begged, "let me go!"—Page 165.

and I couldn't get here no sooner, 'cause they kept a stopping me, and they took me cab from under me—but—" he pulled the notebook from his breast and held it out with its covers damp and limp from the rain, "but we got Hade, and here's Mr. Dwyer's copy."

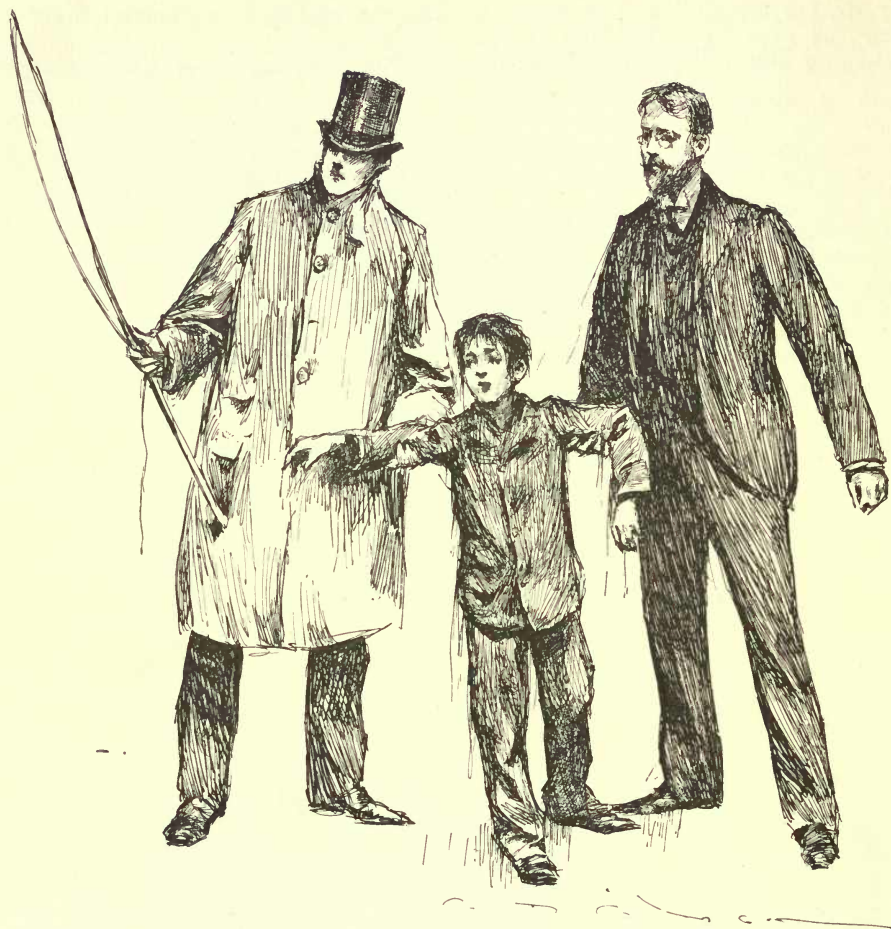
And then he asked, with a queer note in his voice, partly of dread and partly of hope, "Am I in time, sir?"

The managing editor took the book, and tossed it to the foreman, who ripped out its leaves and dealt them out to his

and picked Gallegher up in his arms, and, sitting down, began to unlace his wet and muddy shoes.

Gallegher made a faint effort to resist this degradation of the managerial dignity, but his protest was a very feeble one, and his head fell back heavily on the managing editor's shoulder.

To Gallegher the incandescent lights began to whirl about in circles, and to burn in different colors; the faces of the reporters kneeling before him and chafing his hands and feet grew dim and



"Why, it's Gallagher," said the night editor.—Page 170.

unfamiliar, and the roar and rumble of the great presses in the basement sounded far away, like the murmur of the sea.

And then the place and the circumstances of it came back to him again sharply and with sudden vividness.

Gallegher looked up, with a faint smile, into the managing editor's face. "You won't turn me off for running away, will you?" he whispered.

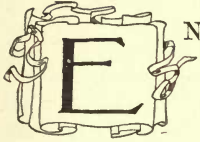
The managing editor did not answer

immediately. His head was bent, and he was thinking, for some reason or other, of a little boy of his own, at home in bed. Then he said, quietly, "Not this time, Gallagher."

Gallegher's head sank back comfortably on the older man's shoulder, and he smiled comprehensively at the faces of the young men crowded around him. "You hadn't ought to," he said, with a touch of his old impudence, "cause—I beat the town."

SERGEANT GORE.

By LeRoy Armstrong.



ENLISTED men in the regular army do not indulge in much courting of any kind. These sons of Mars who hold the outworks of the realm are not often afforded an opportunity to court even danger. Fame, that is supposed to lurk in cannons' mouths, there to be sought by aspiring young gentlemen who make a living by the extinguishment of other aspiring young gentlemen, is a thing so rarely heard about in the army of the United States that sluggish blood, tamed by some drill and much fatigue, is never moved to deeds of daring. Fortune is, if possible, farther away than promotion, for the legions are not munificently rewarded, and the soldier who can loan money is a personage certain of distinction.

And as for courtship, which involves a gentler, fairer sex, that is quite out of the question. At their quarters, in the tedium of walking post, and on the long rides down the valley when "mounted pass" rewards good conduct, some of the men may cherish these dreams of fair women, but they always set the season of their felicity far in the future—when captivity shall have been turned to freedom.

But now and then even the ignoble recruit in the regular army finds an object about which he may moan and dream. It may not be a face or figure that would inspire great deeds in those who have more frequent views of women; but beauty is a matter of comparisons. The "handsomest woman in the valley" wears a diadem as dear to her as that which graces the "loveliest lady in the city."

Fort Bidwell had but one unmarried woman in the whole confines of the reservation, and she was a half-Spanish maiden who attended the commanding officer's children. Her father had been an army officer, who consoled himself for assignment to Fort Yuma by marrying the belle of the region—a territory

that is even yet far more Castilian than Saxon. Judged by all canons of beauty Terita was not handsome. She was short and dark, low-browed, and gifted with a mouth of most generous extent; but then, she was young, her hands and feet were small and shapely, her eyes were deep and dark, and she had her mother's very witchery of dress. Seen beside the wives of the officers, Terita suffered somewhat; but then no soldier ever saw her there. To them she was ever alone and unshamed by comparisons.

When she wheeled the colonel's children down the esplanade of an afternoon—the time of all times when an American camp is lazy—the men would vie with each other in attentions. True, they could not do much, and the first man at her side, if not dislodged by Terita's frowns, was master of the situation.

But the sun shone brightly on the esplanade all the afternoon, while just across the creek which formed one boundary of the parade-ground was a level stretch of grass that lay like a carpet right up to the foot of a massive, towering wall of granite. The time-honored excuse for accosting the maid was to assist her and the children across this brook on a series of stepping-stones—so much more desirable than any bridge could have been. Once over, the commonest kind of courtesy demanded that Terita permit her adorer to walk up and down with her, to fill the admiring, envious eyes of all the garrison, and to win the colonel's graces no less than the girl's, by preventing any of the little blunderers from falling in the brook.

It was, indeed, to the rank and file, "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Of course, all this implied a well-dressed soldier, the patient buffing of buttons, the polishing of shoes, and the tact to simply happen on the esplanade—not rush there as though this were

the one thing which could make a man tidy and agreeable. And while four out of every five men in the fort would

could expect she would dismiss the others, and keep herself for him only. But the girl was rapidly developing a



When she wheeled the colonel's children down the esplanade.

have given a month's pay any time to walk and talk with her, to touch her hand at chance intervals, and to wake that merry Southern laugh, not nearly that proportion cared to give the time and trouble necessary; and a still smaller number was prepared to march out there and run the risk of impalement on that keen glance, not to mention the ridicule such a fate would involve when one returned to the squad-room.

Yet the strife for her smiles was warm enough, and several shared with some approach to equality the honor of attending Terita, though not one of them

stronger liking for Sergeant Gore than for anybody else. He was so handsome, so at ease; his blue eyes shone with such a light, and his soft, white hands were so caressingly tender when they touched her own.

He was so faultlessly dressed, and was so plainly accustomed some time in the past to even better company than hers, that Terita always greeted him with a surer welcome, walked with him longer, and was plainly happier with him than with the other men. And so it came to pass when rival admirers outwitted Sergeant Gore and gained the

coveted position, she grew to inquiring about that young man; grew to speak of his dress, his learning, his better past. All this was gall and wormwood to the gallants who heard it, and one by one they read dismissal in the queries, and left the field to Gore.

He was not the only man of good family whom Dame Fortune, in a perverse mood, had sent to the ranks of the regular army; he was one of many. But his face and figure, no less than his family-tree, were his title-deeds of nobility. Sergeant Gore's weekly letter from his Philadelphia home had long been one of the events at the squad-rooms in Bidwell. A chosen few might listen to some passages. A somewhat larger circle had seen the photographs of mother and sisters, and knew the home-life of the Gores was one to envy. They paid him their highest compli-

During the Modoc war young Billy Somers, just out of a civilian college at the East, dared the rigors of a campaign in the lava beds, quartering himself on his brother, the first lieutenant of Company G, First Cavalry. When Captain Jack and his three unclean abettors were hanged at Klamath for defying the flag and slaying the men who bore it, young William asked for a commission in the army. The officers in general endorsed his application, for he was an uncommonly agreeable fellow, and all declared his deserts firmly grounded on "brave and meritorious conduct in the Modoc war."

Pending the action of the Secretary of War the young man paid a visit to his friends in San Francisco, and then, as the unfruitful months vanished, he came to Bidwell and again accepted the hospitality of his brother. He found a comfortable seat on the broad balcony



There smoked good "conchas" and watched the golden afternoons drift by.

ment by being interested in that fairer half of life, and asking respectfully, when the quarters were stillest, about those from whom his honor kept him alien.

of Lieutenant Somers's quarters, and there smoked good "conchas" and watched the golden afternoons drift by.

He saw Terita, and being almost an

officer, if not already crowned with a commission, he needed no introduction, and, indeed, very little formality of any kind, to claim her acquaintance. The girl was flattered by his attentions,

in secret many times, vexed that fate gave her a choice so grievous ; and she was often very good to Gore, though he, poor fellow, would come back to quarters with not enough of reason left to



"Let us walk on the grass beyond the creek to-night,"—Page 180.

although the more surely he was an officer the smaller the chance for any union. But he found many pretexts for being with her. When his commission should come he might be assigned to some post in the South, and his Spanish was in woful need of dressing. And she—well, she was a woman, and not averse to compliment.

The children were seldom lifted across the creek now. Terita said the esplanade was good enough. And she could not encourage Sergeant Gore to walk with her there, where every turn brought them under Lieutenant Somers's balcony. Yet she did love him. She wept

distinguish between a daily detail and a death sentence.

But at last the commons triumphed. Billy Somers's commission didn't come ; maybe it never would. She fed the hope and let her heart follow its stronger bending. Gore was in ecstasies. He had less than a year to serve, and then an honorable discharge would restore him, somewhat like the prodigal son, to a father's house where there was plenty.

Terita slipped from her room one night and met her lover on the grassy walk beyond the creek. They strolled up and down there in the moonlight, busy with pictures that are never un-

veiled but once in all the world. Gore wore his finest uniform, and strapped to his side, lifted from clanking against his spurs, was his burnished sabre; for he was sergeant of the guard to-day.

Why will a woman love the tools of war? What is there in a sword to fire her with devotion for the wight who carries it? No one knows, yet that has been her weakness since Æneas won the heart of Dido.

The mail had arrived to-day, and its chief treasure, his letter from home, was recited at length to the fairy by his side. Terita listened and clung to this handsome fellow; she stroked his massive arm, she touched his face, she sang him songs of love in the soft Spanish of her mother-tongue—and she turned like a panther when a man came quickly around the base of the great rock and approached her lover threateningly.

It was Billy Somers.

"Go to the guard-house, Gore," he said. "You have no business here."

But the sergeant knew his footing. He was trespassing on regulations; he was well aware of that, but between him and any citizen he was the better armed just now.

"I don't know why I should take orders from you," he said, calmly and firmly; then he added, "Mr. Somers," with a possible emphasis on the title.

"You are sergeant of the guard. Go to your post, or I will have your belts off in ten minutes."

"You go slow, or I will have you in the bottom of the creek in ten seconds," came in anger from the soldier. Then he added again, as thrust, reminder, taunting—all in one—"Mr. Somers."

"Lieutenant Somers," corrected the other, with an undoubted emphasis on the title.

"Lieutenant?" cried the girl, with an inflection of inquiry.

"Lieutenant!" echoed Gore, in deep derision. He did not believe the Secretary of War would ever make that man an officer.

"Yes, lieutenant," said Somers, sharply. "My commission came to-day."

That settled it. He was clearly master here. But Gore was game. He took Terita's hand and led her across the brook on the stepping-stones that

long had paved the way from earth to paradise—stones that memory would bind about his neck hereafter, while he struggled in the infinite sea of despair.

But he would have given a sixth year of service in the barracks for just one hour at the hay corral with that subaltern.

"Good-night, Terita," he said, as he reached her door. There was no attempt at hushing his voice as became a plebeian on the borders of patrician realms. He lifted his cap with perfect grace, bowed low and went away, proud as a gentleman.

All the officers and their families, sitting the evening out upon their balconies, saw the episode; but they had not seen that brief passage at arms across the creek. The officer of the day only knew that here was a sergeant of the guard gallanting a girl when he should have been at his post. He put on his hat and called to the retreating figure, while Terita wrung her hands in an agony for Gore, then pressed them in rejoicing for Somers's good fortune.

The two men met half-way across the parade-ground.

"What are you doing, sergeant?"

"Disobeying orders, I fear, sir," answered the culprit, saluting.

"Go to your post. I shall report you in the morning."

They saluted again and parted. That night Sergeant Gore was Upton personified in his strict adherence to regulations. Next morning he was relieved before guard mount, and the corporal turned over "the fort and all its stores" to the succeeding detail.

"Lieutenant William Somers says you insulted him last night," said the commanding officer sternly, when he had summoned Gore before him. The non-commissioned man told the whole story just as it was.

"Go back to your quarters, and never let such conduct occur again."

Gore was out of it easier than he had expected. He was not even reduced to the ranks. Surely that grim old colonel saw more than the surface of things.

But Terita? Well, she grew very chilling. Young Lieutenant Somers honored her with a horseback ride down the valley, though his conduct met stern

disapproval from the other officers and their wives. It was one thing for Terita to be courted by an enlisted man soon to leave the service; it was quite another for an officer to show her favors—and she a waiting-maid!

Sergeant Gore was not reduced to the ranks, but he might have been for all he cared. He was hopelessly smitten by that little girl. He could not wake his pride and dismiss all thought of her. He grew less tidy, and his springing gait became a painful drag. He did his duty in a slipshod way, and only roused to interest when the squad-rooms were agog with speculation as to where "Lieutenant Billy" would be assigned for service. He only listened to their chatter when the men recounted some new freak of that late-fledged lieutenant. His arrogance, his tyranny, his petty spite, won him a place of singular dislike. Gore hoped, yet dreaded, that the time would come when he could wreak his anger on that upstart. He did much violence to his blood and training as he pictured some possible collision. He thought of Achilles, who was bereft by a baser, not a better, soldier—and smiled at the stupendous vanity pent in the simile.

A month went by. The new lieutenant had an open field for Terita, so far as rivals went, but he still found rough sailing in the social waters. At last, in self-defence, he announced his intention to marry the girl as soon as he was assigned to duty, and said, in a burst of heroics, that he would be proud to take her with him as his wife wherever he might go. And from that time his wooing was frowned on less hardly than before.

But that assignment to duty! It troubled him far more than anyone else. Until it came that Spanish damsel held him at a most tantalizing arm's length. It was very provoking. He prayed for the Presidio, near San Francisco; he dreaded Fort Yuma or St. Francis.

Sergeant Gore lay half-asleep on a bench in front of the quarters, and gazed at that point of rocks across the parade-ground. The October wind lifted his blond hair and blew it about, shaming him for neglecting the barber. It occurred to him that the mail-coach

was due to-day, and he was not so tidy as he should be when his letter came. He glanced down at his uniform, at his dusty boots; he passed his palm across a very stubble-field of cheek. He waked to the consciousness that all this was unmanly, not to say unsoldier-like, no matter what the provocation, and he drew himself together with a quick resolve to be more worthy of that distant home where he was waited with such patient love.

As he set his face toward the rather humble house of tansure some quality in the rising wind attracted him. An arrow of cold, like an icy needle, shot its warning through the warmer air. In the northwest, hovering on the ragged peaks of Shasta, were banks of leaden clouds, while just overhead, with lowering pressure, swept the fleecy vanguard of the storm.

"Blizzard to-night," said Gore, sententiously, to the barber; and then, in a tone more life-like than they had known in weeks, he added: "One shave, one haircut, one waxed mustache," and clambered in the chair.

When he left the place an hour later he was the Gore of other days. Not a fleck of dust stained the dark blue of his garments; not a touch of soil dimmed the lustre of his shoes, while buttons, linen, sunny locks, and all marked the model soldier.

Just before him a little heap of leaves and grasses woke in confusion and scampered up the spiral staircase of the wind. Over in the great corral swine were borrowing trouble with loud, incisive cries, and carrying wisps of hay into the lee of heavy walls. The army of clouds that stood on Shasta when he passed before had advanced a score of miles, and gusts of cold, like scouts, were trying the passages of cañon and hill. Light flakes of snow shot by, fell in a group on the porch at the quarters, and whirled in a waltz to the sharp whistling of the storm.

"Put on your overcoats," said the sergeant of the guard to the relief. Inside the squad-room some men were kindling a fire. Gore watched them through the window, then walked briskly to and fro the length of the building. He was erect, clear-brained, deep-breath-

ing, exultant. His vigor was wakened by the tonic of frost.

Snow drifted in long, loose ridges across the parade-ground, as the sun-down roll was called. At tattoo the blast had grown so bitter that the men stood close in the shelter of the buildings, as in midwinter; while the officer of the day, in top-boots and field-cloak, was buried to the knees in the gathering drifts. Taps, the final bugle-call of the day, was drowned in the louder trumpetings of the hurricane.

Gore thought of his horse, and stole from the barracks to make sure of the animal's comfort. The storm was raging. Winds, like moistened lashes, whipped his face. He bent his head and ran, stumbling over unfamiliar things, tripping, recovering, and chafing his freezing wrists. Surely he had gone far enough. He was bewildered. He turned his back and tried to find the outlines of the buildings or the hills. Vision could not pierce beyond that mad, tempestuous whirl of sleety snow.

He was lost!

But under the chilling paralysis of that moment, when life and death contended with just lengthened lances, the heart of the man rose with a throb of defiance. He would not be frozen. Where was the corral? the quarters? where was he? One moment of confusion meant a panic and the end. One moment of calmness might save him. He shouted aloud, but the vicious demon of the storm snatched the message and shattered it—scattered it to all the winds at once. He knew it could not be heard ten yards away. But he called again, and just as calmly. Somewhere in that hurrying blast was surely a breeze that would carry the cry to willing ears. He tried again.

Then, behind him just a little way, rose an answer. He turned and called quickly. Quicker still came a response. But this new voice was one of beseeching. It was a plea for help. Gore struggled toward it, guided by its rising, waking, hopeful repetition. He stumbled blindly against a fence—and knew his bearings in an instant.

There to his right, buried in the drift, battling feebly to escape, crouched "Lieutenant Billy."

Gore gazed on him in silence just one moment; but in that little lapse of time his bosom was a battle-field of tempests as fierce as that without. How easy to end it all just here! No need to touch him; no need to speak. No one on earth would ever know he stood above those epaulets and took receipt in full for slavery.

Just one moment, and then a breath from that good home in far-off Philadelphia flashed past the leagues that lay between, and stirred his heart to manhood.

"Hello there, Lieutenant!" he shouted, grasping a numbed arm with one hand, while with the other he held to the fence as to a life-line that could bear them both to safety. "Hello, there! Get up! You're freezing."

The bewildered man rose stiffly, grasping wildly for support. He could not walk; he could not stand. He fell full length and helpless in the snow.

Gore stooped and wrapped his strong arms about the prostrate body; he raised it to his shoulder and then crowded along against the fence till it led him to the quarters.

A month of fairest weather followed, and not a vestige of the storm-wrought ruin could be seen in the valley. Sergeant Gore was discipline again. He didn't care about Terita, and he was quits with Somers. His arms shone resplendent, his uniform was a model of beauty, his conduct was all that a soldier could desire. He declined with dignity the lieutenant's invitation to come to the officers' quarters and be thanked.

"Tell him," he said to the orderly, "that I saved him just as I would a steer or a pony. I don't care a copper whether he gets well or not."

This was far from true; but the brute in man is sometimes so strong that it demands concessions, and they must be made. He could not forget, and it was still more impossible to forgive.

He was strolling past the esplanade one day, upright, defiant. The mail had just brought him a letter from home. It raised him visibly above all things in Bidwell. It warmed and comforted—it satisfied him.

Terita leaned from the colonel's balcony and accosted him.

"So glad to see you," she said. "I have wanted to talk with you. Let us walk on the grass beyond the creek to-night."

"What will Somers say?"

How perverse he was. But even as he watched for the effect of his thrust, his heart leaped wildly. Oh, those little hands, that gladsome face, those ripe, red lips!

"Why," with a laugh, "what do I care?"

Plainly the new commission had lost its charms.

"I'll come," said Gore, not quite so heartily as he once had done, but with a vein of independence that was worth much to him.

That night they crossed the creek, treading those blessed stepping-stones, and walked in the moonlight again. The evenings were chilling now, and Terita wore a true Castilian mantilla. They talked of everything—but one. She sang the old songs, she laughed and flattered him; she won him utterly, and then she said:

"You were so good to save 'Lieutenant Billy.' Poor fellow, he is so grateful to you."

Gore sniffed his contempt.

"He has been assigned to duty at—I can't remember."

"The Presidio?" with fear and trembling.

"No—oh, my, no. At Fort Buford, in northern Dakota. His orders came to-day."

Talk of anything now. She has spread her net, has secured her prize; here she transfixed him. When he left her that night Sergeant Gore trod on zephyrs. He was too happy to lie in bed even after taps, and stole away beyond the boiling springs to walk alone and fashion castles in the air—castles that in these later days he has peopled with the fairies of love requited, the genii of manhood's strength and woman's blessing.

And Terita? Why, time has given stature, rarest comeliness, and unswerving truth to her. She is prouder of her home, her handsome husband, and her pretty children, than ever was the wife of a grandee in Spain.





By Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

AGLÆ, a widow.

MURIEL, her unmarried sister.

It happened once, in that brave land that lies
 For half the twelve-month arched by sombre skies,
 Two sisters loved one man. He being dead,
 Grief loosed the lips of her he had not wed,
 And all the passion that through heavy years
 Had masked in smiles, unmasked itself in tears.
 No purer love may mortals know than this,
 The hidden love that guards another's bliss.
 High in a turret's westward-facing room,
 Whose painted window held the sunset's bloom,
 The two together grieving, each to each
 Unveiled her soul with sobs and broken speech.
 Both still were young, in life's rich summer yet;
 And one was dark, with tints of violet
 In hair and eyes, and one was blond as she
 Who rose—a second daybreak—from the sea,
 Gold-tressed and azure-eyed. In that lone place,
 Like dusk and dawn, they sat there face to face.

She spoke the first whose strangely silvering hair
 No wreath had worn, nor widow's weed might wear,
 And told her blameless love, and knew no shame—
 Her holy love that, like a vestal flame
 Beside the sacred body of some queen
 Within a guarded crypt, had burned unseen
 From weary year to year. And she who heard
 Smiled proudly through her tears and said no word,
 But drawing closer, on the troubled brow
 Laid one long kiss, and that was words enow!

MURIEL.

Be still, my heart! Grown patient with thine ache,
Thou should'st be dumb—yet needs must speak, or break.
The world is empty, now that he is gone.

AGLÆE.

Ay, sweetheart!

MURIEL.

None was like him, no, not one.
From other men he stood apart, alone
In honor spotless as unfallen snow.
Nothing all evil was it his to know;
His charity still found some germ, some spark
Of light in natures that seemed wholly dark.
He read men's souls; the lowly and the high
Moved on the self-same level in his eye.
Gracious to all, to none subservient,
Without offence he spake the word he meant—
His word no trick of tact or courtly art,
But the white flowering of the noble heart.
Careless he was of much the world counts gain,
Careless of self, too simple to be vain,
Yet strung so finely that for conscience-sake
He would have gone like Cranmer to the stake.
I saw—how could I help but love? And you?—

AGLÆE.

At this perfection did I worship too. . . .
'Twas this that stabbed me. Heed not what I say!
I meant it not, my wits are gone astray,
With all that is and has been. No, I lie—
Had he been less perfection, happier I!

MURIEL.

Strange words and wild! 'Tis the distracted mind
Breathes them, not you, and I no meaning find.

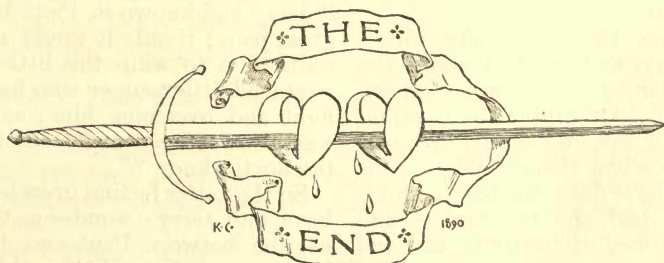
AGLÆE.

Yet 'twere as plain as writing on a scroll
Had you but eyes to read within my soul.—
How a grief hidden feeds on its own mood,
Poisons the healthful currents of the blood
With bitterness, and turns the heart to stone!
I think, in truth, 'twere better to make moan,
And so be done with it. This many a year,
Sweetheart, have I laughed lightly and made cheer,
Pierced through with sorrow!

Then the widowed one,
 With sorrowfulest eyes beneath the sun,
 Faltered, irresolute, and bending low
 Her head, half whispered,

Dear, how could you know?
 What masks are faces!—yours, unread by me
 These seven long summers; mine, so placidly
 Shielding my woe! No tremble of the lip,
 No cheek's quick pallor let our secret slip!
 Mere players we, and she that played the queen,
 Now in her homespun, looks how poor and mean!
 How shall I say it, how find words to tell
 What thing it was for me made earth a hell
 That else had been my heaven! 'Twould blanch your cheek
 Were I to speak it. Nay, but I will speak,
 Since like two souls at compt we seem to stand,
 Where nothing may be hidden. Hold my hand,
 But look not at me! Noble 'twas and meet,
 To hide your heart, nor fling it at his feet
 To lie despised there. Thus saved you our pride
 And that white honor for which earls have died.
 You were not all unhappy, loving so!
 I with a difference wore my weight of woe.
 My lord was he. It was my cruel lot,
 My hell, to love him—for he loved me not!

Then came a silence. Suddenly like death
 The truth flashed on them, and each held her breath—
 A flash of light whereby they both were slain,
 She that was loved and she that loved in vain!



JERRY.

PART FIRST (CONCLUDED).

CHAPTER XIV.

"As to the assertion that *no* amount of evidence could establish the supernatural, we ask in amazement, 'On what is the supernatural based? Does it rest on anything higher than the idle habit of mind induced by the observation of constant recurrences?'"



HE fight with Paul was a great event in Jerry's life, and Joe chuckled over it with much satisfaction, being proud of Jerry's "sperret."

"An' the wuss youuns air, Jerry, the wusser hisn's lickin' air," he had said more than once; but this triumph was soon overshadowed by an occurrence of solemn portent.

It was going to be a bitter winter; everybody said so, and Joe had stopped work some time before to make preparation for it. Jerry worked with him heartily enough; coming home from the beloved lessons an hour earlier that he might help Joe bring the wood up from the gorges, where the pines grew best; helping him build a sheltered pen for the three pigs that were to be kept and killed as needed; helping him make a bin to keep the meal dry, and a box in which to pack salt beef.

Jerry rather liked it; there was a sense of plenty and comfort about the preparations which he had never experienced before. All winter there would be enough to eat, and enough to wear, and wood to warm them. All this his father could have done, the boy thought, but he never had, and the winters had been black times of terror to him and his mother.

But he said nothing to Joe about this, drew no comparisons; for already he was imbibing some idea of keeping faith since once the doctor had said to him—"You should remember you are speak-

ing of your father"—and the boy had felt his face grow very hot; he did not realize why, but since then he had not talked about his home nor his old life. Indeed, he abhorred the thought of it, for gradually there was growing on him the knowledge of the fact that his mother had died for him. Sometimes he would sit up quite still in the night with his little bundle held close in his arms, and try not to long to kill his father, try not to curse him and the great brutal woman who was now his wife. For, living with the doctor day after day, he was gathering to himself a more clear and distinct understanding of right and wrong, and of the vast difference existing between the doctor and the people about him; he was making every effort to imitate and follow him in all things, and his love for this man was boundless. But growing up with this adoring love he bore for his hero, there was a deep grievance and bitterness; it was the doctor's love for Paul that Jerry had learned to watch for and suffer from; for Jerry hated Paul. The slow, cool scorn with which Paul looked at him—the manner in which he stood aside to let Jerry pass, as if the danger of touching him was to be avoided—the way in which he vacated the library whenever Jerry entered, was too much to be endured without breeding a hatred deep and lasting. But if Jerry had known it, Paul had also a great pain; if only it would not be beneath him to whip this little cur—this wretched little pauper who had dared to fight and overcome him; and beyond was always the dreadful doubt—"Did the doctor know?"

So the bitter feeling grew between the boys, and Jerry's wonder as to the connection between Paul and the doctor became one of the chief problems of his life—for he could not touch Paul if the doctor "sot much sto'" by him.

He would have liked to have asked the doctor about it, but the same feeling that now made him keep quiet about his

own affairs made him hesitate about asking questions. So he only watched that he might learn with certainty what the feeling was between these two. And the watching made him heavy-hearted; for there was something in each that he could not understand nor copy, and they could talk of things of which he knew nothing; yet Paul was only a boy.

But there was always a brisk change when Jerry went back to the little house under the rocks. Joe was always there before him now, working busily and whistling the one straight, endless tune they had in common.

Each day the journeys for wood were made, until the piles grew so high that Jerry thought they would last forever. But Joe knew better, and worked day by day while Jerry was in the settlement, and after Jerry came home, far into the late evening. At last the stacks had grown high enough even for Joe, and as the covered pen was ready, Joe proposed that they should go for the pigs before another fall of snow.

"It'll be a heavy one when it do come," he said, looking at the clouds that were gathering; clouds of deathlike, ghastly white, "an' the devil couldn't drive them pigs up these rocks then."

So Jerry came home earlier than usual, and they set off.

"Jim Martin lives nigh ole Durden's mine," Joe said, "an' youuns kin jest tuck a leetle spy in the hole, Jerry."

Jerry's eyes opened very wide.

"I'm feared," he answered, forgetting in his excitement that the doctor had told him to say "afraid."

"Most folks is," and Joe shook his head mysteriously, "but I 'llows as it can't hurt youuns jest to peek in fur a minnit."

"An' the water?" Jerry asked, in a low tone.

"I 'llow it's a-drappin' yit," Joe answered, "an' it'll keep on a-drappin' tell the Judgment day; it soun's powerful creepy, it do."

To see "ole Durden's mine!" Jerry felt his hair rise up, and all his veins tingle; to look in, and maybe to see the gold glittering on the walls and floor, as he thought it must—to hear that water dropping all day and all night, never ceasing, never forming into a pool or

stream that any human eye had ever seen. An indefinable trembling came over him as he tramped down the path behind Joe, and he longed for, yet feared, the termination of the afternoon.

"Thar's Jim Martin's," and Joe pointed to where a thin curl of smoke floated up slowly from among the rocks.

"Jim's house is piled thar plum against the rocks, it are, jest fur orl the worl' liker dirt-dauber's hole; but my Nancy Ann 'llowed she never wanted no rock wall to ourn house."

"I keep a-hearing something," Jerry interrupted, laying great stress on the final g, which he found much difficulty in pronouncing, "something a-roaring."

"It's a stream as comes down the mounting nigh the mine," Joe answered, "an' it falls over the rocks jest as purty!"

"A falls," Jerry suggested, feeling quite sure he had said the correct thing.

"Falls," Joe repeated, "the doctor names it thet too," he went on, "so I 'llows as youuns is correc'—a falls; an' youuns kin see it from up thar, from a rock as is jest ezackly over the hole of Durden's mine," stepping a little aside from the path to where one rock rose higher than the rest.

Jerry followed eagerly; a short, sharp climb, then he heard a slow, astonished exclamation from Joe.

"Great-day-in-the-mornin'!"

The boy leaned forward; and there, a little below the level of the peak on which they stood, lying on a thin, flat slab of rock that projected far out from the dizzy cliff, was the doctor.

"Well, Joe," looking up to where they stood above him.

"Evenin', doctor," Joe answered; "weuns is agoin' to Jim Martin's atter the hogs, an' I 'llowed I'd show Jerry the water."

"And it is very beautiful," the doctor said, turning his eyes again on the sombre gloom of the scene below them.

On all sides the grim, barren rocks darkening down into the deep gorge where the crowding pines dimmed the shadows to blackness; and from the far cliff where the light lingered longest, down from rock to rock the silver water falling and crying aloud—holding up "white, pleading hands"—down into

the black gorge and out to lose its life in the hot, dry plains.

"I reckon it's sorry to come down," the child said, with a sigh; and the doctor turned and looked at the wistful face lifted to the far heights. Had the boy read his thoughts? the thoughts that came to him like voices from his own life, as he lay there watching the water that forever was falling like one in a dream—forever that weary cry!

"An' Durden's mine is down thar," and Joe, holding by a broken rock, leaned over and pointed to where below them the shadow deepened to the semblance of a black hole. His voice broke harshly on the silence, and the boy sighed once more, and looked into the eyes of the man below him. He could not tell what he saw there, but it was the same thing that made him sigh.

"An' the rock youuns is on, doctor, is mighty thin," Joe went on, as he stepped back to where Jerry stood.

"It has held me many times," the doctor answered, slowly; then they turned and left him.

To Joe it was the place where the "water came down an' looked rale purty;" to Jerry it was a place that made him afraid—made him feel as he had done when at last he had stood on the greatest height he could reach, and saw the sun setting across the plain; a feeling that made him walk in silence after Joe, and scarcely heed the talk of Durden's mine. Yes, he would go and look, what matter if he *were* dragged in to perish there; it would be better than this feeling he could not understand. The doctor understood, for the doctor looked into his eyes sometimes, and even in his blind ignorance Jerry could see and know the unuttered longing.

"He's lonesome, too," he whispered to himself, and followed silently down to where the black hole yawned.

Darker and rougher the gorge grew—the path narrowed to the merest thread of a track—then there came a level space covered with piles of *débris* from the mine, and through the broad cutting in the pines that once had been the road could be seen the village of Durden's, that had grown from the few miners' huts that at first had congregated around "Durden's find;" and near

by, the stream that fell so far, fretted and fumed in the artificial channel which the old miners had cut for it.

"They says thet the water runned right in har," Joe explained, as they stood in front of the mine, "an' ole Durden got the fust gole outer the water; atter thet he foun' it in the rock, he did, an' he jest sot to work an' dug a ditch over yon for the water, an' dug in the cave fur the gole."

Then he led the boy nearer and nearer, picking his way carefully over the rocks and rotting logs that were strewn about the opening of the deserted mine, down into a sort of basin, where they paused and looked up to the slab far above them on which the doctor lay; and it looked so high and thin, such a precarious resting place!

A few steps further and the blackness of darkness gathered about them.

"Listen!" Joe whispered, pausing.

There was the sharp rattle of the stone they had dislodged that rolled somewhere into the darkness; then through the silence came the drip of far-off water—slow—heavy, regular, save that now and then there came a double sound as though too much had gathered for one drop—a quick, irregular sound like the catch in a sob or a sigh.

The boy stood very still; the silence and the darkness seemed to grow about him, and the sound of the dropping water seemed to rise and swell, then to fade and die like some creature crying! He was awe-stricken—he was afraid to stir—even to raise his hand to touch Joe who stood so near! Like one in a nightmare who could not move nor cry!

Great drops of sweat gathered on his temples—he trembled like a leaf in the wind; was there anything back there in the darkness? anything coming toward him—anything? that drawn, white face he had seen in the coffin! The dead eyes were open and staring at him—something touched him!

A wild cry broke from his lips, and turning, he fled up the rugged opening—falling, scrambling, breathless, until he lay sobbing under the ghastly white light from the snow-clouds; hiding his eyes and crying with sharp, quick gasps.

"Great-day-in-the-mornin'!" and Joe stood over the trembling child in much

wonder ; " I jest teched youuns, an' sich-er holler I never hearn—what ails youuns, anyhow ? " trying to raise the boy, " thar warn't nothin' to skeer youuns. "

" I seen him—I seen him ! " Jerry answered between his sobs—" I seen 'Lije Milton ! "

Joe sat down on a rock, overcome.

" 'Lije Milton ? " he repeated, slowly—" an' 'Lije never b'lieved as he'd git up agin ! "

No doubts of the fact crossed his mind ; no question as to how or why ; that Jerry had seen 'Lije Milton was a simple fact which proved to his mind that the dead hero did not sleep in peace and quiet.

Gradually the sobs died away, and Jerry lifted himself as one exhausted.

" Less us go, " he said ; " less git away from this place, " and Joe followed obediently.

Jerry, somehow, was taking rank above him, and this last revelation raised him into something of a hero.

All the slow way home they were silent, except for the orders and cries to the hogs that were inclined to wander in their going. Neither at supper was there any conversation, and it was not until Joe had smoked one pipe, and had fairly started on another, that he broke the silence.

" It were surely cur'us, Jerry, " he began, gravely, " thet I've been agoin' thar a heaper times, an' never sawn ner hearn nothin' ceppen the water a-drap-pin'—naryer thing ceppen thet, an' thar's sumpen in it sure—jest sure, " looking solemnly at his companion, who, in a chair opposite, gazed steadily into the fire ; thar's sumpen in it, " he repeated, " fur it stan's to reason that 'Lije wouldn't hev come fur nothin' ; thar's somethin' onlucky 'bout thet place fur youuns, Jerry, thet's what it means, " decisively, " an' youuns hed jest better keep clar of thet hole. "

" I will, " Jerry answered, drawing his sleeve across his nose, " I'll never go nighst it agin, you bet—I mean again, " he corrected himself.

" Agin or again, " Joe repeated, " don't make no diffrence to me ; I ain't per-tickler 'bout sich leetle trash as thet, but don't youuns go anigh Durden's ; mebbe thar's a heaper gole thar, but it

ain't fur youuns, " pushing the fire into a brighter blaze, " an' I feels a kinder all-overish when I 'members how youuns screeched when I jest barly teched youuns ; sposed youuns gits yer leetle book an' read a spell, " throwing another log on the mass of coals, " it'll be sorter cheerfuller to read 'bout the leetle boy as got the fly in hisn's eyes, " then more slowly, " but it beats me how he done it. "

" The doctor said it was the words he wanted to larn me, " Jerry answered, as he took his book down from a shelf, " I spec it ain't—it is not for rayly true. " Joe's English was demoralizing, and Jerry puzzled sorely over his words, speaking slowly and correcting himself when he remembered. And Joe was very lenient, treating these efforts as signs of the weakness of Jerry's intellect.

" Jest please yourself 'bout words, Jerry, " he said, kindly ; " I don't rayly hev no feelin' agin one word or ernether ; it's orl one to me, jest so I kin on'erstan' youuns ; now jest pole erlong 'but thet boy an' hisn's fly. "

So Jerry found the place and read slowly and earnestly, holding the book to catch the firelight. And Joe listened with much satisfaction, a look of pride growing in his eyes as he watched the child ; and when the page was turned Jerry paused, as he always did, to show Joe the picture.

" It's jest as naytral, " bending his gray head over the poor woodcut, " thar's the leetle boy, an' thar's hisn's fly—a rale big 'un—an' it's flewed away, it hes. "

" 'The fly is out of my eye, ' " Jerry read in a sort of recitative.

" It jest is, " Joe commented, " an' thet's what I said, it flewed away. "

It was more cheerful, the reading, and their spirits rose in a measure ; but when bed-time came, Jerry, by Joe's advice, brought his blankets and spread them close by Joe's bed ; and once or twice in the night Joe got up to put more wood on the fire, and waked the boy to tell him to " quit a-cryin' so pit-terful. "

The darkness and the sobs together were more than Joe could bear, and the next morning it was determined that

Jerry should ask the doctor about his vision in the mine.

Jerry's heart was very heavy as he trudged away to the doctor's, for with the feeling that his mother was always near him—the feeling that had given him so much comfort—there was mingling now the mystery of the dead who walked the earth because they were not easy in their graves. Joe believed it firmly; and yesterday, had he not seen 'Lije Milton with his own eyes? And was his mother wandering like this?

She had died for him.

"If she had let Dad bust my head agin the chimblly her'd a-been a-livin' right no," and he drove his hands deeper into the cavernous pockets of his coat, Joe's coat, that Paul had laughed at. His heart was heavy, yet with it there was a feeling of importance that sustained him; 'Lije Milton had come to warn him! And he held himself a little more erect.

The fire burned brightly in the study, and the doctor was there when Jerry entered.

"Well, Jerry," he said, then returned to the book he was reading, so that the questions which hung on Jerry's tongue had to be put away until the lessons, which were done mechanically that day, were over.

"We shall have some heavy snows," the doctor said when they had finished, "and you may not be able to come every day, Jerry, so I have arranged copies and lessons which you can do at home on the days when the weather is too bad."

"Yes, sir, and I'm very—" pausing, doubtfully—"much obliged to you," the doctor suggested, gravely.

"Much obliged to you," Jerry repeated, then added quickly, "I rayly—rayly are!" as if the copied words did not satisfy him, nor express his gratitude.

The doctor smiled, then asked, kindly:

"Did you get your hogs home safely?"

"Yes, sir; and, doctor," feeling that the time for his revelation had come, "I went into Durden's mine," his eyes growing wide as he spoke.

"Well."

The boy paused; with the doctor listening, the story seemed, somehow, to lose all importance.

"It is the truth, doctor," then in the excitement that came over him, he returned to his own special English: "Yes, sir, sure as I stan' afore you, I sawn 'Lije Milton—I did, an' Joe 'llows as he come to tell me that the gole in Durden's mine ain't fur me."

"Did you expect to buy Durden's mine?" the doctor asked, quietly.

Jerry shook his head.

"No, sir."

"Then why should 'Lije Milton come back to tell you that you must not have it?"

Jerry looked doubtful.

"Joe said so."

"Well, Joe is mistaken; nobody can work Durden's mine unless they first buy it, and it will take a great deal of money to do that."

"Is Durden's mine full of gole?" the boy asked.

"I do not know," the doctor answered, "I have never examined it, but they say the new mine is much better."

"An' I never sawn 'Lije?"

"I do not think you did, Jerry," and the doctor smiled kindly on him.

"Well, farwell," looking up longingly into the face above him, "mebbe I can't git back to-morrow."

"Good-by, Jerry," holding out his hand.

The boy took it reverently, and looked at it almost adoringly; then for an instant his hold on it tightened and he raised his eyes—

"You goes to thet rock a-heaper times?" he asked.

"The rock over Durden's?" with some curiosity in his tone.

"Yes, sir."

"Very nearly every day," waiting for what the child would say next.

There was a pause; then, still holding the doctor's hand, Jerry drew a little nearer.

"Joe says it's awful thin," pleadingly, "an' you'll fall, please, doctor!"

The doctor shook his head.

"You and Joe need not be anxious," he said, "that rock will outlast me."

Jerry turned to the door.

"Farwell," he repeated, "but I'm afraid fur you;" then the door was shut, and the sound of his footsteps died away before the doctor moved.

It had been so long since anyone had cared—since wistful eyes had watched for good or ill to him—so long!

Far back in the years there had been eyes whose faithfulness and love had never faltered; eyes that looked at him now from out the shadows when the day darkened—from out the fire—from out his books! Eyes he had turned away from—eyes

“that looked into his eyes with smile
That said ‘be strong,’ yet covered anxious
tears the while!”

So long! And now these humble eyes looked up and pleaded for his safety—watched lest ill should come to him—loved him—believed in him.

Poor little waif; poor little ignorant heart still half asleep; was it kind to shake it free of dreams—to make it open its eyes to the broad, blinding light of knowledge—the merciless light that spared nothing?

The fresh shadowy dawn wherein he now lived, was it not better?

CHAPTER XV.

“Like dry and flimsy autumn leaves that blow
From all far distances, until by chance
They meet and rest within some sheltered
spot;

So lives oft come together, and so rest,
Until some wilder wind sends them apart
To longer wanderings on the ‘lonely road.’”

THE day Jerry came home from the doctor’s with his bundle of books and copies was the last of the open weather, and the winter closed in with cruel coldness.

For days the snow fell; the world lay motionless; no sound of wind, no movement, a death-like stillness while the snow-banks grew higher and higher—the pine-branches drooped and cracked sharply under the growing weight—and in the long, bitter nights the beams and logs of the house groaned and strained—shuddering as with a sudden blow from an unseen hand.

The wild creatures roamed and cried through the dark hours, coming nearer to man, growing fiercer and bolder in their hungry need. Each day as the door was opened, a path had to be

cleared through the snow before Joe could do anything toward the day’s work. Then in the long hours when Joe was gone, Jerry lived a lonely life in the dark house with window and door barred, and only the fire and Pete for light and company. Joe taught him how to load and use the rifle, and charged him not to hesitate to fire on man or beast.

He fed the hogs with the rifle close at hand, and watched with a nervous fascination the great tracks that day by day came about the house; and sometimes he heard the creeping footsteps and wild cries as he sat spelling over his lessons by the firelight.

A dreary life, until one day Joe brought home a window-frame fitted with glass, and screwed it in the window.

“Youuns kin see now, Jerry,” he said, “an’ kin read youuns’ leetle books,” and the boy looked up very thankfully.

After that he worked diligently, sending his papers to the doctor when Joe happened to pass that way, and in return receiving words of commendation and freshly arranged work. And in the long evenings he explained to his friend the processes by which he worked, and showed him all his papers, until over Joe’s manner there came a change. He treated the boy so tenderly, listened to his words and explanations so proudly, and when Jerry read aloud sat silent and admiring. Out among his friends he spoke of Jerry as “my boy,” and made allusions to the future when Jerry should stand with the best.

He bought the boy a cot—toiling up the slippery trail with it on his back—and Jerry’s eyes opened wide with delight and wonder. Then he brought a new book from the doctor, and made a little shelf for Jerry to keep his books and papers on. And Jerry, grown white and a little thin from his winter’s captivity, looked gravely out of the window, and wondered what all this attention from Joe meant.

He was growing very silent as the days went by, and was learning to brood in the enforced loneliness of his life.

From Joe he had heard all that he knew of Paul and his connection with the doctor; that Paul was the son of a

friend who in dying had given him to the doctor, though some people thought that Paul was enough like the doctor to be his own; that Paul was very rich, and one day would own most of the mine in Eureka; and the reason Jerry had seen so little of him during his earlier visits to the doctor was that Paul was daily in Eureka learning from the engineer all about the mine and mining.

"He'll hev a heaper gole, sure," Joe had said, thoughtfully; "but I 'llows thet thar's some as'll hev as much." And Jerry had listened with a dull pain at his heart.

The doctor loved Paul—the doctor worked for Paul's interests; and Paul, a rich man, would pass Jerry by like the dust in the road.

It was a bitter thought to Jerry.

It was not often during the long winter that the boy could go to the doctor; but each time he came home with a clearer and more mortifying knowledge of his own deficiencies, and of the distance that lay between even Paul and himself—while the doctor seemed hopelessly far. But with this knowledge there came ever a firmer determination to overcome all.

He worked eagerly—carefully—unceasingly; doing his sums, writing his copies over and over, and reading his few books until he knew them very thoroughly. He saved and spelled out every scrap of newspaper that came into his hands, storing in his mind a strange medley of words and ideas; while through and over all was the memory of the doctor's words that had taken root and were bearing fruit in the boy's ways and tones—the suggestion that some day Jerry could be as the doctor was. He thought of it by day and dreamed of it by night, building wonderful castles in the air. He would be a gentleman some day, and have books all around his room; he would have clothes such as Paul had, and walk and talk as Paul did—only he would be stronger, and love his lessons, which Paul did not. But one thing hurt him—one thing was a great disappointment to him—he could never touch Paul again, because Paul belonged to the doctor. And not only did Paul possess the doctor's love, but was protected by it from any re-

venge in Jerry's power. He could never touch Paul again, even though he had a feeling that Paul did not love the doctor—had not Paul called the doctor a "meat-axe?"

"But I whipped him for that," the boy would say to himself, and feel startled at the sound of his own voice coming back to him from the empty room. Each day he tried to read in the Bible the doctor had given him, but could make very little of it as yet; the words were strange and different from the words in his books, and he was often at a loss to understand them. But here Joe occasionally was able to give him unexpected help; telling him roughly and vaguely some of the stories brought to his mind by the names Jerry spelled out.

"Adam he were the fust man as ever growed," he said, "an' Eve were the fust woman, an' she were made out'er Adam's bones, she were; an' youuns kin read an' see thet's the livin' truth; an' the critters an' the yarbs were made fust to gie Adam sumpen to eat."

"But the 'Golding Gates,'" Jerry asked, "it don't tell about that."

Joe shook his head doubtfully.

"I don't ezackly onderstan' 'bout thet," he said, "but I allers hearn thet the Bible telled all about it; I knowed a preacher onest as telled me a heaper tales, an' he 'llowed thet they comed from the Bible; an' the doctor he tole my leetle Nan 'bout the good place, an' he read it out the book thet thar wornt no mo' sufferin' thar, ner no mo' cryin'. Lord! I'll never forgit how he sot thar an' read the book 'tell I'd jest as lieve a-died a-longer Nancy-Ann," looking meditatively into the fire.

And Jerry, never thinking of turning to any but the first part of the book, plodded on as faithfully, as trustfully as he had journeyed toward the setting sun, because his mother had pointed there for the "Golden Gates;" he worked his way through verse after verse, with full intention of reading the whole book because the doctor had given it to him as a guide to his mother.

And gazing into the fire, or out of the window, he would dream and wonder without ceasing—longing for the snow to be over and the spring to come. He

grew to love old Pete, and was sorry when the hogs were killed one after another, even though they lived like princes in consequence of it, having plenty of meat, and plenty of grease for their bread.

Jerry had never lived so well in his life, and he appreciated all his comforts, but not as he would have done a year ago; for he wanted now something more than food and clothes. In that little time he had been educated up to unappeasable wants, and the beautiful, happy time when he could be satisfied was forever past.

The time when with childish eyes we look no further than from hour to hour; touching mysteries and wonders as the butterflies touch the flowers; glad for the sunshine; hearing music in the rain; sleeping, and dreaming golden dreams through the dark hours, until Want comes to us held in the arms of Knowledge—want that creeps into our hearts and voices—looks longingly from our eyes—walks with us all our days, until death stills our longing with a friendly hand upon our hearts.

And Joe watched and wondered; was it "books an' larnin'" made the boy so quiet; made him grow so tall, and slim, and white; and stand looking so long and so silently out of the window?

The boy was changing in every way, and between the two a different relationship was being formed. Jerry had risen to a great height in Joe's estimation, and gradually all his pride and love had centred on the boy. "My boy," he called him, and had a growing ambition concerning him. He had not for one moment forgotten the fight between Jerry and Paul, and each visit he paid to the doctor, in carrying back Jerry's papers, he would look at Paul and smile in a way to rouse all Paul's ire.

"Jerry's rale well," he would say, "an' gittin' rale strong."

And Paul would try to answer unconcernedly, but once or twice he found the doctor's eyes fixed on him with a criticising look in them that was anything but calming; and the boy took Joe into his list of hates.

"I cannot see what you find to interest you in that stupid man and boy," he said to the doctor one day.

"Neither of them are stupid," the doctor answered, not lifting his eyes from his book; "and the boy is above the average in intellect, he is learning rapidly."

"And what good will his learning do him?" scornfully.

"The same good your learning will do you, possibly more."

"More good!" haughtily. "I have a name and a fortune to support."

"And Jerry has both to make," then the doctor returned to his book.

Paul did not feel that he could say anything more just then; but the conversation rankled in his mind.

That Jerry should be put on an equality with him was an insult hard to bear—but that Jerry should dare to found a name and fortune was a still more bitter thought. He would brood and brood over the thought—sometimes ending with an oath, sometimes with a laugh; Jerry should work in his mine yet!

But he told the doctor none of this.

So the winter had its day; a long, merciless day that seemed to have no end.

And many folded tired hands for aye—and many would have found their graves a warm refuge. Hard and earnestly the doctor worked among the hovels in Durden's and Eureka; helping in money, and words, and skill. No weather stopped him, no hardship seemed to turn him aside; and often Joe would come home and tell many things he had heard of the doctor's devotion to the people—a devotion he could not understand. And Jerry minding the house and the hogs up on the mountain, and Paul cursing his loneliness down on the plain—both wondered and tried to find some reason for this strange and uncalled-for sacrifice of time, and comfort, and money; but it was a riddle neither of them could read as yet.

Only "eyes that have wept see clear"—see clear and far into the lives, and hopes, and sufferings of their fellows—only eyes that have wept have this second sight.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

"There is no caste in blood,
Which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears,
Which trickled salt with all."

A RUMOR had come to Eureka, — a rumor that Eureka was to have a railway, and the town was wild with excitement.

So many years had rolled by without one ripple to mark their going, that this sudden waking up seemed to bewilder the people. So many quiet years wherein Jerry up on the mountain-side, and Paul in the valley, had grown and developed "each after his kind." Paul, absorbed in himself — Jerry, clinging close to the aim set before him in his childhood, absorbed in dreams grown out of his study of his idealized master, the doctor. Through all these years he had followed without question in any direction the doctor had indicated; had plodded eagerly through anything the doctor would teach him. But though a dreamer, his education had opened his eyes to many things that he would gladly have ignored. He now recognized his own class very distinctly; he realized the rank from which he had sprung, and looking on them he saw the haggard, stolid drudges — the weary, dirty, ignorant women — and his mother had been such as these?

He hated his class because they were so low, and he hated himself for the feeling; he hated social grades and the "accident of birth," and history was to him a black record of injustice, and suffering, and wrong; a narration of how the strong crowded down the weak, and that only because they were weak.

And at last his dreams took shape, and to himself he seemed to come down out of the clouds. The doctor's life-work had been to raise humanity — his own life-work should be to raise his class.

Wrong must be righted; and in this wide western land, where all had equal chances, all should rise.

The Master of Mankind had come down to earth to lift up all humanity — aye — and had been murdered by a mob!

Even so; but His teachings had lived, and through eighteen hundred years had worked and leavened the world; and now the time had come for reform!

And what higher task could a man set for himself? Surely he would be a reformer.

But with the patronizing patience of youth he determined to begin humbly; he would show that he was not a wild theorizer; he would be practical at the start, and possible all through. And he asked the doctor's advice about opening a free school in Durden's, for he had decided that education must be the first step in reform.

But the doctor shook his head.

"Make them pay you, Jerry," he said, "if it is only ten cents a month; putting a money value on it is the only way to make them appreciate it."

"But many of them are too poor to pay," the young man answered slowly.

"None are too poor to buy tobacco and whiskey," quietly; "besides, you are old enough now to think of making your own living."

Jerry looked up quickly with the blood rising slowly in his face, as the doctor went on:

"Joe is old now, and he has done a great deal for you."

"I could not help it," Jerry answered eagerly, "I was too young to know, when he first took me in, and since then he has never allowed me to work; my education has been his pride."

"Very true, and it all has been quite right until now; but now," and as of old the doctor tramped up and down the room with his spurs rattling at his heels, "now it will be good for you to work; you will be helped mentally and morally by working for yourself. I think the school is a good plan; but I advise you to take the school already established in Eureka, and make reasonable charges; the schoolmaster is old now, and never has been of any practical value."

"And what will he have to live on without his school?" Jerry asked.

"He has land; land that will bring him in a little fortune before long."

thoughtfully ; "besides he has money put away ; I will speak to him if you like, so that you can secure the school-house and his influence."

Jerry looked doubtful ; his intentions about the great work he had chosen had been so different. He had pictured to himself a beginning where all would be gratitude and good feeling ; where he would tell the people what he purposed doing for them, and begin by being a hero !

Now, the opening scene was all changed ; and he put in a position to sue for patronage.

He had never spoken to the doctor of this great purpose, and now, somehow, the disclosure seemed impossible, for there was no escape from the doctor's reasoning ; it was undeniably right that he should support himself ; a thing that had not occurred to himself in his dreams.

And yet, how could he say to the people—"I am doing this entirely for your good—but you must pay me for it?" How could a man professing to work on a high moral plane, push cash payments !

And he answered slowly :

"Let me think of it, doctor?"

"Of course."

And Jerry walked home slowly.

This conversation had taken place a year before the railway excitement had touched the little towns of Durden's and Eureka, and for that length of time Jerry had been schoolmaster in Eureka after the doctor's plan.

It had made Joe very proud, and it was music in his ears when he heard the people say "Mr. Wilkerson ;" and when he saw Jerry making out his monthly bills, or signing receipts as "J. P. Wilkerson," his heart would throb with delight. But the height of his joy was reached when the *Eureka Star* published a flourishing notice of the "talented young schoolmaster, Professor Jeremiah P. Wilkerson" !

Fully realizing the absurdity of the position, the amusement of the doctor, and the sneers of Paul, Jerry found this notice hard to bear ; but his cup seemed to overflow when he found that in his pride Joe had taken the notice to Paul as a triumph for Jerry !

No scoffing remarks from Paul—no labored explanation even, would have made the old man understand the amusing side of the notice or the little worth of it ; and though feeling just as Jerry knew he would feel, the doctor said such kind things to Joe that he returned home greatly elated, and with two pins fixed the bit of newspaper to the wall where he could see it always without any trouble.

But the year had seemed a lifetime to Jerry. He had had to unlearn so much—to bear so much—to be disappointed in so much ; for outside of books he had no knowledge.

His whole life, since Joe had taken him in, had been spent between the little house under the cliffs and the quiet of the doctor's study ; and this year of practical work among the people had been a revelation to him.

Among the delusions which had been dispelled was the one that Joe worked in Eureka. Not that Joe had ever said that he worked in Eureka, but somehow the belief had grown up with Jerry, until now he discovered that a mistake had been made somewhere. To his astonishment he found that few people in Eureka knew Joe Gilliam—that fewer still knew where he worked, and no one seemed to have asked what his work was.

All this came to Jerry by accident, for it did not occur to him to ask any questions about Joe ; but when later on he found that even in Durden's everybody believed that Joe worked in Eureka, he felt as if walking in a mist full of strange surmises concerning the old man, and in his musing his thoughts took curious shapes ; for why should there be any mystery ? Back through all the years his thoughts had gone and had found many things that could not be accounted for.

Why had the house been so carefully guarded ? What was there in it to tempt a thief ? And working nowhere that Jerry could hear of, how did Joe make his money ? For Joe surely had money. But even this was a revelation to Jerry ; for until he had gone to Eureka and had seen the way in which Joe's class lived, it had never occurred to him to question Joe's mode of life.

It had been so different from the doctor's, where Jerry often lunched or dined, that it had seemed to him coarse and rough; but one insight into a Eureka house, and his eyes were instantly opened to the fact of Joe's superior mode of life; and at once he faced the mystery of the source of Joe's money.

So through these puzzles that were almost troubles, and many others, the year had waxed and waned and worn away, as years will do if only one is patient enough. And Jerry had rearranged all his plans and ideas; had patiently readjusted all his theories as to poverty and want, placing them on a new basis that he deemed firm and practical, and that he was sure would stand all tests.

But suddenly, like the swift, unaccountable changes in a dream, the greatest excitement ever known in that region had laid hold on Durden's and Eureka; the deepest and wildest excitement that could touch any small, unimportant place—a railway was coming! As surely as the sun shone and the wind blew, a railway was coming, and hundreds of people with it. Eureka was to be made a great city; the value of land was to reach an unheard-of figure, and all the inhabitants would bloom into millionaires!

How the report had come, or whence it had come, no one knew; but it was there among them like the fire on the prairies. Nothing could quench the talk it roused, nor the hopes that flared and flamed in every direction.

Money was coming to all without one stroke of work being done. Fortune was walking calmly across the hot, dry plains, across mountains and rivers, steadily on to the town of Eureka, her chosen, favorite child.

The days and the years had passed very quietly until the talk of a railway had waked up the community, and intoxicated it with the thought of wealth. The people gathered on the corners with an eager, hungry look growing on their usually stolid faces; stopped each other on the street to discuss this all-absorbing possibility; wild with delight; shouting and drinking; betting their all as to where the railway would enter the town, what land would be the most

valuable, and who had the best chances for the future.

It seemed to ring all the changes on the different characters; the parsimonious became absolutely stingy, holding their money with an eager grasp as the possibility of getting more seemed to come nearer to them; the avaricious became greedy for it; the reckless threw it away more wildly. The very children and women caught the infection, fighting among themselves, and drawing their husbands and sons into the horrid drunken frays that seemed to occur in every house and shop.

"I never hearn the like," and Joe paused in his eating and put down his knife and fork, "Eureky is jest a-bilin' over."

"It will be a great thing for Eureka," Jerry answered, then went on more slowly, as if trying to understand his own words, "and people talk of buying the land in every direction."

"What fur?"

"To make money," and Jerry's voice and expression were very grave.

Joe looked anxiously into the young face opposite him.

"Does youuns want some?" he said doubtfully. Jerry looked up quickly.

"Do I want land?" he asked; "thank you, Joe, I have no need for land, and I think it a wrong thing to speculate in."

Joe took up his knife and fork to go on with his supper, while a puzzled look came over his face. With each year that had passed Jerry had become a greater mystery to him, until now he had no real hope of ever understanding him again. "His boy" had developed entirely out of his reach and knowledge, and Joe could only admire.

But this last enunciation was to Joe the strangest of all Jerry's sayings—that to speculate in land was a sin. Was this a remnant of Jerry's youthful weak-mindedness that education had failed to correct? And from this time Joe watched Jerry with careful curiosity—watched while Jerry strove in vain to right himself and hold his place amid all this wild excitement.

It seemed marvellous to Jerry how in the twinkling of an eye all about him was changed, and he had to stand and see not only his dreams and his the-

ories swept away, but the long year's hard work annihilated, while this intoxicating greed for gain absorbed the people in its whirling vortex.

Jerry had read a great deal about money and money's power ; had thought that he had some knowledge on the subject, and so thinking had built for himself a bulwark of calm indifference to this thing that so swayed the world ; indeed, he had determined to live entirely above it.

But now, as he watched, he began dimly to realize that the cumulative, crushing, almost crazing influence of money was an awful thing—a thing to be afraid of. He looked and listened, appalled and astonished, and his hopes for his class seemed futile. How useless to try to make anything of these creatures, so far down in the scale of humanity ; so hungry for this power that was in itself so unworthy, and of which they could make only the lowest uses ! How he despised them, and how he hated the knowledge that he had been born one of them !

Nor had he any opportunity to take counsel and comfort from the doctor, for his time was fully occupied by the school, and by the long conversations he was now called upon to hold with his patrons, the parents of his scholars.

Their confidence in Jerry first arose from his having been called "Professor" by the *Star*, and now they thought they could get no better views than his as to the land speculators who were already creeping into the towns. So they asked, and Jerry answered unhesitatingly against these strangers, and tried to show the people the dark sin that was hidden at the core of the fair-seeming schemes these land-speculators set forth to tempt them.

To speculate in land was a crime, he told them, and the Government was responsible for it ; the Government should hold all land and rent it ; should not throw out God's gifts, which should be dispensed fairly, to be scrambled for by the crowd. Of course the weak would go to the wall—the weak who had every right to life save the strength to hold it.

In answer, the plausible first speculators insisted that the land, *having* been

thrown out for a general scramble, would all be grasped by "sharpers," unless they, with command of ready money, should be allowed to buy it, in order to hold it for the poor people who would come with the railway ; this was all they wanted to do, and would promise to sell it fairly, with only enough margin allowed to pay themselves for their trouble and expense.

Their trouble !

And Jerry enlarged on this phase of the question with a sarcastic strength that won him scholar after scholar, and made the people hold their land against all temptations.

He was earnestly true in his opinions, and put them forth with the strength that truth begets. He saw many visions of the multitudes that were to come ; visions of poor people seeking new homes and new openings in which to begin new lives.

They had always lived up five pairs of stairs, he thought, with only enough land at the base to bear the weight of the five stories ; but was this all the land the livers in the tenements were entitled to ? Scarcely enough land to bury them in, unless they were buried five layers deep !—packed away like sardines in a box ?

Their lives spent in horrible want and misery ; with no right to God's sweet air and sunshine that are so freely given. Looking out with hungry, hollow eyes ; hunting in noisome garbage piles and gutters for dirty refuse. Naked—skulking—starving until almost they gnawed their useless hands that could find no work ; while the broad, breezy fields were tilled by steam.

It was surely a black sin.

And in the depths of the fire Jerry saw visions of model farms spreading far across the plains ; fair homes where the scum from all the cities—from all the world, would settle and become honest citizens.

All they needed was room for expansion ; room to be thrifty, and moral, and religious ; room to breathe in, and looking up to realize their God—realize Him not as a careless "First Cause," who let the creatures of his hand multiply until they overflowed his world and crushed and crowded each other down to death

and hell! Not so, but as the merciful Father who made room enough for all, and did not send disease and misery as the cures for the mistake of over-population!

Jerry's heart was on fire with the time-old wrongs of humanity, and his tongue was ready.

Shortly the *Star* caught up his views and polysyllabbed them until they were scarcely to be recognized; but Joe's heart swelled with pride.

"It were rayly liker preacher," he said over and over to himself, and listened eagerly to all that reached him about Jerry; and in himself he began to realize a most notable character; one who had rescued from poverty and obscurity a great light!

Jerry was the "coming man"—a man bound to rise; a man with all the glory of no ancestry—of ignorance and a log-cabin about his early years.

And Joe gathered the papers secretly, and paid Dan Burke to read them to him; for he was afraid to ask Jerry. So Dan read the fiery columns to Joe, and declared himself willing to extend Joe's credit to an indefinite extent; congratulated him on his boy, and prophesied that some day Jerry would be President!

And Joe went home and made the fire, and ground the coffee for supper, and in the midst stopped his work and put it all aside, covering his face with his hands.

"I oughter a-done this for youuns, Nan," he whispered, "I oughter a-done it!" then went away and hid among the rocks, that Jerry might not find, when he came home, that Joe had done his work for him. Nan had always done her own work—and crouching down among the rocks he looked back at the little house saying: "Surely it's God's truth that dead folks come back—surely it's God's truth."

Meanwhile, in Eureka the talk ran high. Day by day the reports and surmises grew more wild and numerous; land values were run up to an imaginary price that no fortune could compass—then a sudden stop!

The people were breathless and puzzled—the speculators, who had come with such laudable desires to spare eve-

rybody trouble, and to save land for the poor who would certainly flock to this new opening, were bewildered!

"Somebody" had bought up all the public lands! It was declared that within a radius of twenty miles all the Government lands were gone!

There was a pause of deathlike stillness; then a howl of rage and curses went up against this mysterious person who was to reap this immense fortune. People, and speculators, and adventurers made common cause against this crafty "Unknown"; and all small jealousies and animosities were merged in one great anger against this person who had over-reached them.

And Jerry, boiling with indignation, denounced the "Unknown" openly and without stint; the soulless creature who had done this wicked thing had speculated on the necessities of the hungry hordes that would surely follow the road.

His visions were all swept away; for the land about Eureka was all gone; bought up to be held until the crowd should flow a living stream across the mountains to this "promised land," only to find the sharpers before them!

It was a black crime, but a crime legalized by the Government; and God would surely curse such a Government and Nation.

CHAPTER II.

"Drink to lofty hopes that cool—
Visions of a perfect state;
Drink we last the public fool,
Frantic love and frantic hate."

HIGHER and higher the excitement ran; who was this mysterious buyer?

The newspaper was sarcastic, then angry, then bitter; Jerry's articles grew longer and more darkly withering; but all to no purpose, the Unknown did not reveal himself.

Nearer and nearer the fateful railway came; built only from the nearest town, it seemed to come with magical rapidity. It had worked its way now to one of the lowest passes in the mountains, and before long all doubts as to where it would come into Eureka would be over.

And as time went on public opinion

slowly but surely came to the one verdict, that this unknown person had bought his land in the right place ; the town of Eureka would spread all over his domain, if he would allow it.

Higher and hotter the talk rose, and reports flew hither and thither. Then one morning—one cloudy, cold, spring morning—a morning Jerry never forgot ; whose piercing dampness often touched him ; whose cloudy heaviness often weighed him down in after days—a notice appeared in the *Star*—a notice short and terse, offering high wages to workmen to lay off in lots this great tract of land ; and the doctor's name was signed to it.

Jerry's heart seemed to stand still ; and a silence seemed to fall over the town.

The doctor. The hero, the friend, the trusted benefactor of the town.

Jerry turned away silently from the man who had shown him the notice ; he wanted to be alone, for he felt as if some hand had wounded him sorely.

His hero doing this thing, speculating in what was man's inalienable right, Land ; the dust from which God made him !

Had not the doctor often discussed with him the sin of speculating in land ? More than this, had they not extended their discussions to the finer point of the injustice that lay at the foundation of large estates ; and had not the doctor disapproved, to a great extent, of it all ? How, then, must this action be read ?

Was he doing it for Paul Henley ?

Jerry's face darkened ; this thought seemed to hurt him more than all the possible sufferings of the immigrants who were expected ; and that this was so made him ashamed. Yet, was it possible that the doctor loved Paul to this extent—that beautiful, delicate, useless creature ?

Jerry clenched his fists.

Was Paul made of different flesh and blood that he could not guide a plough ; could not dig ; could not eat common food, nor wear common clothes ? Had God made him of finer stuff ; so fine that his guardian was driven to wrong-doing in order to provide for him ?

For twenty-four hours the country side made no sign, no sound ; then

whispers crept about ; angry, malignant whispers, that intensified as the day went on.

All these years that the doctor had been among them, they said, pretending to devote his time and money to the bettering of his fellow-creatures, he had been making his plans for this grand stroke of business. In his long rides about the country under cover of visiting the poor and sick, he had been searching the land for gold ; been working hard in his own interests, and in the interests of his adopted son, Paul Henley.

They declared that he had been for years in secret communication with this railway company, and had known all along how things would turn out. That he had bribed the Government to let him have the land for next to nothing ; had bribed the railway company to come in over his land, and to put the shops and station on his land.

More than this, he had bought up gold-land at the same low price, deceiving the Government. The realization of the awful wickedness of these reported actions and motives seemed to dart like a flash through the usually stolid minds of the people ; and within a day after reading the doctor's call for workmen they made up their minds that no hand in either town would be lifted to work for him.

And listening, and thinking, Jerry found that a public benefactor had no right to look after his own interests ; he saw that once to begin a course of self-sacrifice is to be bound to it forever ; the world watches closely, and never permits a retrogression, not the deviation of a hair's breadth from the prescribed path.

Prove your nose patient, and you prove it a poor thing meant for the grindstone. Unselfish natures prefer being imposed on, says the world, and benefactors have no right to be anything but benefactors.

Meanwhile, Jerry felt like one walking in a dream ; and, after the first shock, after his mind had re-established itself, all the talk, even the printed notice, seemed absolutely preposterous and impossible.

And all through the long day, during

which he received many visits from his patrons, it was very clearly realized by him that not only all Eureka, but all Durden's, had declared against the doctor, and were ready to cry him down, and, as far as possible, to ruin him.

Jerry could scarcely believe the situation, and more than once during his many interviews with the people, he asked them if it were possible, even with this provocation, for them to condemn this man who had spent years in their service; who had been their friend in every phase of life; who had set no limit to the time nor the money spent for them.

And the answer came sharply—if the doctor had not pretended; if, from the first, he had declared his intentions, they would not have blamed him; but he had won their confidence by false pretences so that he could cheat them, and this they could not forgive.

Jerry's repeated assurances that the doctor had bought the land for some good purpose, and not as a speculation, were not heeded, for all the facts of the case, as far as the people could see them, were against the doctor. The buying of the land was one fact; the notice in the *Star* was another fact; Jerry's ignorance of the transaction was a third fact; and the fourth fact, which everyone knew, was that for years the doctor had been buying up the interests in the Eureka mines in the name of Paul Henley.

All this evidence could not be disputed, and Jerry could only retreat on the declaration that, after all, there was no real reason why the doctor should not buy the land; no real reason why the people should blame him for his course; no reason save that he had given them so much that they felt they had a claim on all.

He determined, after much hesitation, that he would go to the doctor and ask him for some explanation; and yet, how could he do such a thing; what right had he to question any act of this man; how dare he look beyond his word and teaching?

Besides, the doctor knew all that had been said about this transaction before he revealed his name, and, if he had cared for the opinion of the people, he

would have printed his explanation along with his call for workmen; and if he had cared for Jerry, he would have given him long ago some hint that would have stopped his pen, and so would have left unsaid many hard things which had irritated the people against the unknown buyer.

And with this last unavoidable conclusion, Jerry faced a truth that he had long realized, but from which he had turned away—the truth that the doctor had never loved him. For years, ever since he had realized that the doctor was in every particular different from those about him, Jerry had watched him carefully, and by means of the deep love he bore him had learned that the doctor's life was one long struggle to lose himself in anything that would absorb him. Through all disguises Jerry had seen this motive in all that the doctor did for the people about him; and when he turned to his own case Jerry still saw this motive. The discovery hurt him, for always the thought followed, "I am a work that keeps him from remembering—I am a duty that satisfies his conscience; only this I am to him." It was through his love that Jerry had felt in the doctor's nature the lack of this same love; found that the doctor had another theory than the one he held as to honest love and honest hate; the doctor never flinched from his duty to all the world, nor to any segment of it that came within his reach, but he did not love it.

And bitterly it had come home to Jerry that all the adoration he had without question lavished on this his Ideal had fallen unheeded, if not unseen. This knowledge had not come to him all at once, but gradually, like the shadows that follow the morning sunlight—all is still bright, but when you look attentively the shadow is where the sunlight was.

The doctor was a mystery that with all his love Jerry could not solve. He was learning new lessons about him now, but his heart was growing heavy with the new wisdom.

For years Jerry had realized in some measure the doctor's suffering, and had pitied him. Too often he had seen him sit for hours and never turn a page—too often had seen the mask drop from his face and a deadly weariness take

possession of it—too often had found him lying face down on the rock over Durden's Mine—too often he had seen these and other signs not to know that his past needed sympathy. All this had made him love this man with a pitying love that was pain; but now the new wisdom that hurt him took the form of the question—"Was the doctor greedy

for gain—was it possible that this pitiful weakness touched his idol?"

That there must have been sin in his past to cause all the suffering in his present Jerry never doubted, but he had made sure always that they had been the sins of a noble nature; but avarice—could his idol fall so low as that?

(To be continued.)

THE BASKET OF ANITA.

By Grace Ellery Channing.



"IXTEEN in all. Five large ones, two small queer ones, four medium, three with the Greek pattern, the little brown one, and this beauty. Just look at it, *Manuelo*!" and the speaker balanced in her hand, with an air of triumph, the

delicate basket whose intricately woven tints formed a whole fascinating even to the eye of the uninitiated.

"It is a good one, *señorita*," admitted *Manuelo*, guardedly. "The *señorita* has as fine a lot of baskets now as anyone in the valley, saving only old Anita. Ah! if the *señorita* could see hers——!"

He stopped abashed, for the young girl had clapped her hands over her ears, and was shaking her head laughingly at him.

"*Manuelo*! *Manuelo*!" said she, reproachfully, "how many times have I forbidden you to mention old Anita to me? Isn't it enough to spend all my time—and money, pursuing every basket which reaches my ears, without being

haunted by the ghost of old Anita? Besides," she added, irrelevantly, "you know I don't believe in old Anita and her baskets."

Manuelo smiled; a smile like swift sunshine. "That is because you have not seen them, señorita," said he. "If you had, you would believe in no others. There is one of them so high, señorita"—with a graceful turn of the wrist indicating the size.

"Three feet! Why, it is a mammoth, Manuelo!"

"And *fine*"—he cast a disdainful glance at the baskets about her—"you have nothing like it, señorita. But that is not all. Where the pattern goes there are feathers—woodpecker's feathers woven in, all of the brightest scarlet—oh, far gayer than these!"

Elsa shook her head, dejectedly.

"You are determined to make me miserable, Manuelo. Now, what is the use of telling me this when Anita and her baskets are—how many miles away?—and you know she wouldn't sell one of them for less than the price of a small ranch. If I were a man I might mount my horse, make off into the wilderness, and raid the mystical Anita for the sake of her baskets; but since I am not—" with an expressive smile the young girl turned again to the contemplation of her treasures.

It was a pretty enough sight—Manuelo thought so, at least—the dainty creature surrounded by the ancient baskets, beneath a frame of splendid scarlet passion-flowers. The sunlight glistened on her golden hair and floating dress; and all about and beneath lay the fragrant groves of orange and lemon, and the gardens where roses—red, white, and golden—held carnival all the year round. A pretty sight, Manuelo thought, quite unaware what a striking element he himself added, cast upon the lower step with all the lazy grace of his nation in his figure, all its dark beauty in his face, and all its picturesqueness in his costume—loose shirt, wide trousers, sombrero, and gay kerchief knotted about his throat. By his side lay his guitar.

There were two things on earth that Manuelo loved—his guitar and Lolita.

Lolita was loosely tethered in the grove at this moment. There was noth-

ing in her appearance to distinguish her from any other of the score of bronchos in the village. But as for the guitar, there was none like it in all the South or West. In the first place, it was very old. Manuelo's mother had fingered it, and her mother's mother before her. They said it came first from Spain, a love-gift from some ardent Spanish lover, in the days when Manuelo's ancestors were great people in the new land, and to be a Mexican was to be of the nobility of California. Be that as it might, nothing else remained of all the traditional grandeur and pride save the guitar, and, perhaps, a statuesque turn of its young heritor's head. And the quaint golden inlaid tracery of the guitar had grown rusty, while the statuesque head served only to set off a ragged sombrero.

That troubled Manuelo not at all, strange compound of pride and carelessness, fiery impetuosity, and supine indolence that he was.

His old curmudgeon of an uncle, with whom he lived, might scold and swear, rolling Spanish oaths at him; Manuelo was thoroughly contented with his meagre lot, equally happy while tearing madly about the country on Lolita, or lying idly at the feet of Elsa Loring, singing Southern melodies to his beloved guitar.

How many hours he had spent so since blue-eyed Elsa came to occupy the hammock on the porch at Las Delicias, neither Manuelo nor Elsa cared to reckon. To Elsa it was such a natural thing to have him at her feet; to Manuelo, so simply natural to be there. And now Elsa had contracted the basket craze.

"What will you do with them all, señorita?" demanded Manuelo, abruptly, after watching her silently for a space.

Elsa looked up from the five she was critically trying to make a choice between.

"Do with them?" she repeated, vaguely; "oh, I shall—take them home with me." She blushed a little. Manuelo said nothing. "You see," continued Elsa, confidentially, "in our part of the country they don't have anything like them, nothing half so beautiful, and so the people are all wild about them. The

more I can get the better I shall like it, and the prouder I shall be. Only"—she added, ruefully—"I can't get many more, for I have pretty nearly ruined myself already, in spite of the wonderful bargains you have found for me."

Manuelo looked pleased. "You need not give yourself trouble for that, señorita," said he, "there are more, plenty more, and—cheap. I will find them for you."

Elsa's blue eyes gave him a glance before which his own fell for sheer joy.

"Yes," said she, "I dare say you will. I believe you even cause them to spring from the ground. I am not sure you don't sit up nights to manufacture them yourself—and all for a song! Look at that beauty—only four dollars it cost me. You could have sold it to the Englishman for double. I sometimes think, Manuelo, that you are—*too* good to me."

Manuelo looked out into the grove—at Lolita.

"Señorita," he stammered, "impossible! It is you who are too good."

"And all the other things, the walks, and drives, and music," persisted the girl, "when I was so ill, and they brought me here to cure me, and I was so homesick that I almost preferred to die. Do you know what I should have done without your music?—I should have gone mad."

She turned her eyes to him. Actually there were tears in them.

Manuelo sprang from his step. "Señorita," he cried, quite beside himself, "I beg of you! It was all nothing! I loved to do it, señorita—the walks, the drives, the music; and as for the baskets—a miserable set of wretched ones, not worth your thanks," he added, in order to dispose of them utterly. "Now, had they been the baskets of Anita, the señorita might indeed—"

And Elsa threw back her golden head and laughed merrily with still moist eyes.

"Aunt Mary," she said, an hour later—Manuelo, after singing her many songs, had gone in search of the mail, a duty he had long since assumed, counting himself richly paid for the dusty ride by the smile home letters brought to Elsa's lips—"Aunt Mary," said she,

"this is the loveliest country on earth, but it would be rather dull without Manuelo, don't you think? Tell me—what can I give him to show how grateful I am to him?"

Aunt Mary thought a moment, her mild eyes fastened upon the delicate wild-rose face before her. Perhaps that very thing suggested her reply.

"My dear," she said, "why not give him your photograph?"

Elsa sat bolt upright in horror.

"Good gracious, Aunt Mary! My photograph to Manuelo!"

"Well, my dear," answered the placid lady, "there is nothing he would like so well. You asked my opinion. You owe a great deal to his devoted service. He has shown himself a faithful friend, and it would please him to be treated as such. Besides, the lad is a gentleman. Under the circumstances there can be no impropriety."

"No, of course not," murmured Elsa, blushing daintily, "but it is very, very unorthodox! Still, as you say, I owe him a great deal."

She sat very thoughtfully after that for a long time, leaning back in the hammock, letting her eyes wander from the nest of roses and passion-flowers about her, over palms, and pepper-tops, to the distant snow-capped peaks against the sky of more than Italian blue. All that landscape was full of Manuelo to her—full as her days had been since she first came, a delicate invalid, who could do no more than lie all day in the hammock and listlessly absorb the sunlight. Well, it was Manuelo who swung the hammock for her the very day after her arrival—Manuelo, who chanced just then to be irrigating the orange-groves at Las Delicias.

Elsa's fragile grace and fairness, the golden hair and blue eyes which looked twice angelic beside the florid Spanish beauties and tropical wealth of color all about, exercised a subtle spell upon Manuelo from the outset. Her sufferings and needs appealed to all that was chivalrous in his ardent nature. From watching to occasional ready aid, from that to daily service, was a rapid growth. Never had lady more devoted cavalier than Elsa in the dark-eyed Mexican. It was he who guided her walks; who found

a safe little mustang for her ; who devised excursions ; who piloted her to all the points of beauty ; who introduced her to the Padre at the old mission, and trotted out for her benefit all picturesque characters in the neighborhood ; who ransacked huts and scoured ranches in pursuit of Indian baskets, when finally the fell mania of collecting seized upon Elsa.

"Manuelo," she asked him once, marvelling at his unwearied energy, "why is it that you, who are so full of activity, don't do something ?"

"Señorita," he replied, calmly, looking up from under his sombrero, "there is nothing to do."

"Then why not go away?" persisted Elsa. "You are young and strong. You waste your life in this sleepy little village."

Manuelo's eyes grew suddenly very far away.

"Who knows?" said he, dreamily ; "I have thought of it. It is dull at times, and Pedro grows crosser. There is my cousin Jesus in the Esperanza mines. *There* there is always something. Perhaps—some day !"

"Some day is no day," said Elsa, shaking her head. "You should make up your mind and go at once."

Manuelo glanced about, at the garden, the vine-covered porch, the cool little fountain in its forest of calla lilies, then he looked at Elsa and smiled very sweetly.

"Señorita," said he, "it is good here too." He picked up the guitar, touched the chords, and swept the girl away with the magic of a Southern song.

Elsa thought of all these things and many more now. The result of her meditation was that she selected from her desk that night a photograph of herself. On the back she wrote, "Manuelo, from Elsa Loring, with grateful thanks."

She gave it to him the next day with a little graceful, merry phrase ; but she was totally unprepared for its effect upon Manuelo.

A great wave of color, of light, surged into his face and glowing eyes. He absolutely trembled. For a moment he could say nothing. When he did speak, it was but two stammering, tremulous words.

"Señorita ! Gracias ! mille gracias !"

"It is nothing, nothing at all, Manuelo," said Elsa, lightly. But in her heart she had a sudden misgiving as to the wisdom of Aunt Mary's benevolence.

Manuelo never spoke again of the gift. Only he was, if possible, more serviceable and gentle and thoughtful than ever, while his mellow voice and plaintive guitar might be heard nightly floating above the perfumed groves of Las Delicias.

Elsa grew fonder and fonder of him, and treated him like a favored brother. She found the country, the climate, and Manuelo all perfect, and declared that she herself should be perfectly happy but for one thing.

"And that one thing——?" said Aunt Mary, with a smile.

"The baskets of Anita," asserted Elsa, as with a mischievous laugh she disappeared into the house.

The peaceful weeks flew by. In a land where there is nothing to mark the flight of time save fresh succession of flowers, time flies faster than elsewhere. The oranges came, and ripened upon the trees into luscious globes of juicy sweetness ; the almonds blossomed, and the apricots and peaches turned the landscape into a Japanese garden of pearl and white. The poppies blossomed and ran across the mesas, acres of them,—waves of living, palpitating orange-golden glow. The larks came and sang over them. One by one out came the multitudinous wild flowers and carpeted every inch of ground, running boldly into the very poppy-fields. And, finally, when every tree and bush and bit of land was set in flower and leaf and clothing green, the roses held their perfect April festival. By millions they waved and climbed and bloomed extravagantly on every hand. White and gold and crimson, and every tint between, the land disappeared under roses, the whole face of the country glowed and blossomed with them.

So, perfumed and flattered and wooed, and caressed by flowers and sun and softest air, the fragile Elsa strengthened her hold of life daily, and bloomed, like the land about her, into beauty and sudden happiness. Such a change had come over her. Manuelo was not a little proud of it.

"Señorita," said he, "you should live always in our South."

Basket-hunting remained Elsa's favorite occupation. She was constantly renewing her determination to consider the collection complete, and as constantly being lured from it by the sight of a novel form, a quaint pattern, or some "bargain too good to be lost."

Her collection was quite a theme of interest to all the inhabitants of the little village who knew her, each one of them personally, by this time. They were fond of bringing their friends to see the assortment which Elsa was always ready to display, and more than one excellent bargain found its way to Elsa's ears through their interest. It was early days then. If Elsa went back now to the village she would find baskets rarer than roses in an Eastern winter, and held at proportionate prices. But in these days she had it much her own way.

Many and various were the baskets. Great bell-shaped black and white ones; tall, delicate, vase-like shapes; odd ones like hour-glasses broken abruptly; some small and dainty like a lady's bonbonnière; others flat and like tiny saucers for sweet-breathed violets—there was no shape, size, or texture missing from Elsa's store. Of every age, tint, degree of wholeness and cleanliness—truly they were a treasure to make a connoisseur's heart beat high and enviously.

One unusually warm afternoon Manuelo rode up to the entrance of Las Delicias. He had been setting out orange-slips all day, and then had ridden a couple of miles beyond to secure a basket of which Francisco Martinez had told him over their work. Baskets were growing scarce, and Manuelo had to look farther afield each day.

This one proved to be a miserable affair, small, dingy, and ragged, besides smelling most self-assertingly of all its latest uses. Manuelo almost decided not to take it at all, but he hated to go back empty-handed. The owner compounded for "four bits," and finally Manuelo left the hut with the basket in his hand and disdain in his eyes.

"Still," thought he, solacingly, "it is one more, and will amuse the señorita."

He made Lolita fast to the usual pepper-tree. "Here is Manuelo now," he

heard Elsa say, as he came up the path. And then a fierce pang of jealousy smote his heart.

On the top of the wide steps sat Elsa, radiant, and Aunt Mary close behind; and in front of Elsa, huge, mellowed by age to a beguiling brown, and with a great, florid pattern sprawling alluringly about its wide mouth, stood the king of all baskets. Yet it was not the basket, nor Elsa's triumphant eyes, which Manuelo noticed with that bitter pang, but the lounging figure of José Silva on the step below.

José was the natural rival of Manuelo. In the first place José was a year older, and an inch taller, and as agile with his feet as Manuelo with his fingers—the best dancer, as Manuelo was the best musician, in San Miguel. In the second place, José had in his blood that taint which no Mexican ever pardons—the Indian taint—and Manuelo was a Mexican Caballero at heart, with all the pride and prejudice of his race hot within him. There was no love lost between the two. Doubtless it was more to anger Manuelo than for any other purpose that José, knowing well his devotion to Elsa—had he not ridiculed it for months back as openly as he dared?—had taken the pains to bring her a basket which far outrivalled any Manuelo had ever been able to find.

"No doubt he stole it," thought Manuelo, bitterly, as he went up the steps. He was too proud to show his feelings, except by an extra touch of Castilian dignity as he saluted the ladies and José.

"Only look, Manuelo!" cried Elsa, unable to suppress her excitement. "José has brought me the most magnificent basket! Only see how fine it is, and what a pattern! He says it is at least a hundred years old. Isn't it superb?"

"It is very fine, señorita," answered Manuelo, proudly.

"And only ten dollars," said Elsa, exultantly. "Think of it! Why, I wouldn't have missed it for half as much again."

José smiled, a swift, flashing smile. He was very handsome when he smiled. Manuelo hated him.

"Then take care, señorita," said José, "I may raise my price."

Elsa laughed. "No," she said, "I am not afraid. You are honest; all you Mexicans are. Look at Manuelo; he has sold me baskets for a song all winter."

José glanced, just glanced, at the baskets about him, and then back at his own, and he smiled a little. The smile said as plainly as words, "I am too polite to say so, but *such* baskets——! Now mine——!"

Manuelo's blood boiled. He, too, looked bitterly at the baskets he had gathered with such loving pride. How coarse and dingy and common they had all at once grown beside the magnificent basket of José. And as for the last wretched one—he would gladly have thrown it out into the grove, had such a thing been possible. At this very moment Elsa caught sight of it.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "what is that in your hand?—another basket for me?"

Manuelo gathered all his Castilian pride. He produced the basket and handed it to her indifferently.

"It is a wretched one, señorita," he said, calmly, "but will serve to increase your collection."

Elsa took it and looked at it silently.

José looked at it too, and smiled.

"It was very kind of you to bring it," said Elsa, gently, "and I only wonder you could find any—you have brought me so many." She put it beside the others, then she stood off and looked at the entire row. Manuelo watched the varying expression as she looked from one to another. When she came to the monster which headed the line with an air of conscious superiority (for which Manuelo could have kicked it) her eyes brightened with delight, and she clasped her hands together, naively; Manuelo's heart contracted. "Oh, you beauty!" she exclaimed, involuntarily; then, "I believe I *shall* have to give up collecting *now*," she said, with a laugh. "I shall never be satisfied with anything less than this again, and there are no more, there can't be any more like it—can there, Manuelo?" She turned to him, confidingly. "Did *you* ever see a basket more beautiful than this?"

José cast a glance of malice. Manuelo drew himself up proudly.

"Señorita," said he, "*yes*—the baskets of Anita!" Then he felt himself grow scarlet, for there was an irrepressible ripple of laughter, quickly suppressed, from Aunt Mary, and a hoarse chuckle from José. Even Elsa had smiled a swift, involuntary smile. But Elsa was a little gentlewoman, and there was no mistaking the sudden passion of Manuelo's eyes.

"Oh, yes, surely," she said, with easy naturalness, "I had forgotten the beautiful baskets of Anita." Then she picked up one of the lesser baskets, crowned it with scarlet passion-flowers, and called upon them all to admire the effect.

It was gracefully and graciously done, and Manuelo knew it. He took up his hat quickly.

"Adios, señorita!" said he. Elsa looked up quickly.

"Are you going already, Manuelo? Will you not stay and sing for us?"

He shook his head. "Thanks, señorita;" catching the mocking eyes of José he murmured something about "*mañana*." Then he turned away down the rose-bordered path under the olives, carrying his head very high indeed, while the guitar dangled at his side.

Poor Manuelo! He knew—worst of all—that he had betrayed himself; that all his pride had not availed. Ridiculed, despised, his loving work of all the winter made worthless in a single moment, and finally to be misbelieved. He had not minded Elsa's laughing jests at old Anita all winter—what a different thing they sounded now in the light of José's mocking eyes. Manuelo set his teeth and his face grew stern.

"We shall see if they will believe or no," said he.

He unfastened Lolita, threw himself upon her, thrust his heels into her sides, and without a backward glance at the house galloped away.

Old Pedro was standing in front of the dilapidated adobe house when the clattering of swift hoofs came up the road, and Manuelo, leaping lightly down, with a dexterous turn of the rein made the pony fast to a low pepper-tree. Then he came up to Pedro, who took his pipe from his mouth and regarded him disapprovingly.

"How now, lazy bones!" grumbled he.

Manuelo was pale, and the dust lay thickly upon his purple kerchief.

"Money!" said Manuelo, briefly.

Old Pedro sniffed scornfully, and put his pipe back again. Manuelo came a step nearer.

"I want money! you hear? I must and I will have it!"

"Do you expect me to give it to you, then, idler? Where is that from the orange picking? Gone! thrown away! and you think I will give you more to throw in the dust,"—Pedro's voice was raised discordantly—"good-for-nothing! Not I!"

"See," said Manuelo, "will you lend it?"

"No," said Pedro, "not a cent will I!"

Manuelo made a despairing gesture.

"Have it I must, and will!" He turned away, leaned against Lolita, one hand thrown across her neck, and thought desperately.

Old Pedro watched him curiously. Suddenly an evil light came into his eyes.

"Manuelito," said he, caressingly.

"Yes," said Manuelo, mechanically; he was thinking, thinking.

"You want that money badly?" with an evil grin.

"Desperately."

"Good! Give me the guitar you shall have it."

Manuelo started violently. Involuntarily he laid his hand upon it. Sell the guitar, his best-beloved, his treasure! He dragged it hastily round, and glared at it, the sole remnant of all the faded glories of his family. As soon part with Lolita!

"Good!" said old Pedro, with a sneer; "you can do without the money, idiot, that's plain to see." He turned to go in.

"Wait!" said Manuelo. He unstrung the guitar from his shoulder, and held it out in both hands to Pedro.

"How much for it?" said he.

Old Pedro came back grumbling. The guitar was very old, the inlaid part shabby; it would need new strings; he feared the tone was not what it had been.

"Twenty-five dollars," said Manuelo, sternly, "and it is yours."

Pedro held up his hands to heaven.

Twenty-five dollars! Saints above! was he made of money? Fifteen would be ruinous.

"Twenty-five dollars *now*, on the spot, or I will take it to the Englishman, who you know will give me thirty. Yes or no!"

"No!"

Without a word Manuelo slung the guitar over his head and turned to Lolita.

"Now, did ever one see such a hot head!" cried old Pedro, in grieved surprise. "A word is a blow with him. Here, madcap, give me the guitar and take the money. Besides, the Englishman is away and you are in haste to throw the good money in the dust, I warrant. Come, bring on the guitar." And so, grumbling and swearing, the old man went in and unearthed his miserly guarded store. Manuelo stood by impassive and silent, having once more unslung the guitar.

"Here," said Pedro at last, reluctantly handing the money to him. It went to Pedro's heart to part with these dollars, but there was consolation in the guitar. He knew, if Manuelo did not, what the curio-hunting Englishman would give for the rarest guitar in America.

Manuelo took the money, laid the guitar in the grasping hands outstretched for it, and turned away. He leaped straight upon Lolita, and paying no heed to the questions and commands which Pedro screamed after him, rode off under the drooping peppers.

"The mad fool!" grumbled Pedro. And then he looked at the guitar and chuckled to himself.

Three days and three nights Manuelo loped southward to the mountains. He stopped each night at some ranchero's, but each morning's sun found him again on Lolita's back, his *canteria* stuffed with some frugal provision for the day. The mountains about grew steeper, the ranches lengthened into broad domains holding each many square miles in its boundaries; the villages dwindled into mere scattered

hamlets, and finally there was not much else than a rude trail from one solitary adobe hut to another. But it grew ever more picturesque. The chaparral-covered hills were abloom with silver; quails and wood-doves, jack-rabbits and squirrels started up in all directions from under Lolita's feet; and the yucas, myriads of them, stood thickly over the sides of the great hills, and high on impassable ledges above the wild ravines, like the multitudinous snowy banners of a hidden army.

It was very still. There were no carriages, still less railroads. Only now and then the figure of a horseman going at the easy lope which replaces a walk where distances are always measured by miles, or a solitary tourist with his bag and gun slung across his shoulder. For, year by year, as the ranches go, as the "Greaser" and the Indian go, as all the semi-tropical Spanish-Bohemianism is driven farther back, the picturesque-loving tourist takes refuge more and more in "tramping" it through the by-ways of California.

It was late on the afternoon of the third day when Manuelo, loping along over a level mesa, beheld high upon a hillside the object of his quest—a gray patch which his experienced eye knew for a cluster of adobe huts. He drew a sigh of relief.

"So," he muttered, "there they are. It is well." Then he bent and stroked Lolita's neck reassuringly.

"Courage, my darling," said he, "we are almost there, and then a good supper and a night's rest for thee."

At that moment, round the sharp turn of the road came a pedestrian; a pedestrian at whom Manuelo glanced carelessly, then with sudden wonder, then with a thrill, a shock which made his heart bound and stand still.

The stranger was young, thirty perhaps, tall and slender. He walked with the assured gait of a mountain-climber, but his jaunty costume betrayed the "civilizee," if not the dandy. A picturesque sombrero shaded his handsome face, out of which two clear gray eyes looked coolly and merrily. Certainly there was nothing in all this to make Manuelo's heart behave so madly! The stranger carried a gun across his shoul-

der, and from a leather strap hung a bag, sketching-stool, and a mammoth Indian basket. Upon this basket the gaze of Manuelo was fastened with silent horror. Big, brown, finer than woven silk; and woven in a marvellous pattern which showed a constant scarlet gleam throughout it, Manuelo would have known it among ten thousand others—the basket of Anita! Meanwhile the stranger had approached, and lifting his hat with a smiling "Buenos dias, señor!" was passing by. At the same instant Manuelo reined Lolita straight across the path. "Señor," said he, "a thousand pardons!" He leaped from his horse. The stranger regarded him coolly but friendly.

"A thousand pardons, señor," repeated Manuelo, agitatedly, taking off his hat. "You have there a fine basket, señor!"

The "señor" smiled. "You are a connoisseur, then, my friend?" said he. "Yes, it is a magnificent specimen." He pulled it round and contemplated it with satisfaction. "I bought it from an old Indian woman up yonder," he added, "and I am inclined to think I was in luck, though she fleeced me to a pretty extent. It weighs more than a feather, too," he added, smiling as he readjusted it with a little shrug.

"Señor"—Manuelo's heart beat so fast and hard it must almost have been visible through his jacket—"as you say, it weighs; you will find it will grow heavier as you go, señor. If you would care to part with it——"

"Thanks!" said the stranger, calmly, "I am in nowise anxious."

"If it were a question of the price——?"

"It is not in the least a question of the price."

"Señor"—Manuelo's tone was entreating, supplicating. "I have come many miles to purchase that basket. Three days have I travelled, señor! If you would but sell it——"

The stranger looked at him with new interest. He noticed for the first time the haggard lines of the young Mexican's face.

"Why do you come so far and take so much trouble for this particular basket; there must be thousands of oth-

ers?" he asked, with direct and clear scrutiny.

"There are thousands of others, señor; yes!—but there is none other like this in all the country."

The señor smiled a little triumphantly.

"In that case," said he, "you must understand that, having been lucky enough to find it, I may naturally wish to keep it. I am sorry for you, my friend," he added, "sorry to be disobliging, but I am a collector of beautiful things, an artist, and this basket is, by your own admission, a treasure." He bowed and made a step to pass politely. But Manuelo laid a desperate hand upon his arm.

"Señor," said he, "would no price tempt you? Would you not sell it even for a large, a very large price?"

The stranger smiled. "Why," said he, "I don't say that. I dare say I might if the price were large enough; I am by no means a millionaire."

Manuelo drew himself up. "Señor," said he, calmly, "I offer you twenty-five dollars."

The stranger started and his eyes grew kindly, almost compassionate in their gaze. "My poor boy," said he, gently, "I could not take it—from you."

Manuelo's head began to go round and round.

"Señor," said he, desperately, "you must—you will! It is not from me; it is—it is from a rich old Englishman, a madman for baskets. He will pay any price; he cares not what they cost him, and he has set his heart upon this. Twenty-five dollars is nothing to him—nothing, señor! Look!" He plunged his hand into his pocket and brought it out full of loose gold and silver. "This is all his, you may suppose, señor—it is not mine! But the basket—I pledged myself. You *will* sell it, señor?—for the love of God! There are reasons!—señor!"

He stopped, and hung with all his soul upon the moment's pause. A wild notion of offering to throw in Lolita, too, flashed across him, but he felt its untenableness in conjunction with the Englishman.

Meanwhile the stranger looked doubtfully from Manuelo to the basket.

"There is something which strikes me as *odd* about this transaction," he thought to himself, quizzically, profoundly puzzled. "I am a tenderfoot, and, possibly, this is one of the customs of this singular country. Still, to keep a mounted Mexican curio-hunter scouting about the country with unlimited credit—no, *cash*—seems to me an unique luxury, even for a wealthy 'Inglese.' However," he added to himself, tolerantly, "that's none of my business, is it? and the boy's pride is evidently on the *qui vive* to secure this treasure. Shall I let him have it? He certainly wouldn't own that cash, or be so free with it if he did. No doubt he gets his little profit from it, so why should I scruple?"

"Very well," he said at last, aloud, "since you and your Englishman are in the majority, I will part with the basket—at that figure."

"Señor! mille gracias!" Gratitude, the most fervent and genuine gratitude spoke in the tones, and the eloquent dark eyes.

"Decidedly," thought the señor, "this passes!"

Manuelo counted out the twenty-five dollars, and offered it to the stranger, who was slow to take it.

"You are sure," he said, "that you do not repent; that you are not exceeding your Englishman's authority?"

"Señor—*sure!*"

The stranger unslung the basket and handed it to Manuelo. "Adios, my friend," said he, kindly; "I yield to you more than to the Englishman's dollars."

Manuelo removed his sombrero, and stepped aside to clear the path. Under one arm he clasped the basket.

"Adios, señor," said he, courteously, his dark eyes lit with joy, his whole face beaming.

With a parting smile the stranger disappeared down the winding path, while Manuelo, his heart singing within him, leading Lolita and bearing the basket, went slowly up the mountain trail.

Three days afterward he entered the town of San Miguel, dusty, travel-stained, and penniless, but with his mission accomplished. He brought with him the basket of Anita.

He did not go at once to Las Delicias. Being a lover, he was fastidious. Being

a Spaniard, he was something of a poet; and both the lover and the poet in him dictated that a victor should go not unadorned, bearing his spoils unto his lady. So he went straight to the hut of old Pedro.

Pedro was out, which was an agreeable omen at the outset. Having watered, fed, and groomed Lolita, Manuelo entered the little hut, washed away the dust of his six day's ride, donned his *fiesta* suit, knotted the gayest kerchief about his beautiful throat, and emerged as gallant a cavalier as heart could wish.

Only he missed the guitar. But before his eyes stood the basket. Smiling he caught it up, and with the lightest heart resaddled the refreshed Lolita, and rode straight to Las Delicias.

It was evening. A superb southern moon flooded the quiet town with such light as one must go to California even to imagine. The wide casements and windows at Las Delicias all stood open, but there was no one on the porch when Manuelo made his way up the path with the basket in his hands. He looked inside. Still no one. Perhaps, thought Manuelo, they had strolled into the grove. He stood a moment, irresolute, beside the clump of over-reaching laurestinias, when all at once voices came to him, drifting across the still air from the lime-walks on the left; and at the same moment they—the voices—emerged into the moonlit space beyond. The mysterious silver glow made them visible like figures in a dream. Manuelo, sunk in the shadow, was in another world.

Elsa's white dress brushed her companion—why not, since his arm was about her?—and her sweet eyes were raised with infinite contentment to the strong, loving ones looking down at her.

"And so," said she, "all the time I have been hard at work for you; and while you were tramping about in search of beautiful scenes, I was hoarding beautiful things for you. There will be enough to fill the studio."

"All of which," answered the mellow voice, "was very naughty of you, my sweetheart! You were to do nothing but get well and strong for me."

"Oh, but I did that too!" answered Elsa, lightly. "So well and strong, all

the time I was riding, and climbing, and hunting up treasures. Only ask Manuelo."

"And who is Manuelo?"

"Manuelo is—Manuelo! My devoted cavalier, the dearest and most delightful fellow! He has been better than the sun and air to me; and, dear, you will not mind that I—gave him—my picture? Aunt Mary said, *under the circumstances* it was quite right. If I had not been betrothed, of course, I would not have done it. You are not displeased?"

"Displeased!—my beloved! Wait and see how I shall thank him for being good to you!"

"He has deserted us for some days—orange-picking, I suppose—but you will see that he never forgets me; I am sure he will bring me a basket when he comes."

"Then," said the mellow voice, between mirth and regret, "I have lost my only chance of outrivalling him in his own line. You should have seen the basket I let slip through my hands the other day, Elsa!"

"Oh, Robert! but why?"

"Well, I had purchased it against my conscience, to begin with, at the rate of fifteen dollars; and it was a mighty one, a regular elephant for a poor pedestrian who was foolishly impatient to catch a certain train, in order to reach a certain little sweetheart of his! However," lightly, "I dare say I should have hung on to the basket in spite of qualms of conscience and legs, had I not encountered a basket-hunter who was madder than I, and who offered me the pretty sum of twenty-five dollars for it."

"And you let it go—oh!"

"Well, my darling, he did want it so very badly—and what right had an impetuous artist to luxuries of that market value? And then I did not know you were smitten with the basket craze, sweetheart, or I would have kept the basket, and gone without—say, coal."

But this mild sarcasm was thrown away. Elsa, the basket-bewitched, was dreaming of the lost one.

"What was it like?" was her meditative and irrelevant reply.

"Well," resignedly, "its majesty would stand, I think, about three feet

high. It was very quaintly shaped. It was the finest I ever have seen. There was a beguiling, mellow-brown tone to the whole, which attested its honorable age, and a most seductive pattern climbing about its sides. But there was something more—a gleam of scarlet about it which gave it character.”

Elsa clasped her hands. “And you—sold it! How could you? Why, it is like the basket of Anita!”

“Now, who in the name of reason is Anita? Another of your attendant sprites?”

“Anita is a mythical old woman who lives on a mythical hill, and nurses a mythical basket, visible only to the eyes of Manuëlo—and whose Doppelgänger you sol——”

“Sweetheart!”

Two transfigured faces were uplifted in the moonlight, and two pairs of lips melted together.

Perfectly unobserved, a shadow melted into the shadows down the road.

Unobserved, Manuëlo led Lolita out into the road and leaped upon her back. He hesitated a moment—only a moment—then he turned her head away from the old mission and Pedro, and galloped straight into the open country, toward the mines of Esperanza.

It was only an hour later that Elsa, running up the steps with happy, unseeing eyes, stumbled over something, tripped, and would have fallen headlong, but for the arms about her.

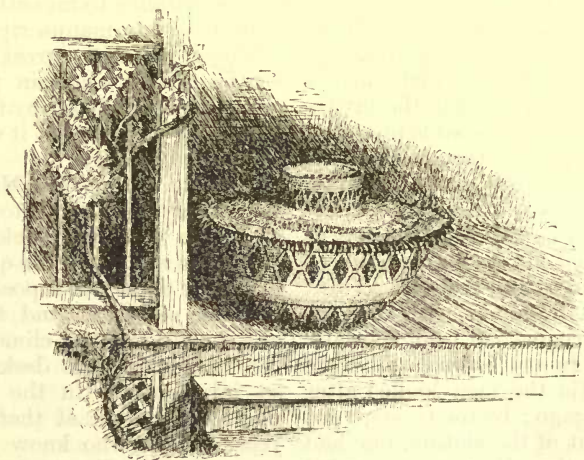
“Why! what was that?” exclaimed Elsa.

Her lover stooped, fumbled in the uncertain dusk until his hand encountered the object; then he held it up in the moonlight.

There was an exclamation from both, then silence.

They had recognized, at the same moment, the upturned photograph in its depth, and the scarlet gleam of woodpecker's feathers about its rim.

It was the basket of Anita.





HOW STANLEY WROTE HIS BOOK.

By Edward Marston.



EVERYTHING relating to Mr. Stanley seems to possess a special and peculiar interest for a very large portion of the public of many nationalities. Such readers I have thought might be glad to know something about the method of writing, and the daily life, of the author of a work respecting the appearance of which they have already evinced such a very extraordinary interest, for probably no book has ever been more eagerly looked for in every part of the civilized world, and in many languages, than the one which Mr. Stanley lately finished.

On Mr. Stanley's arrival in Cairo he immediately telegraphed to me, inviting me to pay him a visit there, with a view to forward the progress of the great work he had in hand; and he suggested that I should bring an artist with me. I need not say that I accepted the invitation with the greatest possible pleasure.

I arrived at Cairo at three o'clock on the morning of my sixty-sixth birthday. It would have been too much to expect the great man himself to meet me at the station at that unreasonable hour. I was very grateful to find that he had sent his courier and dragoman with two carriages; the carriages had been specially engaged some hours before, and were left outside while the men looked after me and my luggage; by the time we got through and out of the station, one had decamped, and the other was occupied by a stalwart foreigner who swore loudly that there he was and there he meant to remain in spite of any engagements to the contrary. Remonstrance or explanation in a tongue unknown to him was useless. Possession was the whole of the law here. There was not another

carriage to be found, but there were scores of screaming and fighting Arabs to carry our luggage, and we had to walk to our hotel. The affectionate warmth of Stanley's greeting when we met, at once made me quite at home, and I found myself the guest of a very remarkable man, whose name was ringing through the civilized and uncivilized world; a man whom everyone was longing to see as the hero of the day. To be so honored and so sought after was, as he one day said to me, "enough to turn his head, if he had not had much more serious matters to think about."

I think it may be looked upon as an almost unique thing in the history of authors and publishers for a publisher to be invited to travel so far to give practical assistance to an author in the preparation of his manuscript. The truth, however, was that a great book had to be written within a certain period of time, and if not completed by that time, there was every chance that it would never be completed at all.

To attain this end Mr. Stanley had very wisely decided not to proceed home, where to write his book in peace and quietness was out of the question; while in Egypt there was a possibility of comparative seclusion, and the advantages of a most delightful climate, where even confinement to the desk would not be so injurious as in the murky atmosphere of London at that period of the year. Those who know Cairo are well aware that its climate during the winter months is simply perfect. The dry and exhilarating air acts in itself as a tonic, and the almost complete absence of rain and fog and leaden skies, and the genial temperature, all combine to make life in Cairo, even to a recluse, thoroughly enjoyable.

Mr. Stanley, after his arrival, and after the first display of honors forced upon him by the Khedive and other dignitaries of the place, very wisely departed from the noise and bustle of Shephard's Hotel, and found a charming retreat in the Hotel Villa Victoria. This hotel is situated in the most beautiful part of Cairo, not far from the Ezbekiyeh Gardens, and is surrounded on all sides by fine and newly built mansions. It comprises three separate buildings which form three sides of a quadrangle, in the centre of which is a charming garden. Here are pleasant walks, shaded by huge palm, and orange trees laden with ripe fruit; one of the latter looked temptingly into Mr. Stanley's working-room. In the centre is a fountain surrounded by tropical and oriental plants, and the antics of a monkey tied to a tree give variety to the scene. The landlord of this hotel seems to fully appreciate the charms of his surroundings. How or when he conducts his business is a mystery. To me it seemed that most of his time was spent lolling luxuriously in a hammock, smoking a cigarette, or, for exercise, mildly swaying himself backward and forward on a rope swing—or reclining and complacently dozing in a bower under a canopy of yellow sweet-scented roses. Life to him appeared like a pleasant dream. He reminded me of Tennyson's "mild-eyed, melancholy Lotos-eaters."

"With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream."

A sharp contrast to this lazy, happy lounge was the toiler in the room whose open windows looked out over a trellis of roses and ripe mandarins, on this idle garden, where doves and gray-backed crows were familiar visitors. I must, however, do this good landlord the justice of saying that, notwithstanding the easy enjoyment he seems to get out of his life, his hotel is admirably managed. It is charmingly furnished throughout, the living is very good, the bedrooms are lofty, airy, and well looked after in every respect.

It was in that part of the hotel farthest removed from the street that Mr. Stanley took up his abode. Here he

had a fine suite of rooms on the ground floor, very handsomely furnished in the oriental style. A large, lofty reception-room and an equally large and handsome dining-room. In these he received some of the most important or most persistent of his many callers; but as a rule he shut himself up in his bedroom, and there he wrote from early morning till late at night, and woe betide anyone who ventured unasked into this sanctum. He very rarely went out, even for a stroll round the garden. His whole heart and soul were centred on his work. He had set himself a certain task, and he had determined to complete it to the exclusion of every other object in life. He said of himself, "I have so many pages to write. I know that if I do not complete this work by a certain time, when other and imperative duties are imposed upon me, I shall never complete it at all. When my work is accomplished, then I will talk with you, laugh with you, and play with you, or ride with you to your heart's content; but let me alone now, for Heaven's sake."

Nothing worried him more than a tap at the door while he was writing; he sometimes glared even upon me like a tiger ready to spring, although I was of necessity a frequent and privileged intruder, and always with a view to forwarding the work in hand. He was a perfect terror to his courier and black boy. When his courier knocked tremblingly at his door, he would cry out, "Am I a prisoner in my own house?" "I've brought you this telegram, sir." "Well, I detest telegrams; why do you persist in bringing them?"

Sali, the black boy who travelled with him throughout his long and perilous expedition, is a youth of some resource. Until this terrible book had got into his master's brain he had been accustomed to free access to him at all hours; but now things were different; every time he approached the den, the least thing he expected was that the inkstand would be thrown at his head. He no longer ventured therein. One day he originated a new way of saving his head; he had a telegram to deliver, so he ingeniously fixed it on the end of a long bamboo, and getting the door just ajar, he poked it into the room and bolted.

At luncheon and dinner Mr. Stanley was quite another man. He and I and his secretary generally messed together; occasionally a friend dropped in. Mr. Stanley is himself extremely abstemious. He drinks nothing but about a table-spoonful of brandy in a glass of water, and in this respect he is somewhat forgetful of his friends. One evening a friend came in to dinner, and we sat for about two hours smoking and listening to his stories, but it never once occurred to him to ask his friend to take anything with his cigar. At length his guest, who was growing thirsty, asked him before leaving if he might have a little whiskey and soda. "My dear fellow," said he, "why did you not ask for it before? I never once thought of it. I ask your pardon!" I frequently remonstrated with him for passing dish after dish without touching them. His invariable reply was, "How can I eat and work? You know well that yonder are several pages for me to complete before I sleep." "But," I replied, "you are killing yourself, it is quite impossible for the strongest constitution to stand such a strain as this; when I came here ten days ago, you seemed to me to be in the most robust health; already I notice a difference in you; you complain of sundry aches and pains; beware of your old enemy, gastric fever!" His reply to this was, "Ah! but the book! the book must be done."

On the day after my arrival Dr. Parke called and urged him, for his health's sake, to go out for a drive with him; but he steadily refused to move out of his room.

One day I did succeed in getting him out for half an hour. We walked down to get a glimpse of the Nile. The air was sufficiently cool to be invigorating; it did him good. After contemplating the river for a few seconds he remarked, "Eight months ago I drank its waters at its eastern source, which I discovered years ago. On my recent expedition I discovered its western source in the no longer fabulous 'Mountains of the Moon'—that source water must have taken almost as long to travel here as I have done. Now that you have discovered the mouth let us go back to work." Except to dine out once or

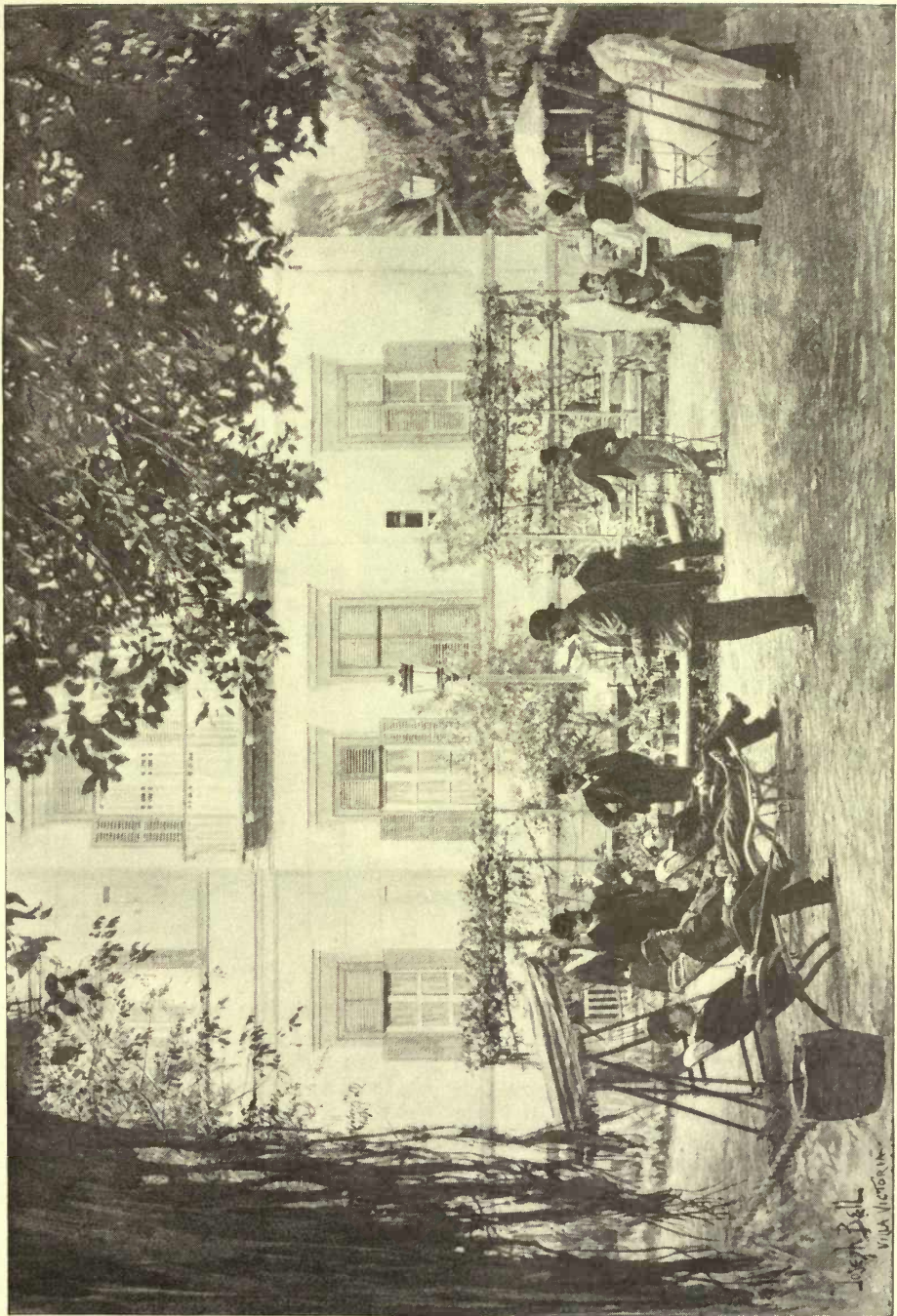
twice in the evening, he was only once more outside the garden during my stay.

I may say that my own life while in Cairo was not one of indolence or leisure. I never worked more incessantly in my life, for I had determined not to leave Cairo without a very large proportion of the complete manuscript, and the whole of the sketches and maps in my portmanteau. First, there were Stanley's photographs to be developed by a local photographer, in order that we might see how they would come out. It is needless to say that these negatives, taken with infinite care, by Stanley himself, of scenes all through the journey, were regarded by him and by me with the utmost jealousy. I therefore took upon myself to watch the whole process from beginning to end, and I never lost sight of these precious negatives till I carried them back to the hotel. Alas! I am sorry to say that many of the pictures had almost disappeared from the glass, and at best could only serve to suggest valuable hints to our artist—these had been over-exposed or not sufficiently exposed in the blazing sun of the tropics; others I was delighted to find come out quite clearly, and represent scenes of the greatest value, artistically and geographically, as well as conveying accurate types of new races in the interior.

Again, knowing that I should have to convey with me a manuscript of very great value, which, if lost in transit, would not merely be a loss to myself but to a world of readers anxiously waiting for it, I determined to have a second copy made of the whole. One copy I determined to carry with me, and the other to send forward registered to London, in a separate trunk.

To accomplish this I obtained and set up a copying press in the secretary's room, but as much of Stanley's manuscript before I reached him had not been written in copying-ink, that portion I copied out myself, and for the remainder I worked away several hours at the copying-press, and obtained in this way about four hundred folios.

Mr. Stanley's memory of names, persons, and events is quite marvellous, but in the compilation of his book he by no means trusted to his memory. His con-



Garden of the Villa Victoria, Cairo.
(Showing the windows of Mr. Stanley's rooms—Mr. Marston in the middle chair.)

stant habit was to carry a small note-book 6×3 inches in his side-pocket: in this he pencilled notes constantly and at every resting-place. Of these note-books he has shown me six of about one hundred pages each, closely packed with pencil memoranda. These notes, at

was spending the winter in Cairo; and the operation was one in which the great traveller evidently took great pleasure. I am not sure, however, that he was regarded by Miss Meyrick as a model sitter. The painting had been commissioned by Sir George Elliot, and was destined for the rooms of the Royal Geographical Society of London. The portrait is life-size and nearly full length, a defect in my humble opinion,



Sali's Device for Delivering Telegrams.

times of longer leisure, were expanded into six larger volumes of about two hundred pages each of very minute and clear writing in ink. I send you fac-similes of two pages from one of these journals. In addition to these field note-books and diaries, there are two large quarto volumes, filled from cover to cover with calculations of astronomical observations, etc.

One of the few diversions from the constant labor on his book in which Mr. Stanley indulged during my residence with him was sitting for his portrait to Miss E. M. Meyrick, a student and silver medallist of the Royal Academy, who

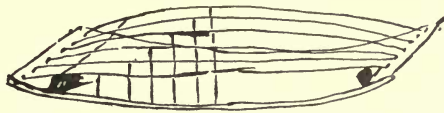
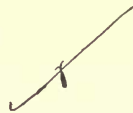
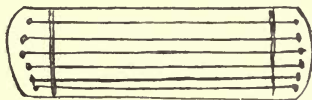
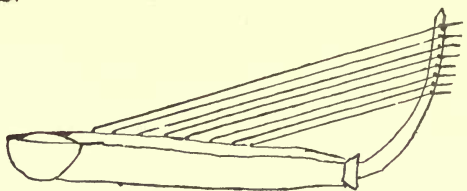
as it terminates abruptly below the knees, and I could see no good reason why the feet should not have been included; as it is the legs and the iron-shod staff have the look of being abruptly cut off. Apart from this, which may be very inartistic criticism, the portrait struck me as being a remarkably good and life-like one.

Another diversion, or rather distraction, from his work was the necessary attention he had to give to the artist whom I had taken with me for the purpose of making working drawings for the various artists to be employed on the illustrations.

The Balega of Badzwa had decamped leaving their village with an abundant supply of grain. Kavalli gave orders that it should be distributed. This furnished to our people 5 days rations.

Messengers from Kyga-ntondo appeared soon after our arrival reporting that he was dying to see me. It must be remembered that on 16th Dec he declined our friendship, sent mess to disturb us in our bivouac, followed us on the 17th and killed three of our sick men who were lagging behind the column, but now hearing that Mazamboni, Gavira, Kavalli, etc. had to do with us, he of course hastens to make reparation. He is however safe from Vengeance since he is in some measure friendly with Emin Pasha. But before I could answer these messengers Kormubi chief of the Balega mountaineers came in with a cow, two goats, several bundles of sweet potatoes, and a couple of pots of beer. It was with Kormubi's people we had such a stubborn fight down the plateau slopes Dec 13th last. He now professed allegiance, surrender of his country wholly into my hands. With this bold chieftain we made friends quickly enough, and after a lengthy interview parted. An answer was given to Kyga-ntondo that I could receive nothing from him until I had seen Emin Pasha, who if he reported him to be a friend of his, would likewise be accepted of us.

The goods looted in Badzwa village consist of prepared hides, skins, pots, jars, bowls, musical instruments, spears, & horn warrows. Among these I noticed a well made guitar of skin of this shape



and also a dulcimer of six strings of this pattern

Mr. Joseph Bell was an admirable sketcher, fertile in suggestion, and quick at taking hints and notes, but somehow were very good friends, but Stanley could not endure the torture for more than two hours a day, and he always



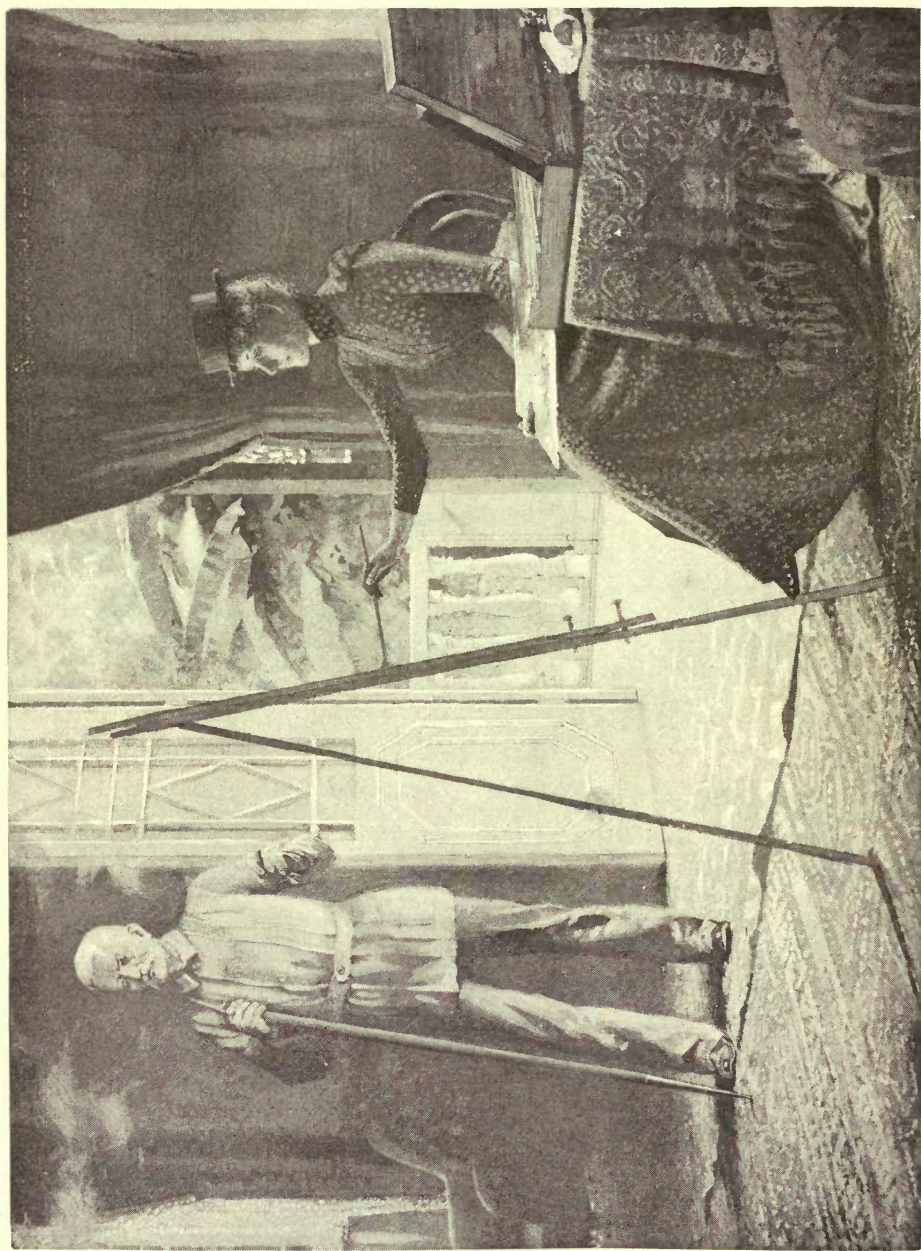
Stanley and Joseph Bell, the Artist, Preparing Sketches.

he always managed to irritate Stanley by what may be called his excessive verbosity, and the mischievous delight he always took in endeavoring to land Stanley on the horns of some dilemma. For example, he got him to describe the method of getting a donkey across a deep river. Stanley explained to him how the porter led the donkey into the stream, holding the bridle and keeping the donkey's head (which was alone visible) out of the water, with one hand, and swimming vigorously with the other hand. "Yes," said Bell; "did the porter carry a rifle?" "Of course," said Stanley. "Yes," says Bell, "and in which hand did he carry the rifle, seeing that one hand is already engaged in guiding and helping the donkey, and the other in swimming for dear life?" This was a sort of fun which Stanley did not appreciate. On the whole they

rose from the encounter with a sigh of relief and a wish that it was all over.

As regards the illustrations in his book, Mr. Stanley does not pretend to be an artist, but during his whole journey, and even under the most perilous conditions, he never failed to make rough notes and sketches, or photographs, of the most interesting scenes and events, and in this way he accumulated abundant material. Of course, they were not in all cases such as an artist could make a perfect picture from without the aid of Stanley's accurate memory and vivid power of description.

The illustrations which accompany this article were obtained by Mr. Bell for this special purpose. In order to insure accuracy of detail, I obtained for him Mr. Stanley's sanction to take a photograph of every scene; and these photographs have greatly assisted him.



Stanley Posing for a Portrait to Miss Meyrick.

Among the celebrities who called upon Mr. Stanley was Zebehr Pasha, the great Soudan slave-dealer, of whom Gordon had such a high opinion that he urged the government to appoint him as his successor at Khartoum, in 1883-84. He remained some time chatting with Stanley.

It is needless to say that every mail brought Stanley shoals of letters from all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children, and from all parts of the world; and his courier was besieged by numbers of total strangers ready to bribe him to any extent if only he could arrange for them to get even a glance at him.

One day an Austrian enthusiast called and sent in a polite note asking Stanley to fix a time when he might bring *forty* of his compatriots with him, all anxious for the opportunity of shaking him by the hand. This astute gentleman accompanied his request by a very handsomely mounted cigar-case as a souvenir. This elegant little present obtained for the persevering stranger a brief interview for himself, but the hand-shaking of his forty friends could not possibly be entertained.

It has unfortunately happened that notwithstanding the immense number of letters received, the practice has generally been to destroy them after brief acknowledgment, otherwise I should have had a very rich assortment placed at my disposal; as it is, I am permitted to make a few extracts from the letters received by one or two of the last mails, which had not yet been consigned to oblivion.

The first I quote from is one that touches me personally, it comes from the United States.

Don't let the publishers or the Lecture Bureau chaps worry you almost to death, simply because the world wants to know more fully, and by next week if possible, what you have done.

I am bound to admit the wisdom of these words.

Here is a charming little letter from a small school-girl in Wales:

DEAR MR. STANLEY:

I have been very much interested in hearing about your travels in Africa, and should very much like to read your book, as I am sure it would be very interesting. I would much rather read about a geographical hero than a historical one. It was very kind of you to go through such perils to rescue Emin Pasha. I liked so much to hear of your fighting against the dwarfs, and should like to see one very much; they must look so funny, being so small. I am a little school-girl at — school, and I am eleven years old. I am very fond of geography, and am always longing to go round the world.

I remain

Your little friend,
G. E.



Sali, negro servant of Stanley throughout the Expedition, and at Cairo.

Another enthusiast hailing from America asks for Mr. Stanley's *old cap*.

Right glad am I that you are once more in a civilized country. I have carefully watched your proceedings from the time you discovered Livingstone. *You are a brick!* Now, if you are inclined to sell the *cap you wore through Africa*, I am prepared to give you a *fancy price for it*, to add to my collection of curiosities; it shall be preserved in a glass case with your name on same.

A firm of tobacconists makes the following cool request :

Will you kindly accord us your gracious permission to append your noble name, and your photograph (might we ask for your autograph?) to a first-class quality of cigar and cigarette, made by ourselves from the best and finest tobacco, etc.

A photographer writes :

SIR: Pray excuse the liberty taken by a stranger in approaching you at a time when your hands and mind must be so full, but since to satisfy the demands of an admiring public some one must claim the proud position of performing the task I covet, that of executing a portrait, etc.

A poetical soldier in Cairo says :

I humbly beg you will kindly accept the enclosed few simple lines from a soldier. I am no poet, but have expressed myself as well as possible, etc.

Mr. S. replied kindly to this, and has made the Cairo soldier very proud.

The following letter is from an old acquaintance of the Pocock days :

DEAR SIR: Please to excuse me for the liberty I have taken in writing to you, but in knowing you, an' taking a very great interest in you treavels, I congregate you on your safe return, hoping you may long live to enjoy your ealth and hapness for your labours. I have always taken great entrest in yours travels ever since we meet at Zanzibar. . . . I ham the man that dou your boat when the Pocock Brothers was with you and I should like a few lines from you, as I should like them put in our papers here, etc.

Mr. Stanley was no stranger to me when I first arrived here. My whole experience of him, during my nearly three weeks' residence with him, most fully confirmed the opinion I have always

held, through good report and evil report, for the last eighteen years. That he is the greatest explorer of modern times will scarcely be gainsaid by his bitterest enemies; but beyond the possession, in an unusual degree, of the qualifications for a successful explorer, it is impossible to live long with him in the intimacy in which I have lived without discovering in him many other of the characteristics which go to make a good and great man, a ruler of men. His conversation, frequently impassioned, was always elevated and pure, carrying with it the conviction of truthfulness and earnestness of purpose; his conception of duty high and noble; his scorn of everything sordid and mean strong and withering; he is truthful and sincere, and without a tinge of envy or malice. He is generous, even lavish in his gifts; notwithstanding his iron will his heart is as tender as a child's. That his mind is imbued with a reverential belief in an over-ruling Providence is constantly exhibited in his conversation.

"I am not," said he, "what is called superstitious. I believe in God, the creator of the Universe . . . Many forms of belief and curious ideas respecting the great mystery of our being and creation have been suggested to me during my life and its wanderings, but after weighing each and attempting to understand what must be unsearchable, my greatest comfort has been in peacefully resting firm in the faith of my sires. For all the human glory that surrounds the memory of Darwin and his wise compeers throughout advanced Europe, I would not abate a jot or tittle of my belief in the Supreme God and that Divine man called his Son."

In the existence of supernatural agencies, and judging by the story of "Randy and the Guinea Fowl," which he related in his recent article, it is evident that miracles presented no stumbling-block to him.

He is certainly not immaculate. I have seen and known something of his strong and passionate nature, but I have read in this book something, too, of his wonderful self-control under the most trying circumstances in which a man could be placed. Take him for all in all, I think



Stanley writing his book
1874-1875
Feb. 1875

Stanley Writing His Book.

it may well be said of him that he does not make the high place he has reached

“A lawless perch
Of winged ambitions, nor a vantage-ground
For pleasure; but through all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a Blameless Life.”

I bade adieu to Mr. Stanley on the third of March, with my portmanteau stuffed with manuscripts, glass negatives, and maps. I reached London on the 11th, and on the 14th I was enabled, by the

activity of the printers, to despatch to him first proofs of nearly the whole of the first volume.

He worked at his manuscript with as much ardor as when (to quote Gerald Massey):

“He strode o’er streams and mountains,
To free the leaguered band;
He stood by Nile’s far fountains,
Lord of the old Dark Land!
Where Death the forest haunted,
And never dawned the day,
He pierced the gloom undaunted,—
For that was Stanley’s way.”



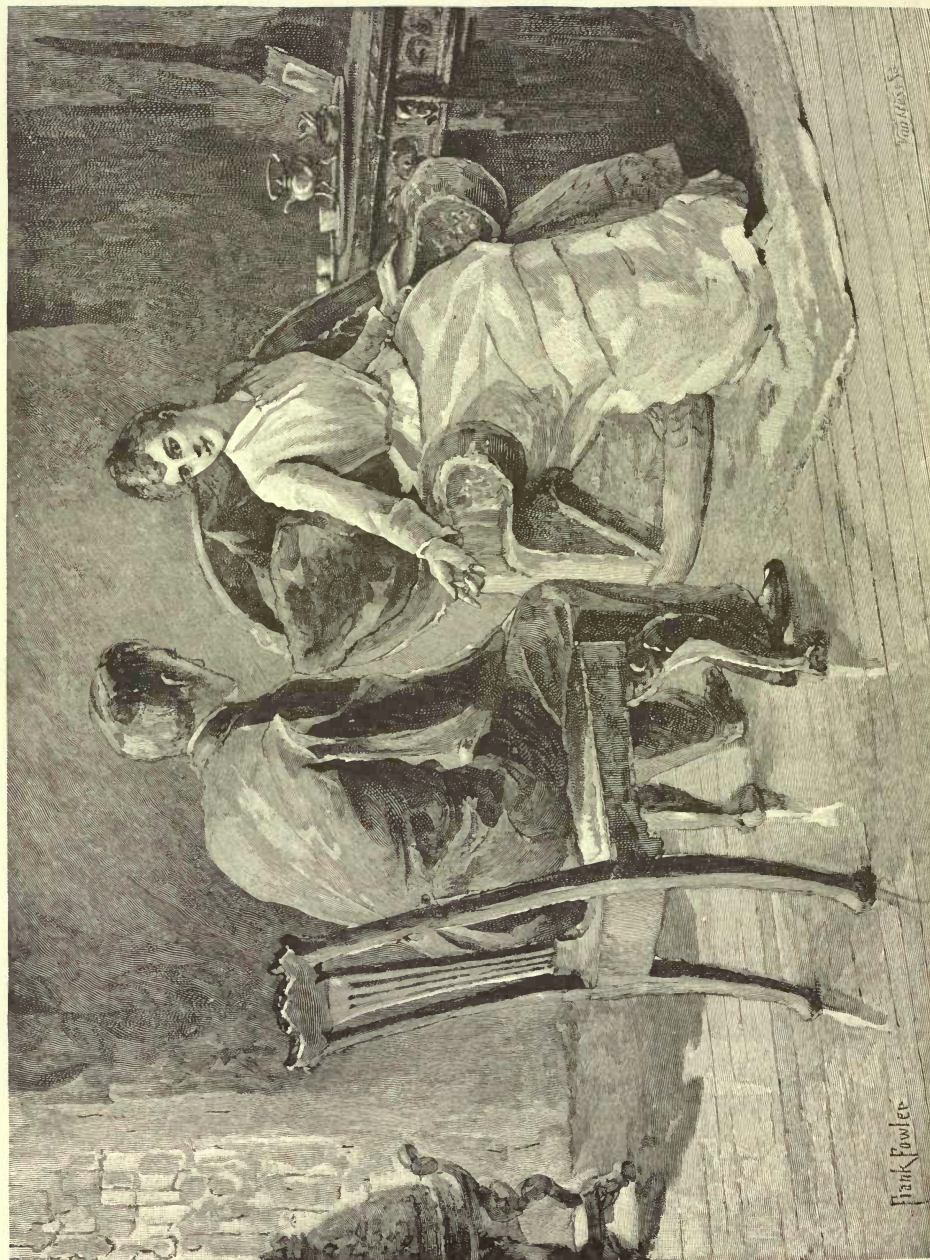
Stanley Dictating to His Secretary.



THE SEASON'S BOON.

By G. Melville Upton.

WHEN all the swooning air is stilled at noon,
And quiet shadows gather in the glade,
Then drowsy locusts sing within the shade—
Sing praise of summer and the days of June;
And spiders, thankful for the season's boon,
Throw their light webs across the sky, all stayed
With strongest ties, of shining silver made—
To bind the wings that wander 'neath the moon.



"Oh, Mr. Neal, you are saying beautiful things to me, but——". Page 239.

DECLINE AND FALL.

By Annie Eliot.

"DEAR FRANCES :

"I am here. That has often the air of a self-evident statement ; believe me, in this case, it is not one. When I climbed out of the stage last week, after being jolted and precipitated and playfully tossed and caught again for twenty miles or so, it was a matter for serious doubt whether I was all here or not. But I think I am—all essential parts of me, at least. There are certain airs and graces which a too censorious world considers essential parts of me which I have left behind somewhere on the road. Never mind, I shall undoubtedly find them on the way back ; they are not the sort of property to tempt the rustic of the region to appropriation. In fact, I may as well make a clean breast of it, for you will be sure to find it out. I am at present having an *accès* of simplicity—true, unassumed, unpicturesque simplicity—simplicity without any *arrière pensée* whatever. It seems to me that I have longed for this opportunity all my life—to be entirely natural, without giving a thought to how my being so was going to affect anybody. It is not only that I eat when I am hungry and go to bed when I am tired, and sit still when I've a mind, but it has reached my mental attitude too. I don't anticipate or plan, and I don't see why anybody should. I know what you'll say—that it is just another spell of 'feeling the hollowness'—well, perhaps it is ; I know that same old emotion turns up in all sorts of forms. Or it may be that the air is beginning to exert the beneficial effect the doctor says it possesses.

"The mistress of the house—I mean the two mistresses of the house—are amusing, in fact, likable. They are both little, gray-haired, widowed women, only one is littler, grayer-haired, and, I dare say, more widowed than the other. They are decidedly women of their world, only it reaches each of them in a different way. The one to whom I have hitherto applied the comparative degree

is also the younger, and it is she that has the imagination. It is an imagination that has never been developed by circumstances, but to her what is emotional or abstract or picturesque appeals. I am clever to have found this out, because it is difficult to recognize the emotional or the abstract or the picturesque in the mass of detail with which she cumbers her narrative, but I have found it out. The other one has a burning interest—though sometimes quenched by the ice-water of New England reticence—in purely material questions. Where do I get my clothes ? I think that is about the most satisfactory subject with her. I tell her, and then I feel snubbed because she has never heard of the places. But she rolls them afterward as sweet morsels under her tongue, which is something of a consolation. Have I been unnecessarily detailed in my description ? Well, that is the extent of my social environment, unless you count the people who come over now and then with supplies, with whom I always exchange a word or two from the front steps—that is part of the simplicity, you understand. Oh, yes, there is one other—he is a supply himself—of the pulpit in the 'Centre,' four miles from us. Now, I see you smile. At last, you say, we have come to the human interest. No, really, Frances—you know I would not hesitate to tell you if it were, but let me convince you. He lives in the only other house in this part of the country—boards there, while he preaches for the summer in the aforesaid pulpit. So much in favor of your theory, I admit. He is good-looking—quite—but with an expression that betokens too much confidence in life's being a pleasant thing—you know the kind—a little trusting, if anything ; which circumstance, fully considered, cannot be said to be for or against. But listen. I have heard him preach ; I have met him once. He is narrow, opinionated, the plain, unvarnished product of a theological seminary

of the most orthodox proclivities. Need I say more? He has all the disadvantages of the unfledged of every kind, with the added hinderance of profound conviction that he has Divine warrant for ignorance—a special outgrowth of this variety. Were the magnificent, broad, intellectual clergymen that you and I so much admire ever incased in this sort of shell, I wonder! I feel that I have placed the Reverend Alfred Neal above suspicion.

“Write to me, dear, and I will continue to tell you about my simplicity.

“Yours always,

“BETTY.”

Miss Everard laid down her pen and sought in her portfolio for an envelope. Then she took up her letter and read it hastily through. “Betty!” she said to herself, as she folded and addressed it to Miss Waring, “that is not a name to be bestowed under a republican government. It ought to have ‘Lady’ before it, and then it suggests powder and plumes and patches. Lady Betty! How pretty she would be in a ruff and high red-heeled shoes!” She had risen while she soliloquized, and, placing her stamped and sealed letter upon her dressing-table, she glanced in the mirror. “But just plain Betty! Well, perhaps not hopelessly plain Betty—” and she smiled calmly at her own reflection, “but unpowdered, unplumed, unpatched, nineteenth-century Betty—that is highly inappropriate.”

She sauntered indolently to the small window and looked across at the pine-woods, whose fragrant, spicy breath came into the room below the slightly raised sash. It was one of those windows to open which demands strength which is as the strength of ten, and which, when opened, refuse to be closed again save with the velocity and archaic force of a battering-ram. “I have been used,” pondered Miss Everard, with that volatility which comes with the accomplishment of a definite duty, “to windows which remained up without visible means of support. Since I came to Kenyon’s I have learned better. It seems to me that one volume of Roman history and a hair-brush don’t keep that window up high enough.”

She gazed idly round the room. “I guess one of my second-best slippers will about do it,” and she inserted that bit of personal property, with no mean skill, so that the high heel raised the window two or three inches farther. “That isn’t much,” she concluded, somewhat warm with the effort, “but it is something. How delicious that pine-fragrance is!” and she bent her head so that her little nose drew in long breaths of the sweet air through the opening. Then she walked over again to the dressing-table, took down a broad hat which hung at one side, and, picking up her letter, went slowly out of the room. At the door she paused and looked back.

“I suppose that window will come down,” she soliloquized, still idly, “and grind that slipper and the hair-brush to powder. Never mind. Rome can stand it—and they must have hair-brushes over at the ‘Centre.’” There was an inconsequence in whatever she did which was itself a conscious charm for her in her life here. It was a delightful sense, this of having no duties, of being able to saunter from table to window and back again, to put on her hat, and make stop-gaps of useful information when she chose, after the hurry, social, intellectual, and physical, of the last five years.

On the wide door-stone, in two little chairs, sat Mrs. Mint and Mrs. Thrum. It demanded a trained faculty of observation to immediately recognize the fact that these two chairs were just alike. It struck most people, as it had struck Miss Everard, that they were totally unlike, and it was only after coming across them several times when they were empty that one perceived that it was the figures of their usual occupants which imparted this air of distinct dissimilarity. Now, for instance, Mrs. Thrum’s was an alert, inquisitive, somewhat self-willed rocking-chair, as she sat on the edge and tipped it forward to the extreme limit of equilibrium; when it went back it flew back suddenly as if only to take breath for another prolonged pause in its constrained position on the front end of the rocker. As for Mrs. Mint’s, hers was a calm, even-tempered, mildly au-

thoritative chair. It moved slowly back and forth, and asserted itself no further than by way of gentle accompaniment to the statements made from its depths. Except now and then when there was a pause, then it furnished suggestions of its own, its slow, regular motion conveying to all intelligent minds the assurance that the world went on just about as well whether we looked after it or not, and there was no use in being uncomfortable.

"Mrs. Thrum," said Miss Everard's clear voice in the hall, "shall I leave my letter here on the table? or is it too late for the butcher?"

"Land, yes!" said Elvira Thrum. "He was here before you was up."

"But Edward hasn't been from the store, Elvira," suggested her sister.

"No, and he won't be here till he thinks I've forgot that he brought me cream o' tartar and labelled it *saleratus*," replied Elvira, somewhat grimly.

"I don't know as he will," assented Mrs. Mint. Betty sauntered to the door and leaned against the side, with the letter still in her hand, pending the discussion of its chances. Both the little old women turned and looked up at her.

"Perhaps there'll be somebody along from the other house," hazarded Camilla, "on the way to Centre. You might stick it in the railing in case anybody is."

"Are those cherries artificial?" inquired Elvira.

"Cherries?" said Betty. "Oh, yes, very artificial indeed," and she put up her hand and pinched one of the red ornaments of her hat.

"I wouldn't wonder," continued Camilla, rocking to and fro, her hands folded in her lap, "but what Mr. Neal would be going on down this morning. He calls on old Miss Stiff pretty regular."

"Did you buy them on it?" asked Elvira.

"Er—yes—I think I did," answered Betty, "and yet, I'm not sure—perhaps I saw them somewhere—no, I'm sure they were on it." Her anxiety to please made her almost painfully conscientious.

"She says he's a great comfort to

her. He's so positive in his faith," commented Mrs. Mint, with satisfaction.

"I suppose you most always buy 'em ready made," asserted Mrs. Thrum.

"Yes," said Betty, conscious that this proceeding would have its objection, "it is more convenient, you know, and you can tell——"

"All the faith I could ever see that old Miss Stiff had," interrupted Elvira, as her rocking-chair flew back once and then forward again, where it remained poised, "was that all the people that didn't agree with her'd get come up with."

"Something like David," remarked Camilla.

"I don't know as Mr. Neal'd get along any too well with David," said Elvira, with a certain amount of irrelevance. "I got my last bonnet ready made, and it looked like a peck-measure when I got it home."

"They look very differently when one gets them home," answered Betty.

She stood smiling down on her two diminutive companions as she spoke, tapping her belated letter against her small white teeth, her dainty yellow gown turned away at the throat, where the cream-colored embroidery was caught together with a gold pin, the only ornament she wore. Then she raised her eyes and glanced up the road.

"Suppose I should walk over to Centre myself," she suggested. The gate of the "other house," the one just beyond the bend of the road, creaked as it was pulled open. They could always hear that gate creak. Camilla turned and looked up the road.

"Here comes Mr. Neal now," she said, placidly. Betty did not change her position as she watched the young man come briskly toward them, but her smile grew more amused. He was quite conscious of the scrutiny he was undergoing, and as he raised his hat, just opposite the door, his face was flushed and he spoke with an embarrassed little laugh.

"Good-morning, ladies," he said. "Can I be of any service? I am going to the Centre."

He was a tall man, too slight for his height; his clothes were evidently carefully put on, and his expression was

somewhat provokingly amiable, as Betty had hinted to Miss Waring. His manner and appearance indicated that somewhat uneasy consciousness of externals which, by some apparent injustice, seems to be a part of those who, it is conceded, are specially occupied with the hidden and the vital. He looked at Betty as he spoke, as most men would have done in his place, and, meeting her gay little nod of greeting, immediately turned his eyes away and looked questioningly at Elvira and Camilla. He even contrived to convey a slight shade of disapproval in the way in which he did this. Possibly her smile and nod were too gay; possibly, in spite of their gayety, they were too indifferent, too suggestive of this person's proneness to take life easily, and to consider morning meetings with young clergymen as destitute of any profound importance.

"Did you sit up with Mr. Thomas last night?" asked Elvira.

"Yes, I did," he replied, with solemnity.

"Did he die in the night?" she asked, quickly, before Camilla could speak.

"Oh, no, he's better this morning."

"Is?" Perhaps there was a shade of disappointment in this observation, but not more than was entirely natural.

"The Thomases always had rheumatic fever as a family," said Camilla. "Reuben Thomas's father had it twice. I said to him once, it was when we lived, my husband and I, in Whitney, that was before my husband went into business with his brother and we had the little house that set back from the street, and Pelatiah, that's Reuben Thomas's father, used to drive by every day with"—Elvira's rocking chair had hung fire long enough. "Here's Miss Everard," she said, "talking about walking over to Centre herself."

Camilla looked at her sister with mild reproof, but met no glance of apology. Elvira was looking at Mr. Neal and revolving another question. Neal had not raised his eyes to Betty's a second time, but, as he listened respectfully to the sisters, he was conscious to his finger-tips that she was watching him from the vantage of the threshold, with that same tantalizing little smile. Elvira's remark necessitated his addressing her.

"Can I—will you—" he began, looking up and stammering a little in his embarrassment. She waited a moment, but he did not finish his sentence. The day was warm and damp, and his hair, a trifle longer than fashion demands, had curled into little rings about his forehead, giving him a very boyish look.

"How nice to have your hair curl like that," she said. "Just nothing but the weather!"

The soul of the Reverend Alfred Neal quivered with resentful confusion, but he found no words with which to assert his dignity, and grew scarlet under the mocking brightness of Betty's sweet smile.

"Well, it is," said Mrs. Thrum. Neither she nor Mrs. Mint felt the indignity.

"Do you do yours with an iron?" she went on, swiftly.

"I've given it up entirely," said Miss Everard, laughing. Then, meeting a look of scepticism from Elvira, she added, "Oh, you mean in the back of my neck—yes, with an iron."

"I mean in the back of your neck," said Elvira.

During the conversation the Reverend Alfred Neal grew warmer and warmer. It seemed to him to more than verge on indelicacy. It was not the sort of thing that men of his cloth should listen to. And yet, when Mrs. Thrum finished her last sentence, to save his life he could not prevent his eyes from a hasty glance at the back of Miss Everard's head, where a small blond, fluffy curl made itself seen below the rim of her hat. Unfortunately he also met her eyes, and there was that in their malicious depths that worsted him yet further. Then their expression changed utterly. She stepped down, and held out her letter.

"Will you mail it for me?" she said, gravely. "I shall be very much obliged." And lifting her delicate skirt with one hand, and with a nod of farewell, she passed down from the piazza to the gate, so near that her dress touched him, and, crossing the road, turned into the cool pine-woods just below. Alfred Neal went on his way to the village in a state of mind not altogether well regulated. He was a little

vexed, a trifle shocked, and a good deal embarrassed. A course of reflection, however, upon his own position and the transitory influence of a girl like Miss Everard restored his ordinary confident composure before he entered the main street of the Centre, where domestic commerce was represented by two stores, on the front piazza of each of which sat the proprietor in his shirt-sleeves, with his chair tipped back against the white-painted wall.

Betty made her way over the slippery pine-needles, until, with a steadiness of purpose denoting a specific goal, she reached a tall pine-tree whose shaft went straight up, not bothering itself with branches, for thirty feet. Here she threw herself down and, removing her hat, leaned back in the embracing roots. The resinous bark gave forth its spicy smell. Hot as it was, there was a faint breeze which just kept up conversation in the tops of the pine-trees. Small and active insects went pottering about the moss and needles and soft earth. It was delicious. Betty drew a sigh of satisfaction, and pitied the people in towns. A faint smile touched her lips as she recalled Neal's expression in his first flush of annoyance at her impertinence.

"It did curl prettily," she said to herself, lazily stretching her arm over her head. "It made him almost debonair. Fancy the Reverend Alfred Neal debonair! He doesn't know what it means. Ho! hum!" she yawned. "Yes, I suppose life is real, life is earnest. But I have to convince myself of it; some people are born believing it. They're just like that ant. They take life seriously and hurl themselves against obstacles without in the least knowing why," and Neal passed entirely out of Miss Everard's consciousness in a mist of philosophic speculation which was one of the privileges of Kenyon's. She never had time for it at home.

It was high noon when Neal came back along the dusty high-road. As he drew near the two-house hamlet known as Kenyon's, he tore open a letter and began to read it. It was from a theological classmate who was settled in the small town where they had both been at college. He wrote with the freedom of

a man sure of his audience, and among other things referred to a certain laxity of doctrine perceptible even in his own congregation as a part of the undoubted laxity of the age. "We have had enough of the doctrine of brotherly love," wrote this confident young preacher. "It is time to dwell on the other side. Brotherly love in these times of breadth and toleration will take care of itself. Heaven forbid that I should underrate its importance, but let you and me, Brother Neal, see to it that brotherly warning and argument also continue."

Neal nodded his head as he read in warm acquiescence. It was a pity that so many preachers gifted of God were so prone to be over-lenient toward the promptings of a personal devil. And he breathed a sigh, genuine and devoted, over the evils which it might lead to. There was not the slightest taint of hypocrisy in the soul of Alfred Neal; he was single-minded and earnest. At the close of the letter his friend gave him an item or two of news. "Emily Grant asked about you the other day, and was interested to hear of your summer's work. She spends part of the summer in New Hampshire, whither she goes to-morrow."

Alfred Neal folded the letter, put it in his pocket, and, crossing the road that he might be more in the shade of the over-reaching branches, betook himself again to meditation. Emily Grant! She had been his companion in many of the harmless gayeties of the little town. On picnics he had often found himself at her side, and after the weekly sociable his forethought had usually provided her with an escort home. She was a pretty girl, with a sweet, yielding expression, and an inflexibility of opinion that would have done credit to an inquisitor. More than one whisper had reached young Neal's not ungratified ears regarding her innate suitability for the part of clergyman's wife. It is to be supposed that Emily's own ears had not been entirely unassailed by such suggestions, but she had never shown them anything but the most becoming indifference. When Neal left for this his first parochial experience in the wilds of Maine, they had parted with unemotional propriety and an unexpressed expecta-

tion of meeting again, which, possibly, upon the part of one or the other, might be said to approximate to a determination. To-day, as he walked quickly along, his hat in his hand and the breeze ruffling still further those unclerical rings of hair, the image of Emily Grant, though unexceptionable in detail, had a certain colorlessness. An annoyed squirrel rustled suddenly at his right. He turned to watch, if might be, its rapid course along the picturesque pathway of a broken, moss-grown, insufficient rail-fence. Caught by a glint of color, his eye wandered farther into the woods. At the base of the pine-tree, just visible from the lonely road, sat Miss Everard. The pale yellow of her dress blended with the wood browns and dusky greens about her, while the hot sunlight penetrating here and there made flecks of a still paler gold. She suggested a true butterfly of fashion, alighted for a moment in the flowerless recesses of the forest. She was reading, and his step did not startle her into lifting her head. Alfred paused a moment. The insufficient fence had come to a sudden pause here, forcing the squirrel into a precipitate leap and leaving the way invitingly open into the solitude peopled by this harmonious young person. The road was hot and dusty, the wood cool and fragrant, and Kenyon's dinner-hour was fifteen minutes off. Miss Everard seemed rendered peculiarly accessible by the surrender of the fence, and Neal turned and made his way up the slippery brown pathway. She raised her eyes and smiled in recognition. Now that he had come, he realized that he had no statement to make, and his conscientiousness led him to feel that the occasion demanded one. Evidently she was deficient in conscientiousness, for she did not share his uneasiness.

"That is a nice root," she observed, pointing it out in a friendly way. "If you sit down a little lower you will find it makes a back, and there is a place for your arm too."

Neal had not expected to sit down by her side. He had had a vague idea of standing and saying a few words to her. It seemed almost too sylvan to sit on the ground, in the lazy attitude her sug-

gestion indicated, and take part in a tête-à-tête. But his six-mile walk made the resting-place not uninviting, and he remembered that he had done the same thing at picnics without incurring serious liabilities. Moreover, her manner and words were of a disarming simplicity.

"Did you bring me a letter?" she asked.

"No, there were none for you."

"Such is the faithlessness of friends."

"Do you not expect too much from your friends?" he ventured.

"Undoubtedly I do. Everybody does. And then we all get disappointed, and begin over again."

"Perhaps you should have said your nominal friends," he suggested, with good-humored tolerance.

Miss Everard was unaccustomed to be told what she should have said.

"Well, yes. What other kind are worth having? I don't care a pin for people who are your friends and are ashamed to be called so," she said, wilfully.

"That is not quite what I meant," he began, carefully.

"Oh, meant!" exclaimed Betty, throwing her head back against the trunk of the tree and looking at him under her eyelashes. "What difference does it make what any of us mean?"

Such utter irrelevance was a novelty to Neal. His perplexity with the manner gave him no time to ponder the audacity of the matter. He experienced a shade of satisfaction that he had not stood up, after all; he recognized dimly that the pulpit attitude would have put him still more at a disadvantage.

"I—I—" he began.

"Now, don't say," she interrupted, "that though it may not make any difference what *I* mean, you are glad to say it makes a great deal of difference what *you* mean!"

The very fact that any expression of this kind had been so far from his lips perplexed him the more. He envied the man who might have the presence of mind to answer her so.

"Because it won't do any good. I suppose," she went on, curiously, "that is what you are always thinking of—doing people good."

"I wish I was," he replied, honestly.

"Now I like that in you," said Betty, her eyes softening, as she leaned forward again, her hands lying clasped around her knee. "It is very interesting."

"It ought to be," he answered, "but it isn't always." He paused, frightened, feeling that he had made a dangerous betrayal. She did not seem at all shocked.

"No, I suppose not," she answered. "But then, you know, nothing is—always."

This was not the form of consolation that he felt the occasion demanded, but whether it was the rest and the coolness, or her words or her presence itself, his aroused conscientiousness allowed itself to be soothed and he let his statement go undefended.

"I had a letter this morning," he said, still under the influence of this sudden expansiveness, "from a friend who is more than a nominal one—one whose friendship is a privilege indeed."

"Ah!" said Miss Everard. But before he had time to think this exclamation irrelevant too, "And was it a nice letter?" she questioned, with a smile.

"Yes," he assented, with momentary hesitation at the insufficiency of the adjective, "really, a precious letter."

"Do you get one every day?" inquired Betty, with friendly impertinence.

"Every day? Oh, no. He has a large parish and——"

"Oh!" said Betty again. "He's a man. Yes, go on." But her rapidly drawn conclusions and their modifications made it impossible for him for the moment to go on. It flashed across him what she had thought, and he paused and laughed in some embarrassment. He thought of Emily Grant, and he was alarmed to see how near he had unwittingly drawn to the reefs of sentiment.

"That's all right," said Betty, composedly, "he has a large parish and——"

"And he finds his time fully occupied," concluded Neal, somewhat ineffectively. Now that she had steered him safely off again he almost regretted that he had not dallied with the danger

a little. He would have liked to have answered her that he was heart-whole—Emily Grant being for the moment in abeyance—and possibly have received some like acknowledgment from her.

"You must have a great deal in common," she said. "That makes it so easy to write."

"Yes," he answered. He saw her intention to be sympathetic and interested, but did not find it so easy to take advantage of as at first. Emily Grant seemed to be in some inexplicable fashion an intrusive influence. She waited a moment, and then she looked up into the tall tree-tops.

"Isn't it nice," she said, "the trees and the dry ground and the warm sun? Aren't you glad you are not a trilobite or a—a—some kind of a pod, you know, that lived before the earth was done?" and she brought her lazy glance down to rest upon his.

"Yes," he said, smiling, "I think I am."

"They must have had such a stupid time," she commented, "poking round."

He felt that her geological knowledge might be doubtful, but her imagination found a response in his own perceptions.

"Yes," he said, "it is a distinct pleasure to live to-day," and he, too, looked about him appreciatively.

"And to live one must eat," said Betty, gayly, looking at a toy watch. "The dinner-hour of Kenyon's will be past when you swing that atrociously rusty gate. As for me, I shall be just in time. And we have such beautiful things to eat at our house, I wouldn't miss one of them!" she asserted, greedily. He followed her down the rough path and crossed with her the dusty road. When he left her at the gate he looked back at the morning interview as a time when he had not known her very well. As he entered Deacon Evans's, and knew from the clatter of knives and forks that they were at dinner, he wondered if his detention had been altogether a profitable one. She was an attractive woman, to be sure, but Emily Grant would never have thought of bringing a member of the Christian ministry into even momentary comparison with "some kind of a pod."

On a day of the next week Miss Everard came into the sitting-room and found both rocking-chairs empty. It was a disappointment. It rained hard, and she had come down from her room after what was to her sedulous application to the "Decline and Fall"—though possibly to a student somewhat desultory—and she felt the need of relaxation. She wandered to the window and watched the chattering little puddles in the middle of the road, and the tops of the trees waving irresolutely against the sky. She bethought herself that rainy afternoons were not altogether dreary in the city. One could stay at home now and then, and someone might happen in for a cup of tea. The kitchen door opened and Camilla came in, and took her rocking-chair.

"Oh, Mrs. Mint," said Betty, "I want to be entertained."

"When I lived in Whitney," Camilla began—Betty leaned her head against the wall, swinging one slippered foot, the other lying out of sight—"I used to entertain a good deal. I remember once they were coming to our house to the sewing society. It wasn't the church society. I'll tell you just how it was. They used to do more talking than sewing at the church society. My husband used to say to me, that was when he was alive, that we lived in Whitney, and he used to go in the evening, along with the other gentlemen, they always liked to have him come too—I remember Mrs. Burns saying to me once that it was always a different sort of sewing society when Anise Mint came. My husband's name was Anise, and he had a brother Cummin. Old Father and Mother Mint both of them had a liking for Bible names, and they said it always seemed providential their names being Mint and having just those two sons. They always spoke of them as 'my two sons Anise Mint and Cummin'—the sound of it sort of pleased them. My husband was a very lively man."

The poignancy of Mrs. Mint's grief at the loss of this attractive consort had sufficiently passed away for her to dwell upon his qualities with calm appreciation. Her rocking-chair was moving back and forth in its usual contemplative manner, with her two little hands

resting on its arms. Betty nodded from time to time, and said, "Oh," "Yes," and "Indeed," when occasion demanded it, which was not often.

"He used to say about the church sewing society that he made excuses to come at all sorts of times, but he had never struck it when they weren't just putting away the sewing. So there were some of us used to meet between times, those of us that were interested, and that was the one that was meeting at our house at the time I speak of. Mrs. Burns was the first to come——"

Just here Elvira came into the room, and, taking possession of her own rocking-chair observed: "Those hollyhock seeds aren't no manner of use."

"And she said when she came that she didn't see why she hadn't run across young Mrs. Babbitt on her way over. She lived near her in the house that stood at the end of the green, and it was burned afterward, and they couldn't get the insurance. It had run out just the week before."

"I got 'em of Amelia Thomas," said Mrs. Thrum. "She told me they blossomed most any time. I planted them along in the spring and they haven't blossomed yet, and I guess they don't mean to. Is that a photograph of your sister that stands alongside of your mirror?"

"Yes," answered Betty, "my older sister."

"Married?"

"Oh, yes, and lives in——"

"I was trying to tell her about the time that——" began Mrs. Mint.

"Where did you say she lived?" asked Mrs. Thrum.

"In Cleveland."

"Does?"

"That Mrs. Babbitt committed suicide," concluded Mrs. Mint.

"Suicide!" exclaimed Betty.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Mint, placidly, "that was the reason she didn't come. She'd taken laudanum. They had two doctors; old Doctor Norton, that lived in the next town, he happened to be driving through, and Dr. Bent called him in—he was a young man and inexperienced. My husband said——"

"There is Mr. Neal," said Mrs. Thrum; "I shouldn't wonder if he was coming

over here. Land! he hasn't any umbrella. I guess something's happened. He looks sort of hurried."

Betty leaned forward and looked out of the window. Mr. Neal did seem hurried. He was running as fast as he could through the driving rain, and along the muddy road.

"You don't suppose anybody's committed suicide, do you?" asked Betty, with some apprehension.

"I guess anybody over there hasn't," said Mrs. Thrum, decidedly. "Caleb Evans feels about dying as the wicked man did about the resurrection—it'll come soon enough, anyhow."

She stepped to the door, leaving her rocking-chair to fly back and forth wildly, while Mrs. Mint tipped hers a little forward and waited. Betty rose too, and went to the door, looking over Mrs. Thrum's shoulder. It really seemed as if there was to be an event.

"Oh, Mrs. Thrum," panted Neal, as he sprang up the low steps, "there has been an accident. Nat has had his arm badly cut in the cutting-machine. His father is away and there isn't anybody good for anything over there. Can one of you come over while I run for the doctor?"

"Cut?" said Elvira. "Nat? Why, I'll come right over."

"You don't go a step to-day, Elvira!" said Mrs. Mint from the balanced rocking-chair. "I don't propose to nurse you through rheumatic fever. I'll go myself," and she rose and came forward.

"Well, I guess you'll take some time to get ready," retorted Elvira, "so as you won't come down with pneumonia."

"I ought to have thought of that," said Neal, and paused, dismayed, as he looked out at the driving storm. He knew perfectly well that both these old ladies were really invalids. But the case was so urgent—even now it seemed to him the delay had been tremendous. As Mrs. Thrum spoke, Betty, with swift movement, had slipped by her, snatched a heavy shawl from the chair in the little entry and now stood by his side.

"I'll go," she said, impatiently. "Come."

He turned and looked at her, the

shawl drawn over her dainty head, her face pale with fright.

"You?" he said, doubtfully.

"Yes," she answered. "Come, I say!" and darted down from the sheltering porch into the heavy rain.

"But—" he began, as he followed her.

"Land!" observed Elvira, "that'll be the end of that dress. Slippers, too. I wonder which arm it is he's cut."

Camilla had already gone to her room to prepare to face the storm.

"Get some bandages ready, quick, Elvira," she called out.

"I'm getting them," replied Elvira. "Did you think I thought it would do just as well to get them to-morrow?"

"Tell me what to do," Betty said. He did so in a few words. He had improvised a tourniquet and had stanchd the bleeding for the present, but feared that it might break out afresh, and then it would be to do over again.

"Yes," she said, "I understand;" and they entered the Evans's house. The boy's mother was in a state of partial collapse from fright, but still held the arm as Mr. Neal had bidden her, looking alarmingly white. The younger sister was shrieking, "Oh, Nat'll die, won't he?" in the stimulating and encouraging manner peculiar to ungoverned feminine anxiety. The boy himself, calm enough, lay on the floor, the stained bandages giving Betty one awful moment of sickening nervousness. But Alfred Neal, while he paused to see if this was going to do, did not perceive this; he only saw her drop down on the floor, slip her hands about the wounded arm, telling the half-fainting woman to go away until she felt better, and, with a little smile of encouragement to the boy himself, introduce suddenly elements of order and relief. Then he dashed out a second time into the rain after the doctor.

Insensibly, during the last week, his admiration for another sort of Betty had been growing, but now he carried with him a new impulse toward this pale, smiling young woman, with firm, gentle fingers, who had tossed back her heavy shawl, and, with raindrops still hanging on her hair and little, soaked slippers, had calmly taken the position of ministering angel. Possibly a min-

istering angel might have chosen other language to express Miss Everard's next idea.

"You little idiot," she observed to the irresponsible Eliza. "He won't die unless he does it to get rid of hearing you make that outrageous noise." Eliza held her tongue and gazed like one distraught at the young lady, with the beautiful clothes, who had a command of ready invective somewhat at variance with her appearance. Betty took immediate advantage of her stupefaction.

"Now go and get your mother a glass of water," she said, "and take her this," and she placed a toy vinaigrette in the hands of the obedient Eliza. Then she began to talk to Nat, whose boyish endurance found food and comfort in her attentions. She had begun bravely, but it was with a sigh of relief that she heard Mrs. Mint's voice in the entry.

"Don't take on," she was saying. "Men are always doing things to themselves, even in their cradles." The vision of a large man in a small cradle inclined Betty's nerves to hysterical laughter, but she did not yield to it. "It's fortunate the Lord made 'em tough," concluded Mrs. Mint. With this placidity between her and the contingency of Neal's unprofessional bandaging proving insufficient, it did not seem very long to Betty before the doctor entered, with Neal, who had met him at the end of a mile covered at racing speed. Then she was free to go out of the room and take her damp skirts and slippers home again. Neal had an umbrella for her this time, and in that short, sloppy walk home they were nearer in sympathy than they had ever been before. The half-mocking and critical, half-indifferent attitude which Miss Everard had hitherto maintained to the young clergyman had given way to a natural feminine confidence in this man, who had known what to do in case of accident and had then run a mile, in a pouring rain, for a doctor. The old ineradicable instinct of the weaker toward the stronger had gotten the better of her cultured perceptions. With Neal an equally natural force exerted itself. She had been feminine and calm and apprehensively brave, instead of fasci-

nating, eluding, and dangerously broad-minded. In fact, she had adopted a demeanor which would have done credit to Emily Grant herself. He did not formulate this last idea, but it was in the background, casting its protecting shadow over the attachment he felt for Miss Everard.

The next two weeks saw the two often together. Kenyon's was too remote from contemporary observation for gossip.

As for Mrs. Mint and Mrs. Thrum, life was to them a spectacle of much interest, few surprises, and no fining and refining of motives or mental processes whatsoever.

It was natural that the time Neal had to spare from pastoral work should be spent with Miss Everard. Notwithstanding their many differences, and the fact that Betty was always mentally comparing him with greater men of his own profession, to his manifest disadvantage, they represented the same intellectual plane. In a community where intellectual interests were wide-spread, these differences would have kept them apart; in this isolated spot they were drawn together.

One afternoon she again sat before the open window writing. The deeper, thicker green outside, and the burning, impalpable haze that penetrated without obscuring the landscape, showed that it was no longer early summer.

"Dear Frances," her letter ran: "It has always been my wish to gratify your entirely legitimate appetite for personal details, when in my power. I shall let this occasion be no exception; consequently, when you ask—'How about the clerical Mr. Neal? Is not the point of view changing?' I hasten to reply with a frankness which should disarm unworthy suspicion. Yes, certainly, the point of view has changed."

Here Miss Everard paused, and insensibly drifted into a purposeless reverie; then, biting her pen-handle with some determination, she brought herself up sharply to self-analysis.

"Much more than this I am not prepared to say. He has grown more interesting, certainly—I am not sure that he has not grown indispensable—I know I can trust you to understand that I refer only to my existence here. He

annoys me frequently. This may be in your mind an important point—he annoys me more than is altogether compatible with personal indifference. I like him best when he is serious and earnest. Unhappily, he has opposite moods—moods of gayety when he seeks to make evident that, while he is a clergyman, he is not held in by iron-bound tradition, and then he makes jokes upon serious subjects. These are jokes which to a polished unbeliever would seem to lack humor, and are to me irreverent. He means to imply that his heart is so thoroughly in the right place that he can afford to play with the fringes upon the robe of righteousness. I have always thought that humor should be the more carefully handled rather than the less, when applied to what we love and honor. After he has said something of this kind he perceives, somehow, that he has not struck quite the note of worldly culture he thinks appropriate for my ears, and relapses into a mood of momentary depression which he shakes off with another joke, possibly in still worse taste, to prove to himself and to me that there was no harm in the first one. Yes, this more than annoys—it irritates me. I think that is the worst I can say of him. As opposed to this, he has an earnestness and a sincerity of purpose which make me like him. Now and then, Frances, you know, one tires of these broad people to whom all things are equally important.

“I could write a history of Whitney—I think I shall, sometime. But it must be of its historic period—when Mrs. Mint lived there. Such exciting things happened there then—the air was thick with mystery and the salons of the women of Whitney ‘wielded far, peace and war.’ Nothing happens there now. I went there with Mrs. Mint the other day. I was dreadfully disappointed. The streets are grassy lanes. To quote again from the same poem: ‘Such a carpet as o’erspreads—every vestige of the city, guessed alone—where a multitude of men breathed joy and woe, long ago.’ Perhaps the multitude of men was a fiction of my imagination, under the sway of Mrs. Mint’s reminiscences. But not the ‘joy and woe’—they are not prerogatives of a multitude.

“It’s very trying, do you know, Frances, every now and then, when you are really interested in a subject, to come up against a boulder of prepossession. Do you know what I mean? Suppose one is talking of some point of doctrine or criticism, or anything you like, and you find what you say accepted without argument or protest, simply because your whole training and belief are so wrong that there is no use saying anything. And this when you know perfectly well that your own stand-point is really that learned from the wise and broad minds of the century. Do you know what that is? It is exasperating.

“Always yours,

“BETTY.”

A week later Betty sat on the little porch. It was moonlight, and the soft radiance which here betrays and here conceals, with supernatural perception of the artistic needs of earth and humanity, had cast its mantle over even the rocking-chairs which stood empty on either side, so that they might have been slight, delicate frames waiting for fair and unearthly shapes, instead of sturdy and reliable supports for Mrs. Thrum and Mrs. Mint, just gone inside out of the damp. Something of this sort came into Miss Everard’s fanciful head, resting against the door-post, as she sat on the low step of the threshold and watched the dainty lace-like pattern made upon the wooden boards, by the moonlight shining through the prosaic cane seats of the chairs.

“Why not a dryad?” she said, dreamily. “A nineteenth-century dryad of a wooden rocking-chair? I am sure if I were one I’d rather inhabit a rocking-chair than the trunk of a tree.” Neal looked up at her from the lower step. The moonlight fell upon her hair, softening the curves of her face and figure with its own half-spiritual, half-sensuous suggestiveness. Her eyes deepened and darkened as she looked from the porch out into the fragrant, clinging duskiness of the summer night. It was one or two minutes before he became conscious that she had spoken, and that, instead of answering, he had been watching her with an intensity that partook a little too much of the thoughtlessness of irre-

sponsible manhood. With an effort he turned away and gazed into the shadows of the opposite wood, whence came the low, persistent sounds of manifold insect vivacity.

"Dryads," he repeated, slowly. He was not quite sure what he was going to say, but the sudden recollection of Emily Grant, as she had appeared once crowned with leaves at a strawberry festival, where he had addressed her as "Fair dryad," helped him to pull himself together.

"Those old myths," he said, "will always bind the fancy more or less. They have a certain hold on the truths of nature that appeals to the universal human heart."

While he could be didactic, he was safe from any misleading influence of the hour.

"Why myths?" demanded Betty, perversely. "Why may they not have existed?—long ago, you know; I don't say," she admitted, with fine tolerance, "that they exist now. But I am quite as likely to have descended from a dryad as from an oyster."

Although Neal did not look at her again he knew her portrait, and he felt that really she had reason on her side.

"An oyster," he repeated, vaguely.

"Yes, why not?"

"I have no sympathy with the theory of evolution myself," he asserted, shifting a little the ground of argument. There was a movement on the wooden boards of the small slippered foot at his side.

"But that hasn't anything to do with it," said Miss Everard.

"But it has," he responded, unguardedly allowing himself to be drawn into opposing her absurdity, and he turned and looked up into her face. Possibly Miss Everard had anticipated this, for she smiled down at him, and, with a sudden loss of active interest, said: "Has it?" as if she had no particular objection. Again Neal saw the fair outline, and the white wrists, and the shadowy eyes, and again he betook himself to the firm ground of controversy.

"How certain men in the Church itself can assume the theories of evolution to be facts is a mysterious thing," he declared. "Its conclusions are ad-

verse to all that we have of revelation."

"Oh," she demurred, "doesn't that depend on the way of looking at it?"

"No," he said, "that would be the end of peace and safety. We can look at a thing in such a way as to make it appear its direct contrary." As he spoke, he knew that it was not as warmly as usual. He believed what he said, but for the first time in his life a doubt crept into his heart concerning the absolute verity of all the conclusions of his life. Was it possible that some of them might be mistaken ones? Even as he pushed away the doubt, it was almost with the unallowed exclamation, What matters? He was frightened at the thought. Was it possible that there was any force in the world strong enough to make his theological convictions a secondary matter? Yet even the fright did not last, the apprehension that he might be losing his hold on the very essence of his life-work grew faint and far away. Was everything slipping away into a world of unrealities except the moonlight, and the sweet July air, and a beautiful woman on the steps above him—all realities, whose presence he felt as he had often in moods of special grace felt other higher things?

"But shouldn't we admit all of science that we can?" said Betty. "Is not that the way not to fear it?"

"Ah, that is the dangerous doctrine," he answered. "It is this paltering with science, this readiness to give up the divinations of truth for the mathematics of science that is working us loss and injury."

How well he knew the words, though he said them perfunctorily enough. They came to his lips readily. They were the result of honest thought. How often he had said them and heard them, together with his friend of seminary days, before he had come to the Centre, before he had loved this woman, who meant grace and beauty and mental inspiration and delicious companionship and life itself—before he had loved her! He had not known where he was going; the knowledge overwhelmed him in a flood of conviction. Before its illuminating power he stood abashed but unregretful. He covered his eyes for a mo-

ment's thought. It seemed to him as if a long time passed, but it was only a moment, and Betty was saying, with a little sigh :

"Well, perhaps. We don't any of us know too much. Let us not lose the divinations of truth, whatever else may go." She thought him narrow, and the hopelessness of finding a common ground, at which she had hinted to Frances, oppressed her ; but she had a deep reverence for conviction, and as she saw him, his head bowed in serious thought, she withheld her tongue from argument and assented to what truth she accepted. Neal looked up. The shadows of the woods were black beyond the broad white pathway of the road, edged by the tall, ragged weeds, fairy-like under the general enchantment. The summer chorus had grown somewhat subdued, the fragrance of sweet-william mingled with that of the pines.

"Betty," he said. Miss Everard's eyes grew a little startled. She had not thought this was so near. She lifted her hand.

"Hush!" she said, leaning forward. "Listen a moment." Involuntarily Neal turned his head and looked toward the road, listening too. The sound of a horse's hoofs was heard.

It was a most unusual thing at night. Betty was vaguely frightened. There is always something a trifle spectral in the hoof-beats of an unseen horse. Neal was interested and curious. It grew more distinct, the horse and rider were not far off.

"Who can it be?" murmured Betty.

"I don't know, I'm sure," answered Neal, and he rose and walked down to the little gate, between the sweet-william and phlox. Betty rose too, and as she waited on the step saw the horse turn down toward Deacon Evans's.

"It is someone for me," said Neal, and he half-opened the gate and paused again. There were voices from the house, and in a few moments the horse-man had wheeled about, traversed the short remaining distance, and stood before Neal at the gate.

"Old Missis Taunton is dying," said a boyish voice. "She's been took sudden, and she says as how she won't die

without the minister. So if you'll ride Streak back, you'll just about get there, I guess."

The boy stood holding the bridle, and Neal looked back. "You hear what it is, Miss Everard?" he said ; "I must go."

"Yes, of course," she murmured, "I understand."

He sprang on the horse, lifted his hat, and rode up the road out of sight, and the boy, declining her suggestion of rest, guessed he'd walk along.

Betty went in and put out the sitting-room lamp, nowadays always confided to her care, bolted the front door, and groped her way up the dark stairway. Instead of lighting her bedroom candle, she went to the window through whose uncurtained frame the moonlight poured in. This window was still upheld by Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," and she gazed at the volume with a transient revival of interest. The second volume had given place to the first, which had been finished with a sensation of triumph which had carried her, free from conscience-pricks, over three days of no reading at all. With this trifling exception, the window-support sustained its original form.

"It is curious," she said to herself. "I came up here to devote myself to the past, and it seems to me now that all my interests are in the future."

She leaned her elbows on the top of the sash. When the messenger had swung himself from his horse below there at the gate, and she had heard him deliver his message, it had seemed a harsh, prosaic interruption to that scene of quiet, etherealized emotion. Old Mrs. Taunton was a hard-fisted, rich old woman. Who was she, that she should have come between these two just as he looked into her face and called her by her name? But that impression had been replaced by the realization that it was no trivial thing that had interrupted them. It was not a whim of old Mrs. Taunton. It was nothing less solemn than Death itself—one of the two or three great facts of life. There were not so many of them that were unalterable, unevadable—yes, to be sure, there was Love. And was not Love always confronted with the aw-

ful strength of Death? Oh, yes, it was appropriate enough. She smiled as she remembered her irritation with his opinions, the narrowness which had seemed a hopeless stumbling-block in the way of their understanding one another. What were such small matters, compared with the power to face the realities of existence? How quickly, how naturally, he answered appeals such as this to-night—an appeal men and women of broader culture and larger views might have shrunk from. It seemed to Miss Everard as if, for the first time, she saw the true proportions of things.

Meanwhile Neal sat by the dying woman. She had sunk into temporary unconsciousness, but the doctor prophesied a brief return to reason and urged him to remain. Of course he did not dream of refusing, and as he sat there in the darkened room, silent, save for the heavy, uneven breathing at his side, he, too, face to face with Death, began again to see things in what he felt to be their true proportions. He was still under the spell of Betty's beauty and grace, he still felt the subtle influence of the scene he had just left, but the caution of his training and customary line of thought reasserted itself. Was this the woman who would be a helpmeet in the work he had to do? Would not this very beauty and grace be almost a drawback in an unappreciative parish? Less avowedly, but forcibly, came the reflection, would not this very quickness of intellect, now a refreshment, be a snare in the way of a fitting reverence for his authority and his office? To be sure, she had other claims on his affection. He thought of her as she sat on the farm-house floor, holding Nat's wounded arm, pale and resolute. A rush of love for her swept him on for a moment, but he fought with it and turned back. It was a crisis in his life—let him be wise! Half an hour later old Mrs. Taunton stirred, and called feebly. Neal knelt down at her side to pray. When he came away in the early morning after she died, he walked back to the farm-house with firm lips and determined stride. Later that day he wrote a friendly letter to Emily Grant.

It was the last day of August that the

rocking-chairs on the porch were filled by Mrs. Thrum and Mrs. Mint.

"I'm sorry she's going," said the latter. "She hasn't been any trouble, and she's made it more lively since she's been here." She continued: "It has seemed more like Whitney—more like what it was when I lived there."

"I'm sorry too," said Mrs. Thrum. "She's going to send me her photograph, and I think I'll get a frame for it—one of those red-velvet ones. They have 'em at the Centre. It isn't very good velvet, but I guess it'll do. Not but what she's used to the best," she added. "Ought to have it, too."

"Mr. Neal'll miss her some, I guess," added Camilla, slowly rocking back and forth.

Elvira's chair jerked back suddenly.

"Miss her! He'll miss her, fast enough," and the chair flew forward again as Mrs. Thrum rose. "But what's *missing*?" and with what might have been a scornful toss she passed into the house. Mrs. Mint knit on placidly, steeped in reminiscences of a young clergyman who made a brief sojourn in Whitney.

Miss Everard was writing to Frances.

"Dear Frances," she said: "I start for home to-morrow. Yes, I think, perhaps, I am a little bored. But it is time for me to be at home, anyway, if you and I go away for September. As for Corydon—yes, again—it may be that I long to exchange the combination of crook and pastoral staff you refer to for something more polished and worldly. Anyway, come and see me at the end of the week.

"Yours,

"BETTY."

"I've finished the 'Decline and Fall.'"

It was more than a year later. The sparse trees of the prosperous manufacturing town whither Alfred Neal had been called to take charge of a parish were already losing their yellow leaves, and the pretentious house opposite looked as cruelly unshaded and aggressively new as its owner's social position. Neal looked older and somewhat graver this afternoon, as he read the New York paper that had just come by mail. His

air of superb confidence that for a man of good physique and theological training nothing ever came hard had diminished, but he had not lost by the change. Instead, his face had gained in thought and purpose.

"Married, October fifteenth, at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Elizabeth, daughter of Franklin Everard"—the paper fell with a sudden rustle to the floor, and Neal strode to the window and leaned his forehead against the pane, staring across at the rich manufacturer's house, which stared back with all the strength of its uncurtained windows. In a few moments he came back, picked up the paper, and finished reading the notice. He knew the man by name and reputation well enough. He reddened with shamed annoyance when he realized that he was trying to think if he had ever heard anything against him, and he was sincerely glad that he had not. He dropped the paper again and threw his head back in his one easy-chair, and in so doing disarranged a silk-embroidered scarf worked by a member of the choir, and knocked off a balsam pillow sent him by one of his Sunday-school teachers. He recalled every incident of his last interview with Betty. After three months of a struggle which had taught him much he had not dreamed it necessary to learn, he had gone to see her at her own home. She had worn a pale-blue gown, and her head lay against the back of the cushioned, luxurious chair just as he had seen it on the rough pine-tree and the hard door-post at Kenyon's.

"No, Mr. Neal," she had said, kindly, so very kindly. "It really is too late for this sort of thing, you know. Up there, it was different. I think, one evening—the night old Mrs. Taunton died—what a superb summer night it was—do you remember?" He had raised his eyes and looked at her in silence when she said that.

"Yes," she went on, "I think you do. Well, that evening I think I was in love with you. I thought you very fine and noble, and I thought you could make me happy. Not that I don't think all those things now, you know," and whether her smile had a touch of its old mockery or not he could not for the life of him have

told, "but I accept them as I do other facts, the personal appeal of them has vanished"—he had been about to speak then, but she went on, with a slight gesture—"vanished, I am afraid I must say, Mr. Neal, forever."

He remembered with a tremor, as of physical pain, how he had felt when she said those words. They were both silent for a moment. Miss Everard's slipper had slightly disturbed the snatched slumbers of a terrier that lay at her feet. Then she had spoken again.

"But you thought I would not do, you know——"

"Miss Everard," he had broken in, "I——"

"No, don't speak yet, please, Mr. Neal," she had said, smiling still; "I can say it a great deal better than you can. I have quite a gift for analyzing impressions, and I'm not a bit vexed. You thought I wouldn't do, and——"

He was glad that he had insisted on speaking once, at least.

"I did a foolish thing," he had exclaimed; "and I have suffered for it. But it was because I did not heed my own convictions. I admired you—I loved you then, as now, but I did not know until afterward that it was your character, your very self, that I loved as well as your beauty and your wit."

"Oh, Mr. Neal," she had exclaimed, softly, "you are saying beautiful things to me, but"—here she had leaned over and frankly held out her hand—"but you were right, in the first place; there is nothing to be sorry for—I wouldn't do at all. I know that now better than you knew it then. I thank you for being wise for us both."

Had ever man had his wisdom held up to him wearing more completely the guise of folly, he wondered to-day, as he absently played with an etched pen-wiper, the gift of the youngest member of his Bible-class? Folly, pitiless, irrevocable folly! and how sweetly she had shown it him, and how sure she had been that she was right! While he—and he rose and straightened himself as though to throw off the burden of his fatal uncertainty—was she perhaps right, right for him as well as for herself? Heaven knows!

The afternoon was wearing on. Autumn clouds were piling up in the west.

He looked out of the window again. The manufacturer's youngest son was playing the hose over the clothes hung out to dry in the side yard. He turned away, took his hat, and went out. Down the street was a small, pretty, quiet house, and on its piazza he rang the bell.

"Is Miss Emily Grant still here?" he asked the maid who opened the door.

"Yes, sir," was the answer. "She does not leave till to-morrow."

"Tell her," he said, entering, "that Mr. Neal would like to see her for a few minutes."



RENUNCIATION.

By Emily Dickinson.

THERE came a day at Summer's full
 Entirely for me ;
 I thought that such was for the saints
 Where Revelations be.

The Sun as common went abroad,
 The flowers accustomed blew,
 As if no sail the solstice passed
 That maketh all things new.

The time was scarce profaned by speech ;
 The symbol of a word
 Was needless as at Sacrament
 The wardrobe of our Lord.

The hours slid past, as hours will,
 Clutched tight by greedy hands ;
 So faces on two Decks look back
 Bound to opposing Lands.

And so, when all the time had failed
 Without external sound,
 Each bound the other's crucifix——
 We gave no other bond.

Sufficient troth that we should rise,
 Deposed at length the grave,
 To that new marriage justified
 Through Calvaries of Love !

A NEW ENGLAND INGÉNUE.

By John Seymour Wood.

I.



THE Archibald house, on West Forty—Street, was of the character described as a “modernized front.” A handsome arch in rough stone surmounted the front-door, which was done in polished oak and plate-glass. The stoop was on a level with the sidewalk; a richly carved bow-window jutted out from the second story. “No. 41,” in old iron open work, formed a pretty grating above the door. There was, in fact, nothing which would lead an ordinary person to conceive of the house as given over to boarders, except, possibly, the sign,

TO LET, FURNISHED.

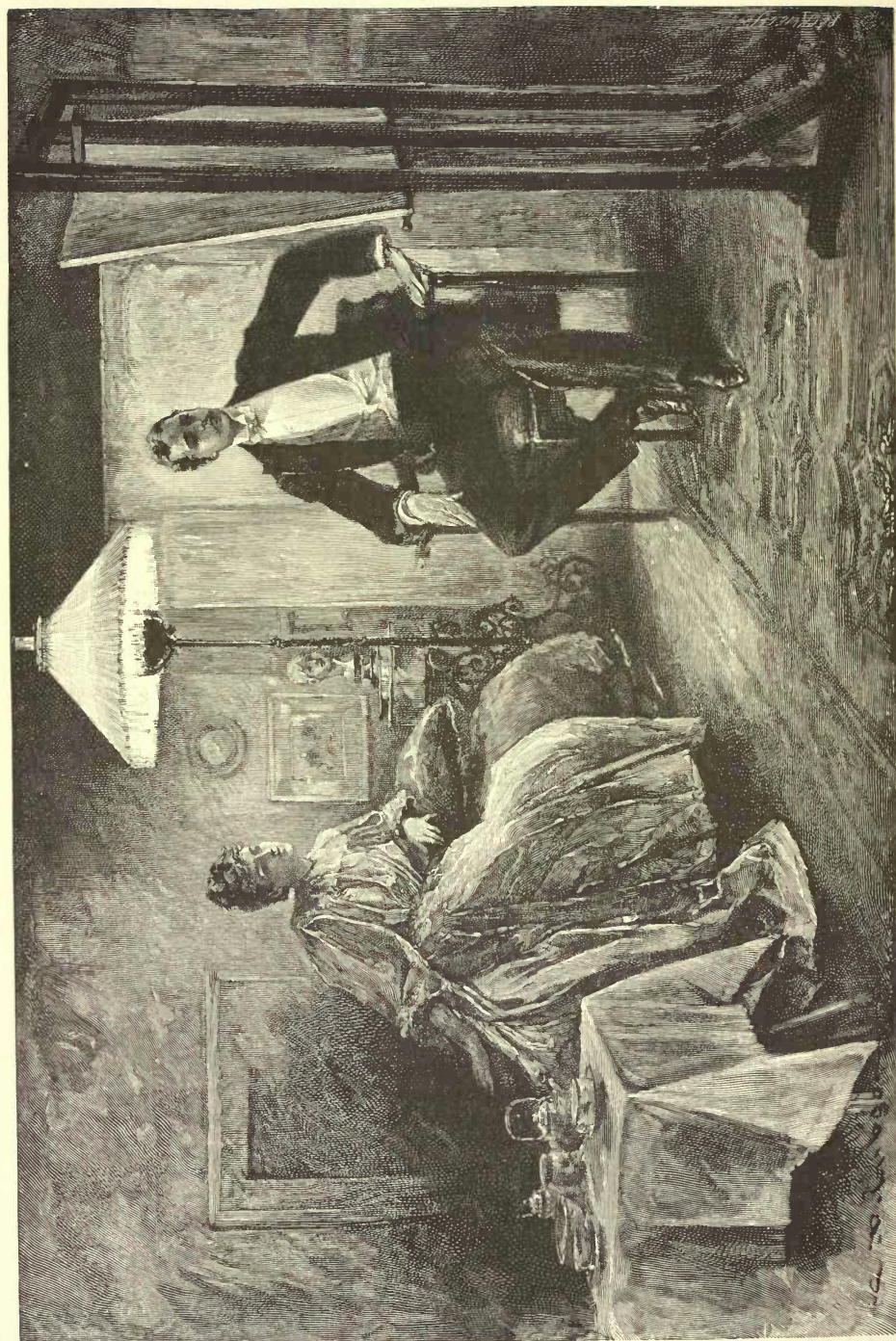
which was posted conspicuously below the first-story window, and at an angle which enabled him that ran to read.

Old Mr. Archibald's death, the autumn before, had left his widow rather poorer than she anticipated. He was a great collector of pretty things. His taste was exquisite, and he had gratified it by filling his house with a variety of *bric-à-brac*, pictures, statuary, and old furniture, which made it a centre of attraction to many of the old gentleman's artistic friends. Mrs. Archibald, loathe to dispose of her husband's art collections, determined to let the house, as it stood, “at an exorbitant figure, to a very rich tenant without children.” Under these terms, on her departure for Europe, her agent was entrusted with the house, and her son Jerome, when he saw her off on the steamer, received a parting injunction, “Be sure and see that they have no children.” Jerome Archibald saw his mother and sisters depart—in no very enviable frame of mind; but he was a good son, and he

resolved to forego Newport, if it would tend to dispose of the house as his mother wished, and add to her diminished income.

His mother and sisters sailed in May. It was now July, and very warm and disagreeable. As the “heated term” set in, he began to think it too bad, you know, of mamma and the girls to remain abroad for three whole years. It was positively absurd. What was he to do? After the house was let—where was he to go? By Jove, he felt deuced lonely, don't you know! It was especially trying for a sensitive man to go in and out of a house with a great placard on it, “To Let, Furnished,” but it was a deal more trying to have people come and want board. Yes, actually, two ladies came one morning and wanted to know if they could see the landlord. It was positively ridiculous! His agent was a clevalh fellow, but even he gave up hope of letting the house until fall. Hadn't he better run down to Newport? He got a letter from Dick Trellis that morning, and they really didn't see how they were going to get on without him in the polo matches. It put him in a fuming fury. He had never stayed late in the city in summer before. How infernally hot it was—and nahsty—don't you know! His collars were in a perpetual state of wilt—they never wilted at Newport. Then everybody was not only out of town, having a good time somewhere, but they had a provoking way now of ostentatiously boarding up their front-doors—yes—and their windows, too—which made it doubly disagreeable for those who had to remain. It was bad enough to see the blinds drawn down, but boxing up their stone-work and planking up their front-doors caused Mr. Jerome Archibald unutterable pangs. Then they thought it was a boarding-house!

They were coming again in the afternoon, at four. There were two of them—ladies. In his rather depressing and



"My Art work has always been thought very pretty in East Village,"—Page 248.

solitary occupation of living alone in his house, with one solemn apoplectic cook and one chalk-faced maid, in order to exhibit it to that endless raft of females with "permits," who universally condemned or "damned with faint praise" his father's exquisite taste in rugs and furniture, Mr. Jerome Archibald had to-day admitted to himself a distinct pleasure in showing "Miss Perkins" and her niece (whose name did not happen at the time to be mentioned) over the house, and pointing out in his quiet way its excellences.

They saw the sign, they said, and so made bold to enter. Evidently Miss Perkins was a prim, thin, tall, spectacled, New England old maid. She had the delicate air and manner of a lady. A lady faded, perhaps, and unused to a larger social area than that surrounding her native village green. She had also the timid manner of hesitancy of New England spinsters—hesitancy concerning everything except questions of casuistry and religion—and seemed, in what she did, to be spurred on from behind by the niece, who, was, on the whole, as Mr. Jerome Archibald told a friend at the club later, "quite extraordinary."

In the first place, as he said, the niece was undeniably beautiful.

"She wore rawther an odd street dress," he said, "made up in the country somewhere, by a seamstress who gathered her crude notions of the prevailing fashions from some prevaricating ladies' journal, and her hat was something positively ridiculous—but her *face*!" The fastidious Mr. Jerome Archibald at once conceded to it a certain patrician quality of elegance. It denoted pure blood and pure breeding, somewhere up among Vermont hills or Maine forests. A long line of "intelligent ancestors," perhaps. It was fine and—beautiful. The forehead high, nose straight, the large eyes gray, the mouth and chin sweet, and yet quite determined. When he showed them a large room at the rear, on the second story, facing the north, the niece had observed, with a lofty air—mind, the room was literally crammed with the most costly *bric-à-brac*—"I think this will suit me very well, aunt dear, on account of the light."

He noticed in her unfashionable dress a certain artistic sense of freedom, a *souçon* of colored ribbon here and there, and he concluded that she was all the more interesting, as an artist, in that she so quietly accepted the elegancies around her. She gave an unconscious sigh over a small glass-covered "Woodland Scene," by Duprez. Mr. Jerome Archibald noticed it, and inwardly smiled, delighted.

Perhaps the niece captivated him the more by her silent appreciation of some things he himself admired exceedingly. It was odd that she seemed always to choose *his* favorites. There was nothing said as to the rent, the size of the house, the lot, the plumbing. He spent an hour showing his etchings alone, and in the afternoon, at four, they were coming again, "to decide."

II.

OF course Mr. Jerome Archibald must have been an extremely susceptible young man to have fallen in love at first sight with a strange young woman, who had come to look at his house with a view to renting. But he was—"rawther down and depressed." The usual summer malaria had set in. The usual excavations in the streets were going on—they were digging with "really extraordinary energy" that summer—the pavements were up on all the Fortieth streets. Fifth Avenue presented the appearance of a huge empty canal. It was something more, this presidential year, than the perennial laying down and taking up of pipes. "He was really ripe for *une grande affaire du cœur*" said one of his club friends, he was getting so lonesome. He *did* fall quite entirely in love, precipitately, unquestionably, in spite of the fact that they took the house for a boarding-place! They asked to hire but one room only.

When they arrived, at 4 p.m., they sat a few moments in the reception-room, while the chalk-faced, alert maid announced them to Archibald in the room above. Miss Perkins folded her faded, gloved hands in her lap and sat up on the sofa stiffly. They had looked at ever so many houses, and they had come back to No. 41 with instinctive preference.



"I came, Miss Price, because—don't you know—I—aw—missed you."—Page 254.

"I don't think one room would be so very expensive," said Miss Perkins. "He could put up two beds easily in that north room, and the room we saw on Thirty-fourth Street was only twelve dollars—what do you think, Elvira?"

"I think twelve dollars is altogether too high," said the niece, looking up from a delicate little Elzevir she was holding. "I think he wants to let the rooms very much; none of them seem to be taken. Remember it is midsummer, aunt dear."

There was a little pause.

"Of course he will prefer having *nice* people. It will be a great help to your art, Elvira—you can study at great advantage. There are so many pictures for you to copy. I think your father would say it was a 'lucky find.' If you will persist in your art, why, I think we are very fortunate."

"You are always ready to sneer at my art, Aunt Perkins." And she gave a peculiar laugh.

"It is something that has come up since my day," she replied, glancing about over the pictures and the rare editions on the table. "I was brought up to plain living. But I guess if we can get it all for twelve dollars we ought to be satisfied. It's a pleasant change to see the city. It's pleasant to see these ornaments. Yes, I don't blame art so much as your father does, Elvira, and I don't believe *he* would blame it if he knew we could have so much of it for twelve dollars."

"Father secretly admires it as much as I do," said the niece; "only he likes to talk."

Just then Mr. Jerome Archibald entered. He was faultlessly dressed in half-mourning for his father. Indeed, he had dressed himself with exceeding care, being desirous, he frankly admitted to himself, of making an impression. He bowed graciously, and took Elvira's extended gloved hand, which, as she offered it, he held a moment. "Have you decided?" he asked.

They had explained, when they left in the morning, that they should want only one room, and he tacitly inferred that they would require board. He received a dreadful shock, but made up his mind that the charming niece would prove the

more charming on closer acquaintance, and he deliberately decided to keep both the gentle New Englanders under his roof for a time, if he could! The more he thought of the plan, the more interesting the situation became to him. He fairly dreaded, at last, lest they should find their way into a remote boarding-house in some cheap quarter of the city, where it would be quite impossible for him to follow them. He gravely announced to the astonished maid that he had determined to let out the rooms to the ladies, who, he pretended for her benefit, were old acquaintances. When they were announced he was scarcely able to conceal his pleasure. Mr. Jerome Archibald had fallen in love.

"We have decided to take one room," said Elvira, "if we can agree upon the price; and we wish to know the price of board——"

"We shan't want much to eat," put in Miss Perkins, with a nervous twitch.

Archibald admirably concealed a smile. His long mustache aided him a good deal in doing this. He was still standing, and he put his hand to his lips: "I think we shall agree very easily upon the price," he said.

Miss Perkins again twitched a little. "We thought twelve dollars—room and board——" she said, leaving the sentence half finished, while Elvira looked up at him, expectantly.

"My dear ladies, I should not think of charging more than ten. You are strangers in the city, and I would not impose upon you for the world. It happens that this is the dull season——"

"So we thought," said Miss Perkins, "and board and lodging ought to come a little cheaper."

"Precisely. The maid will show you your sleeping-room—and, of course, the entire house is at your service. I hope you will find everything to your comfort. I am very anxious to please." He laughed a little.

Elvira gave him a grateful, but at the same time a rather patronizing, glance. He felt at once that in carrying out his little *ruse* he had placed himself deliberately upon a questionable footing with the beautiful girl. He hoped, however, to redeem himself by impressing her

with his knowledge of the pursuit which, he accurately judged, had brought the ladies to the city. Archibald had at one time done a little painting himself. He had dreamed dreams, as a young man, which indolence and the stern business atmosphere of the city had choked off prematurely. As he looked down upon the girl's sweet gray eyes a vision of this youthful period came back to him. Twenty-two and thirty-two have this in common, that the latter age is not too far away to quite despise the younger enthusiasm. Archibald at thirty-two still believed in himself, don't you know.

III.

SEVERAL days passed, during which the ladies settled themselves very readily in their new surroundings. They were very methodical, preferring to rise at an hour which, to Archibald, was something savoring of barbarism. He studied their habits, with a view to conforming to them as far as possible, but found that he could not bring himself to give up his nine-o'clock breakfasts, and so went out to his club, leaving orders that the ladies should be accommodated at the earliest hour they might choose. He found that they had discovered Central Park, and came to make it a habit to stroll with them of a morning upon the Mall, and around the stagnant lakes. Central Park was a novelty to him, except as seen from horseback, or a four-in-hand, and it really seemed very beautiful those summer mornings—he was really surprised, don't you know! He wondered that nice people did not use the Park more—as they did Hyde Park in London. As the days went on he filled his house with flowers, turned the second floor into an immense studio for Elvira, sat about and watched her, criticised, encouraged her. He forgot Newport, forgot his polo. He had strangely ceased to be bored. He was happy in New York in mid-summer! Dick Trellis told his polo friends at Newport that Archibald was probably undergoing private treatment for softening of the brain, which theory, in fact, they deemed sufficiently complimentary.

As for his mother and sisters in Europe—Why, pray, should he inform them of his little joke?

Elvira worked away at her easel when the light was best—during the afternoon. In the evening, after dinner, the ladies became socially inclined. It was then that they allowed Archibald to smoke in the "studio" and talk Art with Elvira. Indeed he found it very difficult to talk anything else with the shy New England primrose.

About Art—with a big A—she was rapturous. There seemed to be in her soul a strange hunger for everything ornate and richly beautiful. Archibald devoted himself to studying her. He became strangely interested in East Village, Vt., where, he gathered, the Hon. Ephraim B. Price, her father, was a very distinguished Republican lawyer and politician. He drew Aunt Perkins out concerning her Congregational church, her minister, her fear of the Catholics, her fondness for cats, her secret disbelief in Art. Once in a while they read him a letter from the Hon. Ephraim, in which he could see reflected their own liking for *him*. He found that he was spoken of as "Landlord Archibald." The Hon. Ephraim was a shrewd old fellow, however, and his counsels and advice were generally of the "trust-not-too-much-to-appearances" order. One evening Miss Perkins complained of a headache, and Archibald found himself alone for an hour with Elvira. She sat beneath the rich brazen lamp, with its pretty crimson shade, absorbing some of the red glow in her lovely face. They had been two weeks in the city, and out of delicate feeling had deposited two ten-dollar bills upon the mantelpiece in the library, where Archibald would see them. He had roared with laughter over them and intended having them framed, but ultimately he found a different use for their amusing board-money.

He made some little allusion to the time they had been with him.

"Two very short weeks," said Elvira, "and you have been so very unusually kind, Mr. Archibald. You have done so much for us. We have noticed it. Is it usual for landlords to—to do so much, in the city?"

"It depends," he said, gravely. "Landlords do more for people who are congenial—you are congenial——"

"Oh!" A slight pause.

"You are more than congenial, *really*," said Archibald. "For you take an interest, Miss Price. I have secretly espied both you and your aunt dusting——"

Elvira bit her lip. "We *have* dusted," she admitted, reddening a little, "but it is merely out of force of habit."

"Really," said Archibald, "I rawther like you the better for it, don't you know!"

"I'm afraid," said Elvira, her face lighting up with conscious pleasure, "that you have made up your mind as a landlord to like us, whatever we do. I'm afraid you would not like it at all if you knew everything that aunt has done."

"Tell me—I will keep it a profound secret, I assure you," he laughed.

"She has actually dared to invade your kitchen!"

"Has she?" said Archibald, dubiously; "really!"

"Yes, and she declares that your cook wastes enough every day to keep four families!"

"Really!" said Archibald; "I'll have to look into it."

"You won't save much out of what we pay," said Elvira, "and we don't want to stay if it doesn't pay you; but——"

"Well?"

"Mr. Archibald, we are poor." She looked down.

"I'm very sorry, I'm sure—I—" he really did feel a compassion which found its way into his voice, and made it tremble a little.

"Aunt says you *can't* be making any money. Now, we don't think it is right to stay another day and be *burdens*, do you see?"

A solemn pause.

"Isn't that what they are talking about so much now in the novels?" he asked, at length.

"What?"

"The terrible New England conscience?"

"Right is right and wrong is wrong, Mr. Archibald, disguise it how we may,"

and Elvira compressed her pretty lips firmly.

Archibald puffed on his cigar, lazily.

"I wasn't sure," he said, as if a doubt had crept into his mind.

She glanced at him impatiently.

"Can't you *see* how wrong it would be for us to stay here and enjoy all we have in your beautiful house, knowing that we were swindling you?" She stamped her foot. "Mercy!" she added, half to herself, "what *can* you be made of?"

He hastened to a display of rugged conscience, which relieved her.

"Oh, of course, I see how wicked it would be if you *did* swindle; but I'm making money! Really—I haven't spent the twenty dollars board-money yet. Oh, pray rest assured—I shan't lose. I will tell you when I run behind."

A great sense of relief seemed to come over the girl.

"But it is all we can pay. I told father I would not ask for more. Father said he knew it would take more, but I said I would give up Art first."

"Oh, I say!" he protested.

"And to-morrow I am going to begin taking lessons, but I *will* not call on father for another cent. He shan't be able to throw it in my face that it turned out as he said, and that I was wrong. When he and I dispute it always does turn out as he says—this time it *shan't*."

Archibald laughed a little. The poor fool, don't you know, was so captivated that every word, every action of the girl was music to him. The two weeks of observation had told on her dress. To-night she wore a white muslin, elaborated with pretty ribbons. She no longer seemed especially rustic to him. He noticed that she was doing her hair now in the prevailing style. "By Jove!" he said to himself, "I'll see that she comes out at the Patriarchs' next winter!"

This was his highest earthly happiness for a *débutante*.

"I am going to make money," she went on; "I'm going to paint vases, plates, odds and ends, pot-boilers, you know, and so father shan't know what it costs."

"Oh, by the way, if you do," he pretended, lazily blowing out a ring of smoke, "I happen to know a fellow—an

old friend of mine—who gives very fair prices for those sort of things. Now, I am sure he will take any gimcrack you may do.”

Somehow the word gimcrack displeased her.

“My Art work has always been thought very pretty in East Village,” she said. “It would never *sell*, but it was thought pretty. I used to long to help father—and our family is so large, you know, four little brothers and two sisters younger than I am—and now, if I only *could* get on, and help father! Oh, Mr. Archibald, you don’t know how *little* law there is to go round in East Village!” She heaved a deep sigh.

He tried to appear sympathetic.

“I know a fellow who gets a thousand dollars for a portrait, and he has only just commenced. You can’t help but succeed, Miss Price, really!”

She gave him a grateful glance.

“Oh, if I *could*!” she said, anxiously. “I taught school one winter, but the pay was so small. And I’ve tried—you will laugh, Mr. Archibald, at my telling you these things—but I’ve tried story writing. I was so hopeful about it, and it took as many as ten rejections before I became convinced; and now, if my Art fails me——”

She gave a little fluttering sigh.

“I think you have talent.”

“Perhaps it is only enthusiasm——”

“That amounts to the same thing. It will keep you up to your work. They used to tell me I had talent, but I had no enthusiasm, so I dropped it. I wish to encourage you,” he added; “I hope you will go on. It takes a lot of work, but you have just the right temperament. You *will* work. You *will* get on, and when you become celebrated, Miss Price, you won’t forget your old friends?”

He realized that it was a rather bold step forward, and he trembled for her reply.

“I shall always recommend your house,” she said, a little stiffly, making him feel more than ever her aristocratic superiority to landlords, “and I shall always remember your kindness. We went to at least six boarding-houses until we saw your sign—we saw the landladies. Really, Mr. Archibald, you

have no idea how vulgar and unartistic *most* of the houses were. There was always a disagreeable odor, as if somebody was frying something. If I *do* succeed, as I wish, and make friends, and get to be known, and all, you may be certain that I shan’t forget you. I may organize an Art class, and take the whole house myself!”

He went no further. It was enough to him, as he sat opposite her in his evening dress, his rich opal, set with diamonds, flashing on his white shirt-front, his lawn tie, low shoes, white waistcoat—everything in the latest and most expensive style—it was enough for Mr. Jerome Archibald to sit there and smoke his delicate Havana, and reflect that he at least had her promise to do what she could to recommend his boarding-house!

The next day, at dinner, he again suggested, in an offhand way, that Miss Price should turn her attention to portrait-painting. Miss Perkins seriously objected at once.

“Your father would never give his consent,” she said. “There was old Mr. Raymond, who lived on the Poor Farm, because he found portrait-painting didn’t pay.”

“Mr. Raymond painted dreadful, hideous caricatures,” said Elvira. “He painted my mother’s portrait, and father is always throwing him in my face. But I don’t know. I have no one to begin on except aunt, and I have tried and tried, and I can’t get anything but the expression of her spectacles.”

Even Aunt Perkins laughed at this a little.

“Begin on me,” ventured Archibald. “Call it the ‘Portrait of an Ideal Landlord.’”

There was a little pause. The ladies rose without replying, and Archibald followed them into the drawing-room, feeling indefinitely that he had been too forward. As he lit his cigar and sat near an open window, feeling the cool southern breeze, he reflected that it was not improbable that in East Village the only landlord known to them was the keeper of a common tavern. It amused him to think of their primitive, quaint ignorance of city ways. He pictured the small life of East Village, Vt., the

narrow social horizon, the strange interest in politics, the religious intolerance, the "strong" views on the temperance question which obtained there, and which leaked out from Miss Perkins as the days went on into August. The easy sense of accommodation to their new surroundings also amused him.

Archibald returned to the portrait. "I'd rawther like to have one for the dining-room," he said; "I think it would interest some of my boarders when they come back next winter. I could give you no end of sittings, Miss Price——"

Elvira exhibited some hesitancy: "Well, I might try," she said. "But I'm not at all good at hair——"

"Shave off my mustache if you like," said the infatuated Archibald, with a grimace.

The ladies changed the subject decorously. It was plain that Archibald's little advances toward an intimacy, to be derived from portrait-painting, were being met in rather an unencouraging spirit, don't you know! The next day he invited them, as an agreeable diversion, to visit Coney Island; but Elvira made an excuse that she had no time for "pleasuring." They seemed, indeed, to have few pleasures. The morning walk in Central Park was given up; Miss Perkins spent the greater part of the time when Elvira was at the Art School in riding to and fro, apparently, upon street-cars. One day she came home very late to dinner, saying that she had discovered the "Belt Line." While waiting her return for dinner, Archibald had an agreeable *tête-à-tête* with Elvira.

IV.

HE was growing more and more in love with this self-contained, charming, young New Englander. It had come to a time when he felt that he must speak. They had been at No. 41 now these four weeks, aunt and niece, and yet they had managed to preserve their distance. He was no nearer than the day they arrived.

He reflected that the pleasant little daily comedy which had amused him so entirely would have to be given up the instant he made known to her his state of feeling. But at the same time he felt

he could act out the equivocation no longer. He must, as a gentleman, make a clean breast of his deception. Archibald had seen a great deal of women, and he believed that he understood them pretty well. He believed he understood Miss Price well enough to reckon upon the flattery of her sudden fascination that first day, for him, as the cause of his deceit. He planned to boldly tell her this, one day, while they were waiting for Miss Perkins to revolve around the "Belt Line." But Elvira turned the conversation against his will. She seemed to have remarkable intuitions, this strange creature! Perhaps she had an intuition then. At any rate, she announced their determination to return to East Village the following Saturday.

"Father writes that his ague is no better—that I must come home," she said. "There are, besides, the preserves——"

Archibald expressed no surprise. "If you go," he said, "I think I'll take a run up there also. I have the greatest curiosity about East Village."

"There is nothing—it is dreadfully—I wouldn't have you visit East Village for all the world!"

"Why?"

"Because——" she replied, sedately.

Recognizing this as a sufficient reply, Archibald took a seat on the sofa near her. She was in one of her pretty, soft, white muslins, tied, this evening, with ribbons of the very latest shade of fashionable apple-green. He had noticed the steady growth of fashion in the girl's appearance, but he was not quite prepared for the dozen silver bangles, which jingled as she raised her hand to her hair. She had a pretty arm and hand, and were it not for the bangles, which somehow altered the current of his thought, he had nerved himself up to the point of taking, or trying to take, her hand in his, and telling her in a manly way, his story. The bangles, however, don't you know, diverted him. He could not be serious. He laughed. It was as if he had happened upon a wood nymph in seven-button kid gloves! She misinterpreted his laughter, believing that he intended to ridicule the pastoral delights of East Village.

"I'm not ashamed of Vermont," she said, drawing away a little. "I can't bear to have it laughed at. You would laugh at East Village, Mr. Archibald—you laugh at everything. You are not sincere. You have too much of the city in you—too much of its glitter and—" She caught his eyes directed laughingly upon her bangles, and blushed guiltily.

"Time works its changes, don't you know," he said. "Even you, Miss Elvira, are a *little* affected."

"I hate myself for it," she said; "I do find myself growing to like things I never cared for before. I think of what I have on from morning to night," she confessed, guiltily, with an imploring glance at her landlord.

"Can the dead dulness of midsummer in the city have wrought so wondrous a change?" he laughed. "How very gay, really, you will be next winter."

"Seriously," said Elvira, "I look forward to a visit to East Village as a complete change and rest. When I think of the white, dead walls of our meeting-house, I am glad; when I think of the lack of color in everybody up there, it makes me glad; when I think of the plainness of everything, the simpleness, the *truth* of everything, I'm glad to go back. But don't you—don't come up to Vermont, Mr. Archibald. Really, please, don't."

Again Archibald felt impelled to seize her white, pretty hand, and tell his story. He had never come to so intimate a point before. What chance had he ever to come so near again? All that his mother and sisters could write would have no effect upon him now. All that his friends at the club would say, all that his Aunt Newbold would say—his Aunt Newbold was the formidable dragon of his family—nothing, he felt sure, would alter his mind. He had deliberated a month, he would deliberate no more. Besides, she was going away; perhaps if he did *not* speak his opportunity would never again occur. He paled a little as he was about to open his lips.

Bother!

The chalk-faced maid entered with a card on a silver tray.

V.

MR. JEROME ARCHIBALD had very few hatreds; people whom he disliked he carefully avoided. Being fastidious to an extreme, he had few friends, but he likewise had no enemies. He had, however, a certain cousin who lived in Boston, who had in some way early offended him, and for whom he continued to have a most inexplicable dislike. Hunnewell Hollis was a Harvard man, who had been a great swell at college, and who was considered "*clevah*." He was a year or two older than Archibald, and he usually presumed a little upon his age and upon his superior education. It was Hunnewell Hollis's card which was brought up on the silver tray.

Archibald impatiently rose and went down to the reception-room. There he found Hollis walking up and down the room, apparently in some excitement.

"Jerry, this won't do, old man!—heard ladies' voices up-stairs! 'Twont do! Lucky I ran down with the yacht. Now I'm going to carry you off with me. By the way, Somers, and Billy Nahant, and Jack Chadwick are here, and I took the liberty to invite them here overnight—knew you were alone—knew you would be glad to put them up."

"By Jove, you do me great honor! Unfortunately I haven't room for you—I've only just let the house—taken—by Jove! I must take in the sign."

Archibald's face betrayed no sign of his justifiable prevarication.

"Well, then, as it is dinner-time I'll stay to dinner with you."

"Sorry, very sorry. But the ladies who have taken the house would think it very odd——"

"Well, how in the devil are *you* dining with them, Jerry?"

"They asked me, in order to discuss the terms. A few details before signing the lease, don't you know!"

"Well, it puts me in a rather awkward position; I've left the fellows your address; they'll be here shortly."

"Why don't you head 'em off?" suggested Archibald, coolly.

Mr. Hunnewell Hollis gave his cousin a glance of anger. "The whole thing is rather fishy," he said, suspiciously. "I

trust, Jerry, for the honor of the family——”

Archibald never quite detested his cousin so much before.

“There are a great many adventures about, they are on the lookout for rich young men like you, Jerry,” and Hunnewell Hollis, giving his cousin a rather gravely serious nod, took up his hat and cane and departed.

Archibald went directly upstairs. He heard a rustle of a dress against the furniture. Had Elvira been listening? He hoped not.

VI.

ADVENTURESS! How that odious word rang in his ears as he entered the room where the sweet primrose face was still in its corner of the sofa. He swore he would never write to, nor speak to, Hunnewell Hollis again. He had done with him forever. Yet, had he heard the rustle of her dress? It gave him a slightly disagreeable sensation to think that it were possible. Elvira Price apparently had not moved from her seat. She was in the same pretty attitude in which he had left her, leaning back, easily, against the corner of the sofa, her hands crossed in her lap. As he entered it seemed to him that she was studying his face.

“I was so anxious about aunt,” she said. “I went out to the stairs thinking I heard her come in. Do you know, it isn’t the Belt Line only; she goes to a mission—a boys’ mission. She has taken the greatest interest in it, all the teachers have gone away for the summer. It is in an out-of-the-way part of the city, and it worries me.”

Archibald hesitated a moment, then he said:

“Did you hear the row with my cousin? He was very impertinent; but all Bostonians are impertinent.”

The name Bostonian seemed to give her a slight sensation.

“You have been in Boston?” he asked.

“N—Yes, and I, too, found Bostonians impertinent.” She gave him an appealing glance; then she added, after a pause, “I find New York quite different.”

Miss Perkins came in shortly after, much fatigued, and Archibald after dinner went over to the club, where he fell in with Hunnewell Hollis again, in spite of the fact that he did his best to avoid him. Hunnewell had found his yachting friends, and they had had a very good dinner. They were all very talkative—Somers, Billy Nahant, and Jack Chadwick. They were in flannel suits and yachting caps, and each was bronzed and sunburned to a fine copper hue.

“What is the name of the people who have taken your house?” asked Hunnewell, bluntly, after he had introduced Archibald to his friends.

“Miss Perkins and her niece, Miss Elvira Price,” replied Archibald, coldly.

Instantly Billy Nahant pricked up his ears. “Why,” he said, “isn’t she an actress? Didn’t she play in Boston last winter?”

“Who?” asked Archibald.

“Why, Elvira Price. She made quite a hit, I believe—her *début* too—at the Boston Theatre. She played to crowded houses exactly two weeks; at the end of that time, to everyone’s surprise, she went home to Vermont, whence she came, and she calmly gave up the stage forever!”

Archibald’s face was a study.

“Did you know you were letting your mother’s house to actresses?” asked Hollis, with a sneer.

“Miss Price is probably a different person from the one to whom Mr. Nahant has reference,” said Archibald, coldly.

“I remember the girl,” said Jack Chadwick. “She was very young and beautiful, and fitted her part admirably. She made an excellent *ingénue*. She held herself well—not at all gushing don’t you know—but poetic, *spirituelle*. She played in ‘A Scrap of Paper’—some picked-up company with her. She carried the play very well. I have often wondered what became of her.”

“So this is the creature who has rented your house, and whom you dined with to-night,” sneered Hollis; “an *ingénue*, indeed!”

“Miss Price is a lady—not a ‘creature,’” said Archibald, haughtily. “As far as I have seen, she can only honor our house by remaining under its roof.”

And Archibald bowed stiffly, and took his leave in the midst of an embarrassed silence.

VII.

He preferred not to see Elvira again before she took her departure for Vermont the next day. Her aunt remained in the city to look after her "mission work." Archibald presented her, as the gift of a rich, unknown friend, fifty dollars—their board money—to send some of her boys into the country. After Elvira's departure he became very despondent. Elvira's image was broken to him, and while she had not become in his mind quite an adventuress, yet she had concealed her former life from him. She had deceived him.

But as the days went by and he missed her, he found that he must speak to Miss Perkins about Elvira's acting, or go through a serious case of nervous prostration. He said very bluntly to her, one day, at dinner :

"So I hear your niece is a great actress."

Miss Perkins gave him a quick, sharp glance.

"She has acted," she replied. "But Elvira Price had too much conscience to act *long*."

He gave a sigh of relief.

"She acted in Boston, because she was bound to try it. She wanted to try everything—everything that would keep her father out of the poor-house and educate the family. But acting, Mr. Archibald, is a dreadful business! As soon as Elvira saw into it a little she quit. The air wasn't pure enough, somehow, for her. Elvira, she needs awful pure air!"

Again Archibald felt a certain glow of satisfaction steal over him.

"Do you know," he said, after a suitable pause, "I am more than half-inclined to make her angry by running up to East Village."

Miss Perkins gave a little quizzed laugh of satisfaction. She was beginning to like Archibald very much.

"It would startle Elvira; but she'd be pleased," ventured the thin old maid. "She'd be pleased—in spite of everything!"

A few days later Archibald, after half a day's journey, found himself in Vermont. As the train drew near East Village the mountains grew higher and the scenery wilder. He could see the great August moon roll itself above the high crest of the mountains to the west. Though Archibald was far from superstitious, he was pained to observe that he saw the moon over his left shoulder.

It was late when he stumbled from the steps of the car upon the wooden platform of the station at East Village. It was dark, also, and to him, extraordinarily cold. He groped his way, shivering, past a blinding reflector, where half a dozen men in cow-hide boots were examining a list of invoices, to what he could dimly outline as the village stage. No one spoke to him, and he found that no one seemed to care whither he, the sole passenger, was carried. He had visions of an unpleasant nature, of being deposited inside the coach in a shed or stable to await the morning. He felt the stage pitch and toss for twenty minutes like a bark upon an angry sea. When all was still again he found that the driver had drawn up before a white-pillared, old-fashioned house, which stood a little back from the street. At the side of the gate a small wooden building bore the sign, which was illuminated by the stage-lamp,

Ephraim B. Price, Attorney at Law.

"Oh," said Archibald, "this is Elvira's house, and the driver is delivering my box of flowers."

He leaned forward, hoping to catch sight of the fair young girl when the front-door opened to take in the box. But he was disappointed. The impatient driver had merely left it on the steps of the high, white-pillared portico, after giving the door-bell a vigorous pull.

Then followed a further few minutes of pitching and tossing, and the stage drew up before the tavern-door. A row of a dozen men, whose hats were drawn down over their eyes, and whose feet fell instantaneously from the rail to the floor as the coach drew up, came forward, and one of them betrayed a desire to grasp Archibald's in his own horny

hand. "Guess ye'll stop overnight? Thain't no other place. 'Sprised to see a stranger to-night, tew. Will you go in an' sign—will you, sir?"

"So this uncouth ruffian," thought Archibald, "is Elvira's ideal landlord! No wonder she distrusts me!"

"We're local temp'rance," said the landlord. "An' no lick'er's been seen to East Village for nigh six years. Not a drop, sir, an' it's bustin' my ho-tel high-er'n a kite. Yes, it is!"

Archibald expressed commiseration.

"As I tell'd Squar' Price, 'yeou high-toned, 'ristocratic temp'rance folk'll hurt East Village when ye close the ho-tel!' Why, when a gent comes up here fr' the city, he wants to be able to call fer a glass o' gin or a glass o' whiskey's often 's he likes."

Archibald thought he detected the faint smell of liquor upon the landlord's breath as he talked, and it occurred to him that his obtrusively free-and-easy-manner was the result of a secret violation of the prohibitory local license law. "Bein' fr' the city, as you be," said the landlord, lowering his voice to a whisper, and placing his heavy hand on Archibald's shoulder familiarly, "I calc'late you're cold an' ready for a tidy drink. I calc'late I'm talkin' to a gent as is used ter lick'erin' up, even ef 'tis agin the law?" To humor him, Archibald admitted that he had no stringent prohibitory sentiments.

"Well then, good! Jest you foller me!"

Archibald followed the landlord out into the hotel yard, where the latter pulled up the flaps of a cellar-door. Hearing the creaking sound, and taking it for an admonitory signal, the row of men on the hotel piazza, who had resumed their seats, again dropped their feet on the floor, rose, and came out into the yard in Indian file, in perfect silence. Archibald followed his landlord down into the darkness of the cellar, where, beneath the dim light of a solitary candle he perceived a cask with a wooden spigot, and near it half a dozen tin cups. The men filed down the steps behind him. "You've heerd o' apple jack?" asked the landlord, in a whisper.

Archibald nodded.

"Drink that, then!" and the landlord handed him a cupful of the beverage. It was enough to intoxicate him. He drank but a very little; as he saw the other men were waiting, he passed the cup on to them.

"Welcome to East Village, stranger," said one of the men, drinking. "Be you up 'ere a-sellin' marchandize?"

"Oh, no!"

"Be you come to see the Squar'?"

"Well—perhaps—yes."

"Wa'l, this is a dead give away!" and the men laughed noisily, as rustics will. "Don't mention this 'ere cider to Squar' Price!"

The next morning was delicious, the air clear and smelling of the mountains. The mist hung above the distant river, and a line of hills showed their green wooded outline above it. As Archibald breathed the sweet country air, he stepped more briskly, felt less of his city malaria, drew into his lungs a long breath of the fresh, invigorating summer wind, which seemed to come to him across the high upland, from such a vast distance.

He came to the old colonial gate and entered. The Hon. Ephraim B. Price was just at the moment sauntering down the gravel path from his house to his law office. As he saw Archibald enter, he came forward somewhat more rapidly. He was a man of large frame, gaunt rather than spare, of prominent cheek-bones, of lengthy chin-beard. His eyes were very keen, and his entire expression was one of patient alertness—as if there was very little to be alert over, but a deep necessity of keeping up a reputation. Archibald learned afterward how indefatigable a partisan, and how strenuous a believer in the Republican party the Hon. Ephraim was.

"Sir," he said, after greeting Archibald, and looking with a grin of pity upon his engraved card—a grin directed chiefly to the "Mr." before Archibald's name—"you are Elvira's landlord down to New York—tell me, how is your city and State going, do you think?"

Archibald felt taken aback. Politics were something of which he knew nothing. He was but barely aware that it was a presidential year. In the city he

kept severely out of politics, as hardly the employment of gentlemen.

"I—I—think it will go Democratic."

A more violent frown than before. "If I thought so, sir; if I imagined so; if for one instant I believed that what we fought for during the war—Eh, Elvira? Here is Mr. Archibald!"

Then the Hon. Ephraim turned abruptly and entered his office, where, it may be added, he sat for the next hour, his feet on the cold stove before him, meditating where his next fee was to come from, and breaking out with an occasional invective against the wicked democracy.

Before the old gentleman was a square window which looked out over the town. All day long he sat before this, as upon a watch-tower—a censor of village morals and deportment.

"Father is so interested in the election," apologized Elvira. "But how strange to see you here; and I told you not to!"

She held a small gray kitten in her arms, which she stroked slowly. She was still in his favorite white muslin, and she had a gentle, sweet flush of pleasure in her face.

"I came, Miss Price—because—don't you know—I—aw—missed you," and he smiled.

"You are very good. How is Aunt Perkins? Did she bring her mission boys to your house? She has written that a friend of yours has given fifty dollars for the boys. Do tell me about it. Is she well? Have any more boarders come?"

She plied him with questions as they strolled toward the white-pillared portico. The house was old and shabby, but he did not notice it. The place was run down and impoverished, but it seemed very beautiful to him, for he noticed that she wore one of his roses in her lustrous hair.

Entering the hallway he met some of the younger brothers and sisters, and felt a sudden strange affection spring up in his heart for them. Elvira took him through into a gloomy parlor, lined with plain hair-cloth furniture. On the walls were several portraits. "This was my mother," said the girl, affectionately, pointing to what Archi-

bald felt to be a hideous daub, a red-faced woman in black, against a green background. It was the portrait by Mr. Raymond, whose abode was now the poor-house. "She died only two years ago——"

"I fancy if she had lived," said Archibald, "you would not have tried—the stage?"

She looked at him calmly a moment.

"That Boston man has told you?"

"Yes, I learned the fact from his friends."

"I shall never—again." There was a despairing pathos in her voice.

"Elvira," he said, slowly, "as I see it—I think it was very noble of you to try."

Then, unaccountably to him, she burst into tears.

"It is what I love—what I long for—to be an actress—a great actress," she sobbed. "But I can't—I can't! I can't exist with those creatures—those horrible men who hang about you! No one knows what I endured! No one knows what, too, I gave up when I left the stage and came home; but I *had* to."

He leaned forward in sympathy.

"You may say what you will, but there is no Art like acting, and nothing so fine as applause. Oh, that I could bring myself to do it—to be strong enough to do it—to save our fortunes—to help father. You little know how I have suffered, Mr. Archibald."

"By Jove—I—I quite like you for it!"

He was on his feet at her side. Impulsively he bent down and whispered close to her ear. "Let me be your audience the rest of my life! Act for *me*—let me applaud everything—anything you do, my darling! always! always!"

She put him away.

"I don't feel I have acted just right *with* you," she said. "I should have told you that I was—or might be again—an actress," she spoke, coldly. "I don't believe you want them in your boarding-house. They are not always desirable, I believe!" Elvira's eyes were fastened on the floor.

Archibald paced to and fro in the parlor. "Confound her odd New England conscience!" he muttered to himself. Seizing her hands, he cried, passionately,

"I, too, must confess. Elvira, I loved you that first day you came. *I loved you!* Therefore I let you think—it was a boarding-house."

"And it isn't—it's your own private—Oh, Mr. Archibald!"

She sat and looked at him with a horrified stare. The full truth of his imposition began to steal upon her gradually. Then her face fell and she averted it, as she felt that a fatal untruth had come between them. She rose quietly and left him standing near her. She went upstairs to her room and threw herself upon her bed in an agony of tears.

Through it all Archibald had merely smiled!

VII.

BUT when she left him he felt rather weak for a moment, as if his city malaria had returned upon him with a double force. As Elvira showed no signs of returning, he amused himself by turning over the leaves of the family photograph album. Face by face revealed the stern, set, arid, Puritan features, the hard, determined chins, and the "firmness" which, in the person of the Hon. Ephraim, he felt still dominated and controlled the public affairs of East Village. He threw down the album with a feeling of impotent rage against the survival of this colonial "narrowness," as he liked to call it. He walked out of the house and wandered, much crestfallen and full of malaria, along the village street toward the hotel. A great many farm wagons were tied along the sidewalk, and there were numbers of fresh-cheeked country girls walking in threes and fours, and sweeping the sidewalk as they went. Upon a slight elevation stood a white wooden meeting-house, with a white steeple, and it gave him a chill even on that warm morning to look at it—it looked so cold. Small groups of hard-featured farmers in fur caps stood on the corners of the streets discussing, presumably, the crops. He wondered if the fur caps were needed in that arid, bleak region to keep warm the native's sense of Right and Wrong? He made his way out, beneath some beautiful elms, into a small, old-fashioned burying-

ground, where he discovered that "erring sinners" apparently comprised the only element of those who were requested to "*Pause and Read.*" Feeling himself to be now, for some reason, a distinctly immoral person, he read some of the quaint epitaphs, to which he was invited, in a spirit of humility, which presently changed to amusement. In death, as in life, the hard, stern old village characters preserved on their headstones a fund of grim humor for the "sinner," which in Archibald's instance made him smile. "Oh," he sighed to himself, "I long to take her away from all this sort of thing—forever!"

He took a long walk in the afternoon, and returned to the hotel to find a coldly worded note from Elvira inviting him around to tea. He removed the stains of his walk, and dressed himself with his usual care. He found Elvira waiting for him beneath the high white pillars, in an unbecoming, and as it seemed to him, forbidding, dress of black. Her face seemed unusually stern and relentless. There were traces of tears in her red eyelids, but the tears were dried away now, and her eyes were very bright and hard.

"Don't say anything *now*. Father feels very deeply about it. We have had a long talk. When he heard of the—of the unfortunate house affair—he was so angry I could hardly pacify him."

Archibald's heart sank within him. He fairly shivered.

"He said that he did not want me to lower my standard," continued Elvira, in her clear, musical, passionless voice. "And I told him that he need have no fears. I wanted to see you first, and tell you. Let us not have any *feeling* about it."

"Any *feeling!*" exclaimed Archibald. "Why—how can we help it?"

"Let us act as if we had never understood one another. I will go back to the city with you, and Aunt Perkins and I will find some other place at once."

"Go back with me—and expect me to show no feeling! Elvira, this is preposterous!"

"Then I will go back alone." She compressed her lips, just as he had observed her father do.

"I beg pardon, Elvira, do you mean—can you mean that I can never—I can never hope?"

She nodded her pretty flower-like head gravely. "Come in to tea, won't you?" she said, coolly. "I want father to hear you talk about Art."

He turned on his heel. At last he, too, was angry.

"Thanks, awfully," he said. "But if I go back to the hotel now, I shall just have time to pack my valise and catch the evening train."

He walked rapidly away, leaving her standing upon the white-pillared portico, looking with pure, sweet, upturned face, like a saint who has for all time renounced the world, the flesh, and the devil. Had he looked back, Mr. Jerome Archibald's tender heart would have been touched by her attitude; he would have returned, and, against her will, clasped her in his arms and covered her pale lips with warm kisses. It might have melted her high "standard" a little. But he let a night intervene without seeing her, and the entering wedge of her high sense of duty did its work before morning. He determined to remain another day and make a further trial. When he called the next day she was obdurate. "Love cannot be built upon deceit and untruth," she said, sententiously. "I was not frank, you were not. It is better that we should part. I could never hold up my head—I could never face the world. I know what they would call me. They would call me an *adventuress*! and they would hate me for being successful. Yes—your mother, your sisters—everyone."

"But you were perfectly innocent about it, Elvira."

There was a little pause.

"I, too, was innocent. I meant no more than to have you near me, where I could learn to know you—love you—and now, really, it seems as if you had built up a mountain of ice between us, don't you know?"

She merely shook her head.

When Archibald returned to the city his malaria compelled him to go away again almost immediately to Newport.

There, a few weeks later, his agent wrote him that he had succeeded in renting the house "at an exorbitant figure to a very rich tenant without children"—thus fulfilling his mother's conditions to the letter. He went back to the city, recovered in health, to pack up a few personal effects, and found to his surprise that Miss Perkins and her niece were, at the moment he arrived, in the house. They had taken board on Ninth Street, and had gone up to take a last look of the charming interior where, Elvira guiltily acknowledged, life had been "so wrongly pleasant." He found Elvira holding a fan in her hand and seated pensively in an old Venetian chair in what was formerly her studio. As he entered the room she rose, blushing a most vivid red, and as rapidly turning pale again.

"Mr. Archibald!" she exclaimed. "I did not know you were in the city!"

"I have been here only an hour," he said, stiffly.

"It is time for us to go;" and she turned to the door.

"Elvira!" His face looked sick and ghastly.

"Well?" She drew herself up very coldly.

"Are you made of stone?"

"Mr. Archibald, what can you mean?"

"My child, you are capable of grinding one who loves you into powder—like—er—a millstone!"

"Aunt Perkins!" she called out, "let us go!"

"No," he cried, "I will not let you go. You shall hear me! I love you! Do you hear? And you shall not leave this house until you say you will be my wife! I know you care for me—everything tells me so—but you will wear your own and my heart out with your hard, cruel conscience! What brought you here? *You loved me!* Why have you been sitting in this room? You love me, Elvira—I know it—I feel it!"

Gently he drew her to him and kissed her. She laid her head on his shoulder and breathed a little contented sigh. "*I don't think this—is right!*" she said.



A SENTIMENTAL ANNEX.

By H. C. Bunner.

THE VESTIBULE TRAIN.

—THEY order, said I, this business more cheaply in France—and therewith I pressed a coin of the value of two shillings—*à peu près*—into the hand of the Negro Porter.

—Ay, you may well say so, Sir, cried the Gentleman by my side—'twas an evil day for me that I left *Barbizon*!

—Indeed, said I, for the matter of that, I know not *Barbizon*, but I can well conceive that if a gentleman be not content in *France*, he is ill to please—or perhaps I might better say ill at pleasing—and I'm sure you are in no such case. Nay, I am in no doubt that you have souvenirs of *Barbizon*—wherever it may be—of the most agreeable sort.

—I have, indeed, he responded, with a sigh—'tis the true home of *Art*.

—You are then, said I, an *amateur* of art?—At this, I thought, he was somewhat chill'd.

—I am a painter, he responded, with some dignity—with as much dignity, in fact, as he might have shown had he been an *amateur* and I had called him a *Painter*!—You are a painter of landscapes? said I.

—But no, he told me, he was a painter of figures.

—I would you had stopped awhile in *England*, then, said I, on your way from *Barbizon*—you might have seen some truant works of art that had escaped from *Barbizon*—without knowing it.

—'Twould have pleased you, said I, to see the forty-two portraits of the once

famous *Kit-Kat Club*, that were last at *Water Oakley*. They were painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, who was accounted no mean proficient in his art—*entendu qu'il n'avoit jamais vu Barbizon*.

—Ah, cried he, contemptuously—Kneller—and Sir Joshua Reynolds, perhaps?—Perhaps, said I—Ah, *mon cher*, he continued, *nous avons changé tout cela*.—'Twas cruel, said I.—All true art is cruel, he answer'd.

—I will not say, however, he went on, that Sir Joshua was wholly off the right track—he had moments—a certain feeling sometimes—or perhaps I should not say a feeling precisely—but the feeling of a feeling—and modelling, of course—and here he stuck out his thumb, as if he would have press'd it in a pat of butter, and made a movement that I took to indicate, or in some way hint, the *convexity* of an imaginary body. —He modell'd well, went on the Painter, but he had no *jump*—he lacked *that*! —and here he delivered himself of a gesture so strange that it quite passes my poor power of description—but 'twould have served to beckon a chambermaid—to tell a man to go to the d—l—or 'twould have suited as well had he said, "*Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!*"

—I perceive, said I, when he had made an end of this remarkable discourse, that I have much to learn about *art*—for I should shock you should I confide to you the simplicity of my thoughts about Sir Joshua. I wish, indeed, that we might continue this conversation where

we might be more at our ease—for I vow this is no less than the third time that I have been interrupted in my listening by the necessity of feeling this Porter.

—With all my heart! rejoined the Painter—come to my *studio* whenever it shall be convenient for you—and so saying he gave me his card.

—And here the *Conductor* shouted “New York!” and La Fleur seized my gripsack, exclaiming:

—“Forty minutes late!”

—Upon my word, said I to myself, if I am but forty minutes late, and not thrice forty years, I am much mistaken!

NEW YORK.

The Opéra Comique.

—I am in the mood, said I to the *Clerk* at my hotel, to see a play.—Kajoola, said he, is your affair.—’Tis an *opéra comique*, with the best of music, and you shall see the prettiest women in New York.

—*Tant mieux!* said I—I would not paint the lily—yet I vow there is a sweet concomitancy between a pretty face and a pretty tune, and no song was ever the less sweet for coming from rosy lips.—I bet you, he said.—’Tis not a matter for a wager, quoth I.

—Following the *Clerk’s* directions, I found myself seated in a vast theatre—which for its marble stairs and its gilt walls—might, I thought, have called itself a palace.—The musicians were playing the *ouverture* as I came in.

—Presently the curtain rose—and *O Pudour!* *O Native modesty!*—*O* ye gentle Nymphs of Diana, ye who once cast the shield of your own loveliness between *Actæon* and your Mistress!—I dare say *Actæon* scarce noted the difference—shall I tell you what I saw?

—Just heavens!—I blush while I write it—some thirty hussies marched on the Stage—*clad*—shall I thus abuse thee, thou good old English participle?—*clad*, then, in silks and velvets—but as tight and close to their forms as if each were a *harlequin* or an acrobat!

—What is this? said I to the spectator next me.—’Tis the *Pages’ Chorus*,

answer’d he.—But wait until you shall see them as the *Amazons!*—I had no mind to wait—I went incontinently out—The man at the door would have stopp’d me—*Return check?* quoth he.—Nay, friend, said I—I have had my *check*, and am even now *de retour*.—He look’d at me as if I were a lunatick.

—Now I hold that a pretty woman is worth all the other pretty things in this world—So I cannot bear to see this Temple of human *Beauty* so degraded, and profaned.—I had as lief put breeches on the *Venus de Medicis*—and make a trollop of her in a twinkling.

—The essence of beauty, said I to the *Doorkeeper*—is the fillip it gives to the imagination—and no woman is so fair as our fancy of her. I love a trim waist—but it must be in a neat bodice—a graceful . . . walk—but ’tis best revealed in the undulations of a petticoat that is neither prudish nor *trop coquet*—a glove may be the most seductive thing in the world, if it go but to the elbow—or make but a discreet sally up a white arm—but to stretch the suitability of a glove to all imaginable purposes—to dress a woman as you bind a book—as an upholsterer covers a chair—’tis a foul profanation, said I.—Do you know where you live? asked the *Doorkeeper*.—In *Castaly*, said I.—I have never been there, said the *Doorkeeper*.

NEW YORK.

THE STUDIO.

—Why should I—I said to myself—condemn one art because another has displeased me?—As well say that all *medicine* is quackery, because I have had an encounter with a *Veterinary*.—And with this thought in my mind, I set forth to visit the Painter.—His *atelier*—for so I found ’twas call’d—was in a vast building, which many others of his craft inhabited in common—To what end?—thought I.—Now, were the *Patrons* of art thus hived, ’twere easy to step in and pick your patron.—But this assembling in competition of the patroniz’d has to me an air *pas trop comme-il-faut*.

—I found my *Painter* hous’d in a mighty fine place.—But in the furnishing

of it he must have counted on a prodigious floor—and clean forgot the other five plane spaces—for he had so many *rugs* that he had been forced to hang them on his walls—and indeed, upon his lounges and his chairs—'twas a miracle, if a *Turk* had known where to sit cross-legged.

—But why babble I of *rugs*, when the fairest *Model* in the world stood, beautifying a *Grecian* dress—in a shrine—or so I conceiv'd it—at the end of the room?—it was at the OTHER end.—I reflected on the way that Life presents us her chances.

—I am glad to see you, said the Painter.

—I am glad to see—said I.

—*Mademoiselle Didon*—said he, presenting me—but I'll be hang'd if your name have not escaped me.—*Monsieur Alors*, said I.

—*Je ne vous sçavois pas françois*—I did not take you for a Frenchman, he said.

—*Parfois*, I answer'd; now and then—but 'tis at most a case of *cælum non animum*—he look'd surly—my Latin was too much for him.—You will not mind if I paint while we talk, he said—*Mademoiselle*, you have lost your *pose*!

—Now I will engage that *Mademoiselle* had not lost her. . . . *pose*—for whatever *pose* she took, 'twas lovely to look upon.—But it was true, that the gesture he had set her, she had as clean lost on my appearance, as I had lost—my nationality.

—Now she essay'd to slip back into her proper posture—She stood poised in an attitude of *indication*, as who should say—*voilà*—see there.—*Quoi?*—I do not know; but it was pretty to think that there was something there that interested her.—I stepp'd forward, and supported her outstretch'd index finger with my own.—*Mademoiselle* is fatigued, said I.—With pointing at nothing, *Monsieur*, said she.—*C'est une haute distinction*, said I.

—Your picture—I address'd myself to the Painter, has no doubt some famous classical subject—*Hero* perceiving *Leander's* head emerging from the waves—*ou bien Lydia s'apercevant d'HORACE*—or *Lucretia*—

—Subject!—he cried—do you think I

would paint a *subject*.—With what scorn he said this I cannot tell you—for I do not yet understand it—Do you think, sir, he said, that I paint *literary* pictures?

—*Pas du tout*, monsieur, said I—for the matter of that, I assured him—a Painter may be no more of a man of letters than to make shift to sign his name in the corner of his picture.—You do not apprehend, says he.—Do you know what we mean by *art* for *art's* sake?—I do not—I told him—save that it must be something practised on a full belly.

—This is a *Composition*, says he.—'Tis a question of *lines* and harmony.—A *composition*, in fact—is. . . . a composition.—And what does that mean? quoth I.—It means nothing, said he.—If it meant anything, it would not be *art*.—I have heard much the same thing said of *Poetry*, I replied—but I had no thought that the rule was of such general application.—Is it also true in selling of breeches and stock-ings?

—*Je vous ferois observer*,—I would have you observe—said the Painter,—that 'tis but the tip of *Mademoiselle Didon's* finger that you are required to support.—You would make me a niggard, said I.—But here there came a timid knock—and the Painter went to the door.—For better convenience in talking to the person outside—he put the door between himself and—us.—I declare and protest—it was a delicate situation.

—For there stood I, with the tip of my finger lifting the tip of the *Model's* finger—or, if it was not the precise geometrical tip of her finger—let him who would take a foot-rule to *VENUS* appraise the extent of my transgression—I say—I supported the tip of her finger.—I knew an epicure, once—would carve a fowl and save himself the second joint—he was twice wedded;—but 'tis to no purpose here—but I must tell you that there ran such a strange current of lively emotion—such strange tingling and agreeable disturbance—from my heart to the tip of my finger, where it met another current so like it I dare swear they were twins—and thence set back—that first the model look'd to the right

—and I to the left—and then I look'd to the right and she to the left— —and then, in the natural ordinance of alternation—our eyes met— —and at this juncture, as I have said, the Painter put himself behind the door.

THE STUDIO.

THE DOOR.

—Now there are many things that may happen in the time that a man is behind a door.—In the giving out of mouths, for example, many a man would have had a smaller one had he had an inch or two of oak between him and the distributing genius.—Had *Aladdin* been behind the door when the Princess *Badroulbadoor* passed for the first time—might he not have made some honest wench of his own degree a happy wife—instead of obtruding his peasantry upon a princess of high degree?—Or had *CASSIO* been behind the door when *OTHELLO* treated his lady to such bad language—and affronted her pretty neck with his blackamoor hands—might he not have rush'd in and cast *OTHELLO* neck and heels out of window— —and thereby . . . vindicated the honor of a very chaste and excellent lady?

—But on this occasion—I had no need to reason so abstractly—for the Painter only bade a little boy begone who had come to offer himself for a model—and came back to us.—The pose is easy to resume, I said.

—'Tis needless, said he—I have drawn the arm.—For the rest, your aid is not necessary.—*Bonjour, Mademoiselle*, I said.—I hope, sir—I may be accorded some further lessons in art.—Do you need them? he asked—I am but a novice, said I.—It was as if the atmosphere had grown suddenly chill.—I bowed profoundly—perhaps my bow inclined a little toward the model—I quitted the Studio.

THE STUDIO.

THE CORRIDOR.

—The long corridor that led to the street was dark—I pick'd my way carefully.—Of a sudden I heard a faint sound of sobbing—my heart moved within me.—Who is it?—I said.

—'Tis only I, sir—said the Boy.

—It was the Boy, I saw, that the Painter had turn'd away so abruptly—he was crouch'd in a corner, crying as if his heart would break.—'Tis only I, he said.—*Il avoit des larmes dans sa voix.*— 'Tis only I, said I, for the most of us in this world.—He alone is happy who hath another to whom he is as he is to himself.—And what is thy trouble?— Thereupon he told me that the Painter had engaged him for that day—but that, being come, he found a better model had offer'd—she was preferred—and there was no employment for him — — though, as he pathetically told me, he was but two shillings an hour, while she was—at the least—a dollar.— And with that, his tears overcame him —and *NIOME*, seeing him, would I am convinced—have hid her *mouchoir* out of sight—and blush'd for it's lace edging.

—When it is a question of pretty ladies, said he—'tis little they think of the children.

—Thou art a young philosopher, said I—but thy philosophy will serve thee better when thou art older.—And I gave him a silver piece of the worth of two shillings.—It was a foolish thing—God grant my wisdom be no worse matter than my foolishness.— — He thanked me not at all; but ran off singing—'twas a sort of thanks.

— — But while I had been talking with the Boy, the night had been coming on rapidly— —without my observing of it.—There was but little light left in the corridor—when I heard sound as of steps approaching— — 'tis time to go home, said I—and then, looking up—I perceiv'd —



THE POINT OF VIEW.

THERE was a story in the newspapers the other day about a Massachusetts minister who resigned his charge because someone had given his parish a fine house, and his parishioners wanted him to live in it. His salary was too small, he said, to admit of his living in a big house, and he would not do it. He was even deaf to the proposal that he should share the proposed tenement with the sewing societies and clubs of his church, and when the matter came to a serious issue, he relinquished his charge and sought a new field of usefulness. The situation was an amusing instance of the embarrassment of riches. Let no one to whom restricted quarters may have grown irksome, and who covets larger dimensions of shelter, be too hasty in deciding that the minister was wrong. Did you ever see the house that Hawthorne lived in at Lenox? Did you ever see Emerson's house at Concord? They are good houses for Americans to know and remember. They permitted thought.

A big house is one of the greediest cormorants which can light upon a little income. Backs may go threadbare and stomachs may worry along on indifferent fillings, but a house *will* have things, though its occupants go without. It is rarely complete, and constantly tempts the imagination to flights in brick and dreams in lath and plaster. It develops annual thirsts for paint and wall-paper; the plumbing in it must be kept in order on pain of death. Whatever price is put on coal, it has to be heated in winter; and if it is rural or subur-

ban, the grass about it must be cut even though funerals in the family have to be put off for the mowing. If the tenants are not rich enough to hire people to keep their house clean, they must do it themselves, for there is no excuse that will pass among housekeepers for a dirty house. The master of a house too big for him may expect to spend the leisure which might be made intellectually or spiritually profitable in acquiring and putting into practice fag ends of the arts of the plumber, the bell-hanger, the locksmith, the gasfitter, and the carpenter. Presently he will know how to do everything that can be done in the house, except enjoy himself. He will learn about taxes, too, and water-rates, and how such abominations as sewers or new pavements are always liable to accrue at his expense. As for the mistress, she will be a slave to carpets and curtains, wall-paper, painters and women who come in by the day to clean. She will be lucky if she gets a chance to say her prayers, and thrice and four times happy when she can read a book or visit with her friends. To live in a big house may be a luxury, provided that one has a full set of money and an enthusiastic housekeeper in one's family, but to scrimp in a big house is a miserable business. Yet such is human folly, that for a man to refuse to live in a house because it is too big for him, is such an exceptional exhibition of sense that it becomes the favorite paragraph of a day in the newspapers.

An ideal of earthly comfort, so common

that every reader must have seen it, is to get a house so big that it is burdensome to maintain, and fill it up so full of jimeracks that it is a constant occupation to keep it in order. Then, when the expense of living in it is so great that you can't afford to go away and rest from the burden of it, the situation is complete and boarding-houses and cemeteries begin to yawn for you. How many Americans, do you suppose, out of the droves that flock annually to Europe, are running away from oppressive houses?

When nature undertakes to provide a house, it fits the occupant. Animals who build by instinct build only what they need, but man's building instinct, if it gets a chance to spread itself at all, is boundless, just as all his instincts are. For it is man's peculiarity that nature has filled him with impulses to do things, and left it to his discretion when to stop. She never tells him when he has finished. And perhaps we ought not to be surprised that in so many cases it happens that he doesn't know, but just goes ahead as long as the materials last.

If another *man* tries to oppress him, he understands that and is ready to fight to death and sacrifice all he has, rather than submit; but the tyranny of *things* is so subtle, so gradual in its approach, and comes so masked with seeming benefits, that it has him hopelessly bound before he suspects his fetters. He says from day to day, "I will add thus to my house;" "I will have one or two more horses;" "I will make a little greenhouse in my garden;" "I will allow myself the luxury of another hired man;" and so he goes on having things and imagining that he is richer for them. Presently he begins to realize that it is the things that own him. He has piled them up on his shoulders, and there they sit like Sindbad's old Man and drive him; and it becomes a daily question whether he can keep his trembling legs or not.

All of which is not meant to prove that property has no real value, or to rebut Charles Lamb's scornful denial that enough is as good as a feast. It is not meant to apply to the rich, who can have things comfortably, if they are philosophical; but to us poor, who have constant need to remind ourselves that where the verbs *to have* and

to be cannot both be completely inflected the verb *to be* is the one that best repays concentration.

NOTHING can be more significant to anyone who considers criticism from the utilitarian point of view, than the silent swiftness with which any art outgrows its current definitions. A striking illustration is the way in which the pertinence and value of the still copious talk about the conflict between realism and romanticism in the art of fiction have, so to speak, lapsed. This talk still fills the air, though the echoes it awakens grow sensibly fainter and fainter, whereas fiction itself has ceased to divide on these lines. There is still, of course, as there always has been and always will be, the old contrast of temperaments; as in other departments of literature and the fine arts, the novelist's work is inevitably colored by the view of his material which, instinctively, he takes. But the most ardent controversialist would not maintain that this temperamental difference—in virtue of which one writer treats his material scientifically and another imaginatively—is the difference between realism and romanticism as these terms are used. Realism, as actually and universally understood, has the field all to itself; it is an evolution; it justifies itself historically, and has "come to stay." In a word, the painting of life and the world, of character and manners, is nowadays artistically conscientious—as a few years back it had not thought of being—in avoiding solecisms. This is the feeling of the time; no novelist escapes it save at the expense of a barren eccentricity. Living in our day, Shakespeare would certainly not give his Roman soldiers watches, nor would a new "Ivanhoe" have an "historical error on every page." And, in the same degree, to counsel novelists to be observant, to eschew romantic idealization, to examine the nature and follow the suggestion of their material, is now merely to beat the air. No literary artist of even the second rank does otherwise. On the other hand, if the present devotion to what is called truth—as conspicuous in painting and sculpture as in literature—be as hostile to imaginativeness as the romanticists assert, it is not by "harking back" along the line of evolution that imaginativeness is to be secured.

The "ideality" of the fiction of the future will have another fascination than that of Alexandre Dumas.

The truth is that the current criticism whose shibboleths are "romanticism" and "realism," has got into the polemic stage—which is the same thing as saying that it has ceased to be criticism. Criticism is mainly an affair of analysis and classification. These afford it ample scope, and dealing successfully with them confers abundant dignity. To deery Scott or exalt Mr. Rider Haggard is to be the slave of an abstraction, than which nothing is less critical. It may be useful by way of shocking the illiterate and inattentive into a comprehension of your position, but it is not criticism, because your eye is not "on the object" but on your position, which also in this case is hopelessly outside the circle of operations of true contemporary strategy. The "realistic" controversialists are especially slow to perceive this. Not only are they singularly blind to the success of their own party among the novelists whose material is exclusively human life and character (how else explain their heat?), but they seem to insist that everyone who deals with fiction at all should deal exclusively with this material. Take, for a pertinent and practical example, the short stories which Mr. T. R. Sullivan has recently collected in a volume, and which attract the anathemas of the College of Propaganda of Realism, because they are romantic rather than real. There is in them, however, no question of life whatever, and to assume the contrary is to exhibit a most defective analytic sense. They are not even what Carlyle describes in characterizing a passage of "Wilhelm Meister" as "altogethersketched out" by Goethe "in the most airy, graceful, delicately-wise kind of way, so as to keep himself out of the common controversies of the street and of the forum"—such as the realism vs. romanticism controversy, let us say—"yet to indicate what was the result of things he had been long meditating upon." If you like them it is because you like the spectacle of a fine talent at play, because they are marked by a sensitive feeling for what is cultivated and refined, for diction at once polished and expressive, felicitous and unlabored, and because they are full of delicate and un-

worldly fancifulness, not at all because they deal with life romantically and significantly. If you do not like them it is because they strike an uncertain note in not betraying a full consciousness of their own character, because they are slightly confused in attitude and blend the material properties of realistic fiction—names, dates, places, actual passions—with an utterly unreal and, so far as life is concerned, a somewhat irresponsible imaginativeness. Why not like them for the one series of reasons and object to them for the other? But that would be critical, and controversy has the great charm over criticism of superior simplicity.

However, exactly complex as it is, it is criticism that conquers in the end. And surely no polemics that criticism finally sends to "the country of old moons" will be less regretted than the realism vs. romanticism controversy. Its loss will make few calls upon our fortitude. We shall feel, indeed, in the great majority of instances, probably, like Artemus Ward's famous prisoner, who languished long years in prison until it suddenly occurred to him to open the door and issue into liberty. The delight Thackeray would have experienced at seeing Carlyle "hang up his d—d old fiddle," which Carlyle did experience in beholding Voltaire's "battering ram swing idly in the air," will be ours. We shall then be able to release our attention for exercise upon actual phenomena and present tendencies, and, as well as the sense of relief from the mechanical droning of jejune formularies, enjoy also the exhilaration of seeing once more the object "as in itself it really is"—now that it has moved on in its orbit and exhibits new phases since we last took the observation to figure upon which we have so long tarried. We shall be able to tolerate Poe and Hawthorne, Hoffmann and Gautier, without fear of being false to "realism," and so far as concerns the portraiture of life, we shall be able cordially to agree with M. Zola himself, who affirms: "*Tout n'est que rêve!*" or with the author of "George de Barnwell," who long ago maintained: "The Ideal is the true Real."

THE melancholy days are come when the gentle châtelaine, from her stronghold in the mountains, or by the much-sounding sea, issues her friendly challenges to her own

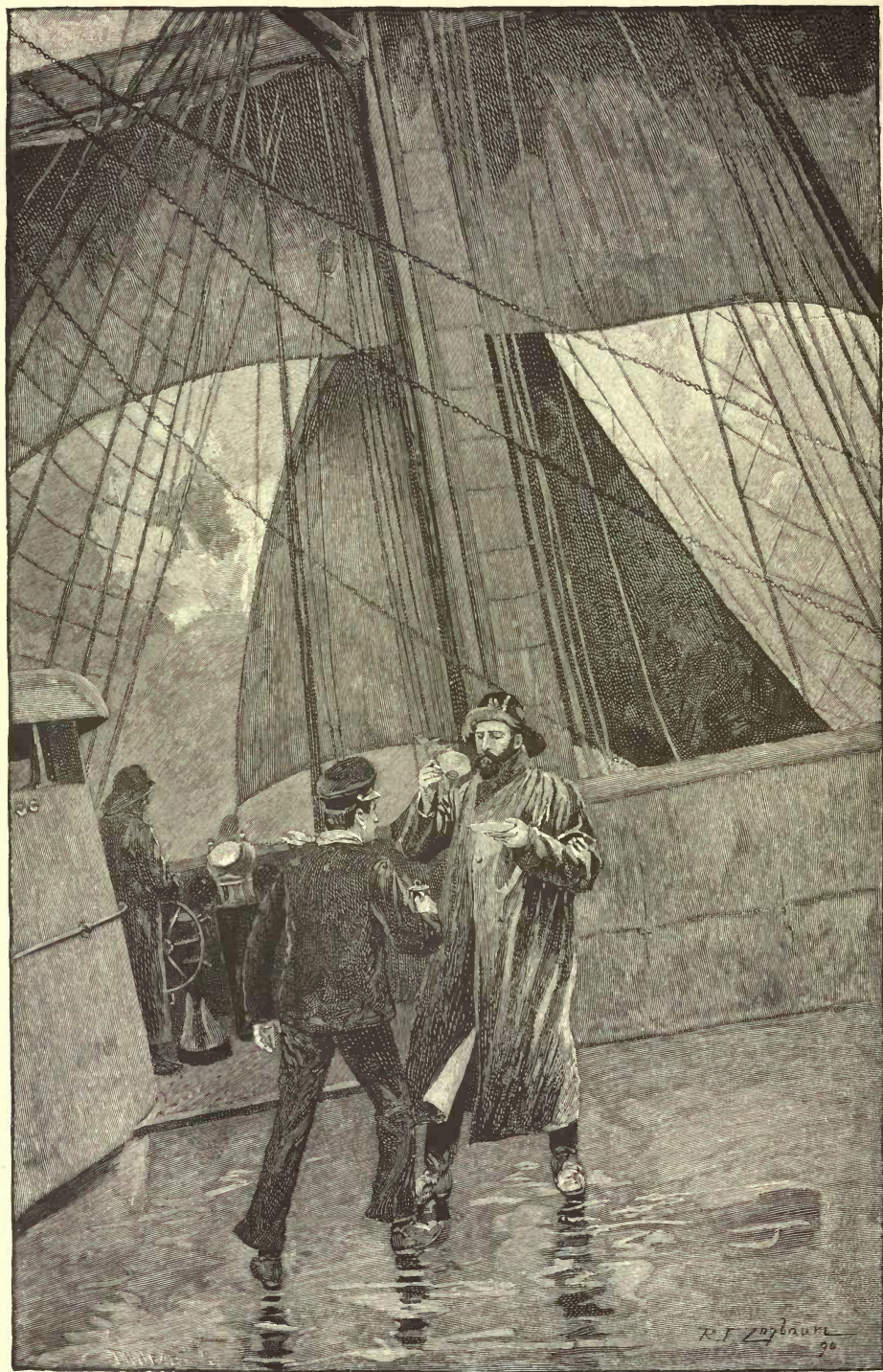
particular contest of wit and beauty, with all the pleasurable torment that it entails. "Stella and Vanessa have both arrived," she writes; "Lady Blarney and Miss Skeggs, Will Honeycomb, Esquire, and Captain Sentry, are expected daily. Come and pass a week here with these distinguished guests—" and then she names the day. She does not add that, long before the allotted term is over, everyone of this sprightly company, yourself included, will have become to her an intolerable nuisance, and that for the privilege of sharing her ennui you must change all your habits, and forego your dearest occupations. You are to pack your trunk and board the train with all possible despatch, and with the perfect knowledge that at your journey's end not even the traveller's privilege will be yours. You may not take your ease in your inn; on the contrary, you are asked especially to sit up and look pleasant, to make yourself agreeable, if such a thing be possible, from one end of the long week to the other. You must go, of course; there are many good reasons why you should not refuse. Your hostess is a charming woman, and you value her friendship; she flatters you, not only by her invitation, but also in her method of enforcing your allegiance. The whole affair is to be quite informal—a much abused word long since made meaningless—and you are to be free as air. For civility's sake, you affect to believe her when she says these things, knowing all the while as well as you do that they are false as water.

Tyrant custom is in nothing more tyrannical than in this matter of the visit which, as now constituted, can be a matter of enjoyment only to lovers and children, for whose benefit, it would appear, all custom's laws are framed. The rational man, let us hope, will always be truly hospitable. He will

delight to welcome under his roof an intimate friend, for adoption into his own family, during an indefinite period. He will even return this visit cheerfully, forgetting his small discomforts in the many compensations of the pleasant intercourse it confirms. But until his whole nature changes, he will never honestly enjoy being bound over to good behavior for days together, among comparative strangers, in a house that is not his. Of "all forms, modes, shows of grief" that fashion has invented, this is surely the most irksome. O Informality, what deceits are practised in thy name! One might as well put on the trappings of a courtier and accept feudal servitude at once, as in a land of freedom, under summer skies, to be trammelled so.

When, in the depth of winter, we are dragged from our quiet firesides to perform social duties which for the most part we would gladly leave undone, it is with the distinct understanding that the sacrifice will endure for three hours only. The clock strikes, and we are gone. We congratulate ourselves that it was no worse; we have appeased our consciences, and may retire in good order with the satisfaction that follows any other disagreeable act of heroism. Why should this kindly law of self-protection be enforced at one season more than at another? In this brief life of ours, three hours a day are enough and more than enough to give the world. The long-suffering spirit of man rises in revolt and demands a three-hour limit, year in and year out, in summer and winter, spring and autumn. That the world has some claim upon us, only a savage or a philosopher would presume to deny; up to this point, then, let it be conceded just and honorable; but beyond this point, let us insist upon the right to be let alone.





DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.

IN THE MORNING WATCH.

ENGRAVED BY T. H. HEARD.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1890.

No. 3.

WITH UNCLE SAM'S BLUE JACKETS AFLOAT.

By Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum.



ONE bell in the morning watch! Rolling in heavy surges, inky black save where a curling wave-top throws out a white gleam of foam for a moment, the mighty ocean stretches on all sides, heaving in long swells and dashing its great billows with hollow boom and crash of flying spray against the staunch steel sides of our gallant ship, ploughing her way in silent majesty through the stormy seas. High above us the weak light of a waning moon strives in vain to penetrate the fleecy masses of flying scud, and the wind sighs and moans through the rigging and hums in the hollow of the great foretop-sail, double-reefed and curving outward, hard as iron. The light burning in the chart-house under the after-bridge, reflects dimly in the wet and slippery planking of the spray-drenched deck, and the figures of the men on watch loom, shadow-like, up out of the gloom beyond. Forward, on the narrowing forecastle and on either side of the bowsprit, the lookouts stand, alert and vigilant, while on the deck near by the stalwart sergeant of the guard, white belt and polished steel side-arms catching a stray gleam from the masthead light,

paces up and down with measured military stride in spite of the rolling of the ship. Groups of the men of the watch stand or lie about in sheltered corners, wrapped in their pea-jackets and with watch-caps pulled well down on their foreheads; up on the forward-bridge the officer of the deck, rubber-coated and booted, sou'-wester hat strapped under chin, leans with folded arms against the hammock nettings, peering out over the wide dark waste of waters; and the quartermaster, the light from the tarpaulin-covered binnacle striking on his weather-beaten features, stands motionless at the wheel, his eyes fixed on the compass before him. A ward-room "boy"—as all the officers' servants are called—climbs up the ladder to the high bridge, balancing a cup of hot coffee on a tray and hands it to the officer, who, without leaving his post, hastily swallows the steaming beverage, and, with a hearty slap of his mittened hands on his broad chest and a growl of approval, casts his eyes seaward again. We join him, and after a word of greeting stand silently at his side, looking out over the heaving ocean and occasionally taking a short turn to and fro across the wide bridge.

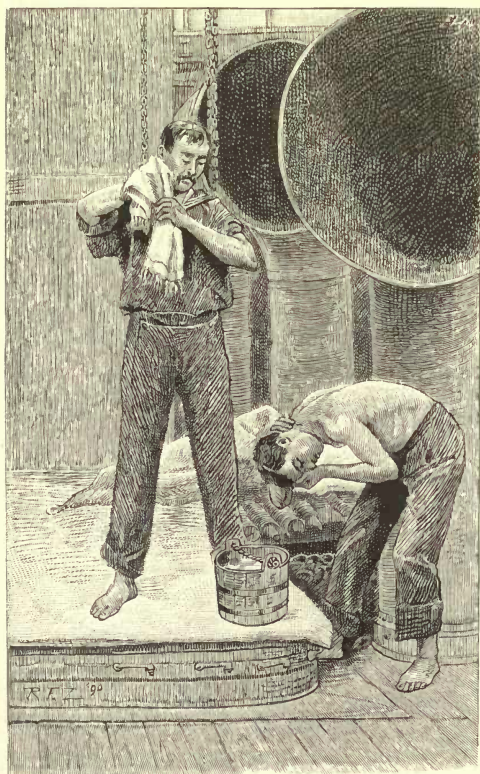
Gradually the gloom about us grows less profound, objects near at hand become more distinct, and a gray light steals slowly over the surface of the sea. There is a movement among the men on the deck, hoarse orders from the boatswain's mate, and the daily recurring task of washing down the decks com-

mences ; a pump is working somewhere and the water from the hose is splashing on the planking. Now and then some early riser from the sleeping crew below pokes a dishevelled head out of the hatch forward and looks about him ; the ward-room steward comes limping forward in slippers, walking on his heels to keep his feet out of the wet, and shivering in the stiff, cool breeze, that blows the spray in showers of salt drops over the high bulwarks. Far on the horizon ahead of us the sky takes on a paler hue, then a faint rosy flush like the reflection of a distant prairie fire. Now the low-lying cloud-banks glow with streaks of bright red and gold, a shaft of yellow light shoots far up to the zenith, and out of the heaving waters ahead of us, dazzling our eyes with his glory, the sun rises, tipping the crests of the waves with gold and bathing the white sides of the ships of the squadron, rising and falling to the

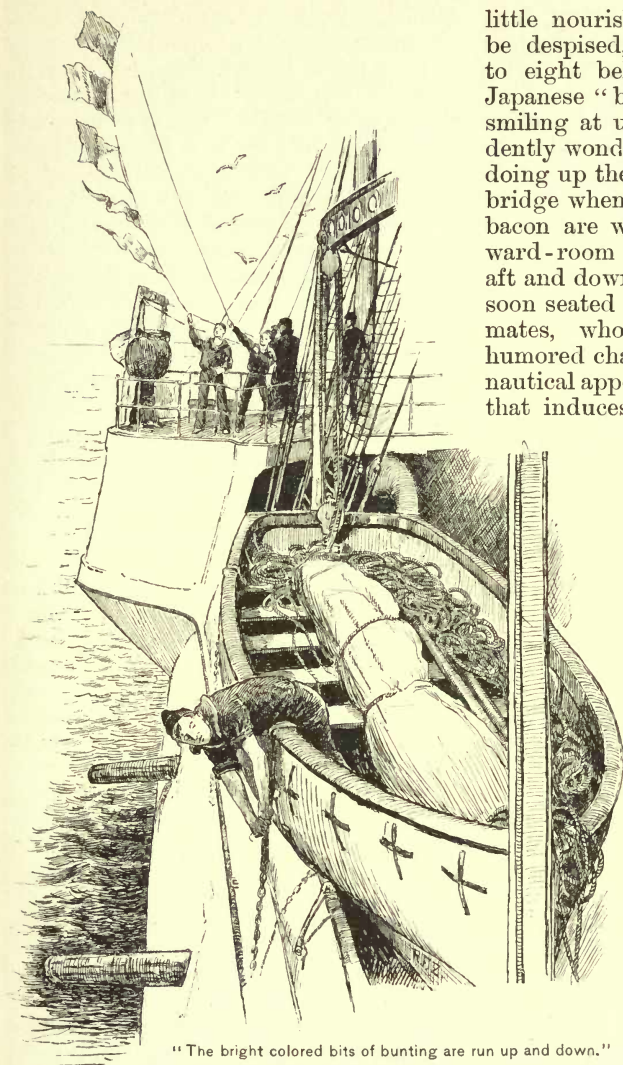
swell of the ocean on either side of us, in a flood of warm yellow light.

"Bos'n's mate there! call all hands! Call in the deck lookouts! Lay aloft the lookout to the mast-head!" the orders follow in rapid succession. "Turn off the spar-deck circuit!" and the great red and green lights on the port and starboard sides of the bridge and the light at the mast-head are extinguished by the touch of a button in the "dynamo room" below, while a sailor goes "tripping up aloft" to the foretop-sail yard, simultaneously with a long-drawn shrill whistle of the boatswain's pipe, echoed on the gun-deck by others, and the hoarse cry of the boatswain's mates calling: "A-a-l! ha-a-nds! Up all hammocks!" The great ship is waking up, and out of the hatches the men come tumbling one after the other—sailors, apprentice boys, firemen, marines, cooks, and "all hands"—each with hammock neatly rolled, ready to be placed

in the nettings in the bulwarks. Brawny, bare-chested, bare-footed fellows, most of them ; regardless of the cold wind blowing and the wet decks, they run nimbly to their appointed stations, some clambering up and opening the nettings, while the others pitch their hammocks in and stow them away and out of sight for the day. As we lean over the rail now, and look down, the scene is an animated one. The deck forward is swarming with men, and "Jackie" is making his morning toilet and preparing for breakfast and the day's routine. See that gigantic young coxswain yonder as he souces his well-soaped neck and face into the cold water in the bucket before him, spluttering and blowing away like a grampus, then rubbing and polishing his muscular, sun-burned neck and broad white back, and hairy chest with his rough parti-colored towel. With his little circular mirror perched on a coil of rope another sailorman is carefully parting his thick curly locks, while a shipmate looks over his shoulder and gives a final twist to his black silk neckerchief, and a marine brushes his coat and hums softly to himself meanwhile. The steam from the galleys



"Jackie is making his morning toilet."



"The bright colored bits of bunting are run up and down."

is rising out of the hatches, and with it—mingled, it must be confessed, with a smell of oil and grease from the engines—an odor of hot coffee and broiling bacon, and the boatswain's whistle is heard again piping to breakfast. The men off duty troop down below, while the watch, some drying up the decks, others polishing the brass-work on the bridges, await the moment when they will be relieved to take the morning meal in their turn, with appetites sharpened by the free sea air they have been breathing since four o'clock.

We also realize about this time that a

little nourishment is something not to be despised, and—as it is "close on" to eight bells and our own particular Japanese "boy" has been blinking and smiling at us from the deck below, evidently wondering what on earth we are doing up there on the wet and draughty bridge when hot coffee and a rasher of bacon are waiting for us in the warm ward-room below, we make our way aft and down to the berth-deck and are soon seated at the table with our mess-mates, who indulge in some good-humored chaff at our expense anent our nautical appearance, and the enthusiasm that induces a man to turn out for the morning watch when he don't have to.

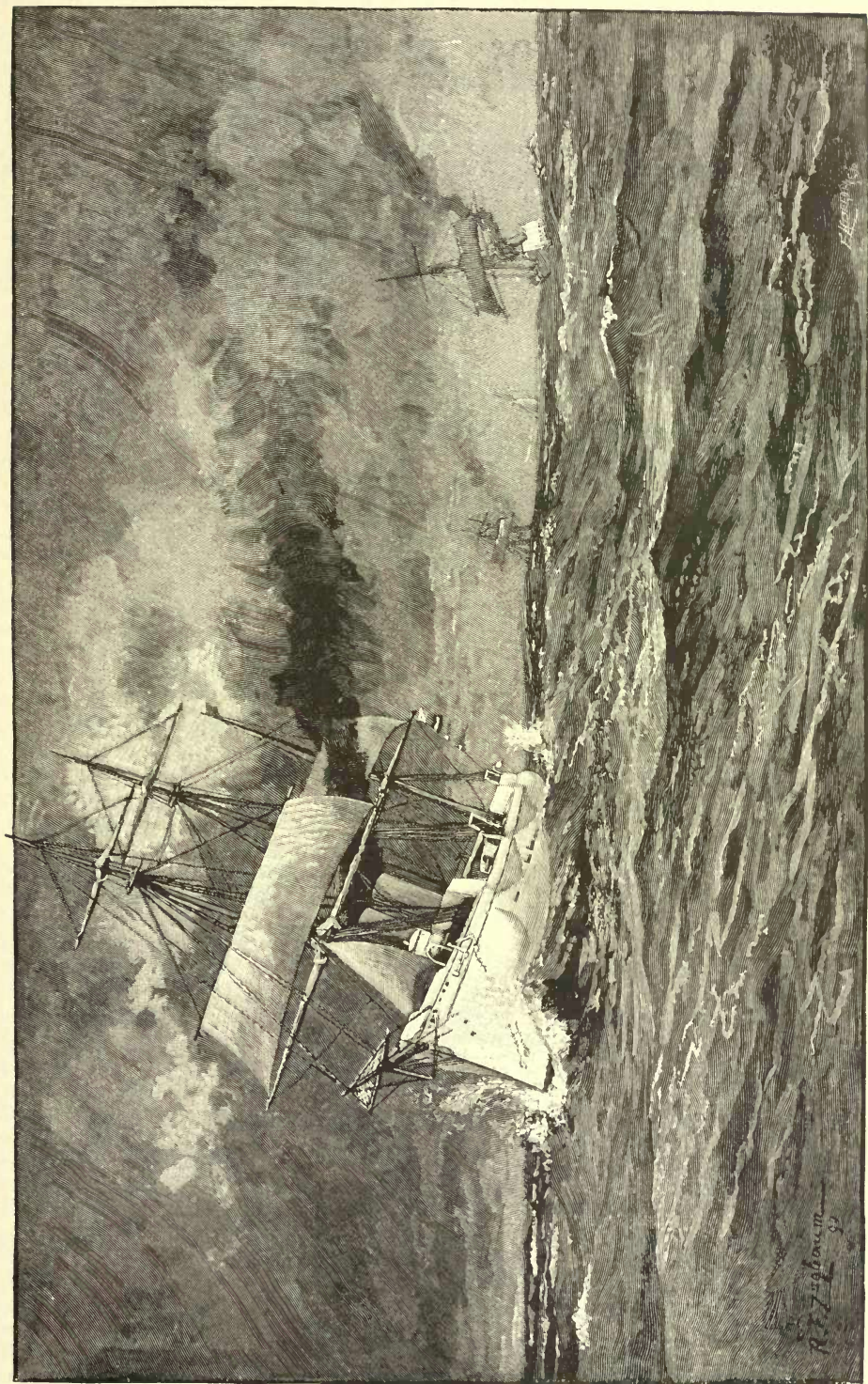
How brightly the sun is shining when we go on deck again; scarcely a cloud to be seen, and the wide ocean vying with the sky in the brilliancy of its hue. A stiff breeze is blowing and our accompanying ships are bowling along with us under sail and steam, courtesying to the waves and dashing clouds of snow-white spray up from their sharp prows. The Boston, on our starboard quarter, stands out a silhouette against the sunlit space beyond; the Atlanta, on our port quarter, is bathed in light, her sails white as milk, the shadows of masts and rigging cast against them in

deep-blue masses, while away out on the end of her main-yard a sailor is perched, engaged in some work. Directly astern of us the beautiful yacht-like Yorktown gracefully rides the waves, the foam at her bows flashing back a silvery gleam to the sun's rays. Our own vessel—the flagship Chicago—moves steadily onward, answering with easy roll to the heavy swell of the sea. To windward on the quarter-deck—"that part which sacred doth remain to the lone chieftain"—the admiral is walking; hands clasped behind his back, his long iron-gray whiskers blowing about like smoke in the fresh breeze,

he paces to and fro with a firm, long stride that might put many a younger man on his mettle to keep up with; on the after-bridge the flag-lieutenant, glass in hand, is signalling to the other ships of the squadron, and obedient to his orders the bright-colored bits of bunting, flying out straight from the halliards, are run up and down from the bridge to the main-yard by the attentive signal-boys. At the standard compass—perched high above the deck in order to remove the sensitive needle as far as possible from the magnetic influence of the great mass of steel and iron composing our ship and her armament, and to serve as a standard to which the steering compass at the wheel forward may be referred, as the latter is frequently placed of necessity in closer contiguity to the disturbing metal—a quartermaster is stationed, ready to answer any hail from the officer of the deck. The men on watch are variously engaged, some in the boats secured to the davits or inboard to the skids over the deck, some in the rigging, some splicing a rope here, overhauling tackle there, or polishing the “bright work” anywhere and everywhere; while the “after-guard sweeper” is mopping up some spot on the deck, which has offended the eye of the apparently omnipresent and indefatigable “executive officer.” A difficult position to fill that of first lieutenant—as Jack loves to designate the executive officer—of a big war-ship like this, one requiring tact, experience, judgment, a cool head, and ready wit, firmness, and patience. His duties are manifold; on him depends, under the orders of his chief, the maintenance of discipline; he is the senior of the line officers, and all the details of the management of the ship’s company—in fact, of the ship herself—are executed by him. Every complaint, however trivial, every privilege asked for, every one of the thousand and one necessary wants of the ship and her crew, pass through his hands, and scarcely any moment of the day can he call his own. His presence is required at the drills, the formations, the “functions” from the “coming up of the sun until the going down thereof,” and almost as frequently at all other times too. From

the hour in the morning when the delinquents for the past twenty-four hours are mustered by the faithful master-at-arms on the port side of the gun-deck, near the main-mast, to pass a “mauvais quart-d’heure” in the dreaded presence of their captain, and to answer to him for the offences reported by the executive officer, until the drum beats the retreat at evening quarters, he is constantly occupied. Even at his meals, where he sits at the head of the ward-room table, the messenger-boy or trim marine orderly may appear at his elbow at any moment, with official message or inquiry, and, should he throw himself down on the sofa for a few minutes nap, he may expect to have his slumbers broken by the same disturbers of his peace, with the same official: “Sir, the captain sends his compliments and wishes to know,” etc.

A half-hour passes, when, suddenly and without a moment’s previous warning, the sharp rattle of a drum is heard, electric gongs clang noisily, loud and peremptory orders mingle with the rush of hundreds of feet as the crew hurries to “general quarters.” To the inexperienced eye, what seems to be a scene of disorderly confusion now takes place. That portion of the crew whose stations are on the upper deck, come swarming up the hatches; the marine guard, hastily grasping rifles and buckling on accoutrements, falls in; the keys to the magazines and shell rooms are produced, and stewards, servants, cooks, and yeomen rig the tackle over the ammunition hatches in readiness for the work of hoisting shell and cart-ridges. The gun-crews cast loose the great guns, and the death-dealing Hotchkiss revolving cannons and the machine-guns; hatches are hastily put on, ladders torn away, and the decks turned “topsy-turvy” in an instant. Rifles are handed out from the armory, accoutrements, revolvers, cutlasses caught from their places, and in an incredibly short space of time order rises from apparent chaos, and every officer and man is at his post, and the ship is ready for action. Very business-like it looks too, as we stand in the semi-obscurity of the gun-deck; the long six-inch rifles run out of the ports, and the men standing motionless



"The White Squadron" in Mid-Ocean.

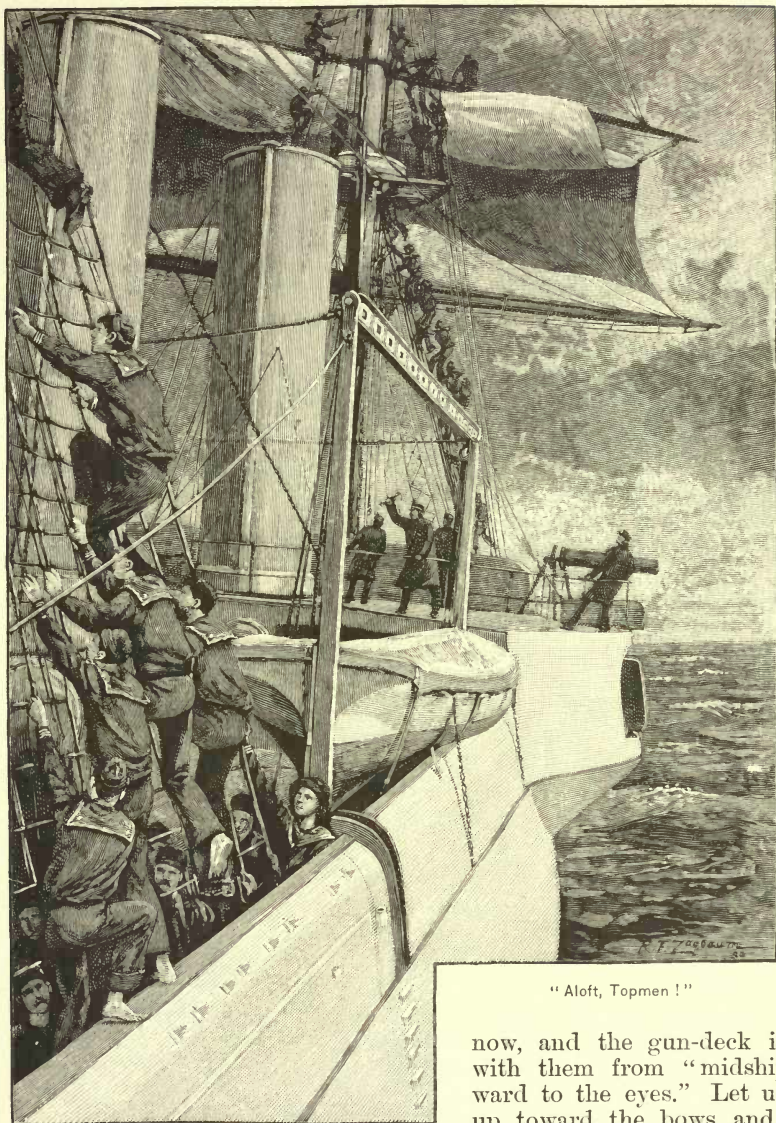
R. F. Johnson
1882

around them, awaiting the orders which quickly follow one after the other in rapid succession, now in one part of the ship, now in another, the crew going through the motions of loading and firing the guns, or, with rifle or revolver and cutlass in hand, boarding or repelling an imaginary enemy. All this, however, is to Jack a mere matter of routine duty, drills of one sort or another taking place every day, whenever the state of the weather permits. The call to "general quarters," or to the equally exciting "fire quarters," may be sounded at any moment of the day or even at night, for a man-of-war is always "mobilized," to use a military term, and always kept in a state of efficiency for war even in times of profound peace. A full supply of ammunition is stored in the magazines, the guns, small-arms, and every necessary equipment for fighting purposes are kept ready for use at a moment's notice, so that the ship may be ready to go into action whenever required to do so. Every modern war vessel is essentially a sea-going fighting-machine.

The old sailing frigate and the great line of battle ships, with towering masts and enormous squares of canvas, their long rows of guns, tier upon tier, their crews of several hundred men, have disappeared in the mists of the past along with the heroes of Cooper and Marryat. The smallest vessel of our squadron, with her six guns, her powerful engines, and all the appliances of defence and offence, that steam and electricity, in short, that modern science contributes to the safety and efficiency of a ship and a ship's company of the present time, would destroy a whole fleet of "saucy Arethusas."

With the change in the ships, a change in the life and training of the sailor has come, a change so great, that one of Nelson's old sea-dogs, or even a Jackie of our late war, would be dumfounded at the manifold duties required of a modern man-of-war's man. Jack must be a soldier nowadays as well as a seaman. He must understand the intricate mechanism of the revolving cannon, the delicate sights and complicated breech apparatus of the heavy guns with their hydraulic mountings, the manual and care of his magazine rifle and his

self-cocking revolver, as well as how to go aloft in a gale of wind and "pass the weather earring," to pull an oar in a boat, or to knot and splice a rope. In a man-of-war's crew of to-day, many of the men must be specially trained for the peculiar kind of work falling to their share in the general tout-ensemble of modern scientific appliances that are necessary to insure the efficiency of the ship as an instrument of warfare, and to provide for the comfort and welfare of those serving on board of her. For example, the Yorktown, which at the time of the writing of this article is probably the most thoroughly equipped with the newest appointments of any of the vessels of our new navy now in commission, comprises in its crew of one hundred and eighty men—exclusive of her line officers, surgeon, engineers, and paymaster—several expert electricians to run the dynamo and keep in order the electric appliances; machinists—one of whom is a boilermaker, and the others qualified for duties connected with the running and repairing of the complicated engines, the distilling of the drinking-water, the heating apparatus, and the many uses that steam may be put to; an apothecary, several so-called yeomen as assistants to the paymaster, engineers, etc.; besides a blacksmith, tailor, painter, carpenters, sailmaker, and others. As already referred to, the comfort and welfare of the crew—which is, so to speak, the life and soul of this floating fighting-machine, the modern man-of-war—must be provided for. Jack is certainly well fed and well clothed, and to the paymaster and his assistants falls the duty of caring for and issuing the various supplies, clothing, etc., which are necessary for his use. Clothing and so-called "small stores" are issued monthly, under the requisitions of the officers of the different divisions into which the ship's company is divided, at rates based on the actual cost price to the government of the articles required, among which may be mentioned underwear, shoes, mattresses, rain-clothes, tobacco, knives, razors and straps, soap, whisk-brooms, forks, spoons, plates—in short a variety of goods and wares such as might go to make up the stock of a regular "country store."



"Aloft, Topmen!"

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and certainly the majority of the crew of our handsome frigate are anything but dull, on the contrary, it would be difficult to find a more intelligent or "likely" looking set of men; and, although often called upon to do work of the hardest description, Jack has plenty of time to himself, and may pass the hours off watch and when not at drill pretty much as he pleases. The men's dinner is over some half-hour or more

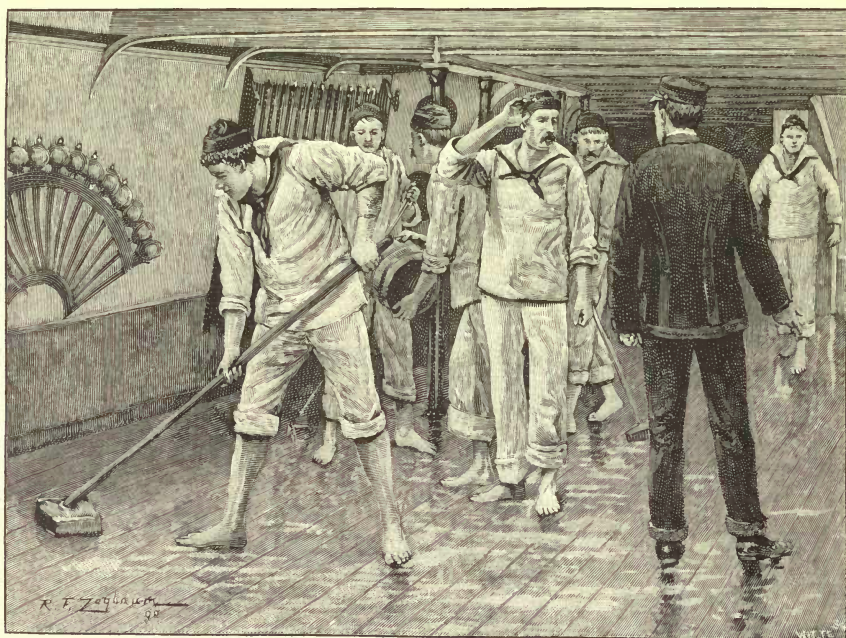
and the gun-deck is filled with them from "midships forward to the eyes." Let us stroll up toward the bows and smoke our afternoon cigar among them, and take a look at the life between decks on a fine day at sea.

The ship has a slight heel to port, but the wind is favorable and the big sails are drawing well and serve to steady her, so that she rolls but slightly and with a slow, easy motion. To windward—in the sponson where the Hotchkiss revolver is stationed, and further on, where the brown six-inch rifles thrust their tarpaulin-covered muzzles through the ship's sides—some of the ports are

open and the sunlight streams through them and the fresh sea-air circulates freely. On a locker by the arm rack—drum and bugle hanging from the top, bronzed-barrelled rifles of the marine guard standing in a long straight row—a sailmaker in duck working-suit is sewing away with sailmaker's needle and thimble at some piece of canvas, possibly a hammock for some messmate, while at the open port beyond an apprentice, seated on his ditty box, portfolio on knee and head bent low down over his task, pens a letter to some friend or fond parents in far-distant America. An old fellow with weather-beaten, wrinkled face and bristling white chin-beard sits beside him, spectacles on nose, and moving his lips as he spells out some story from the well-thumbed pages of the cloth-bound book drawn from the ship's library, in his seamy knotted hands, regardless of the chips and shavings flying about from the car-

perhaps, into a neat frame he has been carving. Huddled about on the deck between the guns are groups of the men, playing at games of various sorts, reading, writing, some smoking and "yarning" to one another; a hand sewing-machine is going there, where the ship's tailor crouches, cross-legged, before it, and one old chap has just brought a hot flat iron from the galley stove and is pressing out a pair of well-worn trousers, sucking away meanwhile assiduously at a very short clay pipe; and a gigantic young negro, black as a coal, is deftly weaving a knife lanyard from a mass of white threads secured to the grating covering one of the electric lamps.

White-capped, white-coated cooks are busy about the galleys, peeling potatoes, cutting up meat brought from the refrigerators near by, and preparing generally for the evening meal; and ward-room boys and mess servants—Japan-



"Jack is hard at work."

penter's bench standing on the deck before him, and where one or two of the carpenter's mates are engaged in work; and a young sailor is endeavoring to fit a photograph, his sweetheart's portrait

ese, Portuguese, Italians, and any other nationality but Americans, if we except one or two colored men—are occupied in various ways; while, seated astride of a bench, the admiral's cook and the

steward, a piece of old canvas on which a number of rudely drawn squares are painted in black and white between them, are deeply absorbed in a game of checkers. Further forward the barber has a corner for his chair, and is shaving one of the petty officers, gossiping meanwhile, as barbers will do on shipboard as well as on land, with his waiting customers seated or standing around him. Among the great anchor chains some of the sailors are lying asleep on the hard deck, others are overhauling their ditty boxes, small wooden chests in which Jack keeps his more precious belongings.

At the foot of the ladder by the forward hatch a marine stands on guard, white-gloved and with side-arms, while a corporal moves about fore and aft, ready to check the least infraction of the many disciplinary rules of the ship. Now and then the boatswain's whistle is heard on deck and his rough voice growls out some order, and it is curious to note how everyone suspends his occupation for a moment and turns a listening ear in the direction of the sound, lest the order should perchance have reference to some duty or work every sailor may expect to be called upon to perform at any time. Above the low hum of the voices, the occasional trampling of feet on the deck above, the swish and splash of the waves outside, a constant, never-ending hollow sound seems to fill the atmosphere, and one feels the throb of the great engines, in the depths of the ship away below, moving in a rhythmic, measured beat like the heart of some huge living creature. Let us go down the ladder to the engine room, looking to our footing carefully lest we slip on the greasy steps, and visit the engineer on watch for a minute. Along the narrow passages we

make our way gingerly, we are unaccustomed to the close neighborhood of these enormous masses of metal, moving with admirable precision and regularity, smoothly and with gigantic force. There is not the shred of a uniform about the engineer officer as, clad in overalls and a "jumper," he good-natur-



"Now and then we sight a sail."

edly pilots us through the intricate maze of machinery down to the furnaces under the huge boilers, and shows us how the great fires are fed. The stokers or firemen are working hard, the perspiration streaming from their foreheads. The heat is intense and the smell of oil and grease not particularly agreeable, and, although we cannot fail to be interested in the working of that force that is so untiringly and faith-



R. F. Ziegler - 30

"When the band discourses sweet music."

fully propelling our noble frigate over the trackless ocean, under the watchful care of efficient and experienced men, we are glad to get on deck again, and to the cooler, fresher atmosphere above. The marines are putting up their swinging mess-tables now and are preparing for supper, so wishing them *bon appétit*, which the hardy fellows undoubtedly possess anyway, let us go upon the spar-deck again for a tramp up and down as a "constitutional," before we in our turn prepare ourselves for the dinner hour, when the entire mess, with the sole exception of the officer of the deck, and possibly one of the engineers, assembles around the well-covered table. And right good fellows, too, are this little company of officers, hearty and straightforward as seamen seem to be all the world over, and their heartiness tempered with a genial courtesy and ready hospitality toward the landsman, their messmate for the time being.

The wardroom of the Chicago is a large, handsomely furnished apartment. The long table runs athwartships the entire width of the deck, and the staterooms of the officers, in two rows on the port and starboard sides aft of the table, open on a roomy space, well lighted and ventilated, and are models of convenience and comfort. Stern discipline holds its sway, however, even here as well as forward where Jack swings his hammock, and punctually at ten o'clock the master-at-arms makes his appearance, cap in hand, and respectfully but firmly intimates that lights must be put out. An extension may be granted, however, to officers desiring to burn a light in their own staterooms, but those who are reluctant to "seek the seclusion that their cabins grant" as yet, or who wish to find consolation in the fragrant weed, are compelled to climb the ladder to the gun-deck, there to while away the time in the smoking corner until it suits them to turn in. Many a pleasant hour have we passed there in the society of one or two congenial companions, listening to the yarns and stories of many an exciting or humorous episode of sea-life, told in low tones and with the eloquence born of adventure. Where two marine orderlies keep constant vigil day and night, a light is burning by the enclosed

skylight hatch that ventilates the wardroom on the deck below, and serves as an opening to pass up the ammunition for the spar-deck battery. All the way forward along the deck the hammocks of the men are swinging, and we can hear their deep breathing, and the mutterings of some honest fellow as he dreams; while close by—almost over our heads—a number of young cadets sleep the sleep of youth and health in their swinging canvas beds, undisturbed by our presence. Occasionally the midshipman of the watch slips noiselessly down the companion-ladder and consults the barometer swinging in the passage leading to the admiral's cabin.

Sometimes at this hour, when the sea is calm and the moon is shining, we lean against the machine-gun in the sponson and look out of the open port. Oh, the glory of a moonlight night at sea! The sides of our ship gleam ghostly white against the deep blue of the water, and the foam, as she sends the surges billowing away from her, is bright as burnished silver, and casts waves of reflected light up to the top of the high bulwarks, while the shadows of the great guns, thrust out of the ports, slide up and down on the wave-crests, or lose themselves in the black hollows of the seas. Directly ahead the ocean is a mass of glittering light as of electricity, while away off on our quarter the lamps of the Atlanta and Yorktown gleam brightly over the dark and heaving waters. Like some vague shape of night gliding over the sea seems the Atlanta, as a gleam of light, like a great eye opening and shutting, flashes from her sides. She is talking to us, and the flashes of light are from her electric night-signals spelling out a message to the flagship.

But it is the hour or two after dinner, when the excellent band "discourses sweet music," and before tattoo ringing out sends Jack to his hammock, that to officers and crew alike are perhaps the most pleasant of all the twenty-four. Everybody off duty congregates on the gun-deck to listen to the music, and to pass the time in social intercourse before bed-time. The sailors gather forward of the mainmast in a compact mass near the band, the electric lights shining on their attentive faces

and bringing them into sharp relief against the gloom behind them. Manly, honest faces most of them, from the wrinkled-browed, rough-bearded, weather-beaten old quarter-gunner, to the wide-eyed, smooth-faced, curly-pated apprentice; from the handsome soldierly marine sergeant—firm mouth, shaded by the long military mustache drooping toward the square chin—to the pale, haggard-eyed stoker, released for a time from the parching heat of the fire-room. The band is playing a waltz, and Jack and his mates are dancing together away forward there, by the dim light of a lamp, dancing with a grace, an ease, an elegance that many a ball-room swell might strive in vain to emulate. See the airs of that youngster there, the “lady” of the couple, and the coy manner in which he rests on his partner’s shoulder and points his toes out, tripping lightly in the “mazes of the dance,” and mimicking, with comical accuracy, the pretty affectations of some “bud” at her first ball, to the intense delight of his grinning shipmates. Or that other fellow there, dancing by himself in a little cleared space, with one hand on his hip, the other arm raised in graceful curve above his head as he cuts a pigeon wing or glides with careless ease and long sliding step, like a “ballerina” of the ballet he is so fond of attending in the many ports he visits. But Jack is at his best in the art terpsichorean when—the band having dispersed and the seductive strains of a Strauss waltz no longer urge him to fanciful flights of mimicry—some shipmates produce a banjo or two and an accordion or a concertina, and the lively notes of a hornpipe resound on the deck away forward. Then he brings forth all his originality, agile and quick and dancing all over, with head, hands, body, and feet, stamping on the deck with resounding thwack of his feet and rattling with his heels in rhythmic accompaniment to the music with the regularity and finish of the rolling of a drum, until, glowing and breathless, he gives one final spring into the air and makes way for another. With the stroke of two bells—nine o’clock—the bugle sounds tattoo, followed immediately by taps. Out go the lights forward, some one or two remain-

ing dimly burning, and Jack, healthfully tired, swings himself lightly up into his hammock, and, on the gun-deck silence reigns fore and aft.

And so the days pass, with blue skies and favorable winds, and everything is comfortable and pleasant alike with officers and crew in the enjoyment of life at sea in fine weather. Drills of one kind or another are of daily occurrence—gunnery, small-arms, cutlass, and revolver drills, and theoretical instruction of various natures. The chaplain gives a lecture to the apprentice-boys now and then on the geography and history of the foreign countries to be visited by the squadron. Divine service is held on Sunday mornings, which those of the crew who desire to do so may attend. Seated on rows of benches facing a lectern, placed on the gun-deck at the foot of the companion hatch, the men—cleanly shaved and in their best and neatest uniforms—are gathered, while ranged on the port side the officers group themselves; and as the chaplain reads the solemn ritual of the church, the heads of the congregation are bowed in reverence, and many a stern face softens as a prayer goes up to the Almighty for the safety and welfare of wife and little ones, for the dear ones at home. Blue skies and favorable winds with an occasional shower, and even a rainy night or two, but that does not take anything from Jack’s comfort. His oilskins and sea-boots are proof against any ordinary wet weather, and he makes nothing of it, jogging along through the daily routine, contented and happy, as long as he behaves himself. Punishment—swift, sure, and stern—follows any misconduct on his part; but take it for all in all, Jack and his superiors “get on” swimmingly together, and the close companionship of officers and men, which must of necessity exist in the confined space of a ship of war, is productive of a certain feeling of acquaintance, not to say friendship, with one another, that goes a great way toward softening the harshness of discipline. “Lor’ bless you, sir,” said an old quartermaster to us once, when the officer of the deck reiterated an order in language more forcible and emphatic than elegant, “*that* don’t mean nothing!” Mr. Blank

is one of the finest gentlemen in the service; he only wants to wake the men up!" However, blue skies and favorable winds are not always present to cheer Jack on his voyage across the trackless waste of waters; he is frequently called on to battle with wind and waves for his very existence, and at no time does the training that fosters and develops all his most manly qualities, his courage and his skill as a seaman, show itself to better advantage than when he is called upon in time of storm and danger.

The breeze is freshening and a strong swell causes the ship to roll heavily. Although the sun shines out from the masses of swift-flying clouds, hurrying across the sky with the speed of an express train, the barometer has been steadily falling, and the officer of the deck, walking up and down on the high bridge forward, the long skirts of his ulster-shaped great-coat flapping about his legs in the wind, glances often to windward, where cloud-bank on cloud-bank is steadily rising, and whence the wind comes in puffs and squalls, one stronger than the other.

The vessels of the squadron are pitching heavily, the sister-ships Atlanta and Boston sticking their noses into the waves, and apparently burying their forward decks under water only to rise again bravely and dash snow-like clouds of spray high over their superstructures. Away astern, the Yorktown rides like a white seagull, now hidden almost out of sight in the deep hollows of the seas, anon gliding bird-like on their very crests, saucily bidding them defiance and spurning them aside. Stronger and more frequently come the bursts of wind, thicker and more threatening grows the horizon to windward, and still our ships move steadily on under sail and steam. The captain is on deck, and a messenger boy comes jumping aft and, with jerk of forefinger to visorless watch-cap in salute, reports from the officer of the deck, that "the wind is freshening, sir!" and the order to reef topsails is given. Instantly the hoarse cry is heard: "A-all hands reef tops'ls!" and the whole ship is alive in a moment. Up from below springs the executive officer, speaking-trumpet in hand, and takes command of the deck. The

others follow immediately, hurrying on their great-coats and pulling their cap-peaks well down over their eyes as they emerge from the hatch into the sharp cutting wind, and the sailormen come bounding up the ladders and run nimbly to their stations. With a voice that rises clear above the noise of the wind, that now howls through the rigging, the "first lieutenant" shouts out his orders. "Reef tops'ls! Man the tops'! clewlines and buntlines, weather tops'! braces! Hands by the lee braces, bowlines, and halliards!" The men jump to their work, quickly and without confusion. "Clear away the bowlines, round in the weather-braces! Settle away the tops'! halliards! *Clew Down!*" The orders are taken up and repeated, the boatswain's whistle pipes cheerily; a hundred brawny arms stretch at the ropes, and the huge yards swing round and are lowered to the caps, the great sails flapping in the wind with loud reports like pistol shots. Eager as hounds held in the leash and waiting for the word to start, the topmen are huddled together on the deck at the foot of the shrouds. "Haul out the reef tackles! Haul up the buntlines! *Aloft, Topmen!*" Away they go, scrambling up on the bulwarks and racing up the shrouds hand over hand, swarming into the tops. "*Lay Out!* Take in two reefs!" and out on the long yards the agile fellows climb; some of them—old Jackies—have kicked off their boots and cling like monkeys to the man-ropes with their stockinged feet, while all of them grasp the stiff sail with muscular fingers, hauling it up fold on fold and reefing it securely; and the wind buffets them and sways them about, plucking off one or two caps and sending them whirling high up in the air away off to leeward. "*Lay In!*" Back to the mast they all scramble again. "*Lay Down from Aloft!*" And down the rigging they come, any way and every way, sliding down the backstays and tripping down the great shrouds to the deck again. More orders follow, the topsails are hoisted away again, the yards are trimmed, bowlines steadied out, and the boatswain's whistle once more "pipes down." On the horizon the clouds gather more thickly, the

sun, glowing angrily red behind, shoots out a fiery gleam across the raging waves from a rift among them as he slowly disappears. The sea is rising rapidly and the wind tears the crests from the waves and whirls them in smoke-like masses of vapor across the waters, almost shutting out our consorts from view. Down below the ports are all closed, and the gunner is inspecting the batteries to see that everything is secured. There is not much danger of any of the heavy guns, with all their modern appliances for fixing them in their places breaking loose even in a ship that rolls more violently than does ours, but on a man-of-war no precaution to guard against a possible accident is considered unnecessary; and it can be readily understood that if one of these great engines of war, weighing with its carriage and shield in the neighborhood of twenty tons, should become parted from its fastenings and be rolled uncontrolled about the deck or dashed against its sides, a catastrophe might result endangering the safety of the ship and of the lives of her crew. In the ward-room the racks are up on the table and the dishes and glassware slide about in a most inconvenient manner for hungry naval officers, and many a glass is spilled and appetizing morsel dropped in the effort to eat and drink, and to keep one's chair from sliding away from under him at the same time. The band cannot play this evening—some of the bandsmen, to judge from the pallor and woe-begone expression of their countenances, don't want to very much—and we gather together in our accustomed nook on the gun-deck to smoke and chat, and to hold on to what we can grasp to prevent ourselves from sliding over to leeward whenever the vessel rolls. The hatches are all covered up—battened down in one or two places—and we can hear the waves crashing against the sides and the spray falling on the deck above. The storm is evidently increasing, and we are not surprised to see the executive officer emerge from the ward-room hatch, clad from head to foot in his oilskins, and to hear the command of: "To your stations, gentlemen!" and the boatswain's cry of: "A-all hands shorten sail!" Up and out to the windy deck above

everyone hurries, and the same evolution that took place before sunset is executed again, except that now all sails are taken in. The gale is upon us in all its fury, and the wind roars through the rigging with the rush and thunder of a mighty cataract. The darkness of the night is intense, and we can just distinguish our topgallant masts wildly swaying high above us and can hear the banging of the sails. We can see nothing of the men that we know are out there on the yards, but now and then we can hear the sound of voices, torn and muffled by the wind, as some order is given. We are signalling to our consorts too, and as the red and green balls of fire dart up into the air, they throw a weird light on objects near at hand, bringing out the forms of the signal officer and his assistants with a startling vividness against the gloom about them. The shouting of orders, the shrieking of the wind, the ear-piercing piping of the boatswain's whistle, the trampling of hundreds of feet, and the booming splash of the waves, make up a very pandemonium of noise. Rapidly the work of taking in the huge squares of canvas is accomplished. Snap! away go the lanterns that have been swinging from the yards, and over all and through all the salt spray is flying, stinging our faces and rattling like fine birdshot against our rain-clothes, as we cling to the rails of the after-bridge and strive to keep our footing on the slippery planks.

The Yorktown is away astern; her lights show dimly for a while, then disappear; she has signalled for permission to heave to—that is, to bring the head of the ship to the wind and thus ride out the storm—but no anxiety is felt on her account, full confidence being felt in the judgment of her commander and the ability and skill of her officers.* The lights of the other ships can be seen waving about in the gloom away off on our quarters, now and then an answering

* The Yorktown joined the squadron in Lisbon Harbor two days after the arrival there of the fleet. From the account of some irresponsible person, with more imagination than regard for the truth, a report of her experiences was published in some of the newspapers which gave a description of the "heroic" conduct of an imaginary quartermaster, who was said to have saved the ship by a remarkable exhibition of presence of mind. This account was cut from the whole cloth, no such occurrence having taken place. The ship was at all times under the absolute control and management of her officers, and at no time considered in any danger.

fire-ball shoots up in reply to our signals, and the white foam seething on the angry billows throws out gleams of phosphorescent light.

We are quite contented to climb down below again to the warm space between decks, scarcely less wet under foot than what we have just left, for the seas dash with such force against the ship that the water spurts in through the crevices in the gun-ports, although they are closed as tightly as screws can fasten them. However, Jack has swung his hammock as usual, and "turns in" regardless of the storm, confident in the vigilance and experience of his shipmates on watch. And so we too climb into the high berth in our state-room, and creep in under our warm blankets, not to sleep much, however—the ever-increasing rolling and pitching puts a veto on that—and we lie there swaying from side to side in our bunk and listening to the creaking and groaning of the woodwork, the noise of the storm, and the voices of some of the officers, who, as they may be called upon perhaps at any moment for some duty or other, have congregated in the smoking corner near the door of our room.

What a mess we are in the next morning! We had supposed we had secured everything for the night, but, somehow or other, things had gone adrift; a big sea had struck our air-port, letting in a volume of water, and as we look down from our berth to the floor of the room in the gray light of the morning, clothes, shoes, toilet articles are heaped there together, soaking in a little pool, that moves gurgling about the room with every motion of the ship. However, others are as badly off as we are; there is a defective scupper or two in places; one of the midshipmen hasn't a dry piece of clothing to his name, and one of the ward-room officers was deluged by the carrying away from its fastenings of a twenty-gallon water-breaker—as the barrels containing fresh water are called—which bounded into his room through the open doorway, and spilled its contents over everything before he could say Jack Robinson.

A tremendous sea is running when we go on deck, but our staunch cruiser rides the waves beautifully, coming back

from a long roll to leeward slowly and gracefully; everything is taut and ship-shape, and the entire crew none the worse for a little discomfort, that Jack looks upon as part of the regular course of events in his sea-life.

Gradually the gale moderates and the sea goes down; blue skies and favorable winds again, warm breezes from the Azores. Now and then we sight a sail, and once a little Portuguese schooner glides right into the midst of the squadron, dipping her colors again and again in polite and respectful salutation to the great white war-ships speeding past her.

We expect to make the land within another twenty-four hours or so, and Jack is hard at work scrubbing, polishing, and painting to make his ship "pretty," as he would say. Water and sand, scrubbing brushes, and "squillees" are making the planks of the decks as clean as new pins. The sailors are everywhere, most of them barefooted, with trousers rolled up to their knees; some of them are in their undershirts, bare arms covered with all sorts of devices tattooed on the white skin in red and blue, and all of them are "buckling down" to their work, rubbing and scrubbing, splashing the water, and "hustling about," active as cats. There is a wonderful feeling of life in the movements of a well-trained man-of-war's man; he springs to his duties at the boatswain's mate's call, loose, easy, and agile, unconsciously graceful in his attitudes and picturesque in the manner of wearing his clothes, the tilt of his cap, or the tie of his neckerchief.

The sea lies blue and sparkling in the sunlight, scarcely a ripple disturbs the smooth surface. We make signal to slow down to half-speed and to determine compass deviations by swinging ship. Each vessel steams in a circle by itself and the bearing of the sun is taken as she heads for some minutes on each point; the comparison of the actual bearing of the sun—which is established by computation—with its bearing by compass, gives the deviation for each particular point. A table of such deviations is made out, and the navigators have only to refer to this to know how much to allow in order to steer the correct course.

The greater part of the day is thus taken up, and with the gathering shades of evening our bows are pointed eastward again and we are slipping through the water on a course laid straight for Lusian shores.

One bell in the morning watch again ! Gently heaving in long, undulating swells, dark to the horizon save where the lights of the ships cast silvery gleams down into its placid surface, the great ocean stretches astern and on either side of us, lapping caressingly the white sides of our beautiful frigate lying at rest on the smooth and peaceful sea. High above in the blue vault of heaven the stars shine down upon us with a soft radiance, and a warm breeze fans our cheeks and brings with it a fragrance as of a summer night. Up on the forward bridge a group of the officers stands ; one of them—night glass in hand—points to a distant bright light, a point or two off our starboard bow. "Cape Roca light," he says, "and yonder lies the mouth of the Tagus." Bang ! bang ! signal balls flash from the after-bridge, and a rocket describes a graceful fiery curve up toward the sky, and bursting, scatters a myriad of brilliant sparks through the darkness. Slowly our screws revolve again, slowly and simultaneously the ships turn to the northward, and we steam for a while at half-speed up the coast, which we know is lying to the eastward, and then lie-to again waiting for daylight to come.

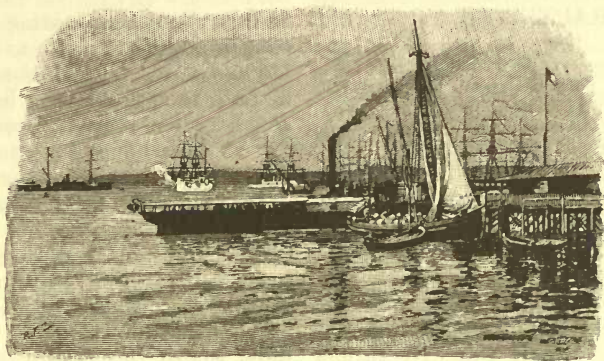
Gradually the night slips away ; a soft warm light creeps over the surface of the sea ; far on the horizon to eastward the sky is brightening. A black, low-hulled propeller glides noiselessly like a dark shadow between us and the cloud-like mass rising out of the sea over yonder, and as we look, lo ! there—outlined in softest and purest purple against the sky, now glowing with a golden fire heralding the approach of the god of light—"Cintra's mountain" greets our hungry eyes.

Up comes the sun like a ball of red fire, flushing everything with a rosy light, and, trending off north and south and melting into the clear atmosphere, the "delicious land" of Portugal stretches its fair shores before us, and we get

under way again, heading for the Tagus.

Slowly steaming, we move ahead ; past seaward-standing fleets of fishing boats—huge lateen sails, high prows, some of them with the semblance of an eye rudely painted on either bow, as in the bygone days of their Phœnician or Carthaginian prototypes—past a pilot boat, signal flying, but which we ignore, our officers being directed "by order" to act as pilots for themselves ; past a large Italian bark, every sunlit white sail set, flying before a favorable wind. Slowly we steam along, past the high crags of Cintra, with its old castle crowning the top, the rolling hills beyond patched with the stone-walled fields, and dotted with groups of houses and rows of white-towered windmills ; on over the bar—the heavy swell lifting the ships—opening up the entrance to the great river, out of which a sharp-bowed, black-hulled steamer—flying the flag of the British naval reserve, and dipping it in salute—comes smoothly gliding. On past the old fort of St. Julian on our left, its gray ramparts rising from behind a cloud of spray from the great breakers roaring on the shoals before it ; past the stone circular work on our right—Fort Bugio with its high light-tower—and in through the narrowing opening on to the smooth-flowing but rapid yellow tide of the Tagus. Slowly steaming we move up the river, past old Belem tower, whence nearly four centuries ago Vasco da Gama embarked, and behind which now tall chimneys from the gas-works of Belem town vomit out dense clouds of black smoke ; past high bluffs on the opposite shore, fortress crowned, and where in a deep ravine a white-walled village around a church tower is nestled. The health-officer has come alongside in his dingy steam-launch ; pratique—or permission to land—has been granted us, and as our engines are stopped and we gradually lose headway, our anchors are let go and the huge chains rush roaring through the hawse-holes, and we swing broadside to in front of sunlit Lisbon, resting in tier upon tier of gray-walled, red-roofed houses on her many hills. Then, as the round ball of bunting run rapidly up to our main-truck, bursts out in folds of blue and white, and the stand-

ard of Portugal waves in the breeze, gun
after gun booms in salute, re-echoing
from the ancient walls of the town, and
rolling in thunderous reverberation
over the surface of the water, as our
batteries give proud greeting from the
young giant of the New World to a
friendly people of the Old.



DIRGE.

By Frank Dempster Sherman.

LET a tender song be sung ;
Let a prayer be said ;
Let a solemn bell be rung ;—
Love is dead.

Brighter beamed the stars above,
And the soft winds sped
Whispering the secret—*Love*
Soon shall wed !

With the early buds he came
When the snows were fled :
Lightly lisped the leaves his name
Overhead :

Rang the bells a merry chime
When the promise spread ;
Poets strung with beads of rhyme
Fancy's thread.

Sang the birds a sweeter strain ;
Troops of roses red
Followed in a laughing train
Where he led :

Fragrant petals softly fell
Where his feet might tread ;
Blossoms that he loved so well
Were his bed.


There he slumbers, pale and cold :
Let a tear be shed ;
Let a solemn bell be tolled ;—
Love is dead !

JERRY.

PART SECOND (CONTINUED).

CHAPTER III.

"Necessity, whose sightless strength forever
Evil with evil, good with good must wind
In bands of union which no power may sever:
They must bring forth their kind, and be
divided never."

OE listened silently to Jerry's report, first of the notice, then of the determination of the people not to work for the doctor; and finally of all the evil things they said of him. Then he laid down his pipe and leaned forward with a hand on either knee.

"I've been a-tellin' him ever sence I knowed him," he began in a slow, conclusive voice, "as he were a-helpin' orl the p'isenest mean trash in the country, an' I says, says I, 'Doctor, the least leetle wind'll blow trash in folks' faces,' says I," then with a long-drawn breath—"Cuss their measly hides!" and he took up his pipe again.

"Of course it is all right for the doctor," Jerry said, as if convincing himself, "all right for him to do as he has done."

"To speckylate in lan'?" and Joe paused once more in his smoking; "I'llowed as youuns jist 'spised sich doin's; the papers says youuns do, an' Dan Burk'llows thet youuns do, an' as youuns is got the rights on it."

Jerry pushed his hair from his forehead nervously. "I mean that the doctor will do it in the right way," he answered, anxiously, "the doctor will not speculate; he has bought the land for some good purpose."

"To gie it away?" Joe suggested sarcastically, "pay fur the lan'—pay to lay it out, an' gie it away?" He shook his head. "The doctor's mighty easy fooled, but he's got mo' sense ner thet."

"He may put the lots at a very low rent," then Jerry left the fire and went out into the darkness. He did not want

to talk about this matter yet, for in his own mind he had come to no conclusion. Up and down he walked on the level bit of path that the doctor had trodden so slowly, when years before he spent the day at Joe's house to watch that the life came back to Jerry's poor little body.

Up and down in the darkness, trying not to judge his hero, his friend, his exemplar and help to all that was good and true; putting away forcibly all thought of self, and of the position the doctor had allowed him to take; pausing in his walk where the doctor had paused to say—"If God will ever forgive me!" that short, pathetic prayer that told so much and yet so little—just there Jerry paused and said—"He cannot do wrong!" then he went in again to where Joe still smoked by the fire.

"It must be all right, Joe," he said, sitting down slowly.

"I ain't never blamed him yit," Joe answered; then more patronizingly than he had spoken to Jerry in years, he went on—"I ain't got much larnin', Jerry, but I've knowed a heaper folks sence I kin'member, an' one thing I jest will say, thet no man ain't a-goin' to gie away liker fool fur moren twenty yeer, an' orl of a suddint turn roun' an' cheat folks fur money as he don't need; I don't b'lieve it no more'n I'd b'lieve a p'inter dorg as tole me he couldn't smell mink. It's no use a-talkin' to me thet away," and he knocked the ashes out of his pipe with unusual vehemence, packing it again as if protesting against the need of any justification of the doctor. "An' youuns, Jerry," he went on more quietly, "as knows the doctor bettern mos' folks; youuns kin stan' by him better." Then more slowly—"If I didn't hev sicher sighter work on han' darned if I wouldn't lay out the lan' fur him myseff!"

Jerry did not answer, for Joe's mention of his work made him think for the moment of the mystery in which he lived between these two unknown lives.

"Pore doctor," Joe said at last, bringing Jerry back from his musings, "ain't thar no way of youuns a-heppin' him, Jerry?"

Jerry shook his head.

"I will go and see," he answered, "but if he had wanted my help he would have told me long ago, and have stopped my writing." The words were said unintentionally, and Jerry was angry with himself for having exposed this sore place, especially to Joe, whom he felt, somehow, would be glad to widen a little the distance between himself and the doctor. Joe blew out a cloud of smoke.

"Youuns dunno the doctor yit," he said with a little grunt that might have been a stifled chuckle, "he never blazes no road behind him, he don't, an' he ain't a-goin' to persuade youuns not to bust yer brains out agin a tree, if so be youuns hes a mind to do it; an' he never splain's nothin', ner axes nothin'."

Jerry listened and had no answer; rather, his heart grew cold within him as Joe went on, because of the confirming truth in the old man's words:

"An' he'll gie youuns cloze, an' wittles, an' firewood; he'll gie youuns as much as a house, but youuns mus' sot thet house right fur over yander, right fur, 'cause he don't want no pusson's shed j'ined onter hisn's, you bet; he gies away liker fool; but, Lord! he don't want nothin' a-trailin' attar him; but orl the same, I 'llowed as youuns mout he'p him." They were hard things that Joe had told, but they were true; he knew they were hard too, but it was not in his humanity to refrain from this little exposition of the man who had for years supplanted him in the life of "his boy"—he had taken the second place very quietly, but he felt a little triumphant just now.

And the next afternoon when Jerry made time for his visit to the doctor by giving a half-holiday, he remembered all these hard sayings of Joe's, and would allow to himself only that he was going to explain his own action, and to warn the doctor of the feeling that was out among the people. Several leading men had been to see Jerry during the morning, and from them he had gained his view of the state of the community.

All were angry and indignant, and

very impatient to make known to their late friend this new feeling which had developed toward him. That morning an angry notice had appeared "declining to work for the doctor at any price—no one would lift a finger for the man who had deliberately cheated the town out of all it had hoped to make by the railway,"—and the notice was signed "The citizens of Eureka and Durden's."

Jerry had read it angrily, for he knew that the baffled speculators were at the bottom of it. These slow-thinking, shiftless natives—as in his heart he called his own class—would never have had the energy nor the sense to make a combined move; they might be keen at a bargain, but they had to be taught to think, taught that sin was hidden in land speculations. And he became more angry with them—naturally, but unreasonably so—when he remembered that he had taught them the chief lesson on this point.

His object and his work had been true and right; but, like most honest men who long to be benefactors, he had done too much; or perhaps his pupils had pushed his theory too far.

He had denounced the Government for selling its land, and the people saw the reason in this; he had denounced the people who had bought this land as a speculation to the detriment of their fellow-creatures, and the people followed him here also; but he had not thought of providing for the contingency of an honest man buying this land for honest purposes.

"And who would have dreamed of such a thing!" he said to himself, with unconscious sarcasm and in much bitterness of spirit, when he found out who the mysterious buyer was, and that the people had applied all his teachings to him. "Who would have believed such a thing!" and the people showed their faith in his judgment by refusing to believe it.

Hurriedly and angrily he tramped along the road; he wanted to have a long talk with the doctor, and the time spent in reaching his destination provoked him. After much argument with himself he had determined to explain to the doctor the position he had taken, and why he had taken it. It had been

a hard decision to reach after Joe's words, but he felt that he could not be silent now, and so be identified with the people's notice; but beyond all these motives he had a hope that the doctor would let in some light on his own action, and he longed for this light with a great and loving desire.

Alas, he reached his destination to find the doctor indefinitely absent, and a note as his only alternative. And the writing of that note was the hardest thing he had ever tried to do. If he still believed in the doctor, as he assured himself that he did, what had he to say? Say that his articles in the newspaper did not point to the doctor—say he was sorry for the doctor—say he hoped that he would be just about the land, or say that he knew he would? If he believed in the doctor any of this would be worse than folly—if he did not believe in him?

And he laughed a little bitterly at himself because he wanted to say all these things, at the same time asserting violently that he believed in this friend of his life!

He pondered long, then left only a few lines to say that he had seen the refusal of the people to work for the doctor, and had come over to put himself at the doctor's service. He made no comment, only the simple offer, then went his way slowly, feeling himself in a more complicated position than before.

He could not retract his own opinions—he could not explain the doctor's position, nor could he publish the fact that he had offered his services to his benefactor and so take a decided stand by him, for this would seem like parading his gratitude—he could only stand still, and probably be misjudged by both sides; and this was hard.

All the way home he turned the matter over and over in his mind, but could see no way to better things; he must wait, and if the doctor sent any answer to his note, abide by that.

"Well," was Joe's greeting when later he came in and found Jerry standing by the fire with a troubled look on his face, "well, is you an' Paul agoin to start to work to-morrer?"

Jerry turned away.

"The doctor was out," he answered

shortly—putting the supper on the table, "and I had to leave a note."

"An' Jim Martin," Joe went on, drawing up his chair; "Jim Martin he come along a-steppin' jest as swonger, and a new feller alonger him. Says I, 'Hardy, Jim, whar's the railroad a-comin'?' says I. Says 'e, 'Joe Gilliam,' says 'e, 'we are cheated,' says 'e, 'an' the road ain't going to do no good.' 'Why, Jim,' says I, 'I hearn as youuns done mader pile anyhow,' says I. 'Lord, Joe,' says 'e, 'who on airth telled youuns sicher spin as thet?' says 'e. Says I, 'Jim, I hearn it,' says I, 'I hearn as youuns buyed orl the spar' lan', 'cause youuns done saved orl the money the doctor's been a-givin' youuns ever sence he come.' Whoopee!" and Joe laughed as Jerry had never seen him laugh before. "Youuns orter seen him, Jerry; he looked like he'd been a-settin' oner nester ants, he did." Then more slowly, "It's jest what I'se been a tellin' the doctor, a he'ppin' orl the trash in the country, an' notter man to he'p him now."

"I hope he will let me do something," Jerry said, but his hope was very small, and died the next morning when he found on his desk in the schoolhouse a sealed note from the doctor thanking him for his offer, but saying he had telegraphed for workmen; which fact Jerry was not to mention. Very short the note was, but it was some comfort to know that the doctor trusted him to this extent even. This was his first feeling, then the news in the note made him thoughtful. Telegraphed for workmen; and Jerry pondered over this fact as, lighting a match, he burned the note.

That was where the doctor had gone the day before; he must have ridden day and night to have reached even the nearest post-station, and must have sent a man on from there with his message. And what would Eureka say; and what would Durden's say?

The doctor had education, talent, money; of course he would triumph in the end; but what would he have to go through with and contend against before that end came?

And was it right?

Jerry broke the pencil he was sharpening.

He taught very vigorously that week, so that the children made tremendous strides in learning, and the one small tree behind the school-house was denuded of almost all the hopeful branches it had put out during this eventful spring. This outward vigor was the sign of the growing excitement and anxiety in Jerry's mind. Looking back he could not understand how Eureka, kept so long in the background, had come so suddenly to the front. Durden's story was common enough. The mine had been discovered by a poor man, who had come from a poor community in the Eastern States; the rush of people consequent on this discovery had come from the same part of the country; they brought no capital, and the scheme failed. This was the reason given by the doctor. The story Jerry heard from old Joe made the failure seem unaccountable; the mine was a good mine, Joe said, but haunted.

That a superstition should so sway people was strange; it was true that the people who had come were simple, uneducated, agricultural people, not ambitious, and contented with very little. Still, it was strange that they should not dig for the gold that Joe said "lay all about in Durden's mine." And here again the doctor said that, though he had never made an examination, he was sure that the Eureka mine was much better than Durden's. Whatever was the cause, Durden's had failed; then the old story followed, when the people could not get home again and had spread themselves on the plain, and returned to their old habit of planting small "patches."

The discovery of the Eureka mine was the next event; the doctor, who had arrived about that time, united with Lije Milton in buying up the interests; they had worked patiently and cautiously, and had been repaid.

All this Jerry could easily understand; but who was it that had *now* made the fact known that the land was full of gold—so full of gold as to bring a railway there? Who had had influence enough to persuade capitalists to run such a risk; capitalists having sufficient power to force the stock up until now, before its destination was reached even,

many fortunes had been made by the road. Who could have managed this?

The question had come in the wake of a natural sequence of thought and reasoning, and the answer stared Jerry in the face. Only one man could have done it—one man who had bought all the available land near the town—one man who held most of the interests in the Eureka mine!

True, not an acre of private land had been touched, nor had any such offer been made—only the public lands had been taken. Not a pocket in Eureka had been injured by this gigantic speculation; not a soul in either town could say they had lost a penny, or had missed a penny they would have made—but those who were coming?

"For some good purpose he has done it," Jerry said; "I know it—I know it!" And still he was not sure.

For two weeks—the longest Jerry had ever spent—the towns remained in a quiescent state. The excitement about the land speculation was starving for lack of new developments; the railway excitement had grown old, and the people watched anxiously to see what would come next.

Nearer the railway came; it was known how that many stations along the road had required only a week's time in which to make towns of themselves; and yet Eureka and Durden's had not stirred! Indeed, they could not stir; no one could speculate or make any money further than would come to them from their private lots; and had they not been told that to sit still and hold this land would make them rich?

The people were in a rage, and the speculators in despair; while the quiet prairie, and the grim, untouched mountain-side, where gold was said to lie in lumps, seemed to mock them!

How easily they had been outwitted! and many curses, that were not more than half-smothered, followed Paul and the doctor whenever they rode through the town. Once more Jerry went to see the doctor, and once more missed him; and a nod as the doctor cantered by the school-house was all that Jerry had seen of him. Was he angry, Jerry wondered; did he suspect him of being disloyal? The blood mounted in the young man's

face, and he remembered Joe's words, that the doctor neither gave nor asked explanations—he could not ask one.

Meanwhile, the speculators worked quietly among the people, and, as the railway neared the town and the excitement increased, they offered higher prices for the land. And in the town there were men who had combined all the teachings given them, making a theory of their own. Thus they stopped work, because in any case selling their land would make them rich; and they did not sell because only to hold the land would make them rich also.

And they waited in vain!

Day by day they scrambled for food while they watched with eager eyes for the promised money to pour into their laps; and the eager eyes grew hollow and hungry. They had defied the doctor, and so could not ask work of Paul Henley or the Eureka engineer; and, not having planted gardens, they were starving.

At last one desperate woman struck the key-note of the position, and, for many, solved the question. She chose a time when her husband was drunk, then sought the land agent; the amount he offered seemed fabulous, and the bargain was closed. The drunken husband made "his mark" before the drunken magistrate, and the land passed into the hands of the agent. Sober, the man made the best of it and of a shrewish wife, and other men sold their lots and houses.

Suddenly the town waked up; the one lodging-house was filled with these homeless creatures; and their old homes assumed a wonderful appearance. They were whitewashed, houses and fences; the lots were ploughed and laid off to look like thrifty gardens; seeds were actually planted, late as it was!

The former owners began to regret; and Jerry looked on angrily.

Then, one day, as the bright May sun blazed triumphantly over the broad plains, a wagon-train turned slowly into the town.

And all Eureka turned out at the doors, even Jerry and his school came out to look; and they said "immigrants." But this was no common party; there was a director to it who evidently knew his business; he stopped

his train in front of the school-house and asked his way to the chief engineer of the mine.

Eureka was watching, and saw Engineer Mills come out of his door and point to an empty house near by; then the party turned in that direction, and disappeared from all curious eyes.

Now, indeed, all Eureka was roused; very slowly, it is true; but roused before the next day dawned to the fact that these men were workmen—and had come to do the doctor's bidding!

The town was in a stir. Knots of people, men and women, gathered on the corners and in the shops; and Jerry felt anxious. He went about a little to sound the people, and found the sentiment divided.

The two shopkeepers of the two villages, Dave Morris and Dan Burke, who were leaders, were amiable; for this influx meant trade; and Titcomb, the editor, was amiable also; but the laborers were furious, for this meant that they had been ignored, and that their revenge had failed.

And Jerry began the afternoon session with much trouble on his mind.

How long that day was to Jerry he could not express, but in the evening, when his work was done, he found a new feeling abroad. The shopkeepers had joined the mob; for these workmen did not mean trade; they had brought their own supplies—everything, and more, that a colony would need. Curses were spoken out loud, now that the leaders had turned, and nobody seemed surprised—nobody defended the absent man who had been their friend for all these long years.

Jerry questioned bitterly should he be silent, or should he speak and try to check these things that as yet had not been said exactly in his hearing; for the people still respected his connection with the doctor; but he turned away silent, his words would have no effect now, and if he spoke what could he say? and he made his way slowly out of the town.

Joe listened with the greatest delight to the news of the new workmen, and of their having brought everything with them that they could need.

"Fur onest the doctor hes hed sense," he said slowly, "an' fur onest these

durned fools will see thet money an' larnin' kin beat 'em orl holler! I'm rale glad, I am; an' I'm glad the doctor buyed the lan' an' started out fur hisn's seff—ceppen if it's fur Paul," he added slowly.

Jerry kicked the fire viciously, and Joe went on:

"But I can't, to save me, see the sin of speckylatin' in lan'," he said. "I works fur another feller, an' I makes my money; an' I tucks thet money an' I buys lan', an' if I kin fin' a feller fool ernough to gimme twicest as much as I paid fur the lan', thar ain't no sin in thet; less it's a sin to be a fool."

"And there are a hundred people nearly starving," Jerry began wearily, "because they have no land to plant; and you living in plenty, have it all held back for the money it will bring; money you do not need—I call that sin."

"I 'llows as I worked fur the money," Joe retorted. "'Merricky's a free country, an' if I gits 'long faster ner another feller—thet ain't no sin."

"But it's a sin to grind the other down to starvation-point that you may make more than you can possibly want," Jerry went on, but without any enthusiasm in his voice; he was so weary of his own arguments; and his teachings had brought him so little satisfaction. He actually felt a cowardly wish growing on him that he had never said a word on the land question, but had allowed all to take their chances.

"An' if I dunno nothin' 'bout t'other feller," Joe went on slowly, "ceppen what I reads 'bout him, or gits Dan Burke to read 'bout in the paper; fur sartain youuns don't spec me to write him a letter an' say, 'Come out har, an' tuck somer my lan' fur nothin'?"

"That is the very question," Jerry retorted; "if Government holds the land, then every man is free to rent only so much as he can plant, and everybody will be provided for."

"An' if I gits me a steam-plough, as I hearn tell about by somer these new fellers," Joe suggested, watching Jerry's face keenly—"I kin jest plant the whole per-rairy, I kin, jester hummin'; an' I 'llow thet won't leave much fur t'other feller?"

"Very well," Jerry admitted, "and you make an enormous crop of corn, and the price goes down; the people

who have no land, have no taxes to pay, so can afford to buy your cheap corn; every year doing this, your prairie won't pay for itself; for provisions produced in such quantities will be too cheap."

Joe looked on him with an expression that was as near contempt as he could bestow on Jerry. "I ain't no fool, Jerry Wilkerson," he said, "to plant one thing orl the time 'tell folks throws it away," emphasizing his words with his pipe. "I'd plant 'taters!—'taters, sir, as can't be feed fur mules an' hosses; then the corn'll run up high ernough, I reckon."

"Perhaps," Jerry answered, slowly, looking down another vista of consequences that Joe's words had brought to his mind—the advances in labor-saving machinery. The effect that this would have on all the problems of the day, and especially on this land problem, was a question that needed an answer; and the answer needed much thought.

"Perhaps," he said, then looked up angrily. "You say America is a free country, Joe, but because she is free, is that a reason why she should be without a conscience? Because I am out of prison is that any reason why I should steal and murder?"

Joe looked up in astonishment.

"Is youuns gone plum crazy?" he said at last; "I never spoke no word 'bout stealin' ner murderin', Jerry."

"No, but because you are free to make money and to buy land, is that any reason that you should for the love of gold crowd others out until they die of starvation?"

Joe shook his head slowly.

"If I hed a-been thet mean, Jerry, the buzzards wouder hed youuns longger-go—you bet!"

The argument was useless, and Jerry turned away.

"God will surely bless you, Joe, for what you have done for me," he said; then went outside into the darkness that he might think.

CHAPTER IV.

"Come near me! I do weave
A chain I cannot break—"

How long we live before we realize that life is the one breath we breathe the while we say "I live—" before we

are content to draw from every day its fullest uses and benefits unglorified by dreams of to-morrow—before we learn that whatever effort we may make to touch another life, it can but end in a longing that is never satisfied.

Each soul lives and dies alone.

Day by day we knit bonds that bind until the blood flows, but do not join—we tremble for the life of this one, or the love of that one—we feel our hearts die because this life has passed away from our grasp, or that love has failed us in our need—all this we do, fighting through our little day, and when the end comes we must let go, and journey out along the "lonely road" without a footstep timing ours, or a hand clasped in our own.

And now when difficulties began to gather about him, Jerry found that by some strange chance he stood alone. Not only alone, but opposed to the one man who could have helped him: whose views he would have sworn that he not only knew, but held. And when under the test of this crisis the degradation of his class was fully revealed to him—its greed, and its ingratitude—and he realized the immeasurable task he had set for himself in the raising of this class—he acknowledged to himself without reservation, that he had been a fool, and began to look for some way out of the dilemma. Indeed, under the cool shadow of reaction he was tempted to trample under foot all high resolves, and to laugh to scorn all enthusiasm.

But no time was left him in which to beat a retreat, for the next morning he found a crowd collected in front of the school-house; men, and women, and boys.

He stopped for a moment; were they waiting for him—waiting to compel him to face this issue? On a nearer view, however, he found that they were watching the house where the doctor's workmen lodged.

Would there be a difficulty, he wondered; and his step grew slower, for he would not lift a hand against the doctor.

At last he mounted the little platform; for with all his tardiness of gait he reached it at last, and the crowd seeing him coming turned from where they

watched for the workmen and gathered about the little porch. There were murmurings and cursings from among them, and as Jerry put the key in the lock a man stretched over and laid his hand on the latch.

"I don't mean no harm, Mr. Wilkerson," he said, "but we want to ask a few questions before you goes in."

Jerry looked about him slowly on the upturned faces, then putting his hands in his pockets stood still and waiting. There was silence for a few seconds, while Jerry's thoughts flashed backward over all he had written and said to these people, knowing that every word was about to be brought home to him now, to force him to take sides; his blood boiled at the thought, but he would not take the initiative. At last a middle-aged man stepped to the front.

"Mr. Wilkerson," he began, taking a piece of tobacco from his mouth, and carefully putting it in his pocket, "had the doctor any right to buy so much lan'?"

"Yes," Jerry answered, "as much land as he had money to pay for."

"An' take it from aller us?"

"Did you intend to buy?" sarcastically.

"Well, yes," slowly.

"Well, it seems to me that you have had time enough," Jerry answered; "the prairie has been before you all your lives, why did you not take it in and work it? All these years you have been free to search the hills for gold; why have you not done it?"

"'Cause it wasn't any use tell the railroad come," the man answered.

"You have known for months that the railroad was coming," Jerry went on.

"Well, an' if we did, we never had no money to plunk down all at onest fur the lan'," and an angrier tone crept into the man's voice, for he felt in a confused way that this was not the Wilkerson of the newspaper. And truly, Jerry was questioning from under the reaction that had come, and the man answering from his life-long views, and not from Jerry's new teachings, which were not enough his to be used.

But Jerry, rejoicing in the slowness of the man, which kept him from saying, "You told us not to buy it," cried out:

"Nonsense! tell the truth; say that all the money you could have saved you have put in whiskey; and now when a great opportunity has come, a great opportunity to make fortunes, you have no money to put away that you can invest. This is the truth, and you know it!" becoming more excited as he went on, "and all that you have to find fault with to-day is that another man has looked ahead, and has provided himself with money that he can double—double and treble if he will; aye, he can possess this whole country!"

"God made the lan' for all," was called out angrily from the crowd, "an' you said so yerself."

"And why have you been too lazy to take it?" Jerry retorted; "did you expect the Almighty to fence it in for you, and write your names on the fences? is this what you expected? You could have bought this land for fifty cents an acre; but fifty cents would buy three drinks of whiskey, and you wanted the whiskey, and the land would keep."

"An' so it would," was called out.

"And so it did," Jerry cried sharply, "kept until two months ago. I am not going back from anything I have written in your paper: I said there that it was wrong to speculate in land—as wrong as to speculate in water, or air, or sunshine, if such a thing could be, for all these things are necessary to life, and are meant alike for all! Speculating in land is in my eyes a sin, and I consider it every man's duty to warn every other man against a thing that seems wrong, and so I warned you. You had no money to invest, for, as I have said, you have saved nothing; but if you had had bags of gold, I should have done my best to keep you from speculating in land"—and there came a little catch in his voice as he remembered his desertion of his higher principles at the beginning of his speech; and yet, these people were so low!

"But now," he went on, his excitement increasing unreasonably as he realized that already he had taken the position of champion to these low creatures. And as this realization became more clear to him, his words became more harsh—"But now you are not troubled because you think the doctor

has done a wicked thing in buying this land; you are troubled only that he has done a thing you were unable to do! You are angry because this man who has been your friend for all these years—who has given you time, and money, and help in every way—you are angry because he has now the opportunity to better himself. You let any smooth-tongued villain turn you against him—you refused to work for him—you take all my words and apply them to him, for whom, God knows, they were never meant!

"My words were meant to warn you against the miserable land-sharpers, not meant for this man, too high and too noble to be for one moment doubted! The doctor has bought in a great tract of land; we do not know yet what he will do with it; but I say, and I mean every word that I utter, that if he had bought the United States, I would be sure that it was for some good purpose—I would be sure that it was for the benefit of the many, and not for his own benefit"—and as Jerry spoke his own full confidence came back to him, and with a great shame that he had for one moment doubted this man.

"Now," he went on, while his voice grew raspily clear—"if any man has anything to say against the doctor, let him remember that he has Jerry Wilkerson to fight," and taking out one pistol he laid it on the low, flat rail that went round the little porch, and put his hand on the second, that was still in his belt.

The crowd swayed a little, and backed away from the evil-looking weapon, and from the shining eyes of the young man, looking very dangerous as he stood in the level rays of the morning sun, holding his fast-cooling audience at a dreadful disadvantage. It was no rare thing in Eureka for men to be shot on much less provocation than this, and the day was not yet far spent enough for any excitement to have culminated, or for the men to have recovered from the drinking of the past night; their nerves were still tremulous, and they moved away from the platform.

"We never meant no harm to you, Mr. Wilkerson," they said, "but all the same it's durned hard lines!"

Then the door of the next house opened, and the workmen came out in a solid body; and Paul Henley was with them. They stopped a moment on the steps as if awaiting some advance from the mob gathered at the school-house; and in that moment the doctor rode up.

He stopped between the two crowds and looked about him: on the one side Paul, and the clean, respectable workmen; on the other the wretched mob—dirty, thriftless, malignant—people he had worked for but had not bettered; and in the midst, standing high on the platform, with the sun shining full on the pistol he had placed in front of him, Jerry, the one whom for so many years he had carefully trained and taught!

Only for a second the doctor paused, then nodded to Jerry, and rode on to the workmen.

He knew that the feeling of the community was all against him—he knew that at any moment a bullet might find him; but that was nothing. He had held his life with a loose grasp for so many years, that he scarcely remembered to heed any danger that threatened it. If one weighed possible results always, or always feared death, life became only a burden, he said; so that life or death meant very little to him, and he stood in the morning sunlight a ready mark for any man who thought himself wronged or defrauded.

Not long he talked to the men; then Paul's horse was brought, and the party moved off quietly, steadily, almost like drilled men, and everyone completely armed, as could be seen plainly.

The crowd about the school-house was very still; they were deeply impressed by these orderly, strong-looking new-comers; nor had they forgotten Jerry's words, nor the menacing pistol that still glittered under their eyes.

It was not safe to trouble Mr. Wilkerson, they thought, for in no position had he shown any fear. In their eyes he had defied and bitterly criticised the doctor, whatever he might affirm to the contrary; and now he had not only defied and criticised them, but had abused and threatened them also; had stood there one to many, and had not flinched.

But besides all these considerations for

keeping quiet, they were also interested in watching a reporter, who stood in the shade scribbling busily.

There was much of deep mystery to them in this man, and it was something far beyond their comprehension that any man should spend his time in writing down everything that was done in the town, and take the trouble to send it away to be put in a newspaper!

And so intent did they become in watching him, that they did not know when Jerry went into the school-house; and realized no more than he did that this retreat was a great boon to the reporter.

"The school-master finding the mob unwilling to make any assault, retired into the school-house."

So the reporter wrote while the dirty crowd watched him; and Jerry, hurt and angry, tried to find peace in his room.

"But it is thought that Eureka will soon see exciting times"—the reporter went on; and Jerry, thinking these same thoughts, but wholly unconscious of his position as a mob leader, determined to wait after school, and warn the doctor: for the doctor could not know, as well as he did, all that was threatened against him.

CHAPTER V.

"So, one standing strong in the prime of his
years,
With his life in his grasp, looketh back through
dim tears

To the days of his youth:
To the fair dewy dawn of his fresh young
life—

E'er his soul had been stained by the harden-
ing strife

Through which he had won."

JERRY waited very patiently on the school-house steps, with his warning on his lips. Sat there alone, watching the evening light that drifted slowly across the plains; while behind him the mountains loomed black and gloomy, with the patient shadows huddling together about their feet waiting until their hour should come to possess the land. Before him stretched the road that formed the one street of Eureka, where in front of the wretched shop the men squatted in groups and rows, chewing, and hold-

ing what might be termed "silent converse" with each other ; while the women sat in the doorways of the miserable shanties, and up and down the road the children and hogs disported themselves indiscriminately. A wretched, squalid scene ; and made more so by the contrast with the few houses which the speculators had been able to buy and repair, and which shone out here and there like the "whited sepulchres" they were. A hopeless scene ; yet all about it was the exquisite glow of the evening light ; a cloud of light that reached to the black hollows of the mountains. God had not forgotten these creatures, and the place was not so wretched that his glory could not rest there ? So Jerry thought—but also—"they heed no light nor beauty, what use to strive with them and destroy one's self for their benefit ?"

Alas ! All the "warmed over" enthusiasm of the morning had deserted him, and he covered his face with his hands. He would not think of these people ; instead, he would think what he should say to the doctor ; he tried faithfully, but in spite of all his efforts could only think—"What will the doctor say to me ?"

His conscience was clear, and the doctor, if he thought about it at all, must know this ; and the old answer that came to all his reasoning on this matter, came once more—"the only thing to be explained was the doctor's course toward him"—and there had been many opportunities for this if the doctor had willed it.

Still, he would wait and warn the doctor : it was all he could do, and however painful the interview might prove, he would do this service ; a service the doctor would scarcely value because he did not realize the extent of the danger that threatened not only himself, but his workmen.

So Jerry waited, and, in spite of all reasoning, hoped that his warning might clear the cloud that had come between them.

All was very still save the idle clatter of the children in the street, and the occasional calling of one woman to another :—all was very still, when as the sun vanished the fine, clear tone of a

horn sounded through the evening, and Eureka stopped to listen ! Clear and sharp, almost imperative, yet sweet ; a tone Eureka had never heard before !

Once more it sounded, while Jerry watched the shadows stealing slowly from their dens in the mountains ; then the usual noises of the time and place resumed their sway. But it was not long, for they ceased again when the doctor's workmen came walking down the street, and behind them the doctor riding slowly.

"He has sent Paul home for fear of danger," Jerry thought, and the loneliness about his life seemed to enlarge and to join hands with the creeping shadows on whose edge he stood, waiting to warn this man he loved so well. Quietly the men moved, seeming to pay no heed to the sights and sounds about them ; talking among themselves, and to their leader who had a horn slung about his shoulder. They did not look like common workmen, now that he saw them more nearly, and he wondered what was their station in life.

He waited patiently while the doctor gave directions, and talked with the men, then as he turned to ride away raised his voice :

"Doctor !"

"Well, Jerry"—how sweet that name sounded on his lips !

"I wish to tell you, sir, that there is more danger in the threatenings of these people than you may suspect"—his words came quickly enough at first, then more slowly as the doctor watched him with a look as if only politeness made him listen—"they mean some of the things they say."

"I have no doubt of it," was answered quietly.

"And you will be careful, Doctor ?" almost pleadingly.

"I am never very rash, Jerry," drawing his hat on more securely, preparing to start, "but I am very much obliged to you for your warning ; good evening"—then Jerry stepped back and said no farewell, because he could not.

However much we may think ourselves prepared for a great sorrow, or a great pain, when the blow falls there is in it always a keener cruelty than we expected. There seems to be always

some additional refinement of the agony that we had not looked for, and that makes us say—"If it had been done without this, I could have borne it." No matter how widely we may have spread our lines of defence in order that the poor heart hiding in the centre might be somewhat protected, the blow when it falls seems to break through every guard. For who can measure the force of a stroke which another is to deal us?

And so, though for a long time Jerry had been conscious of the fact that he represented to the doctor only a part of his duty, he now found to his hurt that all along he had had in his heart an unrecognized hope that he was something more. A hope that he knew only when he looked on its dead face as the doctor rode away. Mechanically he took up his dinner-bucket and books, and began his homeward journey. He could not realize all at once what had happened to him—he was not sure that anything had happened. Only he seemed again to be the lonely little child, cast loose from all his moorings. Had he read the doctor's actions aright, and did they say—"You are old enough to take your own path—my duty by you is done?"

For years he had listened to and learned from this man; for years he had looked up to him and been guided by his counsels—had made him his ideal and hero—had loved him with that strongest love that man gives to man—and now all was done. Either by the vile insinuations of enemies, or by idle reports—by a simple misunderstanding, or through indifference—this man he thought so strong had been turned from him.

His life seemed shattered; for he was young and trustful still, and had grown up to this love and influence as the flowers grow up to the sun. He had had no great sorrows since his childhood to take the edge from his feelings—no betrayals to loosen his faith in mankind; on the contrary, all had so fallen out in his life as to make him trust implicitly and love unquestioningly, and this revelation of the mutability of all he clung to was very bitter. He had been taught the most liberal views; had been encouraged to tell fearlessly his opinions;

had been told that the truth must be spoken at all costs, and adhered to; had learned from watching the highest life that had come within his experience, that all lives are lost that are not lived for others. And now on his first essaying to champion the right; to teach what he thought were the highest, purest principles—his teacher and exemplar turned from him!

He could not understand it nor realize it all at once, and had no feeling save a great sorrow that was deepening down into a corroding bitterness.

He hated himself for being so sorely smitten by the loss of this friend who could so easily cast him aside; and he determined that no eye should see his sorrow or realize his humiliation.

He did his evening's work quietly, almost mechanically; told Joe, whose keen old eyes watched him questioningly, of the gathering at the school-house; of his speech; of the fact that he feared a real difficulty, and had warned the doctor. Told even of the horn that had sounded so "thin and clear" to call the workmen home.

He seemed to hear it now, sounding through the beautiful tinted air—sounding all to rest—sounding the last hour of his love and trust!

It seemed as if he would hear those high, clear tones through all the coming years.

And he hastily opened a paper Joe had bought from Dan Burk—a large, important paper from the far away outside world. He paused a moment, for facing him, in huge type—heading the telegraphic column, was his own name.

"J. P. Wilkerson—" then, on the next line—"Great and continued excitement in Eureka! Townspeople in Arms! Mass Meetings held by Wilkerson, the schoolmaster, and leading man of the town! Dark threats against the imported workmen! Notwithstanding his immense interests, which may be seriously involved, Mr. Paul Henley and his guardian, supported by Engineer Mills of the Eureka Mines, keep a firm front! Grand article from the Eureka Star written by Wilkerson! Base ingratitude of the latter's position!" Then followed a garbled version of one of Jerry's articles.

Steadily he read it all through while Joe watched him—steadily to the end; then he laid the paper down without a word, and sat quite still, looking into the fire.

So this was what was being said of him; this vile caricature was what had turned the doctor from him. It could not be possible; it was so absurd that even in the midst of his anger it made him laugh almost. The people *were* armed, but that was a custom; who would think of going unarmed in that wild country? And there *were* threats against the workmen; but the enormous falseness of his position as ungrateful and a mob-leader, was manifest—must be manifest to the doctor. Then his face grew darker; Paul held up as a model of manly firmness—Paul, who on every occasion quietly stood behind the doctor!

“Notwithstanding his immense interests”—ah, that was the keynote! Paul owned all that vast tract of land; Paul would be master of immense wealth—this was the keynote; this was what made people call him manly, and brave, and calm! Money bought all these golden opinions—money threw a halo around his boyhood’s enemy—ah, the power of this pitiful gold!

For a long time they sat silent; Joe smoking slowly, and Jerry gazing into the fire with the bitterest of bitter thoughts surging through his brain, and a mass of hatred and anger gathering in his heart that would suffice to wreck his life.

At last Paul had gotten the better of him. It made no difference that he had followed with unfaltering zeal every suggestion that the doctor had ever made to him; it made no difference that he had studied and worked beyond his strength sometimes; it made no difference that he had admired and loved so faithfully; all this made no difference; Paul had won the day.

There was some freemasonry among these well-born people; a birth-mark that made them understand each other; a class-brotherhood that made them stand by each other. He was one of the “common herd” and must stand back; a duty had been done by him; a life-long obligation laid on him that held him fast—bound him hand and foot.

They could push him to one side and go on their way; but forever he must watch that no act of his crossed their paths or wishes.

He hated himself—he hated his position—almost he hated Joe because he had not left him to die on the roadside.

“Well,” Joe said, as he carefully picked out a suitable coal to light his pipe, “how does it suit youuns?”

“It is all a stupid lie,” Jerry answered, with deliberate slowness, as if afraid to say too much.

“Dan Burk says it’s orl true,” Joe went on, “an’ thet orl the country jest swars by youuns,” rubbing his hands with much satisfaction, “an’ he says as youuns could make the people do anything youuns likes.”

Jerry sat silent; he was sore and hurt, and did not wish Joe to see how much he had been humiliated.

“An’ it beats me,” Joe went on, “why youuns don’t jest tuck the people an’ make things go youuns’ way. I’d jest tuck ahold of Durden’s an’ play the devil alonger Eureky an’ thet Paul Henley;” then with a chuckle—“Dan allers names him ‘Polly,’ he do.”

Still Jerry sat silent, and Joe could not read him; but Joe’s suggestion took hold of him with a sweeping grasp: why not take this power offered him—the power of the people—and match it against the power of money? why not take hold of the opportunity now before him, and make the first bold stroke for his fortune? why not take the lead and be the ‘people’s man’?

So he sat and brooded, while Joe smoked diligently and spoke occasionally of the brilliant future that might be before Jerry.

“An’ Durden’s Mine is jest fuller gole”—he said at last, as if to himself. There was something in the tone that made Jerry think Joe had unintentionally betrayed himself, and he looked up suddenly into Joe’s eyes; but after one little flicker of the eyelids they did not flinch. Steadily the men looked at each other, and many things surged into Jerry’s mind—steadily he looked with knowledge growing in his eyes and shining on Joe—steadily, until Joe rose restlessly and knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

"It's time to turn in," he said, and left Jerry sitting in front of the dying fire.

Long he sat there revolving many things: piecing together many tiny circumstances; mere straws of circumstances that now pointed straight through the mystery he had not allowed himself to try to solve—the mystery of Joe's money. He remembered quite distinctly the night Joe had first shown him a piece of gold, how he had heard other pieces jingle in his pocket; he recalled the strange stories that were kept afloat as to the horrors of Durden's Mine, and he remembered that Joe had offered to buy land for him; and yet Joe worked neither in Durden's nor in Eureka.

Joe had never trusted him—the doctor had turned from him—yes, he was alone.

Slowly the cinders fell and were buried in the gray ashes; slowly the great logs burned through and broke, sending wild flurries of red sparkles up the broad chimney—slowly the night waxed and waned. The long procession of his days passed before him and left him longing for a weary, ragged, silent woman with gentle eyes. He turned from this first real problem of his life that stood up and faced him so relentlessly, and almost he longed to return to the dense ignorance of his childhood, if so he might touch again the love that had died for him. He seemed to hear the thud of the blow that killed her, and his blood crept cold and tingling through his veins!

"Mammy—mammy!" he whispered, while the dead ashes piled in gray heaps, and the cold dawn crept under the door—"Mammy—mammy!" with a death-like longing to hold the poor work-hardened hand in his.

What were all the world without some love on which to base his life?

CHAPTER VI.

"Great Need, great Greed, and little Faculty."

THE next morning the crowd was about the school-house door again, and the reporter standing in the shade scribbling. Jerry regarded him now as a

personal enemy; for he must be the one who gave such false pictures of him and of Eureka to the world. And yet, should not he thank this creature who had swept away the film of imaginary friendship which had blinded him?—clearing his eyes that he might more fairly judge of this friend who, when he cried for bread, gave him a stone?

Jerry did not linger this morning, but kept up his long swinging stride until he reached the school-house door; and when the people closed about him, he did not take his pistols out.

"Well," he said, looking about him; and the spokesman of the day before came to the front.

"These fellers," he answered, pointing to the house where the doctor's workmen lodged, "these fellers gits two dollars an' a half a day."

"Do you pay it?" Jerry asked.

The man shook his head.

"That ain't the question," he answered; "the rale thing is jest this-away: day in an' day out we men have been a-payin' the doctor at the price of a dollar a day when we worked out a sickness;" then pausing a moment, "I do 'llow that there was never no charge for widders and orphins; but I ain't no widder," with much animation, "an' I've worked for every blessed baby at a dollar a day!"

"An' me!"

"An' me!" came from many in the crowd.

"And what work did you do for the doctor?" Jerry asked, determined to be just, and feeling bitter enough to humanity at large to keep to his determination.

"We chopped wood."

"Any negro could have done that."

"An' raked the yard," was called out.

"Or that," Jerry added, scornfully.

"An' worked on the road."

"And that did you as much good as it did the doctor," Jerry cried.

"An' hauled rock."

"But did not get the rock out."

"No," fiercely, "but I'm a man, I am; an' if my work ain't wuth but a dollar a day, there ain't nairy a feller that is wuth more."

"Very well," and Jerry put his hands in his pockets; "it has taken me more

than ten years to learn enough to teach this school, and do any of you pay me a dollar a day?" looking around scornfully—"one dollar a month is what the richest man in Eureka pays me for teaching his child; and when a man sends me two children, he pays me one dollar and a half a month to teach them both. Did it take you ten years of hard work to learn how to rake a yard, or to chop wood, or to haul stone? You know that it did not—you know that there is no fool who can say it took him more than one day to learn these things; and yet you claim a dollar a day. You say your time is worth that much, and you know that is a lie; for if you had not been working for the doctor, and paying him for curing your wives who support you, you would have been lounging about in Dan Burk's or Dave Morris's shop, and drinking up at least fifty cents a day. You are not worth a dollar a day, anyone of you, and you should pay the doctor for keeping you away from whiskey. Now I do not want to hear any nonsense about this land question; I said it was a sin to speculate in land, and I say it still. But I say it is a blacker and more damnable sin to drink; to starve your children; to work your wives to skin and bone, and then to kill them in some drunken fury!"—his eyes flashed viciously on the crowd; it was only a few hours ago that in the early dawn he had recalled the thud of his mother's death-blow. "Have none of you ever beaten your wives until they could not move? Have none of you shed the blood of an offending fellow-man because you were crazy with bad whiskey? I know you have: and there is not one man in this crowd whose wife is decently clothed this day, or his children decently fed.

"These men who have come to work for the doctor are men who have paid much money to learn to work as they are working now, and they deserve what pay they get. You," with infinite scorn, "could no more do this work than your miserable cur dogs could, and you know it. I am not afraid of you, and I will tell you the truth if I have to kill you afterward, for my pistols are better than yours, and I shoot equally well," putting his hand on his belt.

"But this I say: you would be greater fools even than I take you to be if you attack the doctor or his men. You have lost this chance for making money, but I will see that another opportunity comes to you. Only save your money and do not sell what land you own; promise me this and I will be your friend through all."

"It's all blamed true," the spokesman acknowledged, "an' if you'll watch for us we'll be satisfied—eh, fellers?"

"There's been some damned hard words said," one man demurred.

"But 'pisen true," another amended.

"If you say much more, Jim Davis," Jerry cried, "I'll flog you like a dog!" He was bitterly angry; he hated his kind; he would have liked to beat and beat, like a brute and cruelly hurt something. The words he had said helped him because they were so venomously true. He scarcely knew himself, so vicious was the change that had come over him; and he stood glaring at Jim Davis and almost longing to see him step into the ring that at his challenge the crowd had instantly formed.

And the reporter across the road watched, and listened, and scribbled, and Jerry thought what a fine heading he was making. The least thing that could be said was that he was whipping the mob into his views.

And at last, when Jim Davis backed down, Jerry longed to thrash the reporter.

"Well," and he looked around the ring of disappointed faces, "you won't fight if I have said hard words; I think you are sensible, although I will be honest enough to say that I should like to beat somebody to-day."

"Good for you!" was called out.

"I would," Jerry went on; "I would like to whip that man over yonder who is writing lies about us to the Eastern papers."

The crowd turned instantly, and as the clear voice reached him the reporter looked about anxiously for a place of retreat.

"But none of you must touch him," Jerry went on—"do not dare to touch him, for his lies are going to help us. I only want you men to keep sober; to save your money, and to save your land;

and the day will come when we can show that Eureka and Durden's have men in them as good as can be brought here."

"You bet, Mr. Wilkerson!" and a cheer went up from the crowd.

"And if the strangers determine to build up one town, we will build up the other, and if you will help me, I know the race will be an even one."

Again the applause rose heartily, and the young man felt the thumping of his pulses and the surging of the blood in his veins.

"But you must trust me," he went on, "and if the time of waiting seems long, you must not grow impatient. I will promise to watch and to work honestly, for I long to see things change in these towns. I came here half dead, and one of your number took me in; and the doctor saved my life as he has saved the lives of many of you. No man must touch him; no man must dare to lift a finger against him or his, for I promise to kill the man who does," pausing while the crowd swayed uneasily; then more slowly, "and you know I am not afraid?" looking about as if waiting for an answer—an answer that did not come. "I have nobody in this world, and death means very little to me; but while I live I shall try to help those about me. I am one of you; I am as poor as you are; I belong to the same class that you do, and ever since I have had sense enough to think, I determined to do all in my power to help my own class."

"An' we'll stand by yer, Mr. Wilkerson."

"I hope you will," more slowly, "for if you will not help yourselves, I cannot help you. I do not wish you to come here to the schoolhouse again, but I want you to work. Take work from anyone who will give it to you, and put up your money somewhere else than in the whiskey barrels. Now I must go to my work; and remember, I do not get a dollar a day."

He turned and went into the schoolhouse with all the excitement gone from him, and a weariness creeping over him that made him long to lie down and die.

What a fool he had been! what a wild

scheme this was that had laid its hold on him, and how could he dare to make any promises to these people?

He shook himself savagely; his scheme was as good as many schemes of which he had read—schemes that had succeeded. The doctor had taken Eureka as his hobby; all of his and Paul's investments had been made there; why should not Jerry take Durden's? It was only two miles away; it had plenty of land about it that was still untouched; it had gold!

Eureka would fill up rapidly and overflow; these men who promised to stand by him must be made to buy the land about Durden's—must be made gradually to sell their lots in Eureka. And some day—if he could possibly without ingratitude or treason—he would open a grand new speculation that would make Durden shoot far ahead of Eureka! He put his face down in his hands—for the children had not come yet, and his scheme grew and grew before his covered eyes—grew and glittered with applause and gold, and he saw himself a great financial and political success!

But behind the gilded picture a far-off memory came of a dull, gray evening, when the ghastly snow-clouds hung low, and the wind cried up the gorges like a human creature; of a wild leaping stream that wailed as it fell, and wrung white, helpless hands; of a child whose soul went out in dim, unrealizing sympathy for the water that came from the far sun-lighted heights to the gloom of the valley. Had it come to him then, some dim foreshadowing of his life; some prescient dream of the failing from the high endeavor to die on the sandy plain? The path roughened and the gorge darkened in the picture, and the blackness of desolation gathered about it and the water that dropped forever! Never ceasing, never failing; dropping on and on, and never making a stream—dropping on the stillness like a sob or a sigh—heavy, regular, slow. He could hear it now with the broad morning light all about him, and he tried to shake himself free from the vision of the drawn dead face that had so terrified him years ago. He was nervous from loss of sleep; he was weakly superstitious; he was a fool!

And he was glad when the children, trooping in, brought him back to the tiresome reality of his life.

Maybe the gold and the success did lie down among the dead in the darkness; still it was more enticing, more worth than the narrow, high path of duty he had imagined himself travelling when he put his shoulder to this educational wheel. Who would ever realize the earnestness of his labor? who among these careless, ignorant little beasts would ever look back on him as anything more than the man who had taught them their letters? who would know the sublime truth of his endeavor, the great end he tried to put them in training for? Among the hundreds of thousands of schoolmasters, how many had been even thanked or revered—how many remembered?

So he reasoned from the gospel of Justice—scarcely knowing the *gospel of Love*.

CHAPTER VII.

“Friends, this frail bark of ours, when sorely tried,
May wreck itself without the pilot’s guilt,
Without the captain’s knowledge.”

It was a bold, wild scheme that he had thought out in his long night’s vigil; and one too rash for any but a young and practically ignorant man to have imagined. He had no realization of the difficulties that stood in his way; he had no conception of the mass of work to be done, nor of the great confidence he must not only inspire but retain before he could make even a beginning.

He had no thought but of the bitterness and anger that had sprung to life in his breast under the injustice of the doctor’s treatment, and the insulting patronage of Paul’s manner. He would succeed, he would obtain this power and hold it; he would make these people, who scorned and distrusted him, at least remember him.

But how should he begin?

The question was a momentous one; one wrong move at the beginning and he could never recover himself. And yet he must begin at once; he must take some steps to keep up the feeling

he had inspired already. The people were in an excited state, and unless something were done to fix them, their energy, born of disappointed avarice, would disperse in a series of street rows.

He must formulate his scheme at once, and make his first move.

He taught absently, and dismissing his school earlier than usual, walked down to Dave Morris’s shop. A little crowd of loungers were grouped about the door, and sitting on the counters; the long, narrow room was dark and dirty, and pervaded by the mingled smells of rancid bacon, bad whiskey, and stale tobacco smoke; and the floor almost could have been ploughed and planted, so dirty was it.

Dave Morris’s shop was, in truth, the most miserable specimen of a poor country store; and its frequenters seemed to be among the lowest of the low.

There were women there, too, lounging and drinking as the men were; and girls, and boys, and little children. Involuntarily Jerry paused on the threshold; it was the first time he had seen his class in one of its natural and favorite lairs, and the sight was a shock to him. Joe and the doctor had kept him from even the sight of these things while a boy, and since he had been his own master, he had never thought of investigating this place that had been but a name to him. He had read of such places, and had heard this special place discussed; but he had not realized the degradation of his fellows.

For a moment he felt ashamed of having come there at all, or of having in any way associated himself with these people. Then the thought came back to him, that when first he had looked forth to his life in search of a worthy work, he had intended to help these people. He had intended being a benefactor; now the scene had shifted—his motives had changed, and he intended to be a master. Still this memory of his high motive comforted him a little. He had not begun his mission in the way he had at first dreamed of doing, and it was well that he had not; for he found that to work for these people for love or for charity was simply to insure a loss of all their faith. They were incapable of understanding any such high

motives, and what they did not understand they would not trust.

In all the years that the doctor had worked for them, they had come to look on him only as a person whose learning had had some strange effect on his brain. It had taken many years for them to learn to trust him; and at the last, it was only because some leaders like 'Lije Milton and Dan Burk had stood up for him.

It was hard to convince them that a man in his right mind would have done all he did for them for thanks only. They had never been brought firmly to believe it, and the last few months had made them know, to their own satisfaction, that their distrust was not misplaced. Now they hated him; while Jerry unconsciously had made himself a hero by taking his honest and uncompromising stand on the land question. They saw, too, that Jerry was not afraid of them; he had not spared words, and if the occasion came, he would not spare bullets.

He was the town's talk, and the people's hero!

Jerry was not aware of this when he stood in the doorway of Dave Morris's shop; but through all his reasoning and excuses he was aware that he had let go the only thing that could excuse his being in that low place—he was lowered in his own sight, and felt penetratingly the disgrace of using such tools as these. And yet, though the moving motive of his schemes was no longer their elevation, yet the success of his scheme must elevate them.

He paused a moment in the doorway, thinking angrily how ugly these men and women were. Seeing them one at a time in the sweet sunshine of the plains, or in the shadows of the mountains, they were not so revolting; their surroundings were not fitted to them, and so in a manner mitigated their wretchedness. But here, where everything had been selected with a view to suiting their tastes—where everything was an outgrowth of their own natures, the picture was horrid in its degradation and filthiness.

"Mr. Wilkerson, you do me proud," and Dave Morris, the proprietor, stepped forward—"what will you have, sir?"

"I want the latest paper you have," and Jerry laid a small coin on the counter.

But Morris was not as yet, nor in small coin, to be paid by this rising man; and he spun the little piece of money back to Jerry, and slapped the greasy paper down in front of him.

"Notter cent, Mr. Wilkerson; notter cent, sir," he said, grandly, "I'll be damned if Dave Morris is the feller to take 'spons' from the friend of the people, sir; no, sir!"

The little coin still rolled as he spoke, and Jerry with his hands in his pockets watched it as it neared the edge of the counter and at last dropped on the floor at his feet; then he looked up.

"I came to buy a paper," he said, with a slow disgust that even these people could see, "and not to beg one, nor to hear you swear at yourself," and he turned away, taking the paper up carefully because it was greasy, and leaving the money on the floor.

In an instant Dave Morris was over the counter, and standing in front of his customer; Jerry stopped and looked full in the bloated, brutal face, and the thought flashed through his mind that this was not the wise "first move" he had intended to make. But it was unavoidable, and if it ruined his influence in the towns? The thought was like a reprieve—if it ruined his influence he could get out of this wretched position. "Well," he said; and the crowd made a ring as if they had been drilled to it.

"Do you think because you've got a little damned learnin' that I'm agoin' to take your impudence—durn you!—you——"

There was one swift blow that scattered the words which would have been spoken, and a heavy thud as Dave Morris measured his length on the floor, and Jerry dropping the paper stood with a pistol in either hand.

"I want fair play," he said, looking round him in the dead, startled silence that followed his quick blow; for the crowd was as much stunned almost as Morris. "You can help Mr. Morris up, if you like," Jerry went on, stepping back a little, "but I want all to understand that I will take neither words nor favors."

His words rang clear and angry, and the reporter in the doorway and the outsiders in the street paused to take in the meaning. "Take no favors!" this man was crazy. But Jerry did not think of them as he stood over his fallen foe, who would not get up. Several moments he stood there; then with a scornful smile he put away his pistols, and picking up the paper turned to the door. "I shall be in town all day to-morrow," he said significantly; and the crowd made way for him to pass. He felt more disgusted and angry with himself than ever; he felt dirty and low, but he knew that the people were looking at him from every hovel—for the noise of the fray already had sped from lip to lip—and that even in the midst of his self-contempt he must appear as if nothing had happened; so he opened his paper.

Involuntarily his step slackened as again he saw his words and his name heading a column. Fiery words that he had not written, vile actions that he had never contemplated committing.

He read on and on, walking slowly, while his temper got up and his self-disgust died a natural death, and as in the morning he longed to beat somebody; almost he could have turned back and again attacked Dave Morris. His first feeling of relief in thinking that perhaps by striking Dave Morris he had destroyed his own growing influence, and so had freed him from the difficulties which were gathering about him, had vanished; and the consciousness that possibly he had done the most unwise thing that could have been done for his cause, in thus hopelessly offending one of Eureka's potentates, now added to his irritation.

Dave Morris was a leader; a man who held in his hands the fates of most of the people; for as they were all in debt to him, they were all afraid of him.

Through him Jerry could have swayed the town; could have ruled even the whiskey trade, which was his greatest enemy.

Surely he had made a dangerous first move.

Once out of the town and away from the oversight of his kind, his pace

slackened, and he trailed his paper at his side. A dangerous first move; and if it ruined him, would it not be better to live in peace and quiet up among the rocks, pursuing the literary life the doctor had trained him for? live there quietly with his own thoughts and books for company?

Then the sudden recollection came to him that now that he could no longer go to the doctor's library, he had no books. The blood stole slowly up into his dark face: how much he owed that man! how boundless was the debt of obligation!

He folded up the paper and his step became firmer; his scheme must not fall through. Already he had changed too much, changed through learning and unlearning, ever to settle again into the still trustfulness of his past life; and he began to review his latest action more quietly. He had knocked Dave Morris down, thus making an enemy of the chief man of the town; but also he remembered that Dave Morris had refused to get up; and that the crowd had seen this; would not this tell in his favor?—their chief lying prone before them, entirely conquered?

His eyes flashed a little; perhaps, after all, it had been the best and wisest thing that could have happened; and his step became more brisk. At all events he would tell Joe, and hear his judgment of the matter. He made the fire and cooked the supper as usual, and when Joe came in there was no extra excitement either in Jerry's voice or manner.

"I had to knock Dave Morris down to-day," he began.

Joe looked up slowly.

"Dave Morris?" he repeated.

"Yes, Dave Morris," and Jerry poured out the coffee; "he cursed me," he went on, "and I knocked him down. He was afraid to get up," he added, with a little satisfaction creeping into his tone, "and I told his friends that I would be in town all day to-morrow."

Joe took his cup of coffee.

"I'll be thar too," he said, quietly; "Dave knows me, an' he knows thet nobody pesters me ner mine, 'thout thar's a buryin'."

"You must not take it up, Joe," and Jerry's voice had grown softer; it had been so unexpected, this sympathy—"me or mine"—this man loved him. There was no duty nor expediency here. "I can manage him, Joe," he went on; "you must not get into any difficulty for me, I am not worth the trouble."

Joe cleared his throat.

"Thet's orl right," he said, "an' youuns makes me feel bad, Jerry; makes me feel bad like I did when I picked youuns up out yander," pointing over his shoulder; "youuns kep' on a-cryin' 'Mammy, I ain't got nobody!' an' it jest knocked me orl to pieces, it did," pausing thoughtfully in his eating, but never raising his eyes to Jerry's face. "Youuns talked like me in them days, Youuns did."

"And I wish that I had never changed," and Jerry's slim, nervous hand clasped Joe's rough, work-hardened palm. He was tired and excited, and this unexpected championship, coming so quickly on the heels of the doctor's desertion, shook his self-control more than he would have thought possible. "I remember when I began to try to be like the doctor," he went on more rapidly, "and I made a mistake, Joe; I would rather be like you."

"Youuns do me proud, Jerry," was all Joe said, nor did he turn his hand to take Jerry's; his class did not understand this kind of sensitive demonstration; they said few words and made few motions, and both words and motions were clumsy. But this man was true; and Jerry felt it with a force and keenness that became pain. This man had sheltered, and fed, and clothed him for all these years, and now was ready to fight his battles.

A love that had done all, and had asked no return; for the first time this fact flashed across Jerry's mind, and with it the pain that came with the knowledge that he could make no return.

He did not love Joe, and never had; from the first he had felt himself Joe's equal, and later on his superior; but now the relation between them came home to him in a new light, and he realized what it was that had made his life so smooth. And now—love from

him to Joe was not natural, and never had been cultivated. All these years he had loved the doctor, day and night his effort had been to please him; but it had gone for nothing: this love had been shivered and broken into invisible poisoning fragments, and would wound him evermore.

Love Joe? The question was a new one, and he withdrew the hand Joe had not taken. He had been a fool to try to climb to any height—did not height mean loneliness? Why had he striven for any more than his class usually needed: was it only because the doctor had led him on? Must there not have been something in him that answered to the impulse: who knew what there was in his blood?

He finished his supper in silence, and when all was put away he spoke again.

"There is no need that you should go to Eureka, Joe," he said.

"Mebbe I knows morer about Dave Morris 'an you do, Jerry."

"Well, he can but kill me," Jerry answered.

"That's orl," Joe granted, "an' killin' wouldn't mean nuthin' to youuns, ner nuthin' to me, rightly; but," taking his pipe out of his mouth, "it'd mean a heap if youuns wuz a-lyin' har, an' couldn't lif' a eye ner a han' when I come home," drawing a long breath, "it'd make a heaper diffrence," then a silence fell between them until Joe spoke again: "Ever sense youuns usen to squat over thar nigh the fire, an' ax me, 'An' what's a buryin', Joe?'—when youuns never knowed nuthin' ceppen what I telled youuns; ever sense then I ain't been satisfy to steddly 'bout doin' 'thout youuns, Jerry, an' I ain't agoin' to be satisfy."

Jerry rose, and stood looking down into the fire; was it an abounding love that remembered the pitiful sayings of his childhood; or was it that in a life as empty as Joe's, small things would be remembered as long as life lasted? There was no rush of thought nor of feeling to raise the annihilating storms that sweep through lives that are educated and sensitive; there never had been anything for Joe but the monotonous living from day to day. Jerry's train of reasoning failed him ab-

ruptly, and all the unexplained things in Joe's life rose up before him.

In this common life there was a mystery he had guessed at only, how could he say what there had been? What did he know of Joe's life?

He turned slowly.

"Tell me all about your life, Joe," he said.

For one instant Joe looked up, and there was a thrill in the voice that spoke to him, and a light in the eyes that looked down on him, that he did not understand, and that made him look away.

He could not grasp the longing for companionship that was moving Jerry—he thought only, "Jerry is cur'us, sure!"

His life?

Joe had never summed it up—had scarcely realized that he had had the spending of a life.

"I 'lows as I don't jest onderstand youns, Jerry," he said, slowly.

Jerry walked across the floor, then back.

"You have lived a long time," he said.

"Moren sixty yeer," Joe answered; "moren sixty yeer; but I dunno right-ly the day, not the rale day," and he wondered how this concerned Jerry.

"And how have you managed to live all these years?" Jerry went on, with a hopeless tone creeping into his voice.

"I most allers had enough to eat," was answered calmly.

Enough to eat.

Jerry walked to the door, and out along the little path that led to the trail. The stars glittered; the wind that came so far seemed to speak to him; and he thought, "Is the soul of Nature the only soul that mine can touch?"

Did he stand alone, in that he reached above the formula—"enough to eat?"

Up he climbed, unheeding the roughnesses, unheeding the fatigue; up until he was above the billowy mist that hid the plain—the flat, helpless plain that could not reach to any height.

And for him, was it any use that he should reach up forever? The people he thought to raise, did they have any other wish in life than Joe had; did they know or want any other answer to his question than "I have enough to eat?"

Long ago he had toiled, and jour-

neyed, and hoped, and at the end had found a barren height and the far plain glorified!

All about him, as he stood, the moonlight fell broad and shining; the ragged shadows lay clear-cut and black as ink; the wind rose and fell; the stars looked down like patient eyes, and at his feet the silent mist-waves gathered and broke, noiseless spirit-waves tearing themselves against the cliffs.

Was it any use to leave the plain? Did not the light reach it as surely; did not the streams reach it; and from the heights what else did one see save only the plain glorified?

Money was all that was needed to glorify anything—money.

And up there in the darkness he seemed to see the bewildering glitter of gold; he seemed to remember all the things done and sacrificed for gold since man was made; since the world smiled in its beautiful youth. What caused this enchantment? What had given gold this weird power that so enchained all the world; that brought from men their bodies and hearts—their lives, and honor, and souls?

Had God made all this fair world, and then in all the cracks and crannies put this snare—this bewildering, shining ruin, that the poor souls he had created might destroy themselves for it; delve and toil through all their lives for this one thing that in itself was nothing?

Why should not anything else have the same value; or why should not the world find enough to surfeit poor humanity, and make gold a drug in the market? Think of all the vast sums that had been gathered and lost; think of all that was in use: think of all that still lay hidden in the earth! Why not gather it all together; work it all out; scatter it broadcast through the nations, and so destroy this devilish snare? Scatter it until the world could spend and hoard no more, and it would be like the autumnal leaves, or "like as when one heweth wood;" like the poor chips that are not worth the gathering.

How they would glitter and gleam in the sunlight, these piles that would be gathered for the nations! How coldly they would shine when the moonlight fell upon them!

He shook himself.

He was losing his mind. He must go home; Joe would want to shut up the house; and he turned and with deliberate slowness retraced his steps. He had climbed a long, rough way without knowing it, and the return was very slow.

He would carry out his scheme; but first he must win the people entirely; and then when all was ready he would tell Joe, and search into the worth of Durden's Mine. Money was needed for the scheme; and it must be saved, or begged, or borrowed; and to what extent would Joe help him?

It was wild and rash, maybe, this fight he was beginning against money and station; but it would be a fair test of the stability and worth of the masses. Money would be entirely absent from their ranks, and the fight would have to be fought before any capital could be won. It was an interesting problem, and one he was beginning to long to work out.

And after?

He drew a long breath: and after would be the gold, and the luxury, and the power which would place him on a level with his rivals—which would let him look the doctor in the face and say, "I am successful, and in my success I thank you, and say, 'I have been true to you always.'"

Success could humble itself and be called nobility—failure could be servile only.

CHAPTER VIII.

"We are men of ruined blood;
Therefore comes it we are wise,
Fish we are that love the mud,
Rising to no fancy flies."

It was a still, gray day, with an unhealthy coolness and dampness in the air for August. The clouds hung low and heavy; not a leaf stirred in the gloomy gorges, and on the spreading plains there was not a movement—an unnatural, blank stillness, as if the world were dead.

Jerry walked the long way with even, quiet steps; Joe had gone away long ago, but whether to his usual work or to the town, Jerry had not asked. No words had passed between them as to the possibilities of the day, and Jerry thought

it not unlikely that Joe had repented him of the rash and generous ardor of the night before.

Slowly he pursued his way, his hat drawn down over his eyes, his pistols well at hand, and his eyes, and ears, and mind all alert for any sign of an enemy; for if Dave Morris struck it would be in secret; a shot from behind some tree or rock.

And what difference would it make? If his life were taken, all this difficulty would pass away with one or two triumphant shouts from the opposite camp, then he would be forgotten save by Joe, perhaps. Would be buried out in the rain-gullied graveyard, near 'Lije Milton, maybe, whose dead face had come to him in Durden's Mine. He remembered so well as he tramped along in the gray stillness, the terror and wonder of that time, and the signs that Joe had read in the circumstances. And the doctor's explanations, that he well remembered explained nothing. The doctor had turned his mind away only; had thrown on him the burden of an explanation.

"Do you expect to buy Durden's Mine?" he had asked, "else, why should 'Lije Milton come to you?" Buy Durden's Mine? how strange it all seemed that now he should want to buy Durden's Mine—and the question came up to him, how could he find out about it, and who owned it now?

The doctor would know, and perhaps Engineer Mills, but they were enemies; could he ask Joe?

He paused a moment: he had had so many suspicions, would it be quite honest to ask Joe? Of course it would; it showed a darker suspicion still for him to hesitate. If he knew where to find Joe he would go back at once and ask him.

He walked on slowly; his school would be waiting, and if he were not there Dave Morris would declare him a coward; and all the unwise impatience which he had shown yesterday, and which he might at this juncture turn to good, would be used against him. Twenty-four hours would make no difference in his knowledge of Durden's Mine.

At last the town was reached, and all was as quiet as if no creature had ever

heard of a railway. The doctor's corps of workmen stood about the door of their house waiting to start to their work, and up and down the street Jerry could see the children loitering, waiting for the school-bell to ring.

There was no sign of any excitement, and Jerry unlocked the door with a little feeling of surprise that his orders should be obeyed so literally.

Slowly the hours of the morning came and went, and at last the miners' bell for dinner rang, and, the children dispersing to their homes, Jerry opened his dinner-bucket.

He was provoked almost that he had heard nothing of his yesterday's broil; he had expected certainly, before this hour, some threat or overture from Morris, and was a little disappointed at the quiet of the day. Later he would walk up the street and get another paper; the mail came in again this day, and he wanted to see the latest accounts of himself, and of the town.

Would Morris sell a paper to him, he wondered? A knock came at the outer door, a quiet, respectful knock as of one who hesitated to disturb him.

"Come in!" he called.

And hat in hand, Dave Morris stood before him.

"Good-mornin', Mr. Wilkerson."

"Good-morning," and Jerry rose with his hand well round on his hip.

"Hope you don't bear no malice, Mr. Wilkerson?" Morris asked, leaning on the back of the chair Jerry had offered him.

"I have no need to bear malice," Jerry answered, looking him over from head to foot.

"Thet's true," slowly, not looking up, "the knock come from you;" then sitting down, "but I've come for peace to-day, durned if I ain't."

"No cursing, please," and Jerry before he sat down laid a pistol on the table.

Morris paused a moment, while a dull red heat crept up his face; why did not he kill this young man? But this question found no utterance, and he began slowly:

"I've come to say, Mr. Wilkerson, thet if there's anything I kin do to help you on a bit, I'm ready; I'm your friend, I am."

Jerry gathered up the remains of his lunch and put them back into the bucket.

"An' if you want me to stop the fellers from buyin' whiskey," Morris went on, "I kin do it," looking up slowly; "I heard you the mornin' that you said for the fellers not to put up their money in my whiskey barr'ls; an' I'm agreed to it provided," pausing and fixing his eyes on Jerry's eyes that looked at him so steadily—"provided I know your idea," cautiously.

"I have none," and Jerry cocked and uncocked his pistol carelessly.

By some means—whether fear, or hope of gain, Jerry could not decide—this man had been made anxious to join him, and Jerry saw his advantage. Again the trigger of the pistol clicked sharply in the silence.

Morris moved his chair uneasily; a loaded pistol turned about recklessly in another man's hand is not a pleasant or reassuring sight.

"You had ideas the mornin' you talked to the fellers," Morris said at last.

"And you heard them," Jerry answered.

"I did, but I think I'd like to hear 'em again."

There was a moment's pause, then Jerry answered: "I told them that I wanted them to take all the work they could get, never mind who gave it to them; I told them I wanted them to keep whatever land they owned either in Eureka or in Durden's; I told them that I would watch for them, and that whichever town the strangers built up, we would build up the other; I told them that when the time came we should need money, and that they must save all they could." He ceased, and Dave Morris's small, bleared eyes watched him keenly.

"An' you'll build up a town without no money?" he asked.

"I have said we would need money," Jerry answered, curtly, "and that the people must save it."

"Live at a dollar a day and save money?"

"It can be done easily."

"An' then what?" skeptically.

Jerry looked up coldly.

"I do not know why I should tell you my plans," he said.

"You don't don't you?" and Morris put a piece of tobacco in his mouth with a swaggering air. "I tell you I kin save more money far you in Eureky than all the men there."

"Do it, then."

Morris looked at him with distrust in his eyes; no man who was not entirely independent would speak so shortly; and he answered slowly:

"Thet's right easy said, Mr. Wilkerson; but I don't know that I'm goin' to stop a good whiskey trade without knowin' what's to do *afterwards*."

Jerry was silent for a moment: what Morris said was true; it would be useless to try to save the people's money as long as Morris sold them whiskey; nor could he expect him to stop his chief trade without some prospect of compensation; yet to reveal his plans would be ruin; and Jerry was puzzled.

Dan Burk! the name flashed into his mind like a beam of light. Burk was a higher type, and could manage Morris and Eureka too.

"Very well," Jerry answered carelessly, while his plans formed themselves rapidly in his mind, "if you cannot trust me, you need not help me. Besides, I think my work will lie in Durden's, and there are those there who will do as I wish and ask no questions;" then laying down his pistol, and crossing his arms on the table, he looked straight into Morris's face. "I will give you a friendly warning," he said; "your trade is going to fail you: the men who live here, soon will have no money to spend at your shop, for the new people who come will rather employ the new men who come with them, and there will not be work enough for all. More than this, new people who know what decent things are will not trade with you, and you will be simply crowded out."

Morris's face flamed with color; he shuffled his feet restlessly, while his hand sought the leather belt about his waist. Jerry did not seem to heed him, and only changed his position sufficiently to begin again his idle play with his pistol.

"This place will be taken in hand by great capitalists," he went on quietly, "and the people here can expect to hold

their own only a little while longer; then they must move further west, or retreat to Durden's. They have made enemies of two of the leading men, and must expect no favors."

"An' you done it for 'em!" Morris broke in angrily.

"And am glad that I did," was answered coolly, "for now I can put them in a better condition than ever before; and make money faster for them; only they must trust me."

Morris's whole expression changed, and he leaned forward eagerly.

"Is Dan Burk the feller?" he asked, "is he the feller you think of to help you?"

Jerry laughed a little.

"So long as you are not the man," he answered, "I do not know that any part of this scheme is your business."

Morris rose hastily.

"Damn—" then his voice died away in his throat, for Jerry's pistol covered him, and its little mouth looked huge, and the shining hammer was drawn far back! One moment he glared on the quiet, dark face opposite, then sat down slowly; and Jerry, who had not moved, laid his pistol down and waited for Morris to speak. He had not long to wait, then Morris asked sullenly:

"What'll you pay me to stop the whiskey trade?"

"Nothing."

"An' how's it goin' to help me?" anger creeping into his voice again.

"You will be a more honest man," Jerry answered, smiling, "and will allow other men to be more honest and decent, and you will be better in health."

"An' my fambly'll starve."

"Not more than other families you have ruined."

"Mr. Wilkerson—" menacingly; but the children began to come in, and Jerry rose.

"I will be here this afternoon at five," he said, "and to-morrow at twelve if you wish to see me again."

Baffled and angry, Morris rose. There was something in this young man that he could not grapple with; he hated him bitterly for his insults and slights that would have cost any other man his life, but he was afraid of him. Morris had

killed men for far less. But now he stood twisting his hat about in his hands, while Jerry watched him, and waited for his going—watched and waited silently, with his eyes fixed on the ugly, sullen face. It was only a moment or two he had to wait, then the greasy old hat was donned, and Morris turned to the door. "I'll come to-morrow," he said, and made his way out through a group of children.

Jerry drew a long breath, partly of satisfaction, partly of doubt. Had he been wise to refuse so entirely this man's support and assistance, basing his plans on Dan Burk, to whom he had not as yet spoken on the subject? And would Morris come again to-morrow, or would he form a rival party?

The long, gray afternoon dragged its weary length; the children droned through their lessons; and in the pauses the crickets cried their ceaseless monotone. Nothing stirred in the clouded stillness; and when the tasks were done and the children dismissed; when the gray day showed its death by

growing yet more gray and still, Jerry heard the bugle call rise soft and clear—echoed back by the great mountains until it died slowly from the world.

There was an inexplicable pain to him in the sound of that horn, almost as if he had been called and could not answer—could not go. As if he had left all he cared for; as if in some unwilling way he had descended from his sphere and station.

Then with a bitter scorn of self he would remember that he had been born to no station, as the meaning of the word was taken; and the sphere he had moved in until it seemed his by right, had been opened to him through charity. He was only one of the "common herd"—a favorite phrase of Paul's—one who would have to make a name and place; and who would have only such foothold in life as he cut for himself.

He laughed a little bitterly.

"A key of gold fits most locks," he said to himself as he went his way up the rough mountain path.

(To be continued.)

THE RIGHTS OF THE CITIZEN.

V.—TO HIS OWN PROPERTY.

By James S. Norton.

IT is quite beyond the purpose of this article to discuss the origin or development of the idea of property, or the history of the various concessions which the individual owner has been compelled to make to the public necessity. From time to time within the history of the Common Law, the people have secured for themselves safeguards against the exactions of the government, until it has become the maxim of modern civilization that no citizen shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; and from time to time the exigencies of society have compelled the surrender of individual preferences, privileges, and rights, to the needs of the government; or the community, un-

til the citizen holds his property subject to the requirements of the State, and may not devote it to any use prejudicial to the interests of the public, or, within certain limits, tending to the injury of his neighbor.

Thus, he may own a city lot, in that he may sell it and appropriate the proceeds to his own use, or give it to aid some benevolent object, or devise it to his family or friends, or build upon it some structure in which he may reside or conduct his business without payment of rent; but if he sell or devise, he must conform to laws regulating conveyances or wills, framed for the protection of titles; if he build he must observe municipal ordinances designed to pro-

mote the public safety ; if he occupy it he must regard the health, comfort, and property rights of his neighbors. He may claim protection by the law in the proper and peaceable enjoyment of his property ; but his property must pay its ratable share of the expense of maintaining order, and providing the conveniences of urban life, under penalty of confiscation. The State cannot arbitrarily dispossess him and bestow his land upon another without compensation ; but it may seize his property and apply it to the payment of his debts ; it may destroy his house to save others, or appropriate his land to public uses, upon payment of compensation to be determined by its legal machinery.

At the present day it would be difficult to specify any class of property held by the private citizen, wholly exempt from the claims of the public as represented by the State. On the other hand, it would be painful to contemplate social conditions under which absolute rights of individuals could be maintained. The power to tax the citizen and his property is one which is granted of necessity to every state by its citizens, and is based upon theories of public necessity and the equitable distribution of the expenses of government. So long as it is exercised for a public purpose and with uniformity, according to the value of property, this power is limited only by the discretion of the legislature. The only security against wanton abuse of it is found in our representative form of government. Those who are chosen for their special fitness to represent the common interests of all ; who must suffer in their own estates the penalty of unwise or extravagant taxation ; who are responsible to their constituents for every dereliction of their sacred trust, and whose fair fame is, of course, dearer to them than the possible gains of official corruption—such men will hardly abuse this tremendous power for personal advantage.

This is the theory of our government—that legislators and local officers will be inspired by zeal for the public welfare ; and there is here and there an optimist who finds circumstantial evidence of this inspiration in the history of his own time—and party. In theory, as it is stated by eminent authority, “the

legislature cannot, in the form of a tax, take the money of the citizens and give it to an individual, the public interest or welfare being in no way connected with the transaction.” So, in theory, justices of the peace cannot grant divorces ; but a Western justice punctured this theory recently by the remark that he knew better—as he had granted several himself.

This power with which the State is so liberally endowed is by it delegated, in part to the municipal and quasi municipal corporations created for the administration of local government ; though in some States the power of such corporations to raise money by general taxation is limited to a certain percentage of the assessed value of property within the district of taxation ; but special assessments of property for local public improvements, which may be considered as a form of taxation, may be carried to such extent as may be required by public necessity or the local spirit of enterprise ; provided only that the proposed improvement shall be of a public character, and that the cost thereof shall be levied on lands according to the estimated benefit to be conferred, or, in some States, in cases of street improvement, according to frontage on the street. The legal machinery by means of which this power of taxation is exercised, is too complex for description here, even with reference to a single state ; but it may be said in general terms that it involves the assessment of values or special benefits, as the case may be, by an officer or board elected for that purpose ; and that there is, in most states and cities, great scope for injustice by means of excessive and unequal assessments, as well as by extravagant and unnecessary expenditure of public money.

When the extent of this power is considered, in connection with the opportunities for its abuse by incompetent or corrupt officers, it will be seen that the citizen's right to his “own” property falls somewhat short of absolute dominion.

In addition to this power of taxation, there is inherent in every sovereignty the power to take, damage, or destroy the property of the citizen, in the in-

terest of the public, by the exercise of that superior right of property known as the Eminent Domain.

This power may be invoked for various objects, as for the construction of railroads, canals, public streets, roads and bridges, parks, water-works, ferries, drains, school-houses, cemeteries, mills—in some states—and other works of public necessity or convenience, upon condition that compensation shall be awarded and paid to the owner. In certain states it is provided by statute that the proper compensation shall be determined by a jury, and paid by the state, or corporation seeking condemnation of property, before taking possession, but this rule is not uniform, or essential to the protection of the citizen. In several states the assessment or award is made by commissioners appointed for the purpose, and payment of compensation is not a condition precedent to taking possession, the owner being remitted to his legal action to enforce payment.

Thus the citizen must consider his property at all times as for sale to the city, if needed for streets or public grounds or buildings; to a railroad company if required for its purposes, or to such other of the several public corporations, permitted by the State to exercise the right of Eminent Domain, as may find it necessary or convenient; and at a price, to be fixed by a jury or commission, which is limited to the actual market value of the property in cash: and in case of the interruption or destruction of his business, he may be awarded compensation for injuries resulting directly from the condemnation, but not for others perhaps quite as real and serious, but not clearly demonstrable under the rules of evidence.

Or, if his property be applied to any use, or occupied in any manner, declared by the legislature or the courts to be prejudicial to the public welfare, the "nuisance" so created may be abated by summary means and without compensation, even though it involve the destruction of buildings or render the property practically worthless by prohibition of the only use to which it is adapted.

This "Police Power" of the State, as

it is termed, is one of vast scope, and its limitations may not be readily defined. Indeed, certain recent opinions, emanating from courts of high authority, seem to warrant the definition of this power as the general authority of the legislature to supervise and control all business transacted within the State to such extent as it may deem expedient for the public good.

In the year 1876 this question was presented to the Supreme Court of the United States, in various forms, by a series of appeals from state courts in what are known as the "Granger Cases;" and we have but to examine the opinions filed in those cases, and certain later adjudications by the same court, if we would escape the popular fallacy that a man really owns his own property.

In 1871 the legislature of Illinois defined and classified public warehouses, and fixed a maximum rate to be charged for storage of grain. Certain private citizens of Chicago, who had erected extensive elevator buildings and were engaged as copartners in carrying on the business of receiving and storing grain therein at the time of the enactment in question, failed to take out a license under the new law, or to comply with its provisions relating to rates of storage, and were prosecuted. This case necessarily presented certain questions of great importance touching the right of the individual to the use and control of his own property. It was not the case of a corporation, to which had been given extraordinary powers to equip it for public service, and which was therefore subject to control by the public; nor did it present any of those questions relating to the public health, safety, or morals, which would clearly justify the intervention of the police power of the State. The Supreme Court of Illinois, by a bare majority, held the law to be valid, although it was argued with great force on behalf of the warehousemen that it was unconstitutional, in that it operated to deprive them of their property without due process of law. The Supreme Court of the United States affirmed this decision by a majority opinion in which it is expressly stated that the case has received long and careful consideration "on account of the vast

importance of the questions involved." In that case the court concluded from the facts of record, that the proprietors of elevators in Chicago enjoyed a "virtual monopoly" of a business which was of general interest and public character, and stated the law as applicable to the case in these words: "Property does become clothed with a public interest when used in a manner to make it of public consequence, and affect the community at large. When, therefore, one devotes his property to a use in which the public has an interest, he, in effect, grants to the public an interest in that use, and must submit to be controlled by the public for the common good, to the extent of the interest he has thus created."

This language has been severely criticised by lawyers and judges, and by none more severely than by the dissenting members of the Supreme Court. Mr. Justice Field says, in the same case: "If this be sound law, if there be no protection either in the principles upon which our republican government is founded, or in the prohibitions of the Constitution against such invasion of private rights, all property and all business in the State are held at the mercy of a majority of its legislature. The public has no greater interest in the use of buildings for the storage of grain than it has in the use of buildings for the residences of families, nor, indeed, anything like so great an interest; and according to the doctrine announced, the legislature may fix the rent of all tenements used for residences, without reference to the cost of their erection. If the owner does not like the rates prescribed he may cease renting his houses."

In a series of railroad cases decided after the warehouse case, and in which the court held that the legislatures of the several states might regulate the rates to be charged by railroads for transportation of passengers and freight, and that, although the roads were entitled to reasonable compensation, the legislature alone could determine what was "reasonable," Mr. Justice Field, in a dissenting opinion on behalf of himself and Mr. Justice Strong, remarks with reference to the warehouse case,

which the court had followed as a precedent, that "that decision, in its wide sweep, practically destroys all the guaranties of the Constitution and of the Common Law invoked by counsel for the protection of the rights of the railroad companies;" and again: "that decision will justify the legislature in fixing the price of all articles and the compensation for all services. It sanctions intermeddling with all business and pursuits and property in the community, leaving the use and enjoyment of property and the compensation for its use to the discretion of the legislature." It may be argued, of course, that the declaration of the court in the warehouse case, so far as it applies to other classes of property than that directly in controversy in that case, may be regarded as a mere *dictum*; but as it is a carefully considered statement of the general principle on which the decision is based, and as the same court has not seen fit to modify it materially in any of the later cases in which it has been discussed and criticised, it must be taken as the deliberate exposition, by our highest tribunal, of the relative rights of the public and the individual citizen to that which the latter is accustomed to call his own property.

If it be the law of the land that the citizen who "devotes his property to a use in which the public has an interest," or enjoys a "virtual monopoly," must submit to be controlled by the public to the extent of its interest therein, and if even his right to a reasonable compensation for the use of his property or his services in connection therewith means nothing more than the right to receive whatever the legislature shall arbitrarily declare to be a reasonable compensation, it is but a step—if at all—further to the doctrine that the public may also determine for itself, and finally, when property is "used in a manner to make it of public consequence and affect the community at large," or in other words, when it, the public, "has an interest" therein; and then it may be said, in general terms, that a man's right to his property depends upon the will of the legislative majority. When we consider the infinite subdivision of labor, the interdependence of trades, profes-

sions, and all the business classes, and the complicated and delicately adjusted mechanism of that great modern engine called Commerce, it is really not easy to say what legitimate, well managed, and successful business may not be considered to be of "public consequence," or to "affect the community at large," and therefore to be subject to public control.

It is possible, of course, that the Supreme Court has gone no further than would be consistent with a proper theory of society, based upon modern conditions. On that question I shall venture no opinion. But tested by the principles and precedents by which it professes to be guided, its language in this case seems to be singularly inaccurate—a fault not often to be found in its opinions—and must inevitably tend to encourage usurpation by legislative majorities. There is indeed some indication of late that the court perceives this, and is disposed to qualify its former doctrine. In a recent case, decided in March, 1890, a statute of Minnesota, enacted in 1887, creating a railroad and warehouse commission, and providing that all charges for transportation "shall be equal and reasonable," and empowering the commission to compel a carrier to adopt such rates as the commission "shall declare to be equal and reasonable," without providing for any hearing before the commission, was held to be unconstitutional, as depriving carriers of their property without due process of law. The question of the reasonableness of the rate charged is said by the court to be "eminently a question for judicial investigation, requiring due process of law for its determination." This is clearly a modification of the doctrine laid down in the warehouse case and the "Granger cases" already referred to—so clearly that Mr. Justice Bradley, in a dissenting opinion, declares that it "practically overrules" those cases, in which, he says, the governing principle was that the regulation of such rates, and the determination of their reasonableness, is strictly a legislative prerogative, and not a judicial one. In this case, moreover, the court appears to modify somewhat its former views as to what constitutes the "property" of the

citizen and the "deprivation" which is prohibited by the Constitution except upon compensation and by due process of law; but it has not greatly changed its doctrine concerning the "Police Power" of the State. It leaves wide open still the question as to what business may be subject to public control because of general interest to the community. Indeed, in a still later case, now popularly known as the "Original Package case," three of the Associate Justices unite in declaring that "the Police Power includes all measures for the protection of the life, the health, the property, and the *welfare* of the inhabitants, and for the promotion of good order and the public morals."

Giving full force to the very comprehensive terms used by the Supreme Court, it would be safe to say that the property of the citizen is subject to such control by the public as the latter may be interested to exercise, but hazardous to attempt to define the classes of private property which are or may be clothed with such a public interest as to justify interference by the government. But for the fact that the Supreme Court must be presumed to understand the language of the country, in both its technical and ordinary acceptation, one might guess with some reason that it had been careless in stating the doctrine in question, and that its opinion in the warehouse case ought not to be taken as a precedent, except in cases where property is devoted to a public service. Within this limitation the doctrine has since been extended to "grist" mills and water-works. In the "Civil Rights cases" it was said by Mr. Justice Harlan to be applicable to places of public amusement, since they are used in a manner to make them of public consequence and affect the community at large; but I am not advised of any case in which it has been applied to clergymen, undertakers, or certain others whose services affect the community.

As to corporate property, courts and legislatures have left small room for discussion. If any stockholder needs to be further admonished of the fact that corporations are but creatures of the people, let him await the next judicial utterance on the subject. It will not be

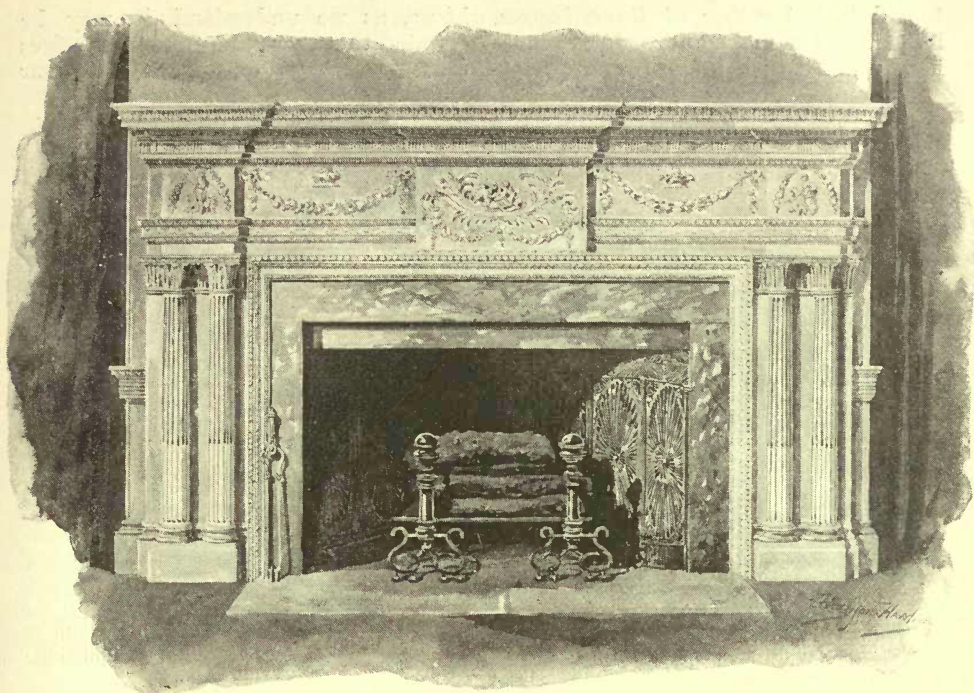
long delayed ; for just now the excellent doctrine of corporate subjection is in the prime of life and asserts itself with frequency and vigor. The president of a well-known railway company recently published an article advocating the purchase and operation of railroads by the government. It was regarded by many as a grim jest ; but inasmuch as the government has already assumed so largely the control of their operation, the proposition of the stockholders, that the public should assume also the risk and expense of operating them, is not so obvious a joke as to pass without challenge. It should be observed, however, that the inconsistencies and excesses of the public, in its treatment of this subject, do not necessarily condemn the whole procedure. The old doctrine of the vested rights and sacred charters of corporations was founded on error, and came to be recognized as dangerous to interests far more important than the gains of stockholders. It was time for government to realize that it had no right to abdicate its trust—that it had no power to grant irrevocable privileges, as against the general welfare of the people. At present this newly awakened solicitude for the public weal seems likely to carry us beyond the bounds of temperate action ; but it cannot be that we, as a people, shall long ignore the folly of discouraging enterprise, and intimidating capital, by petty restrictions and unjust discriminations. We shall soon cease to regard corporations as the natural foes of good government. We may even come to regard the prevailing hostility to these agents of government as an oblique menace to the State itself—especially when expressed by combinations formed and maintained at the expense of the public.

At the time when these words are written, the operations of a great Western railway are suspended because of a “strike ;” and this concerted action of an army of employees is based upon the refusal of the railway company to dismiss an efficient but unpopular superintendent. The public, which has been so eager to curb the rights of stockholders, who draw dividends from the business conducted on their capital, is indifferent to the action of these employees who

draw wages for their labor in the same business. If the corporation is held to strict performance of its duty as a public servant, should not its agents, who live upon its business, be held to some account—at least for combinations made to obstruct a public service as a means to satisfy the personal grudge of a few individuals ?

There remains but one other right of the citizen, concerning his own property, to be considered. He is permitted to give it away, under certain restrictions. During his lifetime he may bestow it *gratis*, except that he may not thereby impair the rights of his wife or creditors, or divest it of the burden imposed by the public ; and dying, he may dispose of it by will, subject to similar charges, and, in some states, certain statutory rights of children, and succession taxes. Observing these proper conditions, the citizen may give away his property *ad libitum* ; and it has long been a matter of surprise and regret—at least to the impetuous philosopher—that so few avail themselves of this privilege during their lifetime. The records of our courts teem with cases in which the intentions of testators have been defeated by legal technicalities invoked by greedy heirs ; and it would seem that this constantly recurring spectacle ought to deter men from confiding their property exclusively to courts for distribution.

One may excuse the merchant who accumulates to gratify a commercial ambition, and uses his millions as fuel for legitimate enterprise, or the man of any class who seeks to assure the comfort of those dependent upon him ; but for those men—not a few—who by inheritance or otherwise have acquired wealth far in excess of their proper need or the need of those to whom they owe the debts of kinship, and cling to it for the mere satisfaction of seeing it increase and feeling the sense of ownership, there ought to be no forgiveness on earth. At such men is aimed the last suggestion of this paper—that the right, with reference to his own property, in which the citizen is least restrained, is the right to give it away ; and that this right is of all the most precious, to him who sees the just relation of property to human happiness.



Mantel in the Wister House, Germantown, Pa.

THE COUNTRY HOUSE.

By Donald G. Mitchell.

FIRST of all, in broaching the topic assigned me, I must venture upon a little preliminary talk about what is really meant by the term Country House. There are those in these times who would persuade us that all country houses—as implying country homes—are going clean out of date. It was only a few weeks back that I fell upon the reading of a three-column article in a great metropolitan journal, which set forth the notion that no sensible, well-cultured person ought in future to entertain any purpose of living in the country, or of going there in any domiciliary way, except for a brief outing in the heats of summer; and this “able” writer blew such a cloud of logical dust in one’s eyes as caused the trees and the fields to take on a blurred look, and made an old-fashioned man’s love for them seem quite disreputable.

Nevertheless, I count it not altogether

presumptuous to suppose, and even confidently to believe, that people of considerable parts will continue to establish themselves and their homes in the country, and to wrestle with its disadvantages, through longer or shorter series of years.

It is not of those suburban dwellers that I speak now, who come to the country for their sleepings and their Sundays, but whose interests and engagements hold all their energies to task-work between the walls of city houses. I can understand how these people, who are shot in grooves back and forth between their city working-places and those outside harbors where they anchor at nightfall, should equip these harbors of refuge with a great many of the coquetries of architecture, and lavish upon them much goodly spoil of horticulture; but it is not of these suburban rests (I had almost said roosts) that I am

to speak, but rather of those houses, inland, which make more determinate homes, and which involve an acquaint-

home, as we understand it, may be counted this ever-ready openness—fires that do not go out, portraits of our



Rock Hall, near Rockaway, Long Island.

ance with the summer noonings as well as the summer nights.

Again, it is needful to exclude from present discussion those architectural retreats of the mountains, or by the shore, which are only known to the holders, and only enjoyed during August and September heats; and so—whatever dances may enliven them, or whatever dinners or guests make them gay—never get the qualities of a country family homestead.

I know very many of these summering places are, in these latter years, specially taking on an importance and a fulness of equipment that may even match the city homes of their owners; but if they get every autumn a double fastening of the cupboards, and a padlocking of the gates, and such dispersion of all servitors as forbids any blue pennon drifting from the chimney-tops in winter, and any welcoming bound of the house-dog (if the owner pays visit), they belong only to that category of half-homes with which we are not now concerned. Among the qualities which mark and differentiate the country house and

grandfathers and mothers (if we have them) upon the wall, and gardens that get their belaboring with the spade as surely as every spring comes. A man may indeed divide his honors, if he have enough, and, like Queen Victoria, equip one home with Tudor ancestors, and sanctify another with the Hanoverian portraits; but barred gates and a summer rioting of weeds on house-paths make a desertion in which a sturdy home sentiment, that ought to lurk in all country houses, cannot grow.

Again, it does not appear to me that the good countryish qualities of house and home are to be measured exactly by distance from cities. Garden sanctities and charms may thrive in the very shadow of town steeples; and I can imagine that the wiser ones of the Fox family took infinite satisfaction in the pretty bosky covers of Holland House long after the tide of London brick and mortar flowed clamorously around its garden walls. Many of the most engaging types of our American country houses were planted on roads that became the streets of bustling towns or of

cities. I recall in this connection that old Longworth homestead which for so many years held its dignified rural quietudes of trees and garden in the midst of the noisy growth of Cincinnati; again, there is the John Bartram house, on the Schuylkill, retaining its country charms of vines and flowers—its birds even—long after city sounds had drowned their songs. I recall also many a quiet old town along the shores of Long Island Sound, or of the Connecticut River, where broad-faced trim houses of a colonial type, with airy halls and balustrades upon their roofs, are still full of a rural invitingness which is made good by their great gardens in the rear, and by their alleys of boxwood in the front. The interjection on the village street of butcher shops and of telegraph offices does not kill the high country qualities of such homes.

Having thus by this prefatory process of exclusion put out of present range the watering-place houses and those suburban retreats from which occupants change from year to year, we narrow our outlook to those houses, of large or small importance, which make

his alluring city sign-boards so thickly in those days. There are lingerers from that old date to be seen everywhere in our Eastern and Middle States. Who does not know those little, one-story, unpainted, cube-shaped, wooden houses scattered all along New England shores, from Marblehead to Guilford, on sandy knolls, on the flank of hills—any site was good, if a woodchuck could dig his hole there without being drowned out in storms; the big stone chimney in the middle, cumbrous and mighty with its crude masonry, gave space abreast of it for front “entry” way; on one side a bedroom, on the other the “keeping” room, with a musty smell about it; and behind the chimney the great common room, kitchen, what-not, with its pantry at one end, and possible cramped stair to a loft under the “half-pitch” roof where a helper in harvesting, and—by proper partitioning—girls in their teens, might get a “shake-down” of straw mattress.

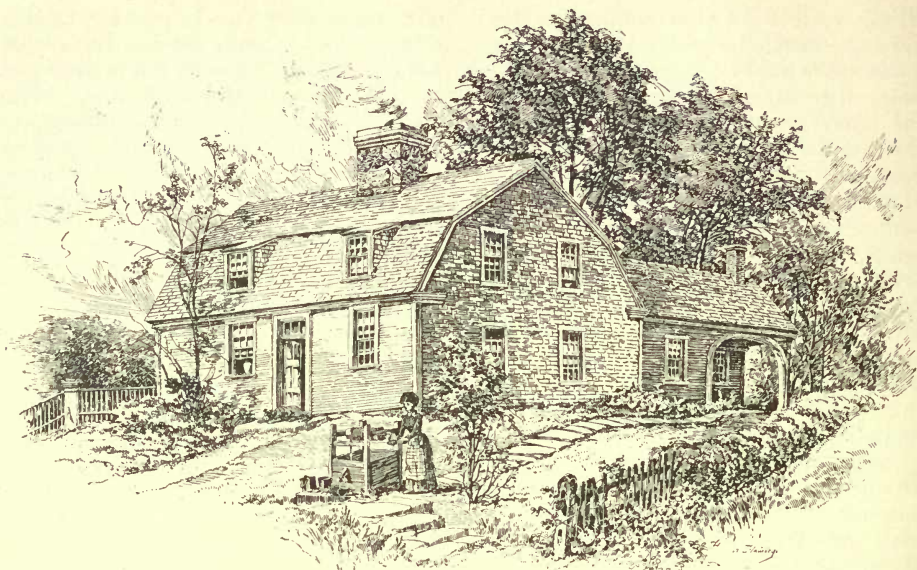
There are lordly men in our history, growing in honors year by year, who have had their rearing in such quarters. The shape was sensible, because it was



Example of Old House in Interior of Connecticut.

permanent homes, and rally best one's rural instincts. There was no lack of these in our early times. Satan had not set up

of the simplest, and met all the necessities of the case (can there be a better rule in any architecture?). The cover-



Rhode Island and Connecticut Shore House.

ing was of riven shingles, which in the progress of years and storms gave us that delightful tint of weather-worn wood, which the painters cannot match, nor, I am afraid, the engravers.

Following upon the simplest type came the lift of the roof into that gambrel shape [above] which was token of more room and consequence, and which—so far as my observation has reached—seems to have developed specially on the immediate seaboard; perhaps be-

cause its lines were more ship-shape and gave to the roof a faint semblance to a vessel's bottom. A Dutch modification of this form [below] is to be found on Long Island and in New Jersey; while a modernization of the same—with fantastic array of bowlder work—is to be seen in the "Falmouth" cottage [p. 317]. To the original type there came in the early days a jutting out rearward of pantries, milk-rooms, summer-kitchens, spare bedrooms, which involved a stretch



Specimen of Early Dutch Architecture, Long Island, N. Y.

of roof: and of this stretch of roof was very likely legitimately begotten that form of homestead so well known along all the older-settled portions of the valley of the Connecticut, with long sloping roof in the rear, and narrower roof covering the two stories in the front. [p. 318]. And this was eminently a com-

den—and in the rear the great kitchen, possibly flanked by back-stairs opening on the wainscot, and certainly with a great wealth of closets. Nay, there was hardly one of them, of whatever proportions, but came ultimately to have its extension hipped upon the northern angle, for further exploitation of the home



Residence of Joseph Hopkins Smith, Falmouth, Me.
(John Calvin Stevens, Architect.)

mon-sense type of house, giving recognition to the fact, that though a man might need two stories in front, a single one would serve him in the rear, demonstrating also the fact that uniformity of roof and of roof-pitch on both sides were not essential to good effect. Indeed this association of long roof slope and other forms is showing itself with great piquancy in many modern country houses.

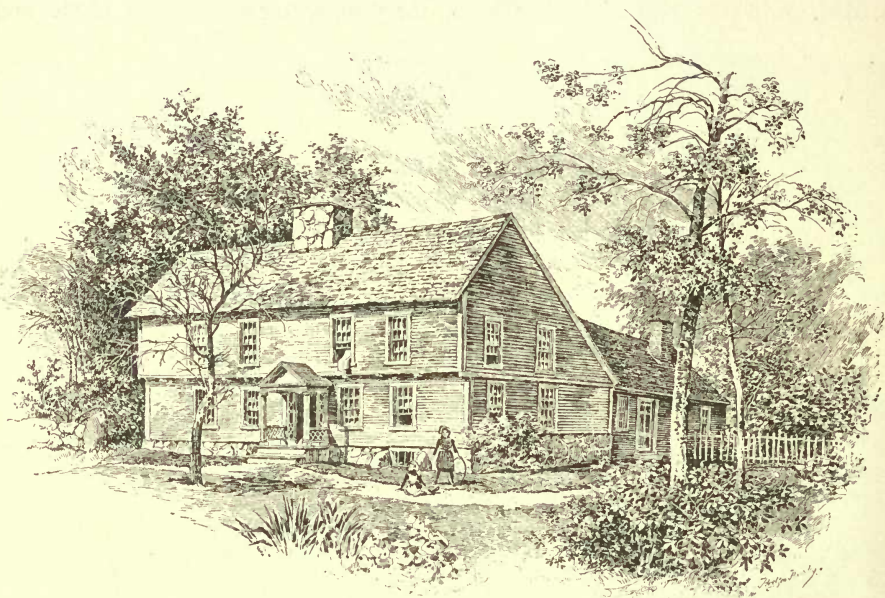
As for interior arrangements, there was here a great central stack of chimneys, showing good gray gneiss or sandstone at the tops; the stairs zigzagged up abreast of it before the front door, giving space for a table or a cupboard under them; right and left two front rooms—the southerly one having, most times, door opening upon yard or gar-

laboratory—for milk, wood, shelter over the well, and for making grateful lee at the back entrance against fierce “North-ers.” And there was a delightful honesty in this architectural confession of small home wants not to be found in many modern houses. In our electric age there is disposition to ignore such needs and to do away with “backdoors;” hence comes that over-nicety in country-house surroundings, amid which a visitor must look long and drearily for a place where he can knock the ashes from his pipe.

Thereafter came swiftly, abundant modifications of this form: an overjutting of second story, and again of the loft floor, with supporting beams, making crude machicolations, types of which abound in the Farmington (Conn.) Val-

ley. The Avery house [p. 320], built in 1656, a few miles eastward of New London, and still stanch in its timbers, is notable for its quaintness and for having sheltered eight successive generations of the same family. Some thirty years af-

closed in by doors; then came the open balusters and the half climb to a great landing, set off with round-topped window at the end of the hall; and as this hall gained in width and importance, heavy wooden cornices adorned it, a



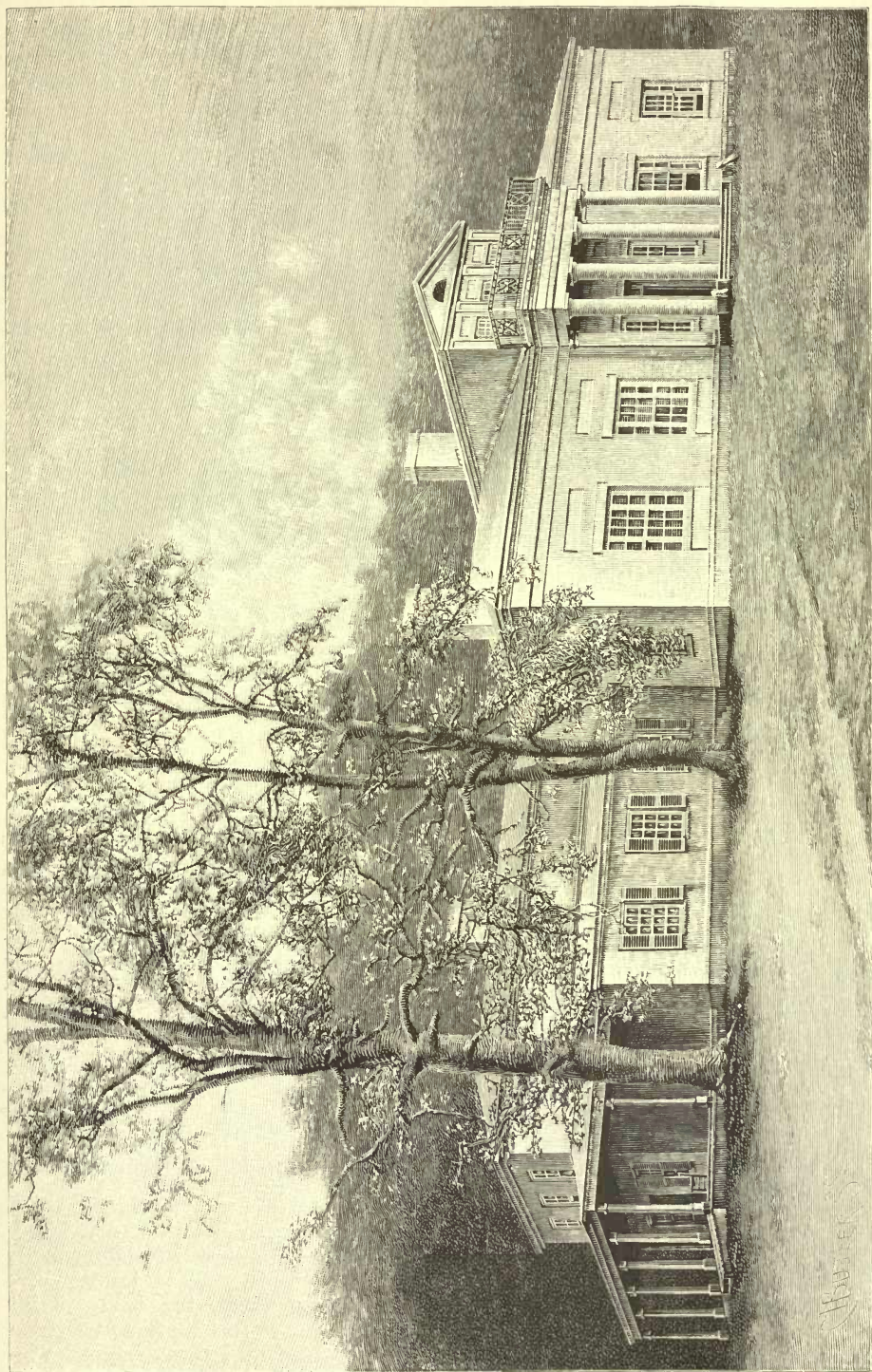
Characteristic New England House, especially in towns along the Connecticut River.

ter its erection the proprietor bought a condemned church in a near town and spliced it upon his homestead; and there, in Revolutionary times, when the Avery head of the house had become an urgent "Separatist," public psalm-singing and preaching were heard again. Another curious agglomeration of house roofs, and addenda of even date, but of more importance, is that of the famous Wentworth mansion at Little Harbor. The old "Fairbanks" homestead at Dedham [p. 321] may be named in this connection.

When the central stack of chimneys was divided—increased size of fortune or family demanding more fires—there came about the long central hall dividing the house, through which in August came that refreshing play of the winds which so many old people remember with joy. Many early houses with two gaunt gray chimneys show stair-ways cloven into the side walls of the hall, and

great archway divided it, oaken panel-work grew upon the side-walls, and a great flood of light from the big window on the landing showed marvellous landscapes from the Dutch paper-hangers between the wainscot and cornice. Or maybe there was some quiet monotone of color upon the walls, on which hung family portraits by Copley, or Smybert, or the Earles, with a tall clock ticking on the stair-landing or within the archway: very cold straits of passage in winter these great halls made between the blazing firesides in the rooms flanking them, till Nott's stoves and the cellar furnaces came in; but in summer what delightful affluence of breezes, with their flavors of lilies or of locust bloom!

To this fashion of houses belong those so-called colonial mansions which give dignity to so many outlying towns around Massachusetts Bay; great pilasters, may be, at their angles, and marking the interior partitions; *frontons* of clas-



Hyde Hall, Cooperstown, N. Y.

sic treatment, with central ornamented window; balustrades; perhaps some lifted room at the apex of the hipped there is a Piazza all round the dwelling; the widow is chearful and comely—inclines to be Plump.”



Old House of Peter Avery, Pequonnoc, Conn., built in 1656.

roof (as in the Fisher house of Dorchester or the Hazard house of Newport [p. 322]; possibly a labored cutting of the wooden angles into the semblance of stone quoins (as in the Deming House, of Colchester). A great many of these features were repeated in country houses that grew up along the heights of New York Island—among them the Apthorp mansion, now made dreary by neglect. Of a less imposing house in the same region, I come upon this pleasant mention in an old letter* of the time, from Mrs. Thomson, wife of the Secretary of Congress (1786). She is commending a rich widow, with £10,000 in her own right, to a gentleman friend in Philadelphia. She says: “Her house is pleasantly situated; the front has a view of the North River, and from the back you can see the East River. The house is one story high, with attick chambers;

Farther up the Hudson (Yonkers) was that interesting Phillipse manor-house, now—if standing at all—given over to civic uses; again, and specially noticeable as exhibiting the classic architectural fervors of the latter half of the last century was the Montgomery Place, at Barrytown, still maintaining its dignities amid its encompassing wood. The well-known Patroon house, of Albany (of latter part of seventeenth century), was less classic, but palatial in extent, and understood to repeat the features of the Dutch homestead of the Van Rensselaers in Holland. Along that valley of the Mohawk—where the readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE have of late pleasantly followed Mr. Frederic's war-tale—are still standing many notable country houses of the last century; among them, the home of Sir William Johnson [p. 325] (near to Johnstown), with central round-topped window setting off its upper story, hipped roof, and its two flanking buildings,

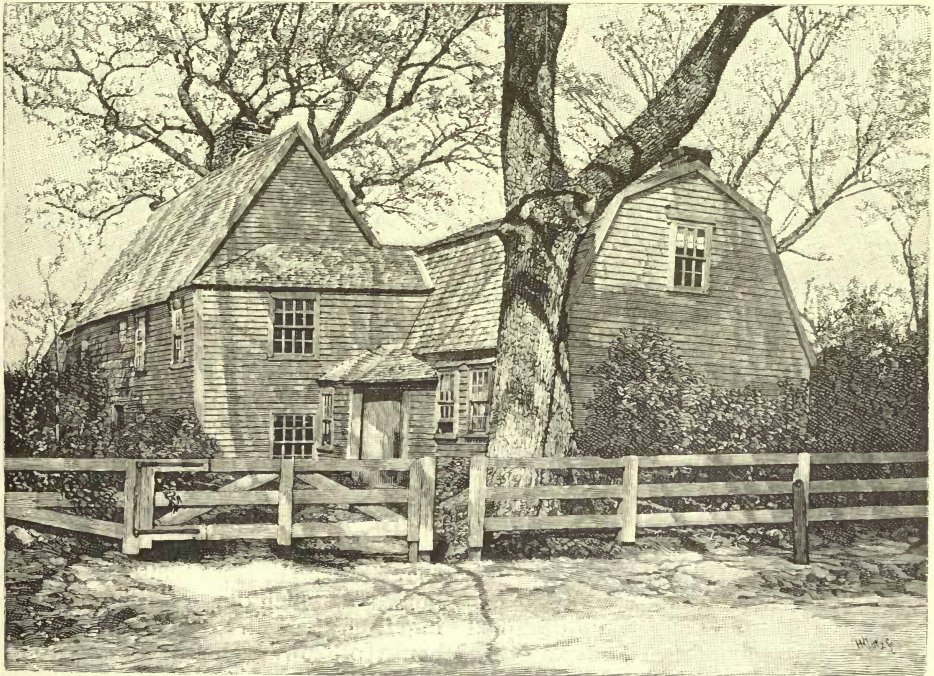
* Brought to light in that agreeable reservoir of colonial data, the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History*.

standing apart for offices and bachelor quarters; the old Herkimer house, where the hero of Oriskany died, is yet inhabited; and another noble homestead, simple, grand, and stately (built by Jan Linklaen, in the last century), maintains its dignity and its air of high hospitalities amid the leafy charms of Cazenovia [p. 323].

Farther westward, in the valley of the Genesee, widely known for its beauty and its fertilities, there came as settler, in the closing years of the last century, a Connecticut man (from Durham), who had a keen eye for good land and for good landscape, and who before his death (1844) made the Wadsworth estate known for its great reach, and its abounding productiveness; and made himself known by quiet and large philanthropies. The homestead that grew up there under the fostering care of a son—who found an honored death at the head of his brigade in the battle of

ated upon a slope of those gently rising, broad-surfaced hills from which there is wide valley outlook over groups of forest trees and fertile meadows. It is not specially noticeable for its architectural lines, except that a great profusion of them, in shape of oriels, gables, porches, chimneys, give promise of comfort; the stretch of fields and of trees make the divorce from city and suburban things complete. Even a meeting of the hounds there does not tempt the derisive smile which is provoked by the artificialities of a "hunt" at Newport.

Reverting again to earlier phases of American country life, I am tempted to speak of that great estate which, in pre-Revolutionary days, William Alexander—known as Lord Stirling—equipped, at prodigious cost, near to Basking Ridge, in New Jersey. There was a huge mansion, with imposing drawing-room and banquetting-hall, with stuccoed ceiling; a long array of offices, with coach-houses,



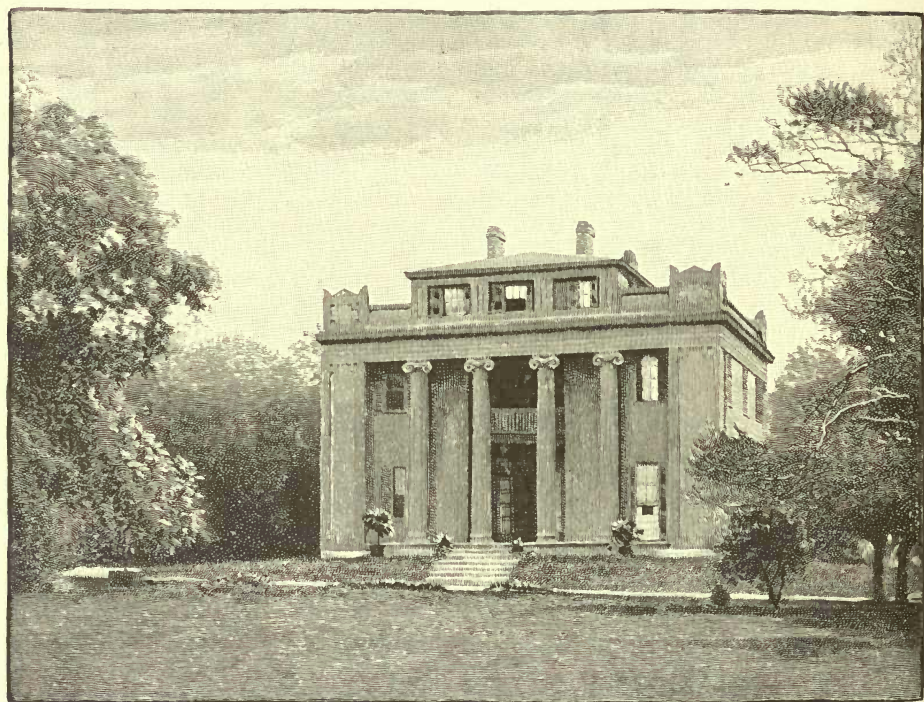
Fairbanks House at Dedham, Mass., built in 1636.

the Wilderness—is more essentially a country home than the others we have brought to view [pp. 328–9]. It is situ-

bake-houses, brew-houses; all these skirting a paved quadrangle, and showing gilded vanes disporting over the

cupolas. Judge Jones, the loyalist and historian (who had himself a great country house near South Bay, L. I., still held by the Floyd-Joneses), says that Stirling "cut a splendid figure, having brought with him from England horses, carriages, a coachman, valet, butler, cook, steward, hairdresser, and a mistress." This Lord Stirling, however,

is said that the beautiful Miss Bingham lost her heart—carrying therewith a great slice of her father's landed estate—to Lord Ashburton. The ground plan shows lack of all lesser offices, which were established in octagonal buildings flanking the main house, but slightly in the rear, and connected with it, originally, by corridors [p. 324]. Magnificent



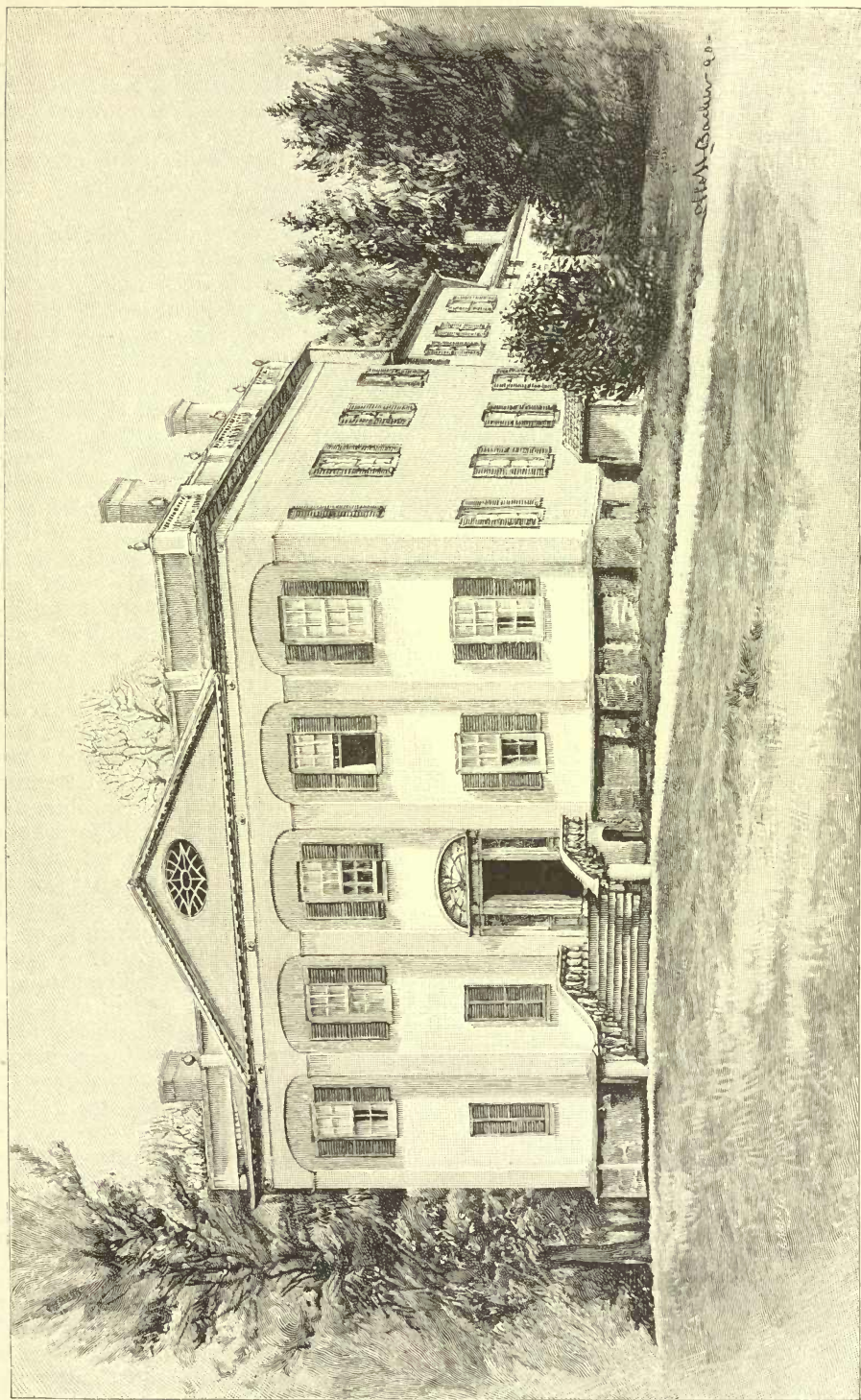
Hazard House, Newport, R. I.

fought bravely on the patriot side, and held Washington's esteem; but the war, his absence, and lack of trading shrewdness, brought his fortune to wreck, and before the end of the century the Basking Ridge establishment was in ruins. All the aspects of this, in its palmy days, and its management, must have been rather foreign than American. The same is also true of the country estate near Bordentown, one while occupied and improved by Joseph Bonaparte.

Another New Jersey country establishment of a more strictly American type, and still showing its hugely timbered barns of American pattern, is the so-called Bingham House in Oceanic. At a dance in its great banquetting-hall it

trees still belong to the site, and a great lawn (cut athwart by a *ha-ha*, beyond which cattle feed) sweeps from its front to a shore where some leafless remnants of old forest bear up ospreys' nests, and the ocean beats and thunders.

The great simplicity of the ground floor, with no kitchen involvements, was characteristic of most Southern country homes, to which dinners came in steaming from without. The Stratford (Lee) house [p. 326], with its low roofs and curiously grouped chimneys, is an example of this, dating from about the middle of the last century. Another notable Virginia house, Mount Vernon, all the world knows of; and the tall, massive colonnade supporting the extension of its long roof



Linklaen House (eighteenth century), Cazenovia, N. Y.
(Built by Jan Linklaen, agent of the Dutch Government.)

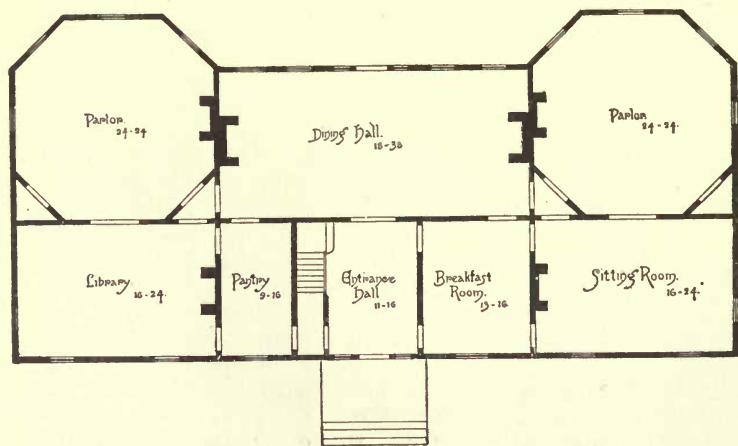
had its *replicas* in climates not so well suited to such defence against the sunbeams. Thus General Huntington—Washington's Collector of Customs in New London—built there a commodious house, upon a gentle height, then outside the town, with massive brick columns of quaint form supporting the overreach of roof upon three sides. It has been well preserved, save that within a few years a bay window and an oriel of modern demonstrative carpentry has been thrust across the Mount Vernon extension of roof, showing how bumptious common-sensical notions about light and air will cut clean through and destroy the charms of traditional form.

Early country houses in lower Virginia, between the York and James Rivers, were built more after accredited English forms, and the materials for them were largely imported. The same is true of early houses in South Carolina; and there are roof-tiles covering outbuildings and stables in Charleston, still in good condition, which were

which escaped the scathing times of the war, is also of British origin. It is without cellar, and for sanitary reasons—like most country houses in the lower Carolinas—is lifted high above the ground, and amid a lusty overgrowth of vines and shrubs shows a dignified front and a hospitable amplitude.

The inland "up-country" homesteads—even of those who planted largely—were generally of much more modest pretensions, the original and humblest type being the log-house—perhaps doubled, with an airy, roofed corridor between the couple. The coupling might run to three or four; and these, when built with care, and weather-boarded and painted—with roofs stretching over into long verandas—with a near white-washed group of servants' quarters, and here and there a guest's cottage, or that of the doctor or of the chaplain, upon a neighboring wooded knoll—were not without their invitingness and importance. Instances of extraordinary expenditure upon some of the upland places were not unknown. Thus the late

Governor Manning built, and equipped luxuriously, a great establishment, "Milford," in central South Carolina. It was a grand surprise for a visitor—after toiling through silent stretches of pine woods—to come upon a great *fronton* of imposing Greek columns, ponderous doors of



Plan of Bingham House at Oceanic, N. J., owned by Dr. Ehrick Parmly.

brought, more than a century ago, from Holland. So were the bricks and Portland stone which went to the making of the Alston house (known for its vaulted drawing-room), and to the walls that hemmed in the great garden where it was planted. The material in Drayton Hall, built in the middle of the last century (1747), and almost the only important homestead along the Ashley River

rosewood, lofty frescoed ceilings, silken bell-pulls, and Parisian *bric-a-brac*. Yet the dreaded "country fever" compelled the abandonment of all this, by both master and guest, so soon as the May sun smote hotly the spongy surface of the near cypress swamps.

Country houses in the Southwest, upon the river banks above New Orleans, formed a type of their own—great ve-



Johnson Hall, Johnstown, N. Y., built in 1764 by Sir William Johnson.

randas with blooming things scrambling over them making part; so did the magnolias and pecan-trees. There was a large grouping of outside offices—sometimes also of school and chapel, in connection with neatly organized quarters—which together made a little hamlet.

The English quadrangle system of country-house establishments never came to great vogue in America. It belonged to a mediævalism that has left its musty odors only about some of our educational buildings. Even the "walling in" cumbrously of courts or gardens is rarely seen. Our hot suns of summer do not favor the use of such protection; wall-fruit is not the success here that it is in England; even in the case of open espaliers (always associated with old British country houses) there is need for keeping a leafier growth than is admissible under the leaden skies of the Old Country.

There must be opportunity for some quite new and rare development of rural buildings under the conditions belonging to life on the great ranches of Colorado and California. The family of

the red-woods furnishes rare material, if the old adobe be not brought to noble uses; and no setting for whatever roofs, cupolas, cattle-pens, barracks, olive-presses, can be imagined finer than the snow-tipped mountains of Colorado, or the verdurous ones of southern California.

The question of site for a country home, is an important one, East or West; and involves other and quite different conditions from those to be considered on a suburban street. The vagaries of our climate within the last half dozen years have somewhat disturbed the old notions about shelter from northwesterns; but I think there will be general agreement that the flank of a hill is better for site than the extreme summit; and the opinion is well supported that a southwestern exposure (and slope for ground) is, of all, the best, and cheeriest, and kindest, whether for house or gardens. The perfect drainage which every wise man will seek for in a country house, is, of course, more easily secured by elevated site; and the old closed cesspool is giving way to one

which shall serve as the distributing reservoir for a system of subsurface tiling. The distribution may be secured at short periods by the action of a siphon, or by flushing the reservoir from the rain conduits.

Of the material for the construction of a country house there are divers opinions and practices; but there is a growing (and wise) disposition to use homely material, nearest at hand, if sound and effective. The old bugbear that stones made a damp house is disproved by those who build, with such "furring off" of inner walls as insures dryness as well as warmth in winter, and best protection of all against fierce sunbeats. If house walls are not wholly of stone, multitudes show that bold use of it in the ground-story which has gone perhaps to make it too popular; by this I

together like child's work; and again by undue care to give all stones the same form, or same lack of form; both these methods being bad, and defeating that sensible purpose—simple as it is sensible—to make a stanch wall, wholly sufficient, and without those affectations of *petit maitre*-ism, in quality or tone, which defeat every aim of honesty and all heroic simplicities. An exaggerated rudeness—specially in use of rude material—is as bad as an exaggerated finesse; and is it not an overstrain of plain boulder work to lay it up in columns with Pelasgic hugeness for the support of a veranda, or mere umbrage roof of whatever sort?

Not least among the advantages of this use of stone for the ground story is its invitingness for vine growth. I know there are some sticklers for the old no-



Stratford House, Westmoreland County, Va.

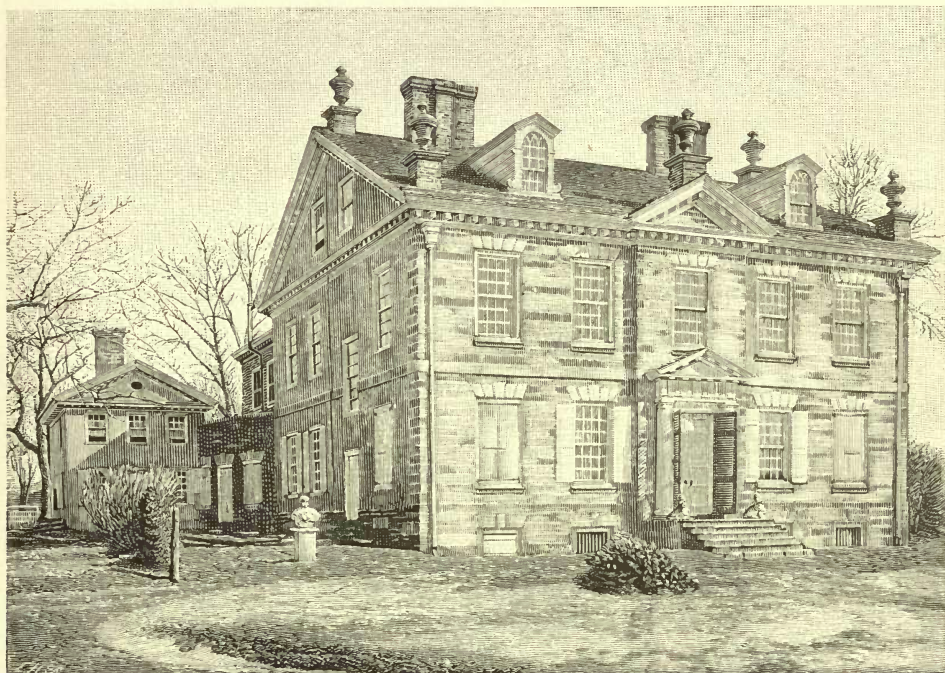
(Built in the eighteenth century, of brick sent over from England, for Colonel Thomas Lee, great-grandfather of General Robert E. Lee. This house is the birthplace of General Lee.)

mean that its opportunities tempt finical littlenesses of treatment. I have seen this effect by use of oversmall stones, perhaps, of regularly recurring sizes, nestled

tion that such growth promotes dampness; but the shelter of the leaves, and the evaporation from them of such moisture as the little rootlets have taken up

from the stone and mortar go far to disprove the old belief, if long and actual test had not shown contrary result.

ticut-River type of a long slope in the rear roof, and of overreach, with show of supporting timbers of the upper floor,

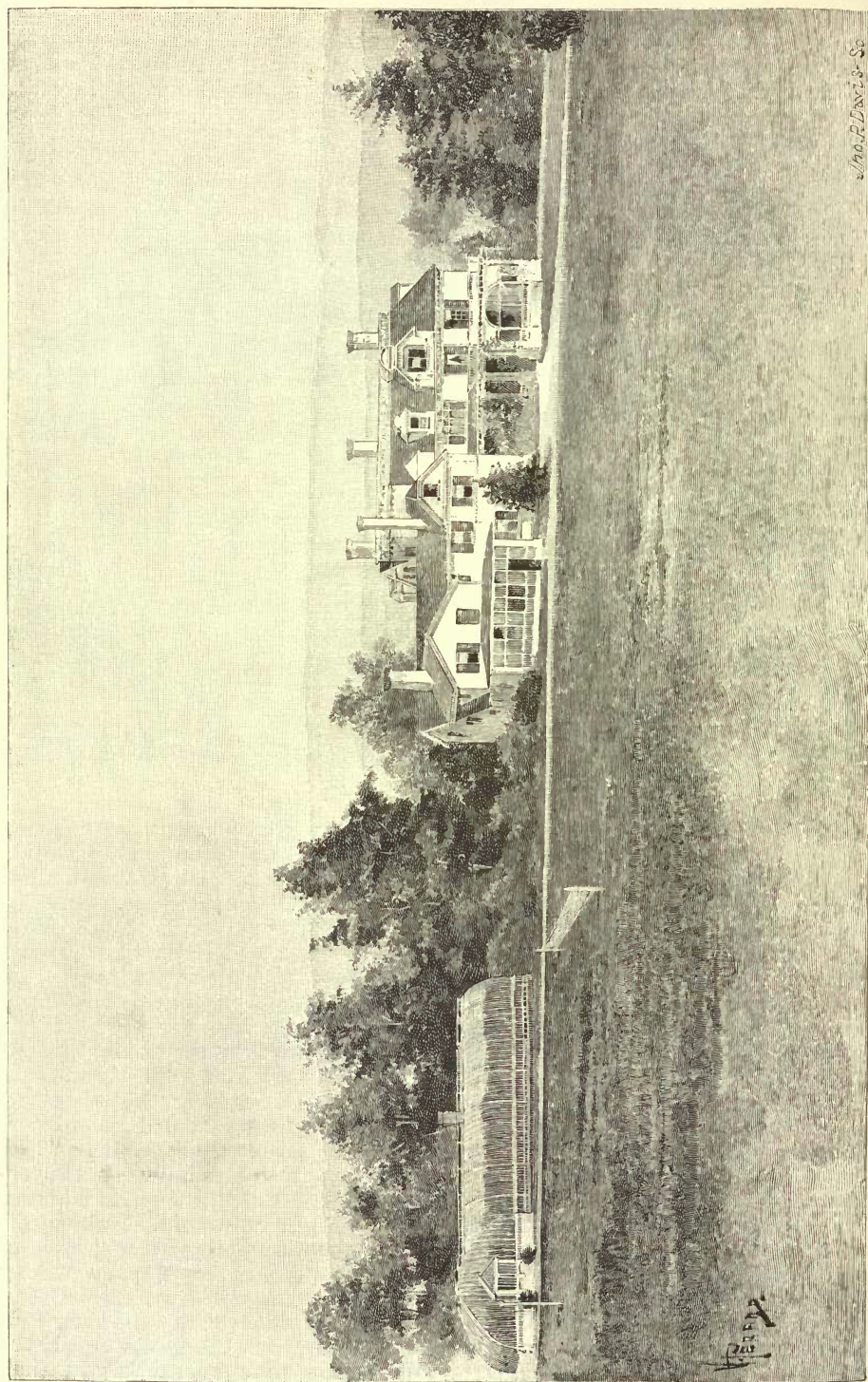


Chew House, Germantown, Pa.

Shingles have been latterly put to greatly increased uses in covering walls as well as roofs of country houses, and with the variety of good stains now available have excellent effect; but it is a questionable, and, architecturally, indefensible use which puts them to the cover of supporting columns to a porch, or to the dressing of an arch in carpentry. Among the stains that have come into use appears a very clever counterfeit (as respects color) of those delicate gray-green lichens which age puts upon many old houses; but shall an honest country home carry even so pretty a falsehood as this upon its roof?

Of course the selection of material for country building will be largely governed by the general outline and style; those imposing, dignified, half classic, colonial houses, of which we spoke, and which have some rare qualities for comfort, would not admit of a jumble of stones and timber, or of any tricks for the picturesque; yet that old Connec-

would sit very well upon a good honest ground story of stone-work, incorporated with some massive chimneys piling up to the height of the ridge. And that upper story could be happily married to the ground by a heavy timber porch at its door, with its inviting seats; or, if need were, some more closely wrought lee against northers for the visitor in waiting. Every country house demands a porch of some sort; dignity and hospitality both demand it; but the *portecochere* is of more doubtful necessity; it may be made to take abundance of picturesque attitudes indeed, but is very apt—save under quite exceptional treatment—to put unwelcome shadows and gloom about an entrance, suggestive of lingering damp at the step, or of long unmelting annoyances of ice. Cheer, warmth, sunshine ought to be flung with full hands about the grand and chiefest opening to a home. 'Twere well, therefore, to relegate this coach sheltering (and a country coach ought to brave



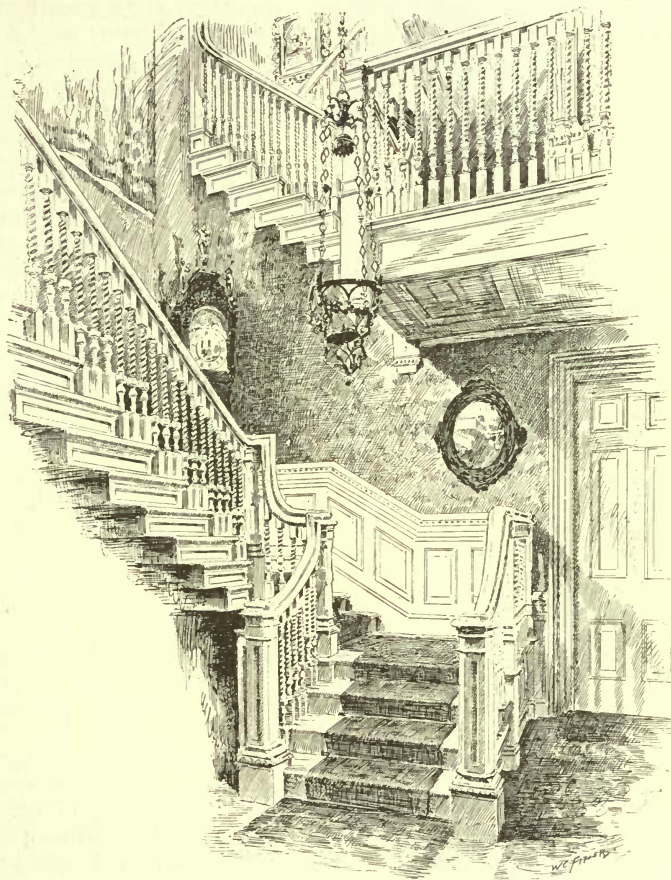
Wadsworth Homestead in the Genesee Valley, Western New York.

No. 2, DAVIS, S.

A. D. W.

a good deal of honest, hard weather) to a secondary and side door, where the shadows of its long overreach will not tell harmfully.

wants ; but I have seen one of the great piazzas flanking a country house of the Revolutionary type, which, having taken on its winter (movable) wall of glazing,

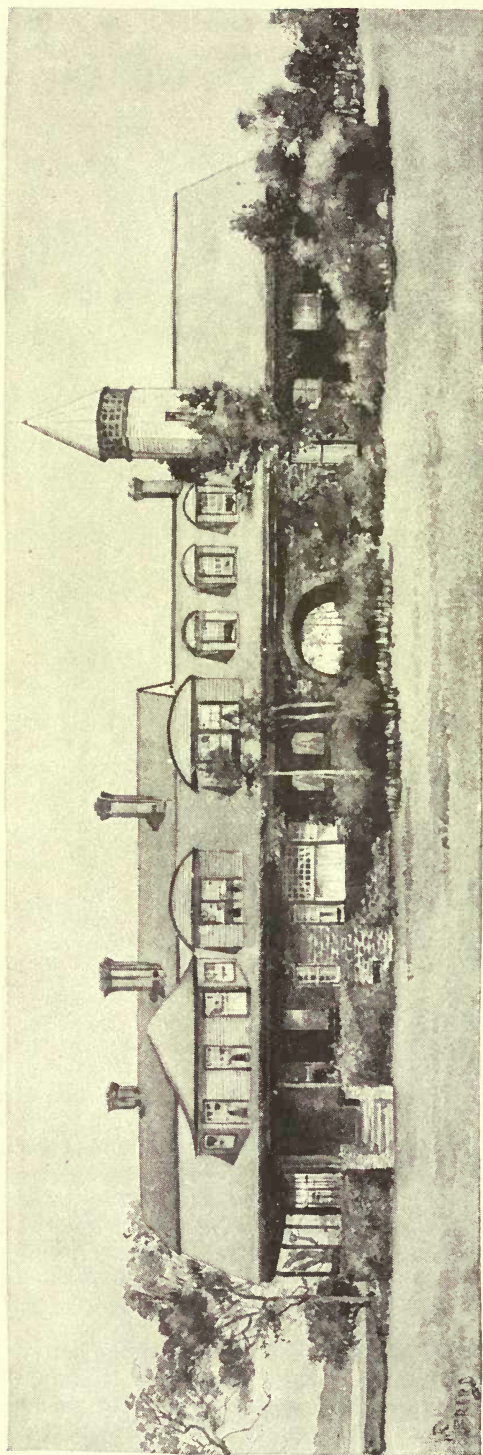


Staircase in Wadsworth House, Geneseo.

As for the windows of a country house, the demand should be for largeness, and, again—largeness ; indeed some corridor with walls of glass is not a bad accompaniment for a flank or angle. Our sanitarians are getting, at last, to understand the glory and the goodness of a winter's sunshine, and that it is no way needful to journey to the tropics for it. Whether the large glazing which will insure a good sun-bath can be associated with good flower-growth is more doubtful ; succulent plants, at least, for their fullest growth require a humidity of air not good for human

giving shelter to certain tough bits of green—such as a rampant ivy, or a group of aspedistas, or some tall fellow of the palm family in his tub—make an uncommonly welcome place for an after-dinner smoke, or a booklet (in the hammock), or an idle listening to the canary which swung out of Tabby's reach, and sung the snows to shame.

What now shall be said of the hall of a country house, except that it should make good the welcome of the porch and of the sunny windows and of the chimney-tops ? For this it should never



House of Lyman Josephs, Newport, R. I.

be cramped : that is a pinch at the very vitals of a home. And yet fair proportions must be guarded : it offers tempting place for an architect to lavish his skill ; but neither its extent nor appointments should dwarf the house ; as if a host were to spend his forces in an unctuous shaking of hands, without any ladder to back up his welcome !

Shall there be fireplace in the hall ? If never to be used, and set there—in however piquant dress of oak and brazen trappings—only as a symbol of a warmth which never shows tongue of flame, emphatically no. Doubtful even if the lighting only on far apart festal days could justify it ; but if the logs are to glow or smoulder on that altar (as weather may bid) from the ides of November to those of April, or if its flames are to light the mornings of a belated spring, or warm the nightfalls of a frosty October, it is an unmatchable glory of a country house ; unless indeed the rollicking blaze play of a library fire or of a breakfast room matches it. A country house without its fireplaces, or something with a blaze in them, is like a man groping for treasure with eyes put out. As for smoky chimneys, there is no reasonable excuse for them ; the main points are a narrow throat, and a good cushioning of air behind it for any sudden down draught : to this end a slant forward of the rear wall is best, and a good splaying of the jambs.

Of course there may be exterior reasons for bad draught—in presence of a near overtopping building, or dense wood, or sudden rise of hill—which causes of trouble are oftenest circumvented by an embanchment of chimney-tops, as pleasantly explained and justified by M. Viollet le Duc, in his agreeable “Story of a House.”

Next, stairs. To many a poor woman who has toiled a half life out upon an eight-inch “rise” of stair, a lessening of the height by two inches (six and one-eighth inches is best) will seem like putting

step on the road to Beulah. A steep stair everywhere, and everyhow—except in a ship's steerage—is an offence and a blight and a curse. But for an easy, hospitable, broad, cheery, inviting stairway flanking a country hall, or engrossing one end of it, or dominating it by a great swing of its galleries or landing, what a noble chance is given to the architect! What woody rioting there may be in balusters—in screens lifting up to the support of great beams in the ceiling, in arches disguising the changing levels, in flashes from mosaic windows, pouring glories on the floor! We might fill our pages with pretty illustrations thereanent; but from all we should very likely come back to a quickened love for those old simplicities which associate perfect ease with severest of lines.

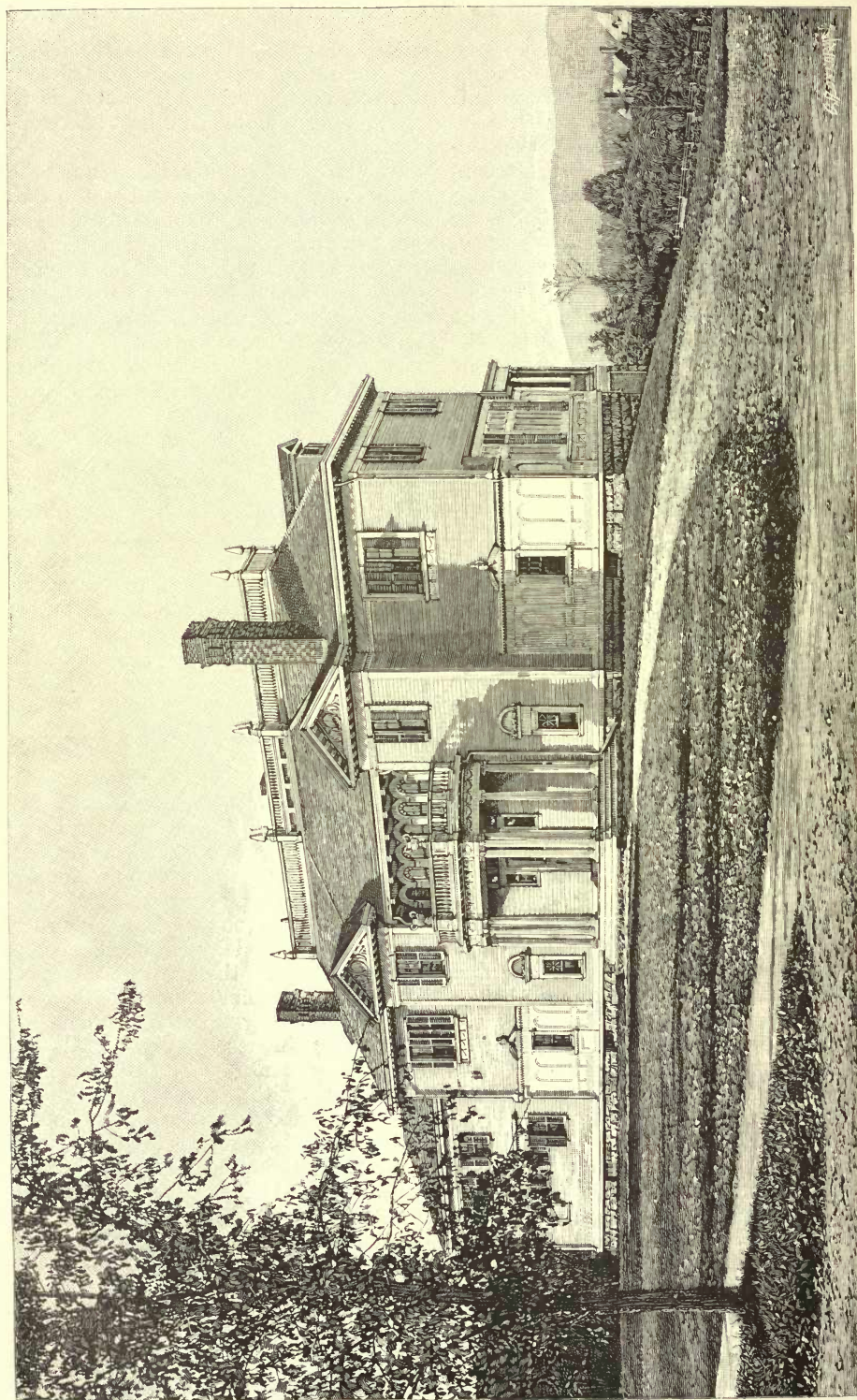
As for collocation of rooms in country houses, there is happily no occasion for all those Chinese puzzlings and dove-tailings of parts which city architects find it needful to study. There is, or should be, space to thrust out a room or a bay or an L, where we need it; and as for the sun, windows may be set to welcome it. The morning sun, by all means, should come to the family room, to the children's room, and to the breakfast-room; as for the afternoon sun, let it strike where it will. In all our latitudes, south or north, the southwest angle of a house is, I think, the treasured angle—most to be coveted for chambers, for work-room, for (if it must be) sick-room. The sun stays there longest; the blues vanish fastest.

The wants of children, too, must not be left out of sight, unless we determine to legislate them away, and make Mr. Malthus our saint. There's no indoor romping-ground for a child like a great garret, with dormers to let in sunlight like a deluge. The quaint, big old houses, we have shown, had them; and a healthy child, without chance for rainy-day forays in such, must grow up with a large domestic element of its nature undeveloped. Home ties of those young folk grapple to a bare roof-tree in the top of the house very clingingly. And if country life is not to be subverted altogether, and turned adrift on the

wastes of cities, it must be the clinging child-love, wakening in manhood, and re-awakening in age, which is to insure and ennoble its best development.

By the same ruling there must be out-of-door regalement and comforters of the child-age. "Out-of-doors" is a very large part of a well-balanced country house; this is an Irishism, maybe; but it is a wholesome one to consider and act upon. "Out-of-doors" in cities does not tie to the dwelling; it lacks privacy; it lacks consecration; it is every man's; and so no man's. There should be tennis-ground; there should be coasting hill; there should be skating-pond, snow forts, and fortresses of stone; cabins—for cooking—for picnicing, for learning the ductilities that belong to the offices of hostess. *Home* is the word; to give great quickening sense to it, to ennoble it, to endear it, to justify it; this is, or ought to be, the aim where roof-trees are planted in the open of God's country. One of the greatest of lacks, as appears to me, in the pretty Bellamy programmes of social fixtures, is that they disjoint and fling apart all old and relishable ideas of home, leaving no place for their development. Such schemes legislate away need for it: for, what is home without its tea-pot singing on the hearth, without its rallying-place at the fireside for family seclusion; without its "table-round," where books, games, singing, talk—unhampered by over-critical ears—fill up the eventide; without, maybe, its household mishaps of kitchen or larder, bewraying the management and compelling virtues of self-denial—of gracious reticence—of quiet, brave reconciliation with the accidents of life?

Gardens, too; what is your country house without a garden? And by garden I mean all those encompassing or outlying things of green which need coaxing, and training, and loving, for their development. There need be no great trail of such—no sheltering quadrangular courts. But surely no mistress can wear so beautiful and so cheap an adornment as a flower. Timid ones need not be frightened with bugbear stories of how B—— raises tomatoes at cost of a dollar each, and his chrysanthemums at



House of Edward Livingston, Lenox, Mass.
(Ritch & Tilden, Architects.)

cost of his wife's ostrich plumes. A little care and sympathy, and two hours of a morning will do the needful. There is no need for any rioting with moneys; and a flower that blooms responsive to one's training and care carries double

it), shows an ancient shaky trellis for a big-leaved vine (is it the "Dutchman's Pipe"?); old-time herbaceous flowers, such as the *Fraxinella*, white and red, are there; so are lilies of the valley, and tall blue-bells gone astray in grass, and



McAlpin House, Sing Sing, N. Y.
(Hapgood, Architect.)

perfume; and the fruit a man picks from his own "grafting" has subtle flavors that trace back through all the gardens in books.

I do not believe a man can be proper æsthetic master of what belongs to a country house—to its amplitudes or proportions, or harmonies (*pace*, Mr. Architect)—except he see his way to them through alleys of green. Great reach and tale of acres upon acres are not essential. I do not know but the rural instincts are more deeply and certainly stirred by some old half-country half-town house, where the village road brings its *carryall* in shower-time-nearness to the door. I have such an one very plainly in my mind's eye, as I write; the low ceilings (which would make modern fine builders stand aghast), couple cosily with the old-time chairs; the sun is shining through vases that carry dainty blossoms in southern windows; the great sweep of fifty-year-old Norway spruces (which some livers by the sea opinionate can never become great, lusty trees), put their dark fringes of boughs woingly to the shaven green; the little terraced bit of old garden (a Brobdignag handkerchief would cover

giving out perfume like the breath of babes; masses of moss-pink, too, spreading rosy bloom, and hedges of box, with strange mystic scent from their stirred leaves—odors of dead years.

It is only a week since that I came upon record—in the pleasant *London Garden*—of a Gloucestershire parson, who wrote with unction and zeal and knowledge of his miniature vicarage ground, and of his rockwork. "Six feet by eight, with twenty-one different species of plants growing in it, and all thriving;" and he goes on to detail other horticultural triumphs, pleasant, fine, and positive, though only himself and a "fag of all work" keep the exterior machinery of the modest country home he lived in on the move and on the make. Not money-making, to be sure; that reckoning were a dishonest way of estimating the subtle pleasures of those who, like the Gloucestershire parson, enwrap themselves—spring-time and autumn—in the delights of a rural home. That figure of the factotum, too, has its country sufficiencies, and touches of familiar regalement for a good many of us who have conspired with sympathetic architects for a home in the country: 'tis not

a de Coverley picture, this factotum ; lean and slight ; cocking his eye with a knowing upturn to read all promises of weather ; not pinning his beliefs to newspaper probabilities ; scanning the roses, and the beans, and the carrots, with a serener faith in their growing powers than comes of books ; doubled-up, odd whiles, with agues ; but slouching to his rainy-day plantings under a great cover of draggled clothes ; too old to be taught ; crowding down your finer knowledges with Solomon-like sayings, and enforcing their wisdom with a sharp catarrhal discharge between thumb and forefinger ; honest as the day, and with a humorous joyshimmering in his face when he sees long-doubted seeds of his saving breaking the ground, and stays his hoe for a new lighting of his brier pipe ; old and rheumatic, but finding compensation in his mastery of the ground and the seasons.

If I were to search in a wide New England neighborhood for one who enjoyed most, and made the most of a country home—because of its country-

beans, and cares as tenderly for every shrub and blooming thing as for the kittens that frolic at the door.

These addenda, these surroundings, are to be considered in any estimate of the forms which a country house should take, and for the conditions which it should most wisely fulfil. No country house which does not mate with "all-round" country laws can be architecturally good. Strip the vines and the grouped masses of foliage from that old Bartram house, of which we spoke in an earlier page, and there is left only a coarse, bare hulk of wall. Shear away those piles of foliage—those bristling points of firs which approach and environ it, and—by proper occasions of retreat—leave embayments of sunny turf around the great Genesee house, which was figured upon an earlier page, and we should fatally misjudge it. That modest country house—so well known—of Sunnyside, which was for so long, and worthily, a quickener of rural instincts, owes no small proportion of its charm to its *entourage* of foliage and the great



Lodge Gate, Hyde Hall.

ish elements—I do not think I should consider the great show places ; but the rather some modest house, half sunk upon a hill-side ; its basement windows fronting the morning ; greensward coming to the door ; the conservatory a window shelf ; every slip of a new plant cherished ; every spring some modest extension of the flower-patch ; a little orchard flanking and protecting the garden where the mistress walks proudly among her nasturtiums and her scarlet

vine that enwraps its principal outbuilding. Modest as it is, and inexpensive in its details, it is still a good exemplar of what may be done with homely material. Mr. Irving certainly had the rural instincts strongly developed ; long, and very tenderly that image of Wolfert's Roost (his charming home) lay near to his thought, and brooded there through years of Continental travel—brooded there always till the trees were planted, the duck-pond set to its flow, and the

old Dutch weather-vane put to its spinning over the crow-foot gable that rose above his southern porch. The dogs, the kittens, the doves, the cows, even the pigs of his country home, were all companionable with him; and he loved the things of the garden: not the flowers only, and the little trap of a green-house he had improvised in a corner, but the

trim rows of vegetables as well. With what a rare gusto (if I may play the reporter upon the weaknesses of a host) he looked upon the yellowing melons, bathing in the sunshine, and on the purple glories of the egg-plants! "Not like them! (with a wondering lift of the eyebrows) why, a broiled slice of one is richer than a rasher of bacon."

AFRICAN RIVER AND LAKE SYSTEMS.

By Thomas Stevens.

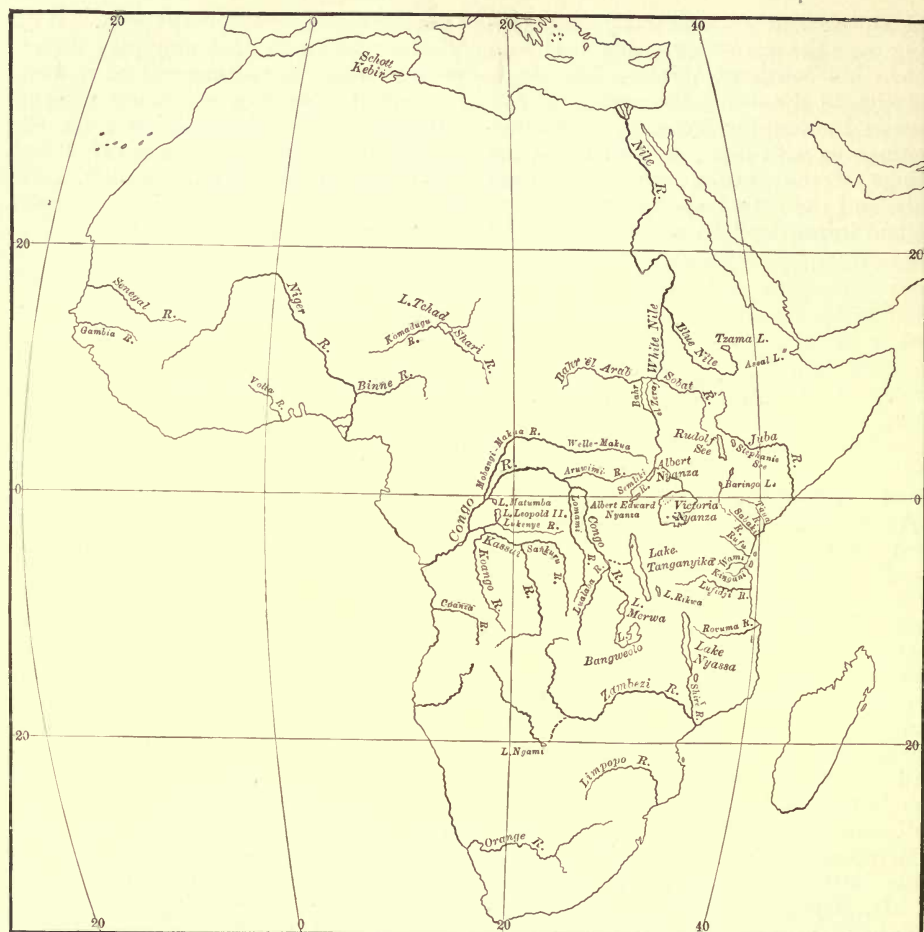
ASSUMING that a shower of rain, extending over a few hundred square miles of territory in the region immediately southwest of the Albert Nyanza, central Africa, fell when this magazine went to press, such of the rainfall as was not absorbed by the soil is now hurrying oceanward in three opposite directions. Part will reach the Mediterranean by way of the Nile; some will join the Zambezi and the Shirè to the Indian Ocean; and the remainder will help swell the volume of the Congo, which pours a mighty stream six miles wide into the Atlantic. In the light of Mr. Henry M. Stanley's recent geographical discoveries in connection with the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, it seems not unlikely that the area of this shower might even be restricted to a very small compass about the headwaters of the newly discovered Semliki River.

The marvellous scope of these African waterways has been thrust upon our notice of late, with other features of African geography, by the interest in the development of the Dark Continent that has been intensified by the rescue of Emin, and the scramble for territory by the European powers.

When the writer left Zanzibar in December, 1889, after meeting Stanley, the European colony there were discussing an interesting item of news that had been received by cable from Mozambique. Two Frenchmen, accompanied by about half a dozen natives of the

West Coast, had crossed Africa almost entirely by water. These intrepid *voyageurs*, according to the cablegram, had journeyed up the Congo to its headwaters, and thence down Lake Nyassa, the Shirè, and Zambezi to Quilliane. They had performed the journey in something less than a year; had met with no hostility worth mentioning from the natives, and had done no very difficult overland marching. About the time that these travellers were setting out on their journey, Stanley was making a note of the fact that one could almost cast a stone from the headwaters of the Aruwimi into the Albert Nyanza, — practically, the Nile. And if that stone were buoyant as cork, there would be nothing to prevent it floating to the Mediterranean. "Ten minutes' march took us from the head of the stream draining toward the Ituri (Aruwimi), to the spot where we saw the Nyanza at our feet," are Mr. Stanley's words.

A month after leaving Zanzibar I was in Cairo talking about African trade routes with Mason Bey, who with Prout explored the White Nile and the Albert Nyanza for the Egyptian Government in 1877. We were discussing the best routes into the interior, and Mason stated that it was possible to travel from Cairo to Kavalli, the point on Lake Albert where Stanley met Emin, in fifty days by steamer up the Nile, including portage around the cataracts. At the same time people at home were reading from Stanley that the new Semliki River



Map of African River and Lake Systems.

connects the Albert Nyanza with the southern Muta Nzigè, thus carrying the ever-elusive source of the Nile a hundred and fifty miles farther south. An extension of the Victoria Nyanza to the southwest was also discovered, which gives that great inland sea an area of twenty-seven thousand square miles, and carries it to "within a hundred and fifty-five miles of Tanganyika."

These several interesting problems of the great waterways of Africa being prominently brought to my notice within a short space of time, suggested this brief paper.

Africa is being discussed and gossiped about in these days from many points of view. Philanthropists desire to abolish the slave-trade; missionaries

to convert the negroes; commercial companies, colonization societies, and governments, to develop trade, found colonies, and acquire large portions of its territory. Nor has it escaped us that Africa is ramified by a system of water-courses of great volume, vast length, and extension. Inland seas, second only in extent to the Great Lakes of North America, grow still larger under the impulse of closer investigation, and such rivers as the Aruwimi, 800 miles long and 400 feet wide at the distance of 700 miles from the parent stream, are unfolded to our vision and called but tributaries in the vast riverine system of this New World of the nineteenth century.

Were all these rivers navigable by steamers from the seas, vessels from the

three sides of the triangular African continent might steam inland from river-mouths 4,000 miles apart and almost bump noses in the centre. Yet, with this magnificent system of waterways Africa has remained an undiscovered world until the latter half of the present century. With one of the oldest and most brilliant civilizations of the ancient world flourishing in its northeast corner, the rest of a vast and fascinating continent has lain in a dormant and savage state from the beginning of human records. Spasmodic efforts have been made to penetrate its secrets from time to time, but it seems to have been left until, the problems of all other parts of the world being solved, the surplus energy of civilized nations could be centred on the task of its subjection. Hitherto little has been done beyond knocking at the doors of the African fortress, but the assault has now begun in earnest and breaches are being made in many directions.

The secret of Africa's isolation from the benefits and blessings of civilization and light that have fallen on the rest of the world, is to be found in the cataracts of her big rivers, and in a lesser degree in the inhospitableness of the climate. The cataracts of the Congo, the Niger, and the Zambezi, however, and the cataracts and *sudd* of the Nile, have been and are the real obstructions. Were the Congo as navigable as the Mississippi, and the Nile as free from obstructions to vessels as the Danube or the Yang-tse-Kiang, Uganda would now be sending us silk-stuffs and calico instead of ivory, and globe-trotters would be picnicing and wintering on the islands of the Victoria Nyanza.

That there would have been a civilization on the shores of the central African lakes as old, if not so advanced, as the civilization of Britain, had the Nile been as open a road to the colonizers of ancient Rome as the way to England was, there is every reason to believe. Eighteen centuries ago the Emperor Nero caught the fever of African exploration, and despatched a military expedition that navigated the Nile to a point 500 miles south of Khartoum, or three-fourths of the way to Emin Pasha's late Equatorial Province. The same difficul-

ties that have often baffled the modern explorer, stayed the progress of Nero's expedition. After successfully overcoming the cataracts between Assouan and Khartoum, they were turned back by the mass of *sudd* that periodically blocks the Nile between the Sobat and the Bahr-el-Zeraf; the same treacherous masses of floating vegetation that in 1881 caught in their pestiferous embrace Gordon's lieutenant, the gallant Gessi, and held him captive to his doom.

This *sudd* region is a sluggish reach of the Nile where it meanders through a low swampy region, favorable to the rank growth of reeds and aquatic vegetation. Vast masses of this swamp-growth encroach on the channel of the river, become detached, and float lazily down stream like great ice-floes on northern waters in the spring. These floating islands sometimes wedge together and form an obstruction to navigation. The water finds its way through the adjacent morasses and under the *sudd* to its destination; but the obstruction grows and is added to by other masses floating down from above, until the river, aided by exceptionally heavy rains, forces the mass to give way. Sometimes the Nile is open through the *sudd* district for many years at a stretch. In 1870, however, Baker's expedition for the suppression of the slave trade in the Bahr-el-Ghazel, experienced the same difficulties that discouraged Nero's explorers, and eight years later a *sudd* obstruction was formed that lasted, in an intermittent way, three years.

In proceeding up the Nile from Egypt proper, for the first thousand miles the river may be considered good navigable water for river steamers of medium draught. The first cataract is encountered at Assouan, but though difficult of ascent in the dry season, steamers readily pass in time of flood, and may be got through at any time. Between Assouan and Khartoum are five other cataracts more or less obstructive to navigation. The most formidable is at Wady Halfa, known as the Second Cataract, through which steamers may be dragged only at high water. For the greater part of the year the Wady Halfa cataracts form an insurmountable barrier to river navigation.

From Wady Halfa, Sir Samuel Baker's steamers and stores had to be conveyed 400 miles across the Nubian desert by camels, to be launched again near Berber, 200 miles north of Khartoum. The Ismailia, his 251-ton steamer, taken to pieces, together with stores, required a force of 6,000 camels for transport. From Berber the river is navigable, so far as cataracts are concerned, to Gondokoro, 3,000 miles from Alexandria, and steamers have actually ascended to that point the whole distance by water. But midway between Khartoum and Gondokoro begins the terrible *sudd*. For 700 miles the Nile winds through a flat country of interminable marshes, and it is here that the greatest problem of Nile navigation must be solved. The 400 miles of the Nubian desert may be solved by a railway, or easier still, perhaps, by a railway from Suakim to Berber, a distance of 275 miles. But it is thought by experts that the only way to conquer the *sudd* would be to establish a permanent system of patrol boats for the duty of keeping open a passage, as ice-boats are used to keep ice from forming in canals.

In 1870, Baker, with a force of 1,000 men, spent thirteen days in forcing his way through twelve miles of the *sudd*, and after toiling for fifty-one days, and losing many men from the effects of the deadly miasma, was compelled to retreat. In August of the same year, proceeding up-stream again on the autumn flood, he found matters in no sense improved. He says, "The great river Nile was entirely lost, and had become a swamp."

Various minor cataracts occur between Gondokoro, or Lado, and Laborè, one of Emin Pasha's evacuated stations. General Gordon spent two years getting the steamer Khedive (on which it will be remembered Emin proceeded to Kavalli to meet Stanley) from Gondokoro to Laborè. Just south of Laborè is a considerable waterfall that bars all further progress. The Khedive, and Emin's other steamer the Pioneer, had to be taken to pieces at Laborè, and carried twelve miles around the cataracts to be relaunched. From Laborè the way is open to the Albert Nyanza, and possibly on up the Semliki River, which Stanley describes as a "powerful stream from

80 to 100 yards wide, averaging a depth of nine feet from side to side, with a current of from three to four knots per hour."

Of the Nile tributaries, the Blue Nile, which joins the main stream at Khartoum, is navigable for ordinary river steamers for 200 miles. The Sobat was ascended by Junker in an Egyptian Government steamer, in 1876, 190 miles to the frontier station of Nassen. This point is only accessible with steamers of six-feet draught during the rainy season, from June to November.

From the foregoing observations it will be seen that the Nile, with its ancient history and its 4,000 miles of waterway presents, after the first quarter of its length, barrier after barrier to the advance of civilization and commerce. More than a dozen cataracts, and a most formidable area of riverine obstruction, pestilential, poisonous, and deadly beyond power to describe, in the shape of the *sudd*, bar the way. Mason Bey's estimate of fifty days from Cairo to Kavalli, must certainly have been based on the supposition of future improvements, including the Wady Halfa-Berber Railway, and a patrolled channel through the *sudd*.

For our knowledge of the dimensions and navigable lengths of the Congo, the largest, and, next to the Nile, the longest African river, the world is indebted almost entirely to Mr. Stanley, its discoverer, and the founder of the great Free State within its basin. According to Mr. Stanley, the Congo is more than 3,000 miles long; and in size and volume the second river of the world, the first being presumably the Amazon. Like the Nile, the Congo has one stretch of uninterrupted navigation 1,000 miles long, between Stanley Pool and Stanley Falls. Unfortunately for commerce, however, this magnificent stretch of water is separated from the sea by a series of insurmountable cataracts that compel a portage of 235 miles, or two portages of 85 and 50 miles and many transfers. The largest of all African rivers, and probably the most valuable from a commercial point of view, more promptly and more emphatically than any of the others forbids the upward progress of the steamer. At 110 miles from the ocean

occur the lower series of the Livingstone Falls. For purposes of commerce and development it is proposed to overcome this difficulty by building a railway 235 miles long to Leopoldville, at the lower end of the long navigable reach of 1,000 miles. The capital for this undertaking is now believed to be all subscribed, and the work of construction is under way.

From Stanley Falls cataracts occur at intervals, but with navigable stretches of several hundred miles between. A reach of 327 miles, no inconsiderable stream on its own merits, extends without an obstruction from Stanley Falls to Nyangivè Falls. Another unobstructed section of about 600 miles extends to the rapids near Merwa Lake. Under the name of the Chambeze, which was crossed by Livingstone, the Congo is still found to be a river from 400 to 600 yards wide, and with a depth of six fathoms, at a point some 2,500 miles from its mouth.

Into the mighty Congo, all along its 3,000 miles of length, pour a system of tributary streams, themselves navigable for distances varying from 20 to 800 miles. The estimate is given of 5,250 miles of uninterrupted navigable water in the thousand-mile reach of the Congo between Leopoldville and Stanley Falls and the tributaries of that section alone. Mr. Stanley's estimates of the navigable lengths and character of the tributaries were based on his own records of the brief runs aboard his little steamer, while engaged in founding the Congo State. That they are more likely to have been under- than over-estimated seems probable in the light of more recent and extended explorations of some of the principal streams.

Three years after these estimates were published, an expedition in charge of Captain Van Gele and Lieutenant Liénart, of the Congo Free State service, explored the Mobangi, which, under the head of "Ubangi River and its Affluents," Stanley credits with 350 miles of navigation. Captain Van Gele's official report says that the first rapids they came to were 450 miles from the junction with the Congo. Three weeks were then required to overcome a series of five rapids, extending over thirty miles—only two of which, however, were im-

passable by water. Above these rapids was a broad, majestic stream, which for two hundred miles offered no noteworthy obstruction to navigation, and which for long stretches was over a mile wide. The Mobangi is also known as the Welle-Makua, and is said by Van Gele to pour a stream of water into the Congo of larger volume than any European river empties into the sea. Rather a sweeping statement, from which the Danube, at least, might perhaps be excepted.

Stanley gives the total estimated length of the tributaries flowing into this section of the Congo under consideration as 13,865; another probable under-estimation, since he credits the Ubangi with 500, while it has since been ascertained to be no less than 1,500 miles in length.

In addition to the navigable waters of this Leopoldville-Stanley Falls section, the Lualaba section, above Stanley Falls, with tributaries, gives 1,100 miles, and the Chambeze section 400. Then the Tanganyika system contributes about the same, which, altogether, including the 110 miles between Boma Station and the sea, gives an aggregate of 7,350 miles of uninterrupted navigable waterway in the Congo River and its affluents.

While dealing with the waterways of the west coast, it will contribute to the scope of the subject to glance briefly at a few of the more important of the lesser streams on that side of the continent. The most important and the largest of these is the Niger, which is to be called a lesser stream only in comparison with the truly African Amazon of the foregoing astonishing estimates. The Niger is near 3,000 miles long, and is one of the great rivers of the world, the third in length in Africa. Its mouth was known to Herodotus and the ancient geographers, who believed it to be a branch of the Nile. It was on the Niger that Mungo Park was supposed to have been drowned or murdered in 1805, while attempting to trace it to the sea in a canoe. The question of its outlet was not settled till 1830, when the brothers Lander marched overland from the coast to the upper Niger, and on the autumn floods successfully floated down in canoes to its mouth.

The British Government and several commercial companies then attempted to establish plantations, colonies, and factories up the river as far as the confluence of the Binne, but the climate was found to be so deadly to Europeans that the projects were abandoned. Commercial activity was revived, however, in 1852, when the African Steamship Company was organized and several factories established up the river. Since then the Niger Company have entered the field, and at present there is a regular service of river and coast steamers that ply up to the Binne confluence, 200 miles from its mouth. This may be considered the truly navigable limits of the Niger, though in the time of flood, in October and November, steamers may, and do, proceed some distance farther.

Were the Niger deep in proportion to its length, it would be navigable for 2,000 miles instead of 200, when it would probably rival the Nile in importance. It flows through a country of remarkable richness, and along its length are many towns and cities with populations of from 20,000 to 50,000 people. The people are semi-civilized; and at 1,000 miles up the Niger the traveller is astonished to find imposing mosques, and to hear at sunset the melodious voices of the muezzins calling the faithful to prayers. Merchants are found in these cities whose paper is good in Cairo or Tunis for as much as a quarter of a million dollars. Timbuctoo, which may fairly be called the African Nijni Novgorod, is on the upper Niger.

The Gambia River, though a minor stream in comparison of entire length, is navigable for 300 miles from its mouth, to Barrakunda Rapids. Several trading posts have been established on it for many years, the largest on an island about half-way along its navigable length. The Volta, which forms the eastern boundary of Ashantee, is navigable without obstruction for about 100 miles, when the Labelle Rapids interpose with an obstacle that is usually insurmountable in ten months of the year. In 700 yards there is a fall of near thirty feet; but in September and October there is a rise of fifty feet in the level of the river, when steamers may proceed for another hundred miles. On

the Gambia is the famous negro city of Paraha, one of the great marts of the West Coast of Africa.

These West Coast streams are of considerable importance commercially, notwithstanding the limited lengths of their navigable waters; much more so, in fact, than any of the larger rivers, proportionately considered. In this connection, however, some allowance is to be made for the different character of the natives, as the people along the Niger, the Gambia, and the Volta are much more advanced in the science of production and commerce than the natives of the Congo basin, the Zambezi, or the upper Nile.

Other streams that may fairly be considered in the navigable category on the West Coast are the Coanza and the Senegal. The former is the water-road of Angola, and is navigable for 140 miles from its mouth. The Senegal is in some respects the most serviceable stream on the coast from a marine point of view, particularly in the rainy season, when steamers of twelve feet draught may ascend for 500 miles. During the rest of the year it is navigable for about the same distance as the Coanza. The Orange River is the last large stream on the West Coast, but though more than 1,000 miles long, and of considerable volume in the rainy season, it contains no navigable stretch beyond about twenty-five miles, and for that very light draught vessels are required.

On the East Coast the rivers are smaller than on the West, and make a less favorable showing as to navigable lengths, as well as present and prospective commercial importance. The chief East Coast river is, of course, the Zambezi, with which the name and discoveries of Livingstone are inseparably connected. It is the fourth river in size in Africa, ranking next to the Niger.

The Zambezi is continuously navigable for 320 miles, as far as the Portuguese settlement of Tettè. It has a delta with many mouths, the outermost of which are a hundred miles apart. Bars are continually forming at the mouths which present troublesome obstacles to navigation, but beyond the delta the Zambezi is a noble stream, averaging a mile in width up to Tettè. Beyond that point a number of con-

siderable obstructions occur, notably the narrow gorge of the Lupata Hills, the falls of Kansala and Makabele, and the pass of Kariba, and at length the majestic Victoria Falls, three hundred and fifty feet high.

The Zambezi's great tributary, the Shirè, gives us a farther navigable stretch of 150 miles to the foot of the Murchison Cataracts, and from above the falls is navigable again into Lake Nyassa. Here is a portage of forty miles around the Murchison Cataracts, along which has been made a very good road, known as the Stewart Road. The remaining hundred miles or so to the lake is a stretch of still, deep water with scarcely any current, which the natives regard as a narrow arm of the lake itself. In 1878 was organized in England "The African Lakes Company," who now have a flotilla of trading steamers on the Zambezi, the Shirè, and Lake Nyassa. They have a number of regularly established trading stations, plantations, and other improvements, so that it is now possible to proceed up the Zambezi, the Shirè, and to the northern limits of Lake Nyassa in a comfortable and speedy way. From the head of Lake Nyassa there has been opened the Stevenson Road, by which Tanganyika may be reached without difficulty or discomfort worth mentioning. It was probably down this route the French travellers, mentioned at the beginning of this paper, finished their long journey from the Congo mouth.

The Limpopo is the second largest stream that flows into the Indian Ocean, and is navigable for about sixty miles by vessels of 200 tons burthen. There are several other streams along the Swahili and Galla-land coasts of lesser dimension throughout, but some of them with longer stretches of navigable way than the Limpopo. The Rovuma is a considerable stream, which Livingstone in 1861 found navigable for thirty miles from the mouth, and which has been ascended since to some distance beyond that point. The Tana, which reaches the coast at Lamoo, and has its source in the snows of Mount Kenia, has been navigated for fifty miles, and when the writer was in Zanzibar the officials of the Imperial British East African

Company were talking of building a light-draught stern-wheel steamer with which they thought it would be possible to ascend for 200 miles. The Sabaki, which flows down from the region of Kilimanjaro to near Mombasa, is navigable for forty miles with a light steamer. The Wami is thought to be accessible by very light steamers for 150 miles, and higher up the coast the Juba, which flows through Galla-land, was explored by Van der Decken, who found it navigable for 180 miles.

Other streams navigable for short distances, such as the Rufer and the Kingani, might be mentioned, but the list of African rivers fairly deserving the name of navigable begins with the Nile, and, proceeding round the coast to the west and south and up the east, ends with the Juba. The mouth of the Juba is on the line of the equator, and for the thirty degrees of latitude between that and the mouth of the Nile, the African coast presents not a mile of navigable river, and, with a few very insignificant exceptions, no rivers at all.

With a brief mention of the lake system, and a summary of the whole, the hydrography of the Dark Continent, as revealed to us up to date, may be dismissed, in so far as the scope and intentions of this paper are concerned. Stanley estimates the area of the lakes in the Congo Basin, which includes Tanganyika, Bangweolo, the southern Muta Nzigè, as distinguished from the Albert Nyanza, and which he renames Albert Edward Nyanza, and several smaller lakes, at 31,690 square miles. Lake Victoria is, with the newly discovered extension, estimated at 27,000, and the Albert Nyanza is, according to Stanley's latest observations, somewhere near 1,500 square miles in extent. Of the Albert Edward Nyanza too little is known to attempt to fix its area.

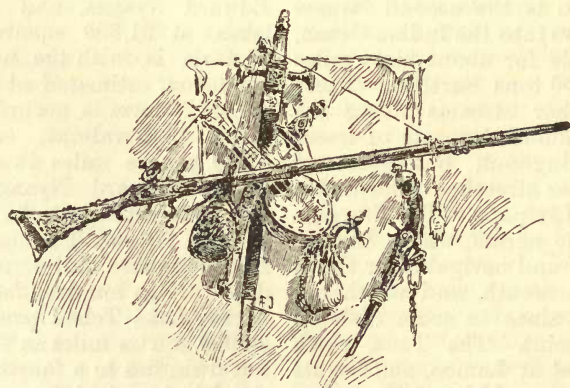
Lake Nyassa has an area of about 13,000 square miles, and an average depth of one hundred fathoms. In North Africa, Lake Tchad presents an area of 40,000 square miles in the rainy season, but dwindles to a fourth of that size in the driest part of the year. It is fed by a number of streams, the Shari from the east, and the Komadugu reaching it from the west.

Of minor lakes, the Tzama, in Abyssinia, the reservoir of the Blue Nile, gives an area of 700 square miles, besides which Baringo, Navaisha, and the salt lakes of Ngami, Assal, and Schott Kebir deserve mention; also the Rudolf See and Stephanie See, discovered by Count Teleki in the country of El-gumi, north of Mount Kenia, a couple of years ago. Some of these lesser lakes might fairly be termed navigable, but others, like Schott Kebir, which is a body of water 100 miles long in the wet season, but a mere salt-marsh in the dry, would not come under that head. Assal Lake, in Abyssinia, is the Dead Sea of Africa, being extremely salt, and 600 feet below the level of the Red Sea.

From the foregoing we obtain a total of but 3,375 miles of uninterrupted river navigation, in all Africa, accessible from the sea. The Mississippi system of navigable waters alone gives a total of more than twice this distance. But it is in inland waters, on the elevated tableland within the coast-line mountains and hills, that Africa makes the best showing of commercial waterways. Above and between the various cataracts that have been alluded to in the foregoing pages, are a grand total of more than 12,000 miles of navigable rivers, without including such considerable streams as the Shari, and the upper waters of many large tributaries of the main rivers,

which have not yet been explored with sufficient care to justify estimates of this nature. The lacustrine system of Africa gives a grand total of about 97,000 square miles of navigable waters, about the same as the lake-area of North America.

To make the great system of inland waterways easily accessible to commercial exploitation from without would require a system of railways aggregating, perhaps, 2,000 miles in length. The chief lines would be around the Livingstone cataracts, on the Congo, from Vivi to Stanley Pool; a line from the coast to the upper Niger; the long-talked-of line from Suakim to Berber, and a line 500 miles long from Mombasa to the Victoria Nyanza. These four lines would absorb about 1,400 miles of the 2,000 estimate. Minor lines would connect Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika, take the place of the Stewart Road around the Murchison Cataracts, on the Shirè, and overcome the difficulties at such points as Stanley Falls, and the cataracts of the upper Nile system. A length of forty miles would be required on the Shirè, a dozen miles at Lahore, and at various points lengths of railway varying from near 200 miles between Nyassa and Tanganyika to a couple of miles around some of the lesser cataracts. The estimated cost of this comprehensive system of small, isolated railways is, roughly, \$50,000,000.





THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.

By T. R. Sullivan.

I.

THE FRETFUL ELEMENTS.



ABOUT thirty miles from the sea, on the shore of a great New-England river, stands the Martingale house, in the centre of its wide domain, which has

been held intact by the family through varying fortunes. The dwelling itself, of brick, with a high gambrel roof and tower-like chimneys rising above the trees, dates from the latter half of the eighteenth century, and still bears that day's dignity upon all its architectural features. The first colonial Martingale, cut off in his prime, never occupied, even for an hour, the home he had built so carefully to live and die in ; but his son survived him long, and from him the place passed to the eldest son, then to the oldest grandson, until this right of primogeniture became a family tradition ; and so descending, the estate was at length inherited, in a day not yet forgotten, by William Martingale, Esquire, better known as " Old Billy Martingale," then the last of his race and name.

He was not old at all as years go, for he had but just turned fifty ; yet the adjective seemed as properly a part of him as if he had been christened by it. An only child, brought up in the country, he had always lacked the mirth-inspiring influence of other children. This, aided by a temperament the reverse of sanguine, had given him that peculiar demeanor known as " old-fashioned " in

the language of the nursery, and all who could remember his childhood declared he was born old. Later experience of the world at school and college, together with prolonged foreign travel, did much to qualify these traits ; yet when in the natural course of events Old Billy entered upon a colorless and lonely life under the ancestral roof-tree, his was certainly not a romantic figure. Neither mentally nor physically heroic, shy in his manner toward strangers, he produced a first impression of eminent respectability unvexed by any of the grander passions. The people of the neighboring town, three miles off, learned, however, that familiarity, far from breeding contempt, tended rather to heighten their instinctive regard for him. He never indulged in confidences, and beyond a certain point of intimacy he never passed. The more one knew, the more one desired to know, and the more likely was he to shrink into impenetrable reserve. As every effect must have its cause, and as a disposition to supply missing causes springs, like hope, eternal in the human breast, a web of romance, vague and impalpable, slowly wove itself about this good man, without his help and without his knowledge. Earlier in life it was said he had been crushed by a great sorrow. The details did not matter, but of course there was a woman concerned in it ; So-and-so knew that. If some inquiring mind wondered where this woman could be found, the answer came readily : " Abroad ! " That he had lived abroad was not to be gainsaid ; that his time there had been spent in love-making was, as Iago says, probal to thinking. So, like a snail, the baffled

questioner withdrew into himself, pondering and embellishing the rumor, to reproduce it as a fact which every female neighbor firmly believed.

Among these same townspeople Old Billy had formed, years before, one close friendship—the exception to his rule—with a man of his own age whom otherwise he resembled as little as the night the day. When this friend married the two drifted somewhat apart; the loss of the wife brought them together again, but only for a season. Shortly afterward the widower died, leaving one son, who had married, in his turn, an amiable, intelligent girl, extremely pretty, but poor. The father left no fortune; and that Jack Hampton and his wife, with their growing family, found it hard to make both ends meet, was an open secret of the town. He had chosen the legal profession, and had made some success at it; his income increased slowly, but by no means in proportion to his needs. His wife, a good manager, did her best to keep his spirits up and his expenses down; but she could not keep the lines of care from coming in his face.

Adequately to benefit poor gentility is a difficult problem in social ethics, and Hampton little knew with what labor his father's friend strove for its solution. Directly and indirectly Old Billy did him many little kindnesses. He added a codicil to his will, and sighed to think Hampton could not divine that the dim future, at least, would be the brighter for it. The young man's anxious face became a perpetual reproach to him. He racked his brains to devise something of immediate advantage possible for the one to give and the other to take, without offence to the finer feelings of either. Suddenly there flashed into his mind a scheme so simple that not to have thought of it before seemed almost criminal. He lost no time in working out its accomplishment.

By this scheme the lawyer's household transferred itself to the Martingale estate, of which the capable Mrs. Hampton was put in charge, on probation, as she stipulated. Her consent to this was not won too easily. In obtaining it Old Billy dwelt with great tact upon the loneliness of his declining years and the

forlorn aspect of the half-closed house, through which he wandered like a troubled spirit. Her husband's father, as he reminded her, had been his lifelong friend; where else, in his hour of need, should he turn for the sympathy and help he had almost the right to demand of her? Yet her coming he should always consider an act of charity to him. By subtle touches of this sort he overcame her scruples, and the two families were made one long before the year's trial ended. Of their own accord her children took to calling the kind old bachelor "Uncle Billy." They brought more sunshine to the house than that streaming in through its wide-open shutters. The light and warmth agreed with him, and he grew happier and younger. To change these conditions voluntarily would have been an act of cruelty that never once suggested itself.

In the first summer of this new order of things Mrs. Hampton's young unmarried sister made her a short visit, and late in the second autumn she came again for a longer and more memorable one. Miss Flora Hallowell had been admired in New York for four seasons. Her beauty was remarkable, not limited to mere regularity of feature, but revealing some fresh charm with each change of its expression. In coloring neither blonde nor brunette, she occupied that vantage-ground between to which all colors are becoming, and for which no descriptive term has been invented. Her gray eyes, large and clear, had a simple, straightforward look that, to tell the truth, belied her. For great personal beauty is a doubtful blessing that subjects its fortunate and unfortunate possessor to numerous small temptations unknown to the rest of us. Even with the old and wise, eternal admiration is a severe strain upon the character. How much harder the test when applied to an inexperienced girl, suddenly given the freedom of a very complex world to lose her rosy illusions of it one by one! Miss Hallowell, though naturally kind at heart, had the defect of vanity; she was thoughtless, capricious, and somewhat spoiled by attention. To enjoy the present hour unfettered seemed her chief aim in life, and this, perhaps, accounted for the merciless indifference shown to-

ward her suitors, of whom she was known to have rejected many. "Flora, how could you?" demanded her mother time and again. "Mamma, I did not love him," was her quiet answer; "one cannot reason in such matters." And upon being assured, in return, that she would live to die an old maid, the wilful little beauty always declined to view the impending danger seriously.

Margaret Hampton could not be brought to share in this gloomy foreboding of her sister's destiny. She had a blind adoration for Flora, who must be, she thought, the most beautiful of all earth's creatures. That this paragon, whom she had nicknamed "the Princess Royal," would ever fail to captivate the eye of man appeared to her preposterous; equally so was the thought of forcing her into what the French call a marriage of reason. Love, when it came, could not be controlled, and Flora would surely discover that sooner or later. Meanwhile there was no hurry. Flora was far too sensible, she believed, to choose unwisely; if not, only harm would result from interference. Granting marriage to be, as the cynics said, a leap in the dark, love's torch still remained the safest guide to follow. These were not precisely her mother's views, Margaret knew, and fearing the counter-current she urged this visit upon Flora, for whom the suggestion of country-life in the depth of winter had the charm of novelty. It promised rest, too, from the dull round of artificiality in which she was whirled along. Flora knew the whole thing by heart. One winter in town was indistinguishable from another. She could tell what any given man was likely to say before he opened his lips. In the country there would be fresher air to breathe, with fresher ways of breathing it. There would be men, of course, but men less formal whose formulæ she had not learned. She made a mischievous resolve to turn all their heads before the winter was over; they must be a rude tribe of barbarians if she could not accomplish that.

There was but one of all the tribe excluded from her field of conquest. Her host, the friend of the household, "Uncle Billy," as with the children she insisted upon calling him, escaped solely

on account of his advanced age. Toward him her irrepressible coquetry went no farther than a kind of merry warfare wherein he always got the worst of it. In her former visit she had perplexed and distracted him, and upon her return these old relations were at once resumed. "Harum-scarum" he pronounced her under his breath. She retaliated openly with a new title, which flattered him at first, but which, through repetition, he grew to find exasperating; this title was the "Clerk of the Weather."

It had long been Mr. Martingale's custom to observe scientifically all atmospheric phenomena of his region; and as he had lately become a correspondent of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, the habit was now developed into a solemn duty on no pretence whatever to be neglected. In one window of his study, carefully sheltered by a screen of blinds, hung the wet and dry bulb, the hygrometer, and other instruments of observation, their record being noted thrice daily in a leather-covered folio. From this Mr. Martingale compiled a weekly report, which went by the first post to Washington every Monday morning. The children, who rarely ventured into the study, regarded its darkened window with wholesome awe; as for the folio, which they had been warned never to touch, they believed that magic lurked within its leaves, and when the wind howled at night a little louder than was pleasant they listened with a vague fear that the book and Uncle Billy were somehow responsible for it. The old man, discovering this, amused himself sometimes by predicting climatic changes sufficiently in advance to startle the credulous youngsters when his word came true. In consequence, John, the son and heir of the Hampton family, aged six, turned upon him one morning with a strange question.

"Uncle Billy, where is the broom you make the weather with?"

They were at the breakfast-table, and when the general joy at this had subsided, all listened for his reply.

"So you think I keep a broom, do you?" he inquired, soberly.

"I know," returned the boy. "There has to be one always. Nurse told me."

And in the broken accents of babyhood he quoted :

"There was an old woman tossed up in a basket
Seventeen times as high as the moon ;
And what she did there I could not but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.
'Old woman, old woman, old woman,' said I,
'O whither, O whither, O whither so high ?'
'To sweep the cobwebs from the sky,
And I'll be back again by and by !"

Please, Uncle Billy, mayn't I see the broom ?"

"But I haven't one," said Mr. Martingale, smiling. "It is the old woman who does my sweeping for me."

The boy stared doubtfully, unwilling to believe that his good friend was making game of him.

"I have never seen her," said he.

Thereupon Flora undertook to clear up the mystery. "Why, don't you know," she asked in a serious tone, "that the old lady is Uncle Billy's wife ?"

But the victim shook his head, declining to submit to further imposition. "No," he said, slowly ; "if Uncle Billy had a wife, I know he would have shown her to me."

A shade of annoyance passed over Mr. Martingale's face. "It's all a joke, my boy," he explained. "You must not believe what naughty people tell you." Then he rose abruptly and left the room.

A day or two afterward Miss Hallowell for the first time provoked the old bachelor into a display of ill-temper. Something called him to town, and, departing, he begged Mrs. Hampton to make the all-important noon record in his absence. She, in her turn summoned away, deputed her sister to perform the office. Flora made the observations with great care, entering them correctly enough, but in flippant terms, entirely at variance with the spirit of the ponderous book. She conceived the joke to be nothing if not harmless, and gave it no further thought. When Mr. Martingale drove up that afternoon she stood at the hall window in new attire so becoming that she felt it should be noticed. But the sky had grown suddenly overcast, and the weather came between them. Passing her by without a word, he rushed into his study, whence,

after an exclamation half inaudible that sounded uncommonly like an oath, he returned with a look of intense vexation.

"Who did that ?" he asked.

"It was only a joke," she stammered ; "I thought it would do no harm."

"What right had you to think so ?" he replied, angrily ; and without waiting for an answer he went back into his room and slammed the door.

Flora's cheek flushed crimson as she assured herself that Uncle Billy was a brute. Right, indeed ! What right had he to treat her so ? She would let him see that she was not a subject for such discourtesy. Making no mention of the incident, throughout that evening she wore her sunniest smile and forced herself into the highest spirits—all without a glance at him or any acknowledgment of his existence. This course was rendered possible by the fact that he kept more than usually silent and never once addressed her ; thus defeating in part her design, which included a degree of coldness in meeting any advance he might make. As none came, she could only fall back upon the consciousness that she was looking her very best, and that her tones were all of angelic sweetness—even when the talk took a turn which enabled her concisely to express the saving grace in a sense of humor. Men who lacked that, she stated with her lovely eyes fixed on vacancy, were quite unfit to live. No one disputed her, and having made her point most amiably, she did not pursue the subject. At bedtime she vouchsafed a general good-night to whom it might concern. All was well with her, and she wished no harm to any one, however ill-natured he had proved himself to be.

The next day, finding her alone, Uncle Billy was injudicious enough to hint that she should make him an apology. But Flora was much too clever to place herself at such a disadvantage. She looked upon him as the aggressor, and told him so. He asked, with a smile, if she thought the self-accusation should come from him ; to which she replied that this, in truth, would be most becoming. Though provokingly good-humored, he declined to humble himself so far as that ; and there the matter rested without apology

on either side. But Flora was seized with a new access of indignation at discovering, a few days later, that her entry had been cut from the record and replaced by a new one in Mr. Martingale's hand. Their former footing of cordiality had been restored, and upon reflection the Princess Royal decided that she could only bide her time. This she did, privately determining to tame the rebellious subject some day, by one means or another.

II.

A RISING BAROMETER.

FLORA, taking an active part in all the country merry-making, became immensely popular. The girls looked upon her as a rare exotic, of whom it would be folly to grow jealous, even though their brothers and cousins were charmed by her, much as she had foreseen. She contrived to keep on equal terms of good-fellowship with all the men, and yet to keep them all at bay; so that even the boldest stopped to consider what he had to offer her in exchange for the manifold city life she had always known. True, her sister had abandoned it for the asking. But these two were as unlike as sisters can be. It was safe to conclude that Flora never would bestow her fastidious little hand upon a country lawyer.

The conclusion emphasized itself when one of Hampton's classmates arrived to pass the Christmas holidays. This was Captain Hubert Wise, who had left college during the War of the Rebellion to enter the Northern army as private in a volunteer corps, and had risen to the rank which, against his wish, still clung to him; but he looked like a soldier, and was tired of protesting that he had seen in all but two years' service. Captain Wise, therefore, he would always be. The end of the war had come too soon, leaving him restless and dissatisfied. He had since accomplished little beyond the acquisition of a handsome inheritance, which turned him into a dilettante, dabbling in all the arts, and excelling in none. In person he was a fine fellow, bearing the scar of a sabre-cut that

proved a distinction rather than a disfigurement. "Here is the very man!" sighed more than one of Flora's new admirers; and he, having long admired her, was already inclined to think so too.

Uncle Billy, who liked him, made precisely the same reflection one morning, when he found them alone together in the long drawing-room, busy with some scheme of pleasure in which he was not likely to share. His age would have accounted for that, even had he not been at this time peculiarly devoted to a new hobby—an almanac for the coming year. This he had agreed to edit, and the final proofs were passing through his hands, which now held a great roll of them that must be pored over in his study for many hours. He crossed the room, looking at Miss Hallowell and her companion just long enough for the prophetic thought to flash into his mind; they were intent upon an open book held up between them. He noted that, and went on without speaking.

"Uncle Billy," Flora called, "come back; we want you."

He stopped and obeyed her with a doubtful smile.

"What mischief now?" he asked.

"How suspicious you are! It is only for your good and ours. We want you to help us."

He held up the roll of proof in mock distress. "I am so busy," he pleaded.

"Oh, not now—not to-day nor to-morrow. Don't say no; you must."

"Then there is no escape," said he, laughing. "What am I to do, when am I to do it, and where?"

"Here—next week, in our tableaux. We want to make a picture of you."

"Bless my soul!" he cried, with a start. "My dear child, I am too old and too ugly."

"You are very young and very beautiful," returned Flora, gravely; "and you will make a lovely Rembrandt. Captain Wise is to pose us, and he says so. Didn't you, Captain?"

"Yes," answered this high authority, with a laugh. "I used those very words."

"Then it's all settled," said Flora, turning back to the volume of prints they were considering. "Uncle Billy is

as good as he is beautiful, and the Rembrandt will be our great success."

The subject of these timely compliments went away with a wistful look behind him. "It is good to be young," he thought aloud, while he unrolled the proofs upon his study-desk—a quaint piece of furniture that had come down to him with other heirlooms. "And Wise is a good fellow," he added mentally. Then a line of printed matter caught his eye, and he knit his brows over it. In a moment more the work had absorbed him. Two hours later, when the noon mail arrived, he was still busy with his corrections, making them slowly and carefully in a fine, clear hand. A knock at the door interrupted this labor; it was only one of the servants bringing in a letter.

The envelope bore a foreign postmark with which Mr. Martingale appeared to have associations that were not agreeable. His face flushed angrily, and he assured himself that he was alone before breaking the seal. He read one line, then dropped all, with a faint cry of surprise, and, sinking back in his chair, covered his face. After a time, leaving the letter where it fell, he rose to pace the room nervously. At length he turned to the window and stood still, looking out. The sky was clear, but there had been a storm in the night. Fresh snow lay over all the landscape—on the frozen river, in the clefts of the old elm-trees at the bottom of the lawn. Through these gray arches he could see a hill-top, miles away, glistening in the sunshine. There the peaceful prospect ended; but his thoughts flew far beyond it, leading him into other scenes and other lands. All familiar objects of the present melted away in a mist of tears, and the window where he stood looked only upon the past. A sound brought him back; it was merely an icicle rattling down from the eaves in shining fragments. This reminded him of the hour and of his record, which he proceeded to make and enter methodically with the usual observations. When that was done he returned to his desk, and, sighing, picked up the foreign letter with a trembling hand.

As he did not appear at luncheon-time, Mrs. Hampton sent to say that the

household waited for him. The servant brought back his excuses; he was so busy that, with her permission, he would eat luncheon in his study. "Something must be wrong with the weather," suggested Flora. "Is the sky falling?"

"I hope the sky will keep in place a day longer," said Hampton. "We are going out to-morrow after foxes. The snow-shoeing is superb."

"But Captain Wise cannot walk on snow-shoes," said Flora.

"No; but he can learn."

"Between now and to-morrow morning?"

"Why not?" asked the soldier. "I will learn to walk in two hours. A pair of gloves that I do!" he added, as Flora smiled incredulously.

She took up the gauntlet, and when luncheon was over he went off to the stable-yard, where Hampton shod him with the huge rackets, four feet in length, and put him through his first paces; then, driving away to town, assured him that he was in a fair way to win the bet, since all he needed was a little practice.

But snow-shoeing is a knack not to be mastered in an instant. Left to himself in his shady corner, the gallant captain stumbled and slipped down time and time again, until he grew heated, angry, and profane over his awkwardness. The long swinging gait, that is neither walk nor run nor slide, but that partakes of all three, would not hold its own for ten steps together. His feet seemed to be all toes and heels, with these extremities in perpetual conflict. At the end of an hour he was desperate, and perching himself upon an angle of the fence he took a long rest, stared defeat in the face, and smoked a gloomy pipe of consolation. Then, in a final spurt, all suddenly came right; he strode off gloriously round and round the yard, out into the drive-way, across the lawn. He looked at his watch; five minutes of his time were left, and he could walk with all the confidence of an Indian. Turning back he saw Mr. Martingale at work in the study, his hostess and her sister reading in the drawing-room window. The sun had been lying here all day, and his feet sank deeper; nevertheless he pushed on with a triumphant

war-whoop, coming up to the house in splendid form. Uncle Billy dropped his pen to admire him ; Flora applauded in amazement. He put his best foot foremost, tried in vain to get it back, plunged forward wildly, floundered, and fell in a helpless tangle with his face buried in the snow.

He could hear their screams of laughter as he made ineffectual struggles to get up. His position from being absurd began to grow serious, for he was half smothered, when a strong hand grasped his and pulled him to his feet. It was Uncle Billy, rosy, radiant, and trying hard not to smile. The captain sputtered out his incoherent thanks ; then shook his fist at the rest of his audience within, now applauding him derisively, and retreated in disorder to the stable-yard again. He had lost his bet, and made a fool of himself into the bargain. It took him another hour's hard practice to recover his gait and his equanimity.

"What has happened to Uncle Billy ?" asked Mrs. Hampton, as the rescuer and the rescued retired briskly in opposite directions. "Has he renewed his youth ?"

"Upon my word I believe so," said Flora ; "he is certainly the younger man of the two."

III.

STORM-SIGNALS.

FLORA abated nothing from the extravagance of this statement upon discovering at dinner that Uncle Billy meant to take part in the fox-hunt of the morrow—that is, to tramp all day after the hounds over hill and dale, rail fence and stone wall, through swamp and underbrush, with a gun upon his shoulder and snow-shoes upon his feet ; for in this native manner only could the mask and brush be won. "The old phoenix !" she thought, while his face betrayed keen joy in the primitive sport he was describing to the captain. "Yesterday I should have called him the last man in the world to scour the wilderness for the whisk of a fox's tail. How his eyes light up ! After all, why shouldn't they ? he isn't superannuated." Then she fell

to conjecturing his actual age, but failed to satisfy herself about it.

The men passed into Mr. Martingale's study for their cigars, and to their hearty laughter the women, consigned to the drawing-room, listened for some time without speaking ; the old bachelor's voice could be distinguished even above the others. Flora sighed unconsciously, and letting her hands fall into her lap, stared at the fire as if she found strange omens in it. Her sister offered a penny for her thoughts.

"What was I thinking ? Dear me ! I hardly know—nothing worth a price. How old do you suppose Uncle Billy is ?"

"Yesterday I should have guessed a hundred. To-day, I really don't know. We must look in the family Bible."

"Is there one ?"

"Of course. On the lower shelf in the library."

Flora immediately lighted a candle and went to look for the book, which, however, was not to be found. When she reported this, Mrs. Hampton remembered that its place was in the study, after all. Nothing could be done about it then, and they turned to other subjects until the men reappeared bringing their eternal fox-hunt with them. All gave way to that, and because of it bedtime was called much earlier than usual.

As a natural consequence Flora awoke at sunrise. The day promised to be clear and fine ; a jingling of sleigh-bells announced to her that the three men had just started for the distant farmhouse where they were to meet the hounds. She watched the merry party glide off down the avenue, along the road, out upon the shining surface of the river, and gave an envious sigh when they were gone. "It's of no use," she thought ; "try as hard as we may, we can't enjoy ourselves as men do ; they never miss us, but we are poor creatures without them." The reflection was an irritating one. Why need they thus have asserted their superiority by planning an all-day enterprise in which she could not share ? Was she not a distinguished guest to whom more than common deference should be paid ? The house seemed very still and dull that morning ; it might as well have

been a boarding-school, for all the exhilaration she could find in it. The elements of mischief were at war within her, and when she went to the study in search of the family Bible, she felt a vague desire to play some prank that should stir society to its foundations. The oppressive order of the room filled her with contempt for the pettiness of man. Precision reigned supreme there, and all things stood at right angles as if arrayed for a military inspection. On the desk lay the proofs of Mr. Martin-gale's famous almanac, neatly folded, with a paper-weight securing them. Flora looked scornfully at the printed leaves defaced by strange hieroglyphics, among which sundry words and phrases were minutely interlined. April—May—June—evidently these months had received their final revision before return to the printer. A wicked impulse took possession of her. She caught up the pen, and at the head of the June page, imitating cleverly the author's hand and stretching the phrase out along the column, she wrote:

*About
this
time
expect
snow.*

"Poor Uncle Billy!" thought she, with a shade of compunction for the deed when it was done. "How surprised he will be to read that in print!" But she quieted her conscience, and let the incredible prediction stand.

On a shelf just over the desk she found the Bible—a fine old folio bound in red leather, so heavy that it was not easily taken down. The title-page bore an Oxford imprint of the year 1762, and quaint initial letters attracted her as she turned through the text to one fly-leaf, where the family history lay enshrined in a chronicle of dead names, all unknown except the last, William Martin-gale. The line looked fresh, as if written yesterday, but the hand had trembled in writing it, perhaps on the very day that he was born—fifty-three years ago! He was really more than twice her age; even now she could scarcely believe it, yet that was not so very old—for a man; a long time to live alone, though! How could men be content to

make hermits of themselves? She closed the covers impatiently, lifting the Bible with both hands to replace it. But its weight was more than she had counted upon. The book slipped and fell, striking the desk violently, missing the ink-stand by a hair's-breadth, escaping serious injury, as it seemed, by a miracle. When she had fully assured herself of this, and after another effort had put the volume back where it belonged, Flora turned to the desk again, still trembling at the thought of all the harm that might have happened. There was not even a scratch, but in the upper wood-work a small drawer had sprung open—no doubt at the jar of the falling book. This drawer, as Flora could not help seeing, contained a letter with a foreign postmark and the miniature of a woman so pretty that she was tempted to examine it closely. What objection could there be? Since chance had revealed so much, curiosity might surely make one step more without offending. To resist would be to neglect her advantages in a most unwomanly way. She took up the picture, and in so doing touched the edge of the drawer, which immediately closed with a snap, as if worked by a spring. It had shrunk into itself leaving no trace behind, and to her dismay the trick of it was not to be discovered, though she tapped here, there, everywhere—all in vain; the delusive mechanism, having betrayed its trust, now, with double treachery, refused to undo the work. The secret, or at least an important portion of it, remained in Flora's hands.

The miniature, delicately painted and beyond question a portrait, proved to be the half-length figure of a girl, simply but quaintly dressed after no fashion that Flora knew. The features had a foreign look; they were regular and fine, but Flora instantly detected a certain hardness in them, for which, it appeared to her, the painter was not altogether responsible. That this mote might be in her own eye, since one pretty woman's estimate of another is rarely impartial, never occurred to her. She accepted the impression, wondering who the creature was, and turning the likeness over for further developments. Across the back, written in a

strange hand, now almost illegible, she found a name—Antonia. That had an unfamiliar foreign sound, well suited to the face. Who could she be? How came this painting of her to be treasured here? What was Antonia to this recluse, or he to Antonia? Flora asked herself these questions with a feeling of displeasure, which she would have been at a loss to explain. The indeterminate gossip about Uncle Billy's past had never reached her ears, and she now reflected for the first time that he had a past of which she knew nothing. "What a lover he would have made!" she thought. Uncle Billy a lover? Her fancy refused to lend itself to this impossible flight. Yet here was a suspicious interest in her sex apparently established by this precious bit of circumstantial evidence. It was an awkward thing to keep, but for the moment that seemed the only course to pursue. She put the trinket into her pocket, and retiring to her room considered it again more carefully. That the face was uncommonly pretty she could not but admit; then, in sudden bitterness, she wondered if it could by any possibility be called prettier than hers, and before the glass compared the two solemnly, as if she were a disinterested third person whose judgment would be accepted as final. The result was unsatisfactory. "It's in the hair," she decided; "I wonder if I can put mine up so." Taking time, as it were, by the forelock, in the end she accomplished this, exactly reproducing the foreign coiffure in her own, and wearing it down to luncheon triumphantly. Mrs. Hampton held up her hands in amazement.

"Why, Flora, what *have* you done to your head?"

"The very latest thing, Margaret dear, to which we are all coming. And how do you like it?"

Margaret, by no means sure that she liked it at all, felt much relief at finding that the very latest thing was to be modified before the men came home. As the hour of their return drew near, Flora crept down to the study in a guilty frame of mind. She had determined not to keep the miniature, and after another fruitless search for the spring she thrust her small encum-

brance out of sight under some papers in a dusty pigeon-hole where Uncle Billy must discover it some day if he looked long enough. But out of sight was by no means out of mind in this instance. The bit of knowledge she had gained still vexed her unaccountably; and by a strange process of reasoning she argued that knowing a little entitled her to know all.

Meanwhile the sportsmen were having the best of days and the worst of luck. The snow-crust was in fine condition, the pure air of the hills most exhilarating; but the hounds found one scent after another only to lose it again, and at last got lost themselves. Hampton, after whistling for some time ineffectually, started off in pursuit of them, leaving the others to await his return in a clump of hemlocks on the edge of a wide clearing with a brook running through it. When he was gone Captain Wise and Uncle Billy seated themselves upon the trunk of a fallen tree to talk the matter over, keeping on the alert for any fresh sound or sign. The wind had died away, and only Hampton's whistle, more and more remote, broke the restful silence of the woods, which gradually subdued them both. Their pauses grew longer and more frequent. Mr. Martingale lighted a cigar, and the captain, pulling out a tobacco-pouch, filled his pipe to an old waltz-tune, hummed softly at first, then a little louder as his own thoughts engaged him. Suddenly Uncle Billy cocked his head like a bird and listened intently.

"Hark!" he cried, raising his hand with a warning gesture. "The hounds!"

The captain held his breath and heard them too. "In full cry!" he whispered.

"Ah, that's music!" returned his companion. "They are coming nearer. Your gun—quick—that way. I'll wait here." An instant had convinced him that the fox was making toward the clearing to enter it on the farther side. The generous resolve to give his guest the shot followed as a matter of course, and he sent the captain forward to the point he would have chosen.

As he turned for his own gun he saw a gleam in the snow just at the place

where the captain had been sitting; the object, whatever it was, must belong to him. It proved to be nothing more valuable than the beaded ornament of a woman's dress—Flora's; an odd thing. Uncle Billy had noticed a row of similar ones on her sleeve the day before. He looked at this gravely, then put it into his pocket, and the trifling distraction lost him the game.

In that half minute the fox, with the hounds close behind him, had dashed into the open field. Headed at first directly for the captain's ambush, he had doubled well out of range, and turning into a totally different course had given the shot to Mr. Martingale, who fired—a second too late.

The men rushed in simultaneously, the captain laughing, Uncle Billy much chagrined. There were the tracks and the sweep of the brush upon the snow; but the fox had escaped, leaving the hounds to run this way and that with hopeless indecision.

"He has taken to the brook," said Mr. Martingale. "We have lost him." And so it proved. When Hampton came back, he found them still beating about the bush for the lost scent. The day was far advanced, and they had far to go; they took counsel, and turned home empty-handed.

Hampton devoted himself to the dogs at first, and the two others dropped behind him. After a long silence Uncle Billy suddenly produced the trifle that had brought about the day's discomfiture.

"I found this under the hemlocks," said he; "it belongs to you."

"Yes—that is, no," replied the captain, in confusion.

"It was in your pocket."

"Yes," admitted Wise, as he put it back there. "I see you know whose it really is."

"Yes," said Uncle Billy; "and I don't know that it's a thing to be ashamed of."

"No, it's not that," the captain answered, slowly; then, after an awkward pause, he added: "do you think there is any chance for me?"

"I know of nothing to the contrary."

"You, at least, would not oppose it, then?"

"I?" demanded Uncle Billy, with a smile. "I have no right to oppose Miss Hallowell in anything."

"No; but your approval or disapproval would have great influence with her."

"I do not think so," said Mr. Martingale, gravely. There was another awkward moment of silence, after which, he went on in the same tone, "If a word from me will help you, when the time comes, you shall have it."

"Thank you; it's immensely good of you to say that. And the time will come—at least I fear so."

Then Hampton dropped back and joined them.

IV.

STRESS OF WEATHER.

IN spite of a severe snow-storm half the town drove out to the Martingale place on the night of the tableaux. It was understood that Captain Wise had them in charge, and that his taste in such matters was faultless. The youths and maidens whom he had invited to take part confirmed the rumor; in consequence there assembled in the drawing-room an eager audience, fluttering its programmes and eying curiously a gilt frame set up in the doorway leading to the library. "Rather small, isn't it?" whispered a rival manager, who, having won honors in this field, regarded the captain's invasive action with a jaundiced eye. "They can't be going to show many figures. And look at the names on the list—Rembrandt, Titian, Terburgh, Raphael—nothing very new there." Then the room was darkened, and in the voice of Captain Wise came the first announcement. "Number One: The Burgomaster, by Rembrandt." A curtain slipped aside, showing the portrait of an old man, more than half in shadow, so deep that it was hard to tell where the dark folds of his cloak ended and the background began. Light slanted in upon one cheek, just touching the golden chain that glimmered upon his breast. The figure was motionless, and breathless too, to all intents and purposes, with gauze before it so cunningly arranged in different degrees

of thickness that the man looked more like a work of art than a human being. Murmurs of delight spread through the room. "How fine! Can that be Mr. Martingale? Beautiful!" And in the burst of applause that followed Captain Wise's rival joined instinctively, even while he whispered to his neighbor: "Not light enough; I couldn't half see it." But this bit of self-assertion was in reality his confession of defeat.

Mr. Martingale had made a first and last appearance. After retiring to change his costume, he came quietly down and took his stand at the back of the drawing-room, where he would be in no one's way and yet would see admirably. As he went in, Titian's "Alfonso and Laura" was announced and displayed—the woman, one of the prettiest in town, the man, Captain Wise himself, dimly seen, holding a mirror behind her lovely shoulders. Remarkably skilful, Uncle Billy thought it, and wondered if he had posed as well as that. "What comes next?" somebody asked just in front of him. He started at the answer; there was a strange mistake; that could not be possible. Looking about, he found a programme, which filled him with amazement; and immediately confirming it came the captain's voice: "Antonia—painter unknown."

For once there were no shadows. She was one glow of light and color; she lived and breathed, with the spirit of mischief trembling on her lips, flashing in her eyes. Every small detail of the old miniature had been copied with absolute fidelity, so that this looked fearfully and wonderfully like it. Yet this was only Flora after all. His startled cry was drowned by their shout of recognition, in the midst of which he turned away.

When supper was served he came back, and devoted himself to the comfort of others, with all his usual courtesy. But he carefully avoided Flora, who sat at the end of the room holding her small court of admirers and smiling upon all alike. She still wore the radiant costume of the portrait, which gave rise to much searching inquiry. What had suggested it to her? Where was the lovely original she had copied? She

parried their questions artfully with many small jests, committing herself to nothing. But her animation had a false note and thinly veiled an unusual nervousness, due in part to her own mischievous audacity, in part to another annoying incident for which she was not to blame.

The crush being over in the supper-room, Mr. Martingale returned to it on his own account. He had hardly taken his first bite when the touch of a hand upon his shoulder interrupted him. It was the officer of the evening, Captain Wise, with a very sober expression on his face.

"Take a glass of wine, my dear fellow; you look tired."

"No, thank you. It's all up with me," said the captain, gloomily.

"What do you mean?"

"I have spoken to her—that's all."

"When?"

"Just now—behind the scenes."

"And she——"

"She wouldn't hear of it. I might have known she wouldn't. There is nothing more to be said. I am going away to-morrow morning. A letter—sudden business of importance—you understand."

"I am very sorry—" began Uncle Billy. He would have said much more, but that other men came in and forced the captain to drink with them in spite of himself.

The storm led to an early breaking up of the party, and the guests, as they took leave, repeatedly assured Mrs. Hampton of its success in cordial terms. Even the local manager informed her that all had been "extremely good—though quite different from ours last winter, you know; we used the headlight of an engine." When all were gone she and her husband made merry over this significant speech, while Flora listened to them with a languid smile. Uncle Billy had vanished, no one knew where; and the captain was already packing for the early morning train. Jack and his wife regretted this, and said so; it appeared that a letter, received that afternoon, left him no choice. Thereupon Flora complained of fatigue, and bade them good-night.

On her table she found a three-cor-

nered note addressed to her in a familiar cramped handwriting.

"Please come down to the study as soon as the house is quiet—for one moment. I have a word to say that must be said to-night. W. M."

Her cheeks burned. She deserved a scolding, she knew. She was ashamed of the trick already. He resented it, of course; he had avoided her all the evening. But could not his reproaches wait one night—this one of all others, when she had so much else upon her mind? She would not go down; she would not humor him. Let him speak out if he chose, to-morrow, and tell the whole family what she had done. What was it, after all?

That question proved an impossible one to answer. The mysterious Antonia must have figured in some remote passage of Uncle Billy's life, of which he had been suddenly reminded. Just what the passage was Flora could not guess. She had appeared to him in that likeness partly for the love of mischief, partly moved by the half-admitted hope of pushing him to an explanation. She was forced to admit the hope completely now; her desire to fulfil it became irresistible. Since an explanation of some sort awaited her, why should she postpone it a day, an hour? Since her conscience would compel her to beg his pardon, the sooner it was done the better. How humiliating the pass to which her sense of humor had brought itself! But that could not be helped. She would go down.

Opening her door softly, she watched there a moment to make sure that no one was stirring. The lights were out, and nothing could be heard but the click of the snow against the window-panes, as gliding by them in the dark she tapped gently at the study-door. Mr. Martingale made no answer, but rose and admitted her with a calm face. He did not look so very angry. The thought gave her a moment's relief, which the remembrance of her fantastic costume quickly overcame. Why had she not taken pains to change it? This last infraction, at least, she might have saved him.

"Thank you for coming," he said, moving a chair for her a little nearer to the fire. She took it silently, waiting for him to go on. But he waited too, pulling his moustache with a thoughtful air, as if the next word were very hard to find. Flora leaned forward, and pretended to warm her hand at the flame. "You wanted to see me," she suggested.

"Yes. The fact is—Captain Wise goes to-morrow morning."

Flora started. "So this is what he wants," she thought. He had not watched for her movement, which was too slight to be detected otherwise. "Yes, he is called home unexpectedly," she said aloud.

"No," replied Mr. Martingale, looking at her sharply now. "That is not the reason."

"He has told you," she returned, coldly, with a scornful toss of her head that told fatally against the captain. But though his cause was lost his champion would not yet abandon it.

"He does not know of this. I speak of my own accord. Wise is a good fellow, a fine fellow. I like him, and—"

"But he has spoken for himself," broke in Flora, with uncontrollable annoyance, "and I have answered him."

"Definitely?"

"Definitely—in one word."

"That is very abrupt. If you were to take time to consider—"

"It would do no good. One cannot reason in these matters. I like him, that is all—and that is not enough."

"No," said Uncle Billy, with a sigh; "but if—"

"But, if you please," she urged impatiently, "we will say no more about it."

"I have no more to say."

She had more to say to him, but now, wilfully neglecting it, she rose and walked to the door, where he detained her by another word of his.

"One moment; will you give back the picture you—borrowed of me?"

"Give you—the picture?" she repeated, "I left it here under those papers; there, just at your hand."

He drew out the miniature with a look so reproachful that it brought a flood of color to her face.

"The drawer opened by accident," she faltered.

"And what you did to-night—was that an accident?"

"No; it was a piece of impertinence, foolish, unjustifiable—cruel too, perhaps. I don't know why I did it. I don't know who she is; I don't care. I only know I hate myself for grieving you."

Mr. Martingale held up the foreign letter.

"Had you read this," said he, "at least you would have known what you were doing."

"Had I read your letter; what do you mean?"

"It would not have been strictly honorable. But it would have spared me the pain of seeing you in that dress. You are the last one in the world who ought to wear it; and you wear it all—even to the color of her roses."

With a sudden impulse Flora snatched the flowers from her hair which uncoiled itself and trailed down upon her shoulders. She paid no heed to this, but flung the roses into the fire, and as their petals curled and shrivelled a fierce joy came into her eyes.

"I am not like her any more," said she.

"You could not be like her if you would," he answered, "for reasons which I cannot even hint to you. We do not speak ill of the dead, and of her death this letter has informed me. What she did was all a faint remembrance, until you called it up like a ghost out of the grave."

"Oh, what have I done," said Flora, in a broken voice. "After this, how can you endure the sight of me?"

"After this you will never allude to it again. I forbid you to think of it. As for myself, I shall put it out of sight and out of mind, as I put these."

He tossed the letter and the portrait where the roses had gone before them. The flame leaped up and left them in another moment a heap of glowing ashes. He looked at her, and smiled. She tried to speak, but the words would not come; even her eyes failed her in a blinding rush of tears.

He took her hand in both of his and stroked it gently. "Don't!" said he.

"I thought you meant to scold me," she sobbed. "And you are always so kind—so very kind."

"That is all gone and forgotten," he insisted. "My dear child, we must not distress ourselves a moment longer. Good-night."

"Good-night," was all she found to say. With an old-time gracefulness, gentler even than his words, he stooped to kiss her hand; tears fell upon it, and she knew they were not hers.

V.

NATURE'S JEST-BOOK.

LATE in the following spring word came from New York that Flora looked pale and thin and needed a change of air. "Send for her at once," said Mr. Martingale, when Margaret quoted this from her mother's letter at the breakfast-table. "By all means," added Jack, who was busy with his own letters. Then he opened the last one and gave a long, low whistle.

"What is the matter?" asked his wife.

"It's from Wise. He is engaged to Miss Packenham, the heiress, of Chicago. An odd coincidence, isn't it? Do you suppose that can have anything to do with——"

"I suppose nothing of the kind," said Margaret, sharply.

"Oh, very well; only I can't help thinking that Flora——"

"You have no right to think at all; Uncle Billy, please stop him."

Mr. Martingale laughed. "You hear, sir. Another thought, and you are a dead man."

"Of course I may be wrong; but——"

"You are wrong, and that settles it," declared Mr. Martingale. "If you doubt us, ask Miss Hallowell when she comes."

Instead of doing that, Jack, after Flora's arrival, very properly fought shy of the subject which the others avoided with equal care. No reference was made to the new engagement for several days, during which Miss Hallowell, who had at first looked worn and tired, began to recover her wonted spirits; at last she took occasion to speak of it herself. One June afternoon, in making the round of the place Mr. Martingale

found Flora under an elm-tree reading to her small favorite, John Hampton. At Uncle Billy's request they all went on together for a look at the garden. A turn in the path brought into sight a wide reach of the river flowing silently toward the sunset between thickly wooded hills. Far along it a great sturgeon leaped high into the air and fell back in a shower of foam.

"How beautiful this is!" said Flora. "Why are any of us content to live in cities?"

"You like the country, then," said Mr. Martingale.

"That word is not strong enough," she answered. "I have learned to love it while I am here, to long for it persistently while I am away."

Mr. Martingale made no reply, and they walked on for some time in silence. Then, *apropos* of nothing, she asked if he knew that Captain Wise was to be married.

"Yes," said he; "I am disappointed in him."

"Disappointed; why?"

"Because I thought—I could not help thinking that——"

"Did you think that I should change my mind?"

"Perhaps."

Her eyes flashed, but she bit her lip and did not speak just then. After a moment or two she inquired carelessly if the weather of the following day was likely to be fine.

"No," he said; "I think not. There is a storm on the way."

"You are wondrous wise," she replied, satirically, "in weather. Nature is an open book to you. It is a pity that your observation does not go a little farther and take in human nature too."

"Women, for instance," said he, smiling.

"Women—yes, women; of whom it appears you know next to nothing."

"I am not so sure of that," he retorted. "In spite of what you say I am not sure, even now, that you don't regret——"

"Uncle Billy, you are blind!" she cried, angrily, and darting off like an arrow, left him to pursue his walk alone.

The boy had gone on impatiently to the garden, and in much perplexity Un-

cle Billy followed him. "Where's Aunt Flora?" he demanded.

"She went back to the house, my boy. Let us sit down for a minute or two. What book are you reading?"

"I can't read myself. It was Aunt Flora who was reading."

The book opened at some verses, and in their second line Uncle Billy's glance fell upon two words which Flora had that moment used. He read on, went back to the beginning, and when he came to the end, laughing as though the fable had for him some hidden application, he read it through once more.

"There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He jumped into a bramble-bush,
And scratched out both his eyes.
But when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched them in again."

"Uncle Billy, what are you laughing at?" asked the child.

"At this funny book of yours. Has Aunt Flora really gone? Then let us go too."

With an invalid's privilege she kept her room that night, and he saw her neither then nor in the early morning, which was stormy, as he had predicted. He retired to his study, for what purpose was not apparent; since he only paced it aimlessly, sighing from time to time or shaking his head over some grave doubt that occupied his mind. All at once he stopped short before the window in utter astonishment.

"Upon my soul, it has come true!" he cried.

What he saw was a light flurry of snow, melting as it fell, to be sure, but still snow—most unseasonable, even in that northern latitude. With a loud laugh he rushed to his desk and took up a book—his almanac; but as he opened it a sharp knock at the door interrupted him. "Come in," he called; and Flora, all excitement, burst into the room.

"The snow, the snow! Uncle Billy, do you see?"

"Yes," he said, still laughing heartily.

"And I did it—I did it," she continued.

"You did it? What! Are you the Clerk of the Weather?"

"Don't tell me that you never found it in the almanac—the snow in June."

"On the contrary, I found nothing else. And I should have murdered the printer in cold blood if he hadn't shown it to me in my own handwriting. It was a strange blunder. Who could have ventured to hope the fiend would lie like truth?"

It was now Flora's turn to laugh until the tears came. "Oh, Uncle Billy, you are blind! Your own handwriting! I forged it, and you never knew!"

"You? Is it possible? Here it is in the book, almost to a day. It was written, then, that you should be my guardian angel."

She laughed no longer, but looked out at the snow which was still falling. "It is the strangest thing in all this world," said she.

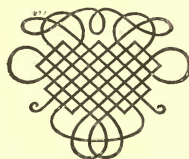
"Nature plays strange tricks with us," he answered. "In her book nothing is so strange that it may not come true. Snow in midsummer—green grass at Christmas time; it is all one to her. Old hearts grow young if she thinks best. She gives eyes even to the blind."

Flora turned and faced him, clasping and unclasping her hands nervously; but she did not speak.

"You have learned to love the country," he continued. "Do you think you could learn to live in it, if I should ask you?"

Still she said nothing, but only trembled, pale and red by turns. As he took her hand to draw her toward him gently, she hid her face upon his shoulder.

"And will you tell me now about Antonia?" said she.



WHERE SHE COMES.

By Charles B. Going.

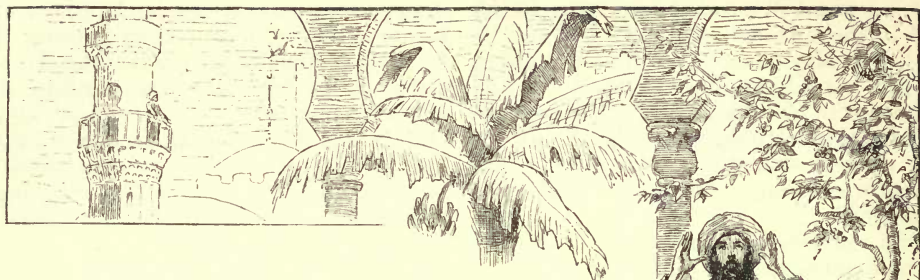
With heavy elders overhung,
Half hid in clover masses,
An old fence rambles on, among
The tangled meadow-grasses.
It makes a shade for lady-fern
Which nestles close beside it;
While clematis, at every turn,
And roses almost hide it.

In shade of overhanging sprays
And down a sunny hollow,
By hazel-copse, and woodland ways,
The winding fence I follow;
By rose, and thorn, and fragrant dew,
In search of something sweeter—
The orchard-gap, where she comes
through,
And I go down to meet her!

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The sunlight slants across the fence,
Where lichens gray it over,
And stirs a hundred dreamy scents
From fern, and mint, and clover;
But though the air is sweet to-day,
I know of something sweeter:
That she can only come this way,
And I am sure to meet her!

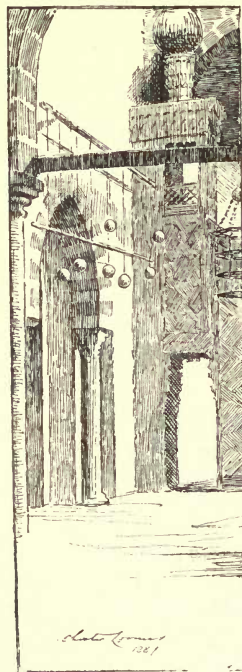
And so, while chipmunks run a match
To tell the wrens who's coming,
And all across the brier-patch
There sounds a drowsy humming—
The hum of honey-seeking bees—
I seek for something sweeter:
A gap, amongst the apple-trees,
Where I am going to meet her!



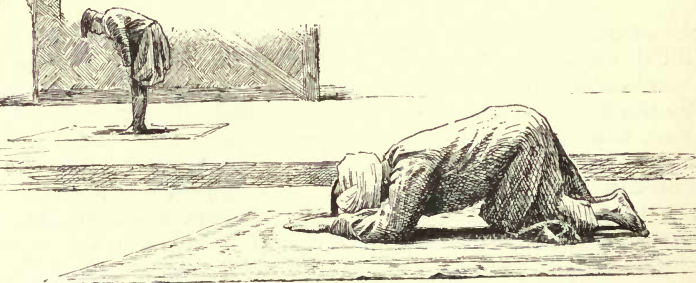
THE SHÊKH ABDALLAH.

By Clinton Scollard.

WHAT does the Shêkh Abdallah do
In the long dull time of the Ramadan?
Why, he rises and says his prayers, and then
He sleeps till the prayer-hour comes again;
And thus through the length of the weary day
Does he sleep and pray, and sleep and pray.
Whenever the swart muezzin calls
From the crescent-guarded minaret walls,
Up he leaps and bows his turbaned brows
Toward Mecca, this valiant and holy man,
The Shêkh Abdallah—praise be to Allah!—
In the long dull time of the Ramadan.



What does the Shêkh Abdallah do
In the long dull time of the Ramadan?
Why, he fasts and fasts without reprieve
From the blush of morn till the blush of eve.
Never so much as a sip takes he
Of the fragrant juice of the Yemen berry;
He shakes no fruit from the citron-tree,
Nor plucks the pomegranate, nor tastes the cherry.
His sandal beads seem to tell of deeds
That were wrought by the hand of the holy man,
The Shêkh Abdallah—praise be to Allah!—
In the long dull time of the Ramadan.



What does the Shêkh Abdallah do
 In the long dull time of the Ramadan?
 Why, he calls his servants, and just as soon
 As in the copses the night-birds croon,
 A roasted kid is brought steaming in,
 And then does the glorious feast begin;
 Smyrna figs and nectarines fine,
 Golden flasks of Lebanon wine,
 Sherbet of rose and pistachios,
 All are spread for the holy man,
 The Shêkh Abdallah—praise be to Allah!—
 In the long dull time of the Ramadan.



What does the Shêkh Abdallah do
 In the long dull time of the Ramadan?
 Why, when the cloying feast is o'er,
 Dancers foot it along the floor;
 Night-long to the sound of lute and viol
 There is wine-mad mirth and the lilt of song,
 And loving looks that brook no denial
 From a radiant, rapturous throng.
 "Morn calls to prayers, now away with cares!"
 He cries (this *faithful* and *holy* man!),
 The Shêkh Abdallah—praise be to Allah!—
 In the long dull time of the Ramadan.

NATURE AND MAN IN AMERICA.

FIRST PAPER.

By N. S. Shaler.

INTRODUCTORY.



THE advance which has been made in natural science during the last century has led to a great change in our conception as to the relations of mankind to the earth. Of old, men looked upon

themselves as accidents upon this sphere. In the light of modern science, we regard our species as the product of terrestrial conditions. We conceive man as the summit and crown of the long-continued progressive changes which have led his bodily structure up from the dust to its present elevated estate.

In the progress of organic advance which has led through inconceivably numerous stages of existence from the primal base of life to the estate of man, the dependence of beings on the conditions which surrounded them has always been very close. The lowliest organism is influenced by the temperature in air or water, by the conditions of the soil or sea-bottom, or the circumstances which serve to bring it the needful food. With each advance of intellectual power the dependence on environment becomes more and more intimate, for with that intelligence the creature seeks beyond itself for opportunities to gratify its desires. It chases its prey, flees from pursuers, herds with its kind, and is thereby educated to a sympathetic life.

When the human state is attained, when the progressive desires of man are aroused, the relations of life to the geography and other conditions of environment increase in a wonderfully rapid way. When the tool-making stage is won, the savage must become, in a certain way, a geologist. He learns perforce to seek for particular kinds of stone with which he may point his arrows and spears, to make the mortars

and pestles with which to grind his corn or the clay of his pottery. The next stage, that of agriculture, yet further increases the measure of dependence on the character of the earth. As soon as the rude combats of the earlier man develop into the military art, the work of attack and defence leads to a close relation of the developing savage to the topographic conditions which he encounters. When commerce arises, the dependence of man on the shape of the earth becomes yet more intimate. With the growth of each of these elements of civilization, the arts of the household, of war, and of trade, the chains which bind men to the earth about them is manifolded.

It is impossible to depict in an adequate way the measure of dependence of our modern civilized man upon the world about him. All the functions of his body and mind depend curiously on objects from the ends of the earth. Thus our meals commonly mean many thousand miles of transit to bring the food together; the clothing of our bodies brings the wool of Australia, the cotton of the Carolinas, the silk of Italy or China, the gold of California, the leather of Paraguay, the arts of hands and brains in a dozen different peoples together. Our daily thoughts take hold on the ends of the earth.

The relation of our modern states upon the conditions of the earth is inconceivably greater than that of the ancient tribe. In the wonderful state of Britain the national life functions with reference to the topography of high Asia, the climate and surface of Africa, and other countries, until almost every storm and every drought reacts upon the national life. Ministers, and with them the purposes of the state, are changed by the chance of some battlefield at the antipodes. A drought in the plains of the upper Mississippi means dear bread in England, fewer marriages, and shorter lives; in other words, it

produces an effect on the whole social status of the country. A disturbance such as our Civil War, which arrests the cotton export of the United States, starves Manchester and sets the rulers of Britain against the cause of freedom in America.

It is, indeed, difficult to present an adequate picture of the physiographical reactions which civilized man experiences through the geographic condition of the earth's surface, for such a picture would have to disclose the infinitely complicated machinery of our society. I must beg my readers to aid me by imagining their own position in relation to the earth's features.

There is, however, one aspect of the increasing dependence of man on nature which comes about through advancing civilization, a feature so new and so important that we should notice it at least in a passing way. The largest element of this growth is found in the gain in the sympathetical motives which have arisen from a larger understanding of the world and a closer application of the human mind to its phenomena. It is a curious feature in the culture of Greece that it never seems to have been sympathetically concerned with the people beyond the limits of the native state. The Greek thought of most things which we think about, but this matter, which now much occupies our mind, did not concern him.

It appears to me that the modern sympathy of man with the world about him which manifests itself in the love of the unseen savage, in the love of the beautiful, in the love of scientific inquiry for the sake of knowledge alone, is the last product of those vast interactions which have come from the extension of the contacts of man with nature, first through commerce and afterward through less economic motives. This interaction is dependent on peculiarities of the earth's surface, on diversities of the lands and seas, and the consequent almost infinite variety in the subjects for curious and profitable inquiry which the world affords.

Although on each land mass the physiographic influences are of the utmost importance with reference to the development of man, we can only glance at

certain interesting features dependent on the structure of the lands of Europe and North America, giving most of our attention to the conditions of our own continent. North America is most interesting to us because it is the seat of our own life. Europe concerns us almost as much because it is the cradle of our people, the place of nurture where our race came by its motives and learned how to act its parts in the new theatre of the western world.

The continent of Europe differs from the other great land masses in the fact that it is a singular aggregation of peninsulas, and islands, originating in separate centres of mountain growth, and of inclosed valleys walled about from the outer world by elevated summits. Other continents are somewhat peninsulated; Asia approaches Europe in that respect; North America has a few great dependencies in its larger islands and considerable promontories; but Africa, South America, and Australia are singularly united lands.

The highly divided state of Europe has greatly favored the development within its area of isolated fields, each fitted for the growth of a separate state, adapted even in this day for local life, although commerce in our time binds lands together in a way which it did not of old. These separated areas were marvellously suited to be the cradles of peoples; and if we look over the map of Europe we readily note the geographic insulations which that vastly varied land affords.

Beginning with the eastern Mediterranean, we have the peninsula on which Constantinople stands, a region only partly protected from assault by its geographic peculiarities; and yet it owes to its partial separation from the mainlands on either side a large measure of local historic development. Next we have Greece and its associated islands, which, a safe stronghold for centuries, permitted the nurture of the most marvellous life the world has ever known. Farther to the west the Italian peninsula, where for three thousand years the protecting envelope of the sea and the walls of Alps and Apennines have enabled a score of states to attain a development; where the Roman nation, ab-

sorbing, with its singular power of taking in other life, a number of primitive centres of civilization, grew to power which made it dominant in the ancient world. Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, have each profited by their isolation of ancient days, have bred diverse qualities in man, and contributed motives which have interacted in the earth's history. Again, in Spain we have a singular cradle of great people; to its geographic position it owed the fact that it became the seat of the most cultivated Mohammedanism the world has ever known. To the Pyrenees, the mountain wall of the north, we owe in good part the limitation of that Mussulman invasion and the protection of central Europe from its forward movement, until luxury and half-faith had sapped its energies. Going northward, we find in the region of Normandy the place of growth of that fierce but strong people, the ancient Scandinavians, who transplanted there, held their ground, and grew until they were strong enough to conquer Britain and give it a large share of the quality which belongs to our own state.

To a trifling geographic accident we owe the isolation of Great Britain from the European continent; and all the marvellous history of the English folk, as we all know, hangs upon the existence of that slender strip of sea between the Devon coast and the kindred lowlands of northern France.

The isolation of Great Britain depends upon such peculiar and interesting circumstances that we may turn aside a moment from the thread of our narrative to see how this strip of silver sea came to be a fortress ditch between the continent and the island. The British Channel is due, in the first place, to the peculiar strength of the tides in the North Atlantic. The energy of these tides is due to the fact that the North Atlantic is a somewhat wedge-shaped basin pointing up between the continents, owing its shape to the fact that the continents are rudely triangular masses pointing south. The tidal wave heaps up in this great re-entrant, as it heaps up in the narrow re-entrant of the Bay of Fundy, Port Royal Sound, Boston Harbor, or any other wedge-shaped passage leading in to the land. Next

we note the fact that in the British Channel the tides have a rise of about twenty-five feet, as they sweep through its open waters from the Atlantic toward the North Sea; while in the neighboring bay of Bristol, or the Severn Channel, as it is sometimes called, where the re-entrant is closed at its head, the tides rise to about fifty feet in height. Going back to the last geological period, we are able by divers facts to ascertain that there was a broad isthmus connecting Great Britain with the French coast, perhaps extending seaward as far as the limits of Belgium; there was a bay on the east and a bay on the west. In this state we may make sure that the tides running directly into the Norman Bay, as we may call it, on the west, and the Belgian Bay on the east, were considerably higher than they are at present. Now, the cutting energy of the tide depends upon the swiftness of the streams of water which its movement brings about, and the swiftness of these streams is proportionate in a high degree to the altitude the tidal waters attain in their quick successive rise and fall. No sooner was the geographic condition we have described in existence than the tides began their work of driving their way through the rocks by cutting out and scouring off into the deeper sea the materials composing the shores. In a short time, in a geological sense, this work was accomplished. The Norman Bay broke through into the Belgian Bay, and the waters had a free run through the channel, which we may presume at first to have been narrow. Although the tides then, when the land was severed, lost a considerable part of their height, they were still, as they are at the present time, powerful agents in scouring the shores, operating to work back the coasts at a rate which, in a geological sense, is very rapid.

East of Britain lie two peninsulas which have been the cradle of very important peoples—that of Sweden and Norway is the result of mountain development; that of Denmark appears to be in the main the product of glacial erosion, differing in its non-mountainous origin from all the other peninsulas and islands of the European border. Thus on the periphery of Europe we

have at least a dozen geographical isolated areas, sufficiently large and well separated from the rest of the world to make them the seats of independent social life. The interior of the country has several similarly, though less perfectly, detached areas. Of these the most important lie fenced within the highlands of the Alps. In that extensive system of mountain disturbances we have the geographical conditions which most favor the development of peculiar divisions of men, and which guard such cradled peoples from the destruction which so often awaits them on the plains. Thus, while the folk of the European lowlands have been overrun by the successive tides of invasion, their qualities confused, and their succession of social life interrupted, Switzerland has, to a great extent, by its mountain walls, protected its people from the troubles to which their lowland neighbors have been subjected. The result is that within an area not twice as large as Massachusetts, we find a marvellous diversity of folk, as is shown by the variety in physical aspect, moral quality, language, and creed in the several important valleys and other divisions of that complicated topography.

The fact that Switzerland has maintained its local life comparatively undisturbed by the powerful states about it for more than a thousand years, is due altogether to the peculiar geographic conditions which environ its people.

The result of the much-divided geography of Europe has been that the continent has become a natural cradle of strong peoples. Almost everywhere the sea is near by; save in Switzerland, all the important centres of population have had contact with the deep and the peculiar enlargement which it alone can afford to man. This nearness to the sea insures also a tolerably large amount of rainfall, which affords the basis of a varied industry and gives the lands a measure of fertility which makes it possible to have a considerable population on a small area. Comparing the conditions of Europe with those of Asia, we find that in that greater continent the isolation of areas is less complete, and the detached masses of land,

such as Arabia, Hindoostan, Malacca, Kamschatka, etc., are not well placed to be the cradle of several great races. They are either in or near the tropics, as are the three first-named peninsulas; in high latitudes, as Kamschatka, or made deserts by their circumstances, as in the case of Arabia. The highland valleys of central Asia are sterilized either by cold or drought. The industries of these uplands are so far limited that varied culture is impossible to the folk who occupy them. Only in the peninsula of Anatolia, or Asia Minor, do we find the conditions for the culture of primitive peoples approaching the perfection of those afforded by Europe, and it is only in that section of Asia that we find the natural cradles of peoples such as abound on the European continent.

To see the importance of these conditions to the early races and states, we must conceive the state of primitive human life; we must picture to ourselves conditions very different from those prevailing in the present day. In order to make a people, to elevate a primitive folk to the state where they possess national motives and distinct moral character, and a culture which develops and fits that character, we must give it a seat where varied industries are possible, a station which it may hold against the destructive effect of foreign conquest for centuries, if not thousands of years, while its qualities are undergoing development. These qualities, which for the want of a better word we term national, being developed in a people, the movement of migration derived from the growth of population brings the separate communities into contention with each other.

The curious diversities of European and Asiatic folk in the centuries immediately before and after the birth of Christ were the result of that preparation which had come about through the long isolation of the diverse groups of men in their several cradles. Culture in the arts of war and peace, and increase of numbers, had brought these separate aggregations of men into a state of unstable equilibrium. They were ready to move; one movement of conquest led to another, until in time these peoples were all in motion, after

the fashion in which the organic assemblages of animals and plants move when the topography and the climate of a continent are disturbed. This process of movement led to the vast contention which brought about the overthrow of the Roman power, and made an end of the dominancy which the Mediterranean states had previously maintained.

It is now the opinion of those best versed in this complicated question, that the Aryan people, long supposed to have been cradled in central Asia, are really the children of Europe; that they were developed in the Scandinavian peninsulas, a field which seems to have been the seat of the strongest men of the world for thousands of years. This view is more satisfactory to the naturalist than the older opinion, which placed the cradle of the Aryans in northern or central Asia. It seemed an anomaly that the most vigorous, and at the same time the most plastic, of the world peoples should have developed amid the limited opportunities afforded by high Asia, where the chance of education in arts and in commerce is very small compared to what it is in Scandinavia, or indeed in any of the European peninsulas. If on a *a priori* considerations the naturalist were compelled to pick the natural seat in which our race obtained its qualities, there is no other site which would so satisfactorily meet his needs as the peninsulated district about the Baltic; there, better than anywhere else, men may find a hardy, though not so strenuous climate as to diminish the vitality or send all the energies to immediate needs. There the variation in the seasons, the variety of soil, the contacts with the sea, are all best suited for the training of a folk. From that great nursery of vigor we can well conceive the Aryan people, protected in their infancy by the isolation of their birthplace, going forth in their strength to dominate the world from eastern India to the Atlantic. Thence again, in the Danish Northmen days, went forth a second tide of strength. We look indeed with satisfaction, from the naturalist's point of view, on the fact that in the peninsulas of Scandinavia and in the islands of the British archi-

pelago, we find the point of origin of the dominant people in the world, for there more perfectly than anywhere else is the environment adapted to making strong races.

After a race has been formed and been bred to certain qualities within a limited field, after it has come to possess a certain body of characteristics which gives it its quality, the importance of the original cradle passes away. There is something very curious in the permanence of race conditions after they have been fixed for a thousand years or so in a people. When the assemblage of physical and mental motives are combined in a body of country folk, they may endure under circumstances in which they could not have originated; thus, even in our domesticated animals and plants, we find that varieties created under favorable conditions, obtaining their stamp in suitable conditions, may then flourish in many conditions of environment in which they could not by any chance have originated. The barnyard creatures of Europe, with their established qualities, may be taken to Australia and there retain their nature for many generations; even where the form falls away from the parent stock, the decline is generally slow and may not for a great time become apparent.

This fixity of race characteristics has enabled the several national varieties of men to go forth from their nurseries, carrying the qualities bred in their earlier conditions through centuries of life in other climes. The Gothic blood of Italy and of Spain still keeps much of its parent quality; the Aryan blood of India, though a world apart in its conditions from those which gave it character in its cradle, is still, in many of its qualities, distinctly akin to the home people. Moor, Hun, and Turk, all the numerous folk we find in the present condition of the world so far from their cradle lands, are still to a great extent what their primitive nurture made them. On this rigidity which comes to mature races in the lower life, as well as in man, depends the vigor with which they do their appointed work.

These considerations will be of the utmost importance to us in our study of the effect of physiographic conditions

found in North America upon the folk derived from other lands, which are to work out their history upon its surface. The Americas, Africa, and Australia have shown by their human products that they are unfitted to be the cradle places of great peoples. Vast as has been the development of human life upon them, these continents have never from their own blood built a race that has risen above barbarism.

Northern Africa early became the seat of Asiatic and European folk, separated from the body of that continent by a region of deserts. The southern shore of the Mediterranean afforded fair opportunities for the independent development of peoples, the result of which is expressed in its history; but the national motives of Egypt, of Carthage, and of Moorish civilization which grew up in northern Africa, are all exotic. These states all represent the development of peoples who were cradled elsewhere. So, too, the semi-civilized condition of Abyssinia is due to the implanting there of peoples not of African origin.

In Australia there has never been an elevation of the people above the grade of savagery. In the Americas, the only movement which elevated the folk above the lowest grades of barbarism is that which took place at certain points in the Cordilleran chain, where mountain districts afforded a measure of isolation and protection such as is necessary for the dawn of any culture whatsoever. All the rest of these continents, so far as we can interpret their human history, have been characterized by the endless disturbed wanderings of savages, tribe set against tribe, making life so precarious that culture was impossible.

A glance at the geographic conditions of North America will show the observer, especially if he will compare the conditions with those of Europe, how unfitted is this continent to be the cradle-place of peoples. North America is in the main a geographic unit. The detached masses which border it are, by the circumstances of climate or of surface, unfitted to give the isolation necessary for the nurture of people. This will be evident on a brief review of the continental geography.

Beginning with the southern extremity of North America, we find in that region a limited measure of isolation by mountain barriers. Central America and Mexico are to a certain extent protected by such natural defences, but in this region the climate is not suited to the best conditions of man. Although our species came from tropical creatures—the anthropoid apes—men need the stress of high latitudes, the moral and physical tonic effect of cold, to drive them into those interactions of activity which constitute civilization. Going up the eastward face of North America, we find in the Antilles an assemblage of lands which, but for their tropical climate, might have favored the growth of civilization. Next we come to Florida, a geographic unit of considerable importance. This area has, however, a subtropical climate, and a surface by no means favorable to primitive agriculture. It demands the resources of the modern farmer to win crops from the soil. Moreover, there are no barriers save those of swamps and forests to this field. Every part of the surface could be ranged over by nomads.

From Florida to eastern Nova Scotia and Newfoundland there are no well-isolated fields on the coast line of North America. Cape Breton and Newfoundland, the island of Anticosti and that of Prince Edwards, have something of the geographic unity which belongs to the cradle-lands of Europe and Asia; but in the aboriginal days of North America these regions were too far north for agricultural industries. Maize, the principal agricultural plant with the Indians, would hardly develop there. The barbarous folk were therefore retained in the state of hunters or fishermen, conditions which do not permit peoples to emerge from the grade of savagery. Needs cannot advance in those lowly states of existence; there is no basis for commerce, no foundation for the progress of the desires on which all high culture depends. The man is what he seeks, what he desires, and must obtain. All civilization is the outgrowth of strivings which go beyond momentary physical needs, and, therefore, until agriculture affords a firm foundation for subsistence, until life is by the soil made

something more than a struggle for momentary support, the foundations of culture cannot be obtained. North of Newfoundland and through all the part of the continent which faces the ice-bound seas, the conditions are too rigorous to permit the development of agriculture, and therefore the geographic environment could not secure the cradling of well-developed races. The same is true of the region of Alaska. Maize culture is impossible until we advance southward on the Pacific coast, to the region which is beyond the peninsulated district of eastern America. The coast is rather uniform in its physical and climatic character, until we come to the vast promontory of southern California. This latter district is in form not unlike that of the Scandinavian peninsula, but it is an arid country, affording no basis of agriculture, remaining to this day essentially an unknown desert. From lower California to the isthmus, the shore is again without isolated areas of land.

The interior of North America is even more undivided than its shore-line. Along the eastern coast extends the great mountain system of the Appalachians, the highest point of which rises to about six thousand five hundred feet above the sea, but the structure of the ranges is such as to make no inclosures of well-defined mountain-walled basins. Every part of the Appalachians is open to the free movements of savage men; the best protected valleys would offer no immunity to a nascent civilization in its struggle with more barbarous folk. We see something of the unfittness of this shore-line of our continent for the cradling of great races in the history of European settlements on this shore. Every colony which was planted in North America had to enter into combat with a host of savages. There were no natural strongholds, such as abound on the coast of Europe, and such as afforded the foundation of the Greek colonies all along the coast of the Mediterranean, or to the Northmen all the way from their own land around to the shores of Sicily. So the European colonists, until they came to gain strength by numbers, were, despite their superior arts and arms, their stronger morale and training in

the art of statecraft and war, in jeopardy for generations after their coming to the massive continent. The valley of the Mississippi, the great central trough of the continent, is unbroken by barriers from the Arctic Circle to the Southern sea.

The Rocky Mountains, by their greater height and certain peculiarities in their construction, afford a good many inclosed valleys which under more favorable circumstances might have become the seat of a vigorous life. Unfortunately this region is excessively arid. There can practically be no tillage within its limits except by devices of an engineering sort, by which water is led from scanty streams upon the land; and even with this resource the population cannot readily attain to the numbers which are necessary for the development of culture.

It seems to me that it is rather to the physical conditions of North America than to any primal incapacity on the part of its indigenous peoples to take on civilization, that we must attribute the failure of indigenous man within its limits to advance beyond the lowest grades of barbarism. The Indian shows us in many ways that he is an able person. We may judge any folk by their greater men, and there can be no doubt that the ablest of our American savages rank high in the intellectual scale. It is, it seems to me, to the ceaseless disturbances of nascent civilization that we owe the failure of this folk to attain to a higher grade. Each tribe which retained its primitive savage impulse of migration became, as did the Shawnees, a kind of Hun, to sweep away in their foragings the beginnings of the higher state to which other folk might have attained. As long as a race is purely savage, dwelling in isolated communities, it does not seem endowed with any considerable mobility. When by the arts which constitute the next advance, and bring the people to the state of barbarism, they become dangerous to their neighbors, their motives are stronger, and they are commonly numerous enough to make war successfully. Not tied by systematic agriculture or by architecture to any particular piece of ground, they prey upon their better-provided neighbor

and so break up their incipient states. Little as we know of the tribal movements in America, we have yet learned enough concerning them to see how certain bands of barbarians swept to and fro, sometimes in the course of a century, making marches comparable to those of Goths and Huns of the old world, and bringing equal destruction in their path. The Goths and Huns were perhaps abler people than our American Indians in their best estate; moreover, they devastated states which were so strong as to not be utterly destroyed by their movements; the first effect of their coming was in good part to overwhelm society, but there was enough left, as we all know, to subdue the savages by the arts of peace; but if southern Europe had been struck by the northern invasion a thousand years before the tide broke upon them, the Goths would have had to invent their own civilization in place of appropriating and being appropriated by the earlier culture.

If the problem before our race on this continent were that of cradling civilizations, we should have no right to draw a bright picture as to the future of American life. Fortunately, however, the question is that of disseminating race characteristics bred elsewhere, of bringing those characteristics into interaction on a field favorable for their best development. For this purpose the surface of North America affords peculiar advantages. The nature and limitations of these conditions we shall now have to consider.

I.

In considering the physiographic conditions of any area, with reference to the development of organic life upon it, the life of man as well as of lower beings, we have to note not only the circumstances of the given field, its soils, climate, and shape of the surface, but also the relations of the area to the neighboring districts, which in the process of geographical change, brought about by the development of mountains and continents, may send contributions to its inhabitants. We must therefore now turn our attention to the relations of

contact between the continent of North America and the other land masses of the world, particularly those of the northern hemisphere.

A glance at the map shows us that North America is geographically related to the old world, both on the east and west. Geological history tells us that from time to time the measure of this relation of our country to the lands of Europe and Asia has varied greatly, the present condition being only one state of those connections. In the preceding geological ages, although we cannot as yet construct the ancient geography with any accuracy, we can still discern that the relations of the continent, as regards the freedom of its organic intercourse with Europe and Asia and South America, have varied much.

The American continents seem, from the record of the rocks, to have been better constituted for the nurture of plant than of animal life. A good measure of this difference may be had from the contribution which America has made to the animals and plants which are domesticated by man. It needs no argument to show that in order to meet the requirements of man's uses, animals and plants must be highly specialized, having peculiarities of strength as in our horses and elephants, a tamable nature as in almost all our domesticated animals, highly organized fruits, seeds or fibres as in the most of our cultivated plants; in other words, it is in general from the highest members of each organic series that man selects the forms which he is to domesticate in his barnyard or his tilled fields. With this point in mind, it is interesting to note that North and South America and Australia, though they have about as many species of vertebrates as the old world, have contributed but one animal to the domestic uses of civilized man, namely, the wild turkey; while the old world has given more than a score to such service. On the other hand, the contribution of plants to domestication from the Americas has been most important. Indeed, we may say that the plants which the new world has afforded have been sufficient to make something like a revolution in the economic conditions of our civilization. The potato and Indian

corn have profoundly altered the agriculture of Europe. Tobacco has changed the habits of men throughout a large part of the world. The species of cinchona, whence comes quinine, have been of an invaluable advantage to human life, and a score of other American species, such as the tomato, have come to play a more or less important part in human economy. All these species of plants are highly elaborated forms, and the number of them which have been contributed to man's needs from the new world shows the relatively high differentiation of plant life in the American continents.

The geographic conditions which determine the relations of America to the centres of human development in the old world are determined by the position of the lands and the currents of the sea. By both these sets of circumstances, North America is more clearly related to Asia than it is to Europe.

Since the coming of man upon the earth the geographic relations of this continent have pretty certainly been more intimate with the Asiatic land mass than with that of Europe. It is possible that during the glacial period the region about Behring's Strait was lowered beneath the sea, but the subsidence was probably of a temporary nature. We may reckon that the continents have generally, at least since the beginning of the tertiary period, been nearer together in the northern Pacific than in the northern Atlantic. The great depth of the ocean basin between the coasts of America and those of Europe points to the conclusion that the great lands in that part of the world have long been widely separated. Moreover, the ocean currents of the northern Pacific favor the movement of man as well as the migration of animals which may float on chance rafts from the region of China and Japan to western North America, while they oppose the westward movement of peoples from Europe to the American shore; the set of the atmospheric currents operates to the same end. It is a well-known fact that the sailing voyage, even to our modern ships, requires very much longer time from western Europe to eastern America than in the direct passage from this country.

In the earlier states of the navigator's art, before the invention of the keel, it was well-nigh impossible for the primitive craft to find their way across the northern Atlantic to the European coast, while the chance of currents in ocean and air tended to bring vessels from the eastern shores of Asia to the western coasts of North America; hence, it came about that the first men planted on the American continent were probably Asiatic in their origin, and these peoples remained for many centuries unaffected by the higher races bred in the more favorable conditions of Europe. This point, however, is disputed by some recent writers, but the position still seems tenable.

It is barely possible that some chance drifting of ships containing people blown away from about the mouth of the Mediterranean may have found a lodgement on the coast of South America, to which they were brought by the equatorial stream. The distance is, however, so great, and the time of the journey so long, that it is improbable that a ship scantily provisioned as were the vessels of old, should have borne living voyagers across this wide field of waters. The Peruvian traditions appear to point to the coming of their royal house from the East. It has been conjectured by fanciful interpreters of those myths, that this race was of European origin. It appears on inquiry that there is nothing which may be called evidence to support this opinion.

It is easily seen that, in the case of the lower animals, chance wanderers to any land would have great difficulty in establishing themselves on the new-found shore. Difficulties arising from the lack of reconciliation with the environment, the unaccustomedness of the food, the unfitness of organization and habit to withstand the attacks of native enemies, would, in most cases, lead to their destruction. The history of North America shows very clearly how this principle holds in the case of human settlement as well as that of the lower animals. The first European colonies to be planted in North America, though reasonably well provided with the resources necessary for the colonist, had a hard battle to fight with their

new conditions. Disease and native enemies brought many of these settlements to destruction. Chance voyagers, in drifting ships, cast upon the shore without provision for their immediate needs, would have a yet more arduous battle before them. Therefore, though we may have had accidental immigration of European men to our American shores, we need not be surprised that none of these accidents led to the establishment of the higher races of the Old World on this continent.

As long as North America was unoccupied by man, its settlement from Asia would have been relatively easy. As soon as it had been filled with the descendants of Asiatic peoples to the point where the population was as dense as savagery permits, any further settlement would have been difficult, for the same reason that it was hard for the Europeans to make good their lodgement on the Atlantic shore. History makes us familiar with the fact that the colonies which came to the Atlantic coast from the Old World, except certain settlements in Pennsylvania and some of the early French establishments, found themselves in immediate hostile contact with the aborigines. The struggle for existence between the two kinds of men would in all cases have led to the extinction of the new-comers, were it not that their ranks were fed by continuous reinforcements from the Old World. Thus, as soon as the continent was peopled from Asia, it stood out against further settlements, whether they came by chance or by design. In this way we may account for the failure of Asiatic colonies representing the higher life of Japan and China to establish themselves on the Pacific coast. It is almost certain that America was peopled before those civilizations were developed, and so there were tribes of savages ready to oppose the occupation of the country by the higher life, which in time grew up in the western part of the Indo-European continent.

We now come to the effect of the geography of North America on its savage tribes.

The effect of the physiographic conditions of North America upon the development of the aboriginal peoples is so

obscure as not to warrant much more discussion than we have given to it. There are, however, certain points which repay inquiry. We have already noticed the fact that the massive geographic form of North America did not favor the creation of those divisions between people which are such a striking feature in Europe and Asia. The several tribes, developing evidently from the family relation, could only attain a limited measure of separate growth. If any of these ancient peoples could have found shelter such as a Swiss valley or a Scandinavian peninsula affords, the original differentiation dependent on the family tie would have readily extended into the larger bond of the state, but from the lack of geographic isolation, war, and various other accidents naturally arising in this massive and undivided continent, led quickly to a limitation in the measure of tribal development. In Mexico and in certain other sequestered parts of the Cordilleran region, where the people were in part protected by natural defences, the folk advanced to a somewhat higher grade of civilization than that which generally characterized our American savages; but even in these regions the protection was incomplete and the folk were at all times liable to destructive incursions from neighboring less civilized tribes.

It appears from certain fragments of evidence, that some of our American Indians, a few centuries before the coming of the whites to the shores of the continent, were in a rather higher state of advance than that in which they were found by the first Europeans. Thus in the Mississippi Valley the people were evidently more sedentary, some time about a thousand years ago, than they were when their conditions first became a matter of historic record. This is shown by the fact that the people had attained to a point where they constructed extensive earthworks both for the purpose of defence and to indulge themselves in the expression of certain religious ideas. The Ohio and the upper Mississippi valleys abound in the tumuli and fortifications which apparently indicate that the people had been more numerous than they were when our race first knew them; they depend-

ed more upon agriculture and less upon the chase.

For a long time these aboriginal monuments were esteemed sufficient evidence to prove that the country had been inhabited by a peculiar race, to which the name of "Mound-Builders" was given. We now know that these works were constructed by the immediate ancestors of our American Indians, and that, indeed, in the more southern parts of the Mississippi Valley, as for instance in northern Mississippi, the people had not quite abandoned the mound-building habit when they came in contact with the whites. The cause of this decadence is interesting. The explanation seems to be as follows: In the state of savagery men depend altogether upon the products of the chase, or upon the untilled resources of the vegetation about them. As the population increases the game becomes less abundant and the folk are gradually driven to tillage. They become sedentary; they exercise the forethought which agriculture requires, and so advance to the next higher stage in development, where they depend in the main upon the resources which the soil affords. Each further increase in the population diminishes the relative value of the hunter's art and tends to separate the people from the vagarious and ensavaging habits of their ancestors, who lived by the chase.

In the higher state of development, such great constructions as Fort Ancient or the Picture Mounds of the upper Mississippi and the Ohio valleys become possible, and to this state the peoples of the Ohio and neighboring valleys appear to have arrived some centuries before the advent of Europeans. Then came a peculiar biological accident which shows us how dependent man is upon the other living tenants of the earth he inhabits. In the pre-European state of the country, probably down to some time after the year 1000, the American bison or buffalo appears to have been absent from all the region east of the Mississippi. It is doubtful if the creature existed for any distance east of the Rocky Mountains. There had been an earlier and less plentiful species of bison in this country, but he

appears to have disappeared many thousands of years ago, perhaps before the coming of man to this continent. Our well-known species probably was developed in some region far to the west of the Mississippi, whence it gradually spread to the eastward. The Mound-Builders apparently did not know the creature. We determine this point by the fact that we do not find bison bones about the old kitchen fires, and we fail to find any picture of the beast in the abundant delineations of animals made by these ancient people. They figured all the other important forms of land animals, including birds, snakes, and also many of those from the far-off waters of the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico; but they have given us no representation of this, which would have been to them the king of beasts. We therefore justly conclude that it was unknown to them.

When in his westward movement the buffalo came to the semi-civilized inhabitants of the Mississippi system of valleys, he brought a great plenty of animal food to the people, who had long been in a good measure destitute of such resources, for they had no other domesticated animals save the dog. Not yet firmly fixed in the agricultural art, these tribes appear, after the coming of the buffalo, to have lapsed into the pure savagery which hunting brings. To favor the pasturage of these wild herds, the Indians adopted the habit of burning the prairies. These fires spread to the forests on the east, killing the young trees which afforded the succession of wood, gradually extending the pasturage area of the wild herds until the larger portions of the western plains eastward to central Ohio and Kentucky, probably even into the Carolinas, and southward to the Tennessee River, had been stripped of their original forests, making way for the vast throngs of these creatures which ranged the country at the time when we first knew it. With the rehabilitation of the hunter's habit, and with the nomadic conditions which this habit necessarily brings, came more frequent contests between tribes and the gradual decadence of the slight civilization which the people had acquired.

Thus the deforested condition of our prairies, which gives a very peculiar physiographic condition to the central basin of the continent, is probably to be accounted for by the interference of man. It is an effect, though unintended, of the savage's action in relation to an important wild beast. If the advent of European folk in the Mississippi Valley had been delayed for another five centuries, the prairie country would doubtless have been made very much more extensive. Thus in western Kentucky a territory of about 5,000 square miles in area had recently been brought to the state of open land by the burning of the forests. All around the margin of this area there were only old trees scarred by the successive fires, there being no young of their species to take the place as they fell. It is probable that with another five hundred years of such conditions the prairie region would have extended up to the base of our Alleghanies, and in time all the great Appalachian woods, at least as far as the plain land was concerned, would probably have vanished in the same process.

In the region south of the Tennessee the Indians long maintained agricultural habits in a measure not common with their northern kindred. Indeed, when the settlements of the Creeks and the allied tribes about the Gulf were destroyed by the advancing tide of European life, the sedentary condition of the population which prevailed perhaps in a higher state of development at one time in the Ohio Valley, had not been destroyed by the invasion of the buffalo.

In general, north of the great lakes and the St. Lawrence the climate is such as to make the development of people beyond the stage of savagery quite impossible, for the reason that agriculture is not possible in that country. We therefore find in the considerable Indian and Esquimo population of the high north of our continent much less trace of advance than in the southern section. We may say, indeed, that the possibilities of culture are in a descending scale from the subtropical districts of Mexico to the northern fields of the continent; the measure of advance depending on the ratio between the proportion of food-supply derived or de-

rivable from hunting and from tillage. Still further we note on this continent, a feature better shown in the old world, that the stronger and more militant people develop in tolerably northern stations between the tropic heat and circumpolar cold. The conquering tribes among the Indians were those which lived south of the great lakes and north of the Ohio River. In that district some agriculture was possible—indeed it was imperatively demanded in any considerable aggregations of people—in order to meet the trials of the winter. The rigor of climate tends to breed vigorous, somewhat forethoughtful men; such races as the Iroquois, or Six Nations, the Normans of America, appear to have acquired their soldierly qualities in these northern climates, as the conquering folk of Europe were bred in winter lands.

In a general way it is true that the North American aborigines, through the lack of geographical isolation, never attained the state when the physiography of the region they inhabited would do the most to develop the original tribal groups into states. The natural divisions of the continent did not come to have much importance in relation to man until North America became the seat of European settlements. We shall therefore, without further consideration of the aboriginal peoples, give our attention to the history of European immigrants on this continent.

The history of the earlier settlements of Europeans in North America is one of the most interesting chapters in the records of man. The discovery and the Europeanization of America depended in the first place upon the ancient commerce of Europe with the far East. This trade, which began in very ancient days, had attained to considerable importance before the growth of the Mohammedan religion. The development of this faith in the eighth century and the consequent combats between the Christians and the followers of Mohammed, made the intercourse of Europe with the Orient soon more difficult and costly than it had been in earlier times. The commercial men of Europe as well as the statesmen were anxious to find a new way

to the great, though somewhat fabulous, wealth of southern and western Asia. Then came the important scientific conclusion familiar to the ancients, but new to modern people, that the earth was a sphere, and with it naturally appeared the project of attaining to the Orient by sailing around by the west, so escaping the barrier which Mohammedanism interposed to the path of commerce. Neither of these conditions would have been sufficient to push the explorers across the Atlantic, but for the great advance in the art of navigation which the Normans had brought to southern Europe. The classic ships of the Mediterranean, or their imitations in other parts of Europe save Scandinavia, were probably all flat-bottomed. They had to go with the wind. The Northmen had invented the keel, which alone makes navigation something better than waiting for the chances afforded by variable winds. Taking advantage of the trade-winds, even a Roman ship could have sailed to America, but it is doubtful if any vessel without a keel could have compassed the return voyage save by the rare opportunity of continued westerly winds, which blow only in the North Atlantic. Moreover, in Roman times, water was conveyed with difficulty. The vessels were the skins of animals, or for water-carriage earthen jars, necessarily frail and generally of small size. The invention of the cask, one of the most considerable elements in the establishment of the economic conditions on which civilization rests, came in relatively modern times. The cask as well as the keel was, it seems to me, a device of northern Europe, and the two together did more to make long distance navigation possible than any other inventions.

After the middle ages there was a rapid increase of population in Europe, due to the consolidation of states and a consequent steadfaster condition of the conditions of life. With this increase in numbers the commercial spirit became stronger. The conflicts with Mohammedanism developed a measure of missionary ardor which, combined with the commercial motive, supplied the strong incentive which pushed European peoples on the ways of western discovery.

It is not surprising that the first of

these movements, save the accidental voyages of the Scandinavians to the northern coasts, came from the Spanish peoples. The reconquest of Spain to Christianity had served to develop the military motives of that people. A part of the conquering population of Spain was of Gothic blood, holding something of the seafaring impulse of the Northmen; furthermore, Spain is near the parallels of the trade-winds. As soon as a vessel is a little way from its shores, it feels that great western-setting breath which will carry a ship straight forward to the Antilles. If Columbus had sailed from the British Channel, the conditions of the "roaring forties" would probably have insured the failure of his adventurous voyage. The trade-winds determined, in a way that was most fortunate for our race, the fact that the Spaniards came to the tropical districts of America. These regions they possessed before the more northern peoples of Europe began to have an interest in the western empire. When the French and English entered into the scramble for the new lands of the west, Spain had already laid its strong hand upon about all the countries south of the straits of Florida and north of the Equator. The English and French were fended from the tropical parts of America by the pre-emption of those lands by Spain, whose claim was fortified by the decisions of the Pope, and even more effectively excluded from them by the currents of the air and sea. The Gulf Stream makes a strong opposition to the mariner seeking to find his way to the Gulf of Mexico by cruising down the coast of the continent. To the slow-sailing ships of the colonial days, vessels which under the most favorable conditions did not generally make more than five or six miles an hour, this stream was a considerable barrier to the southward movement along the shore of North America. The only easy way to the lands about the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico was one pretty thoroughly guarded by the Spaniards; hence the French and English were practically limited to the country north of the Straits of Florida. Thus we see the fact that the trade-winds and their current, which led Columbus to America, helped to bar the

French and English from the tropical portions of that country.

We must now note that the French, owing to their geographic position, shared with the Spanish in the missionary motive which was so large an element in continental Europe at the time of American discovery. The French at first and mainly sought America, not as a territory in which to plant their race, but as the Spaniards sought it, as a place of commercial dominance and of spiritual domain. It is sometimes the fashion of Protestants to condemn the spiritual element of the Latin colonists in America, and to consider that the missionary portion of the enterprise was hypocritical, and that the commercial and national supremacy was the only end sought. History as well as a fair respect for human motives opposes this interpretation. We must regard the missionary element of these enterprises as of great value in directing the westward movement of the Spanish and French empires. In England, owing to circumstances which we cannot discuss, the Crusade motive was never as strong as on the continent, the divisions in the church already rife, had led to a loss of such proselyting spirit as may once have existed. In this period England, though much less peopled than at the present time, already felt the stress of over-population; moreover, the much regretted loss of her continental possessions had given the people a desire to secure new lands. The commercial and colonizing motives, unaffected by the spirit of religious proselytism, were also stronger than on the continent. The result was that the English colonies in the new world were planted with a very different motive from those of France and Spain. They consisted of people who came to stay, to breed upon the ground, and to found New Englands on the foreign shore. Though in part led by religious convictions, seeking a haven for peculiar creeds, they were on the whole commercially minded, true colonists in their intent as were the Greeks in their time, or their ruder imitators, the Northmen, in a later age.

The conditions which determined the first seats of French and English settlements on the coast of North America

may be termed accidental; or, in other words, we cannot perceive that physiographic conditions in any distinct way affected the location of the colonies. It came, however, to pass that the French obtained control of the region about the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and thence they extended their settlements up that wonderful valley, the great eastern gateway of the continent. At the same time the region about the mouth of the Mississippi was held by the other Latin people, the Spaniards, through the fact that they possessed the gateways which led to the Caribbean and the strength to maintain that empire of waters against intruders. The English and their kindred folk, the neighboring Dutch, found their way to the shore and founded settlements from the Bay of Maine southward to and beyond Cape Hatteras.

It is difficult, in the present state of our control over this continent, to conceive the importance which lies in the facts concerning the original sites of the French and English settlements on the American shore. We now traverse this land in every direction with perfect ease; as for the mountain barriers of the Appalachians, with their great forests and unnavigable streams, they now demand but a ton or two of coal to carry in one railway train a greater population than was ever at one time imported to our coast before the beginning of the eighteenth century. In those old days the Appalachian system of mountains constituted a really impassable zone extending from Georgia to the far north, broken only at one point by a navigable water-way and the great valley it occupies, the St. Lawrence basin and river. It is true that the Hudson in its principal tributary, the Mohawk, in a fashion divides the Appalachian axis, but it opens no pathway into the Mississippi Valley. The Mohawk is unnavigable, and the region about its head-waters contained perhaps the densest part of the Indian population north of the Ohio, composed of very vigorous and combative tribes.

Although the Appalachians have peaks of no great height, their ranges are singularly continuous, and the passes formed by the streams in the numerous wall-like ridges afforded in early days no natural ways whatever. From Maine

to Alabama the woods were unbroken and impassable. This great Appalachian forest was in primitive days an exceedingly dense tangle. At a few points the aborigines had worn narrow footways through it; but these trails were not adapted to pack-animals, the original means of transportation brought by the Europeans, but for the use of men who journeyed on foot, and could thus climb steeply inaccessible to a burdened beast. A large part of the district from central Pennsylvania northward was boulder-strewn, affording no footing for horses. Even in the present state of New England, where the superficial layer of glacial erratics has been to a great extent cleared away, it is easy to conceive how impassable the surface must have been in early times. It required a century of enterprising, unrecorded labor to open the paths across the stony and swampy fields of New England to the valley of the Hudson. The undergrowth of this forest country is far more dense than that which is commonly found in European lands. The shrubby plants, and the species of smilax or green briar and other creeping vines, make the most of our Appalachian forests very nearly impassable, even at the present day. Only once during the civil war, viz., in the retreat of George H. Morgan's army in 1862, from Cumberland Gap to the Ohio, did any considerable body of troops make an extended march through our trackless forests, and this redoubtable enterprise was accomplished in a portion of the Alleghany district where the woods are far more open than they are in the more eastern part of the country. Although this march extended for only two hundred miles, and was partly over roads, it wore out the army.

The Appalachian barrier of forest and mountain was to civilized men almost as impassable as the Alps. It had a width of about three hundred miles; it was long before its geography was known, and therefore we need not be surprised that nearly a century and a half of growth had to take place in the English settlements before they fairly broke their way through it and obtained access to the Mississippi Valley; and then another fifty years passed before the central settlements were closely

united with the sea-port by ways which trade could traverse.

It fell to the lot of the French to secure in the St. Lawrence River possession of the only practical access to the fruitful interior of North America. Although there are some difficulties of navigation in the St. Lawrence system of waters, as in its rapids and in Niagara Falls, that channel affords, for more than half the year, by far the most natural way into the heart of the continent. Along this path the French extended their settlements and their influence over the aborigines into the Mississippi Valley, before the English colonists or those of the Hollanders had penetrated beyond the lowlands of the Atlantic shore.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the historian, in making a survey of the conditions existing in North America, would have most likely declared that the Latin folk had vastly the advantage over the English in their control over the continent. On the south the Spanish possessed all that portion of the continent which was blessed with what is commonly esteemed a fortunate climate. On the north and west the French, by their control of the St. Lawrence and Mississippi Valleys, over which they claimed and in a fashion exercised dominion up to the western base of the Appalachians, had apparently secured a hold upon all the fairest fields of the country. The British and the Hollanders, on the other hand, occupied a narrow strip of shore lands which were only moderately fertile. Back of them lay an almost impassable barrier, separating them from the heart of the continent. On the north and west they were wrapped around by the French. On the south they were hemmed in by the Spanish possessions.

A closer view would have shown the investigator that there were certain conditions affecting these diverse peoples which were destined in the end to give dominance to the English folk. In the first place, the British settlements of the Atlantic coast were tolerably ready of access at all times of the year to the old world. It was only about five weeks voyage from Great Britain to any part of the coast, while it was a six month's journey from France to the outposts of

the French settlements along the upper great lakes or in the Mississippi Valley. Moreover, the northern way, that by the St. Lawrence, was closed for nearly half of the year, while the Mississippi, even after its channel was well known, was a difficult path for ascending navigation. The French settlements in the valley of the St. Lawrence were ill placed for a successful agriculture. Their crops were scanty and won with much labor. As before remarked, the continental peoples never seriously proposed to transfer a large body of their population to the new world, making there the homogeneous equivalent of the European state. Their scheme was more of a missionary nature; they proposed to incorporate the native people into the state after the fashion of the Roman colonists. This idea of obtaining control over the native population appears to have had some small share in the plans of the earlier English settlers. The scheme was however quickly abandoned. The settlers soon came to the plan of exterminating rather than domesticating the savages. The results were that the Latin settlements became in general the seats of a mongrel race, neither savage nor civilized, while the English and Dutch settlements were developed as true off-shoots of the parent folk.

There was a certain advantage arising from the hemming in of the British colonies in North America by the Appalachian boundary. In place of the detached settlements which characterized the Spanish, and more particularly the French, colonies, the British colonial establishments were by their geographical conditions compelled to develop in a more connected way. It was possible in 1700 to ride from Portland, Me., to southern Virginia, sleeping each night in some considerable village. If our ancestors on the continent had secured a ready access to the interior, it is likely that a hundred years would have gone by before the colonies became sufficiently dense in population to permit the interactive life which prepared the way for the American revolution.

Although the Atlantic coast presents no very great diversity in its psychical conditions, its range in climate is suf-

ficient to afford a considerable variety in agricultural products, and the geographic divisions serve in a measure to intensify certain regional differences of character in such a measure that the inhabitants of the several British colonies on this coast became tolerably distinct in their character. This process was aided by the fact that most of the earlier settlements were composed of somewhat diverse peoples, each of the colonies coming to the possession of individual motives either through peculiarities of religious faith, peculiar social habits, or other original varieties in the parent stock. The long-continued absence of any political association between the separate colonies kept them in a good measure apart, and thus served to foster the development of diverse character in different sections; so there came about a state of society in which the New Englander, the Hollander of New York, the Quakers of Pennsylvania, the Catholics of Maryland, and the churchmen of Virginia were somewhat different from each other.

These characteristic differences between the several peoples of the Atlantic coast were due in part to physiographic circumstances of their environment. The development of the American colonies, their rapid growth in the century preceding the American revolution, depended in a large measure on a botanical accident, viz., on the introduction of tobacco into the commerce of the world. No contribution from newly discovered lands has ever been so welcomed as this so-called noxious weed. No new faith has ever travelled so fast and far among men as the habit of smoking. In scarce a century from the first introduction of the plant in Europe, its use had spread to nearly half the peoples of the old world. The eastern coast of America, from the Hudson southward to South Carolina, is peculiarly well suited for the growth of the tobacco plant, and the rapid extension of the British colonies in America, which brought their population at the time of the Revolution to a point where they numbered about one-sixth part of the English people, was largely due to the commerce which rested upon the use of this plant. It was a source of a vast income in the tobacco

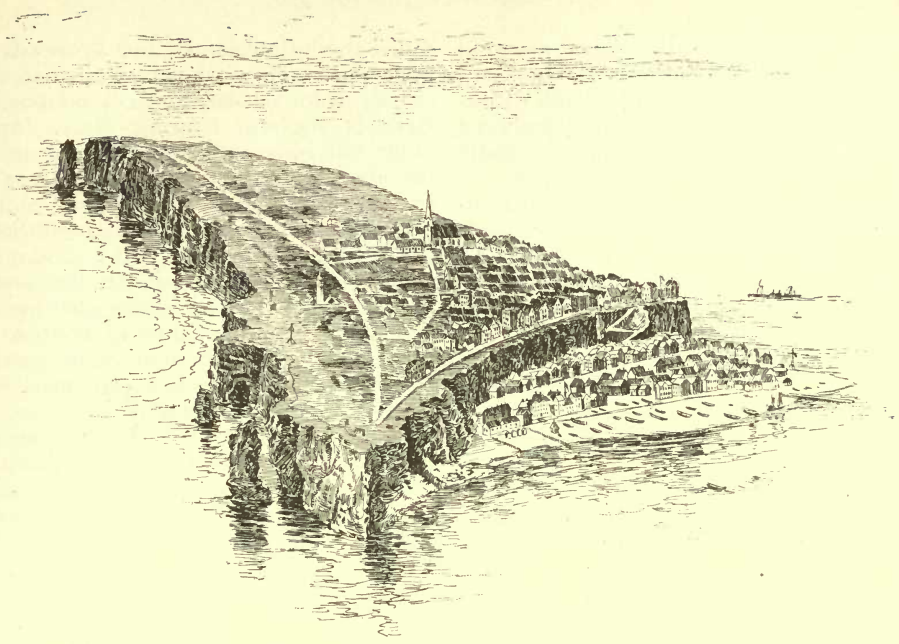
growing states, and in a secondary way it served greatly to promote the growth of New England and New York. It is true it in good part laid the foundations of the American slave trade, on which the culture of cotton built a vast structure, but at the same time it served to promote the growth of our race on this continent in a very important way, for it provided the means for an extended trade with the old world, and thus gave a degree of wealth to the new.

The effect of the Appalachian axis on the development of the English people might also be traced in the protection which it afforded against the more powerful bodies of the aborigines. The tribes which originally dwelt between the sea and the mountains were relatively weak; although they held some intercourse with their western kinsmen, they were so far separated from them that at no time did the eastern peoples, save in the valley of the Mohawk, have to meet any considerable body of warriors who were bred in the inland parts of the continent. Hence the struggles of the earlier settlers on the Atlantic coast with the savages was a relatively unimportant matter; though it more than once brought the feeble colonies into great jeopardy. But for the Appalachian barrier, the English, owing to their rude ways of contact with the savages, would necessarily have met the hostility of a vastly greater body of warriors. A Pontiac or a Tecumseh would have effected what the feebler King Philip vainly essayed. It may well be doubted whether the Puritans of New England or any other of the settlements, except perhaps the Quakers, could have held their own against the aboriginal folk of this country, but for the protection this barrier afforded.

It is in good part to the commercial growth of the British colonies in America that we owe the speedy overthrow of the French empire, which at the beginning of the eighteenth century seemed likely to control North America. The New England settlements developed

rapidly and were pushed up toward the north, and from them as a base it was easy to capture the strongholds of the St. Lawrence Valley, and thus make the great scheme of France impossible.

The settlement of the Mississippi Valley by the English people was first accomplished through Virginia and its western extension beyond the mountains in the then district of Kentucky. It is at this part of the Appalachian system that we find the most practicable path for a wagon road from the coast to the navigable waters of the Ohio. Following up the great valley of Virginia, that known as the Shenandoah, thence to the broad open basin of the upper Tennessee, thence over the low gap in the Cumberland Mountain to the westernmost of the Alleghanies, it was easy to take pack animals, and with a very little labor to make a wagon road from the Virginia settlements to the most fertile portion of the Mississippi district. The process was easy because this country is south of the glacial belt, and thereby not encumbered with bowlders, and also because a succession of breaks in the mountains make a natural way, the sole moderately easy passage from the Virginia district to the centre of the continent. Thus it came about that the first settlement in the Mississippi Valley, the settlement which gave character to a large part of that basin, came from Virginia and took with it the institution of slavery into the Mississippi Valley, establishing the black line on the banks of the Ohio. If the conditions had been slightly different, if the way from the Hudson or from Pennsylvania to the west had been as easy to traverse as that from Virginia to the Ohio Valley, the fertile fields of Kentucky and Tennessee might well have been occupied by people from New England and New York; in which case the boundaries of the slave-holding States would have been drawn much further south, if indeed the institution had ever obtained a firm foothold in the southern portion of the Mississippi Valley.



A Bird's-eye View of Heligoland.

A CROWN JEWEL.

HELIGOLAND.

By C. Emma Cheney.

"This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea."

IN the very thoroughfare of summer travel there is a snug little island, until recently unknown to fame, which is unique in physical conformation, rich in tradition, admirable in *morale*, tenacious of individuality, and in patriotism without a peer.

Not far from where the rivers Elbe, Weser, and Eider pour their waters into the North Sea—yet invisible from any coast—the island of Heligoland looms boldly up, to the vertical height of two hundred feet. So small is it that a sentry might walk around its natural battlements, and take no longer than forty-five minutes to complete his beat. But three-fourths of a mile in extent, and of no great use to any country, this bare, red rock—a little Frisian captive in German waters—has belonged to the English for more than eighty years.

It is not much of a possession after all, its very existence, probably, being unknown to half the realm until in June last it was proposed by the British Government to cede it to Germany in exchange for concessions in Africa. Still, if there had been need, the whole British navy would have been ordered to its defence.

Heligoland may be reached on a summer's day, with time to spare, from Hamburg or Bremen. Both lines of steamers touch at Cuxhaven, which has also railway communication with Hamburg. The sail down the ever-widening Elbe is by far the prettiest route. Hamburg's busy harbor, with its thicket of sail from the four corners of the globe, affords a fine view of the city itself, and we catch a glimpse across the river of its military neighbor, Altona. Further on the north bank is rather

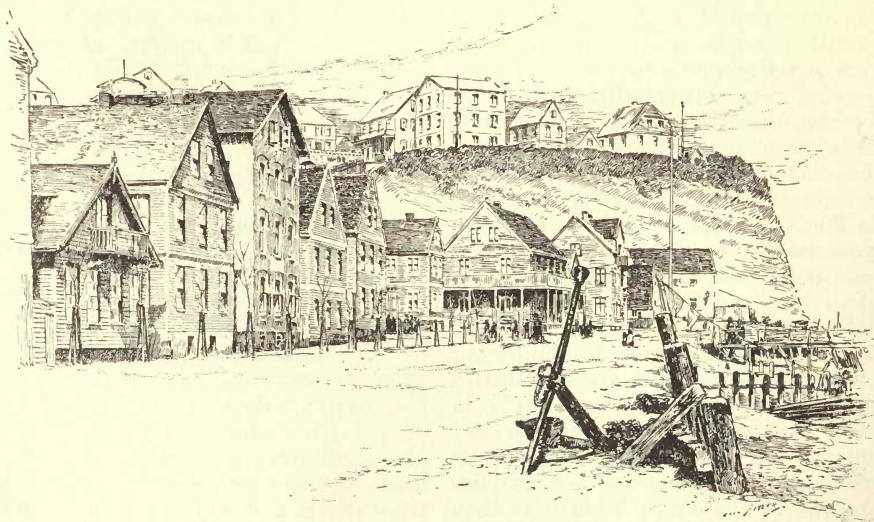
tame, but the south shore presents many vistas of gentle landscape and villa-crowned, wooded heights. Cuxhaven, a pleasant watering-place near the river's mouth, whose ancient castle is distinctly seen, is the last port on the mainland. Only the island of Neuwerk and a few light-ships now lie between us and our Mecca.

The Freia is staunch and steady, so the North Sea's fretful temper need not be dreaded in the thirty-six miles which lie between the island and the main—a journey usually accomplished in two and a-half hours. Scarcely is the last painted buoy passed when an eager look-out begins. Glasses sweep the horizon until a speck appears on the throbbing bosom of the ocean. Hardly larger than a fisherman's dory at first, it grows with every moment. Even without a glass its form and colors are discernible soon after it appears in sight. As each new feature is disclosed one feels a growing sense of proprietorship in the little rock, and when it finally comes out in bold silhouette against its blue background, it becomes the very "substance of things hoped for."

Shaped like an inverted flat-iron—the broad end toward us—its sheer red walls are crowned with tender green. At its base a white line of narrow, sandy beach widens at the point nearest us to a considerable area, which is

called the "Unterland," and is crowded with white houses, whose red-tiled roofs are the color of the cliffs behind them. Here is the only landing-place. Another village, sociably huddled around the church and light-house, looks down from the "Oberland;" and can only be reached by a flight of stairs called the "Treppe," or by a "lift" of ample proportions. Half a mile to the eastward lies the Düne, a sister islet, upon which one sees a cluster of houses, a pavilion, and a little orchard of green bathing-machines, such as are used at English watering-places.

Heligoland has no harbor, and scarcely had the Freia cast anchor on the lee side of a spit of sand that serves the purpose of a breakwater, when she was surrounded by a swarm of large open boats, each flying the island's flag, and manned by eight men. On each boat was plainly marked the number of persons it was authorized to carry. A landsman needs a dash of courage to be transferred to such small craft in a boiling sea; but these stalwart oarsmen accomplish the feat with wonderful dexterity, and we were soon handed up a flight of stairs to a long pier, called, for obvious reasons, "Misery Walk," to encounter the jeering scrutiny of a staring throng, who perhaps seek the company which misery loves. When a face of especial pallor



The Unterland.

betrayed the roughness of the voyage, one was heard to proffer service as a guide to the apothecary. The jest was condoned, however, in the grim reflection that its perpetrator must himself cross that same water again ; for there were few natives in this harmless gantlet.

Picturesque, rosy-brown sailors relieved us of our hand-baggage, and carried our trunks on their broad shoulders with perfect ease. Horses and carts there are none. The wheel-barrow constitutes the only rolling-stock of the island. Following our guide, we threaded our way through narrow, well-paved streets, past neat cottage - restaurants, the Post Office, shop-windows filled with feather - wares and colored maps of the island, the Conversation House, the chemist's, the bookstore, and, refusing the lift with many a backward glance we mounted the winding steps of the Treppe.

Our first impression was a consciousness of color. Everything suggests the Heligolandish motto :

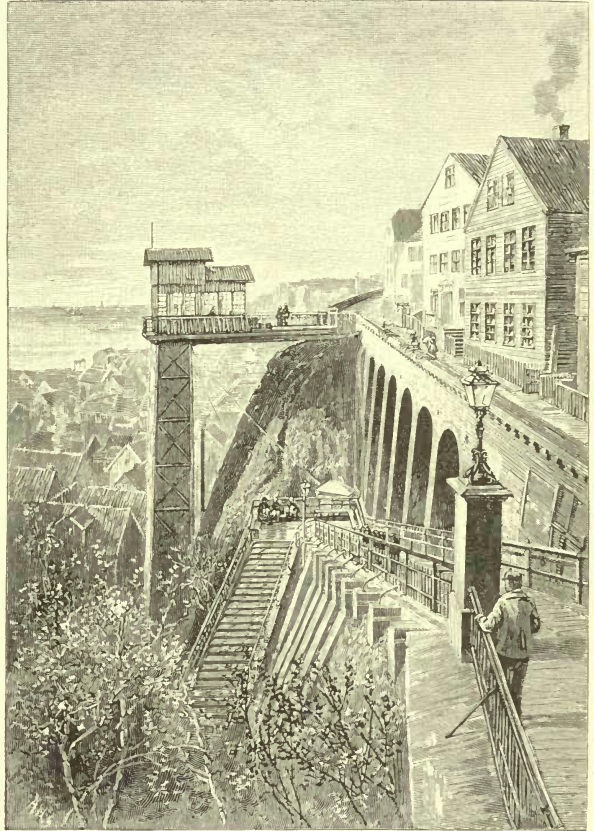
"Green is the Land,
Red is the Rock,
White is the Strand ;

These are the colors of Heligoland."

Clean white houses, red-roofed and trimmed at door and casement with vivid green, repeat the colors of the island. Gay flags of green and red and white, fly from mast and flag-staff. The seats at the angles of the Treppe are the more inviting for their coat of patriotic paint.

Once on the Oberland, we linger on the Falm, or narrow street which runs along its edge, for a long look across the roofs below, past beach and pier, beyond the Düne, to the vast, unbroken stretch of sea. Even the water near the strand is tinged with the all-pervading Pompeian red. Here and there the shore is dotted with black hulks, drawn

up for caulking. Myriads of boats are darting about in the bay. Now and then, in the offing, a red sail crosses the foam-flecked blue. It is a pretty picture, Venetian in coloring, with wider than



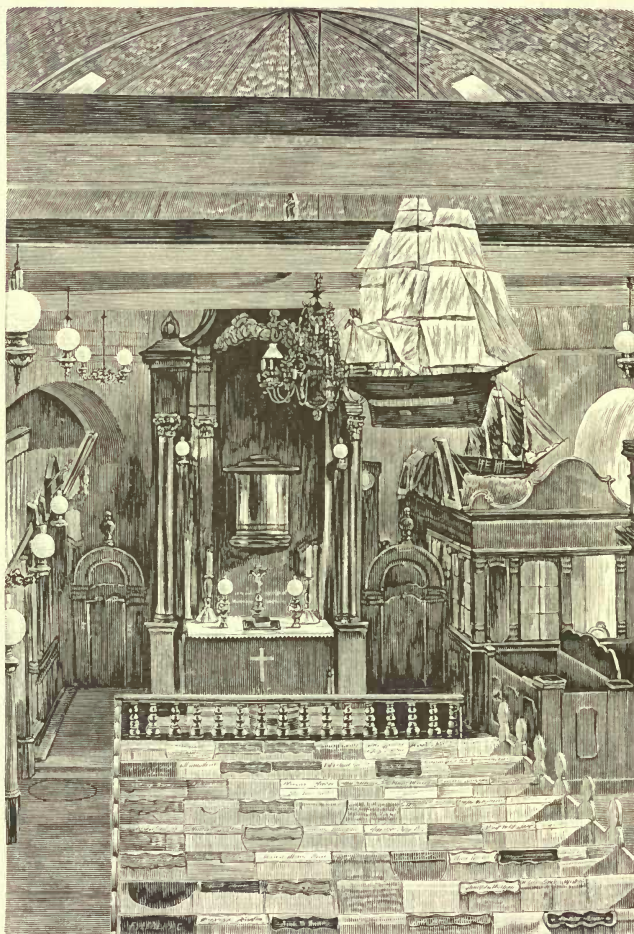
The Lift, and "The Treppe " or Stairway from the Unterland to the Oberland.

Venetian scope. Turn where we will, as far as the eye can reach on every hand is water.

The plateau of the Oberland gently slopes from west to east. A mile in length, it is but a quarter of a mile at its widest part. It is said that the slight irregularities of surface, unobserved by one not "to the manner born," are real hills and valleys known by their proper names to the Heligolander, who loves every foot of the soil. The upper hamlet is perched on the brink of the cliff, and the houses below are nestled close to its foot. There are no straggling cottages on the Oberland. All the land

outside the town is used for pasturage for two hundred tethered sheep, or for the cultivation of cabbages and potatoes. Indeed, the lonely walk from the South

well-furnished military stronghold. The crabbed rock is a miniature Gibraltar, able to assure its own defence in peaceful times.

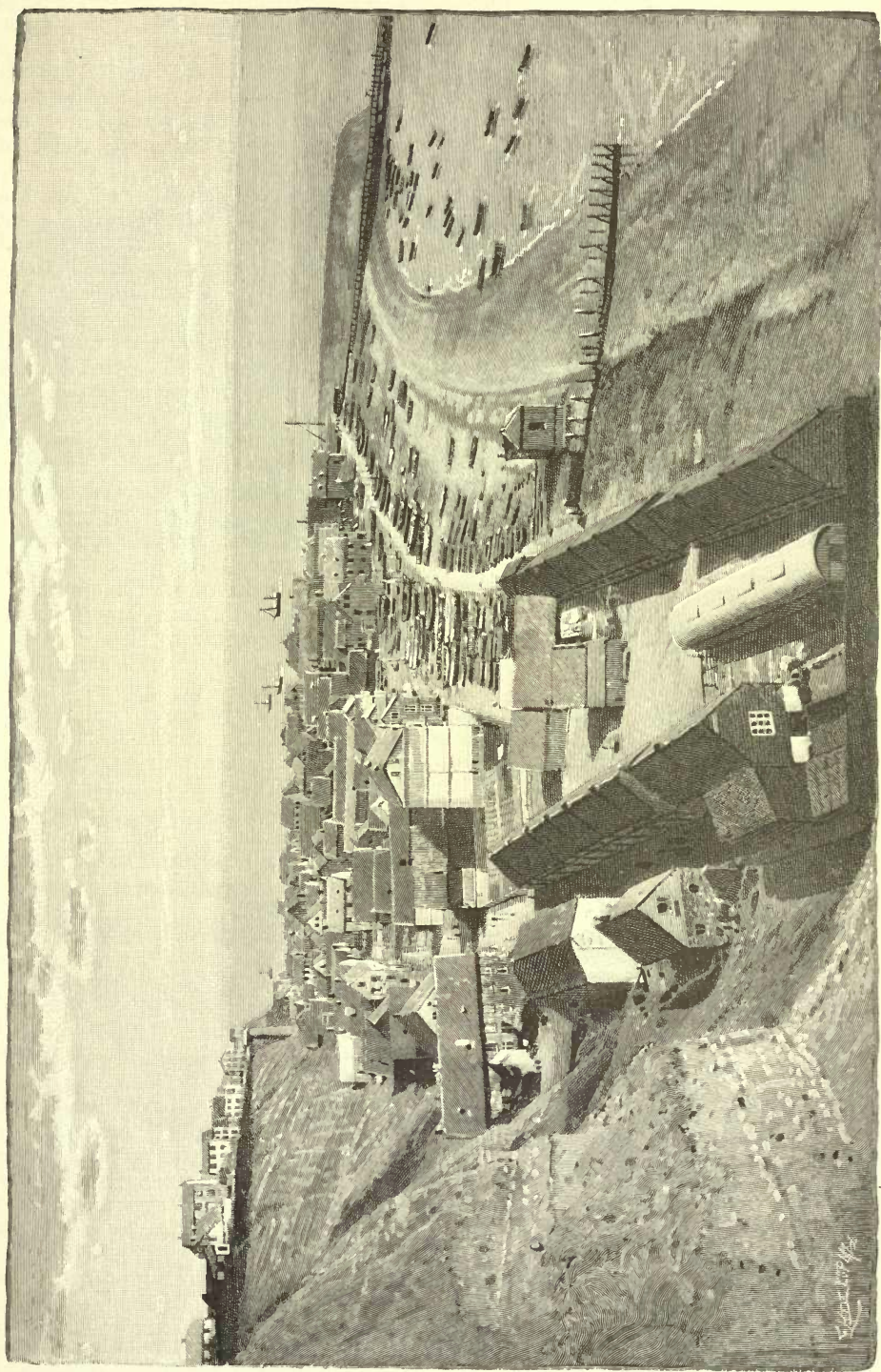


Interior of St. Nicholas Kirche, built in the Seventeenth Century.

Horn, past the light-house to the fog-station at the northern extremity of the island, is called "Kartoffel Allee," or "Potato Walk." The fog-station has neither bell nor steam-whistle to indicate, in case of necessity, the position of the island; but instead, rockets are sent up, as often as once in ten minutes, while the fog lasts. Close to the edge of the cliff, a wire fence girdles the entire plateau. The only residence of any pretension in Heligoland is the Government House. In a battery and its powder magazine there is just a hint of a once

Although the light-house is one hundred feet in height, and stands upon its rocky base two hundred feet above the sea, many a winter's storm dashes spray and sea-weed against the lantern. And yet the cold is less extreme here than elsewhere in the vicinity. There is a saying that when water freezes in Heligoland, the Elbe is frozen over.

There are no native trees, but even on the Oberland a few have been, with true Frisian persistency, forced to survive the storms. In the parsonage garden there is a mulberry-tree, whose fruit



The Unterland and Oberland.

ripens. In the Unterland, trees grow with less resistance. Some limes at the foot of the Treppe, and a cherished elm, are the pride of the Heligolandish heart. In summer, however, plants and flowers thrive in every possible nook and crevice, with the smallest encouragement. Heligoland roses have few peers in fragrance and beauty.

Fresh water was formerly supplied by cisterns, but within a decade several wells have been bored. A few cows are kept here during the season. At its close, to save keeping, they are usually converted into beef. For a prolonged visit, however, it is not uncommon for guests to bring their own cows, and take them away again. So great a luxury is cow's milk considered that it is sold by the apothecary.

Although but two kinds of birds build on the island, at the time of migration

lantern in drifting clouds. "On some nights," says Mr. Seebohm, "as many as fifteen thousand sky-larks have been taken on the island." It is a fine time for the study of ornithology, and the natives are sure of an annual feast of the daintiest food.

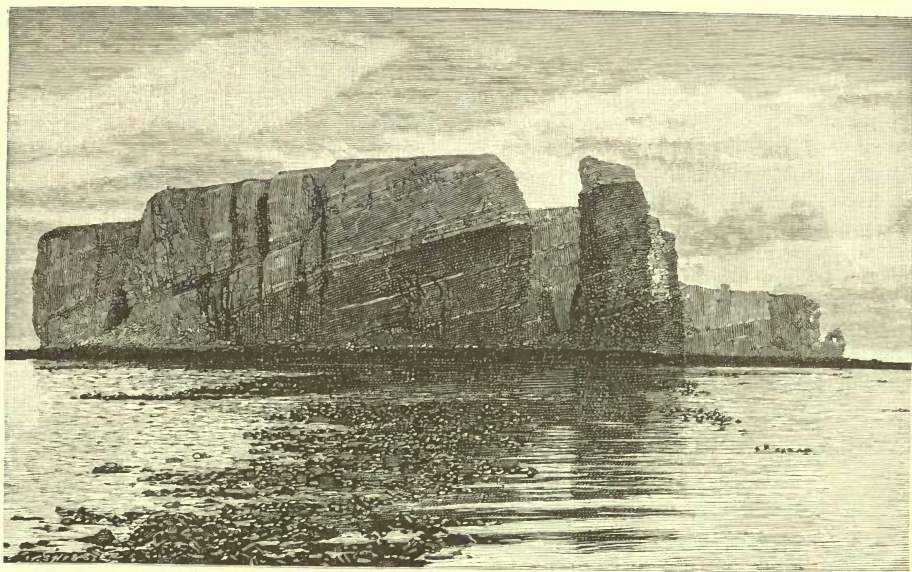
Hotels are few, but every cottage has its guest, who depends for refreshment upon excellent *cafés*, in both Oberland and Unterland. From July to October, the entire visiting population are "roomers and mealers;" spending the day on sea, or Düne, or Unterland, and seeking the quiet of the Oberland for sleep at night. Heligoland is then one vast pic-nic ground. The Unterland is especially bright. Its shops and restaurants are always full. At intervals during the day the orchestra plays in the pavilion on the beach, and in the evening in the Conversation House. There is a small theatre under the immediate supervision of the governor, and there are numerous dancing-halls, principally patronized by Heligolanders, but where the presence of a stranger is by no means resented. Although early hours are kept, by day and night the streets are echoing to the merry laugh or song. There are no rich; none are very poor. There is a house on the Oberland, known as the "Long Lament," which was intended for a poor-house, but has rarely had an occupant. Drunkenness, beggary, and crime are scarcely heard of.

English domination has been chiefly manifest in the names by which the alley-like streets are called. It strikes a stranger oddly to see "Princes Street," "Victoria Street," and "George Street," and never to hear a word of English from the lips of those who live in them. Sometimes houses are fancifully named, as the "Villa Louise," but oftener they are known by the owner's name, as, "Hanson's," or "Janssen's-by-the-Church." No cottage is too mean to have its clean white curtain and its window-garden, or, where there is room, its flower-plot. Many a door-yard has its clothes-line hung with small fish to dry, instead of the family washing. Both schollen and haddock are thus preserved for the winter use. Indeed, a seafaring Heligolander is more likely



Heligolander in Costume of the Island.

it swarms with every variety of feathered fowl. Attracted by the light-house the poor little bewildered things come and go, beating their wings against the

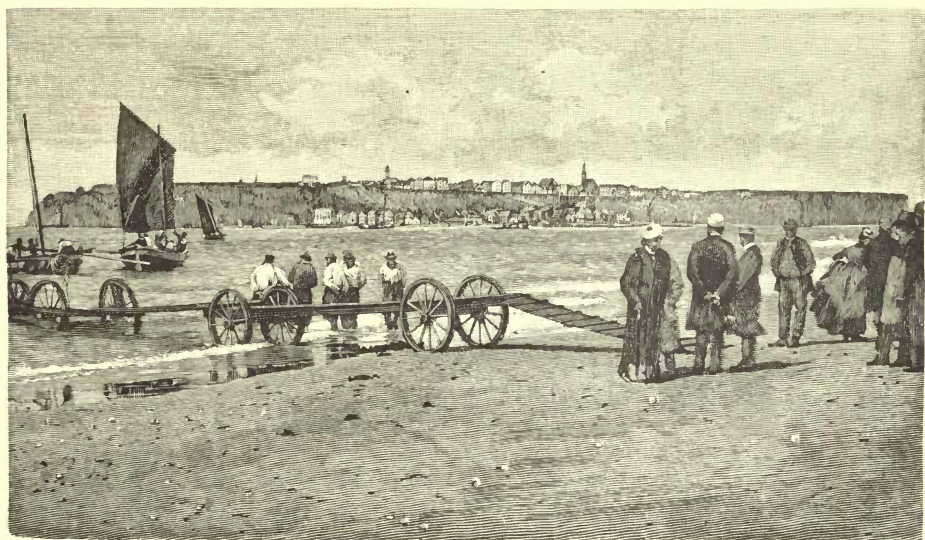


The North Horn of Heligoland.

to put a dried fish in his pocket for luncheon, than a bit of bread. Hospitality is a common virtue among the poor. People who shrink from the entertainment of a friend are usually high enough in the social scale to foresee the preparation it involves, and selfishly shirk the trouble or the expense. These simple folk ungrudgingly share the loaf and sup with one another. They are

frank to ask, glad to give, and grateful for what they receive. When the day's work is done, the Heligolander raises his "sou'wester" and prays, "Thank God for this day, to-morrow more."

Sunday begins with the sunset of Saturday. In winter everybody goes to church. In summer—perhaps from the necessity of serving their guests—the natives leave the visitor to do duty



The Düne, or Sand Island—one thousand feet by fifty—once a part of Heligoland.

for both. The St. Nicholas Kirche may well boast its claim of long descent, dating, as it does, from the seventeenth century, and even then erected on the ruins of a church still older. It is built of brick, faded now, but not dingy. Within and without it is in perfect harmony with the place, as it stands among the dead of past centuries. Wide-spreading buttresses reach tapering to its very eaves, giving it the look of a mother-hen brooding over her young. A loyal Heligolander rebuilt the tower at his own cost, in the eighty-seventh year of his age—so the tablet

quaint, with a flavor of the sea about it. Its arched and ceiled roof is painted in conventional design, and in the centre the Danish shield, from which depends a full-rigged ship—the gift of a former governor of the island. Great transverse beams support the roof. Across the sides and rear a gallery runs, and in panels entirely surrounding its base may be seen the pictured story of the Bible, from Genesis to the Gospels, painted in an emphatic and realistic style by Andrew Amelink, in colors that have defied the ravages of two hundred years. To one subject,

especially, is the stranger's attention directed, in which the devil's cloven foot is represented by a "peg-leg," which would have been the envy of Silas Wegg. At the eastern end of the church a shallow chancel rises a step above the floor, and is flanked by two glass-covered box pews, set apart for the use of the government officials. Behind the altar, with its crucifix and candles, and above it, there is a tall wooden structure like a screen, from the centre of which juts out a small curved and highly polished pulpit, which the pastor enters by parting the curtains, as he ascends unseen from the robing-room in the rear. A fine portrait of Martin Luther surmounts one of the state pews, and a small ship spreads every sail over its neighbor. Other portraits occupy the spaces between the windows—and such windows! Beginning with a Gothic intention, they terminate abruptly in an arch; adding to the squat effect of the church, and giving it a nautical appearance when seen from within.

The pews are divided into several sittings, each painted to suit the individual owner, and marked with his name, which is an equitable arrangement, since it is reckoned as part of his personal effects, and may be transmitted like other property. A sitting, with the right

to entail, may be purchased for five pounds. Three or four colors are seen in many a pew, but the softest tones are



A Woman of Heligoland in the island Costume.

reads—and "in the twenty-fourth year of her gracious majesty, Queen Victoria." The whole church is queer and

invariably chosen. In some cases, upon the book-board in front, beside the name and date, is placed in large, black letters, a text of Scripture, or a verse of some hymn, to fix the wandering thought perhaps, or to serve as an aid to devotion. Ancient dates bear witness to a long succession of the faithful followers of Luther.

The service is usually rendered in German, although an English Sunday comes once in the month; the same pastor being equal to both occasions. A choir of fresh young voices leads the congregation in singing time-honored hymns.

The Düne, or sand island—one thousand feet in length by fifty feet in breadth—was once a part of Heligoland. Upon discovering that the wall which united them could be quarried, little by little it was so sacrificed that the sea came in one night and claimed its own. So only a shifting sand-heap, that has been the woe of many a ship, is left to tell the story.

The islanders are chiefly pilots, and the best of sailors. The lad who aspires to the profession must pass examination by four pilots and two councilmen, who must also have been pilots. A pretty penny is also made by lobster-pot, and seine, and hook. Since 1826, however, when a wide-awake Heligolander started a very primitive bathing establishment on the Düne, the income of the island has grown larger with every year, until the bathing is now reckoned its chief source of revenue.

There is an actual population of two thousand, and the average number of guests annually entertained is now estimated at twelve thousand. During the season, Heligoland is on pleasure bent. Every morning all the world migrates to the Düne, to enjoy its unrivalled bathing. Indeed, by the Germans, who are the principal patrons of the island, this stimulating sea-bath is thought to surpass all others in Europe. The high temperature of the water in this northern latitude is remarkable. Traversing, as it does, a wide area of submerged sand, it loses its chill before it comes bounding in to enfold the bather in its embrace. How salt it is, and how sparkling! The pulse leaps at its touch, the palest cheek glows

with its kiss. How soft and warm is the yellow sand!—for the “Sonnebad” goes with the dip in the sea, as naturally as

“The shovel and tongs
To each other belongs.”

How blue the sky above us bent! and yet that same sky sometimes wears a far different complexion. Sudden storms are common in the North Sea. Happily, however, the boat-service is regulated by law; no stranger being permitted to sail by himself on this dangerous coast.

Many years ago, a party of girls were overtaken on the Düne by a sudden squall. It was easy to find shelter, and a morsel to appease hunger; but the air grew dark, and the storm rose to a tempest. All day long they waited for the boats that dared not venture out to them. Night fell, and deepened, and wore away. By morning their supply of food was exhausted. Cold and hungry—no doubt well scared—they passed a second anxious day, and only at night-fall, bedraggled and half-famished, did they reach the rock in safety.

There is a curious contrivance used here, serving the purpose of a pier for small boats, which consists of a series of wheels, fastened by a long reach, and furnished with a plank or bridge, upon which one can walk dry-shod when the apparatus is pushed out into the water.

A tariff of four marks each week is imposed upon all strangers, reduced in proportion to the size of the visitor's family; and is remitted to physicians and their families, and to those who stay less than three days, or longer than four weeks. The use of bathing-machines is also positively required. The law takes cognizance of these simple folk almost as completely as the Austrian government watches over the city of Vienna. All tariffs have been under the supervision of the English government. A tax for public improvements is levied on boats and houses. While the summer-visitor has become a recognized means of profit, no unfair advantage is taken of him, as every service has its prescribed price—“*trinkgelt*” being unknown.

The people are hardy, frank, honest, independent, and friendly. The veteran native could ask no better description of himself than Longfellow's picture of

the "old sea captain who dwelt in Heligoland :"

"Hearty and hale was Othère,
His cheek had the color of oak,
With a kind of laugh in his speech
Like the sea-tide on a beach"—

With no conception of the caste-idea, the Heligolanders treat comrade and stranger upon a free and equal footing, and believe in the principle as heartily as did the framers of our Declaration of Independence. The Heligolander's love of country is strong. Its customs and legends are dear to his heart. To him no tropic verdure is so fair as the scraggy trees reared in great tribulation on Heligoland. He loves the bare, red rock with a mother's love. No tints compare with the colors of the Heligolandish flag. Even the English government has graciously respected the sentiment of patriotism by employing them on postage-stamps; and local enterprise has produced cards bearing a tiny view of the tiny island, in green and red and white, which only lack a stamp to make them legitimate postal-cards.

There are many theories concerning the derivation of the word Heligoland. The fact that it was a place of pilgrimage to the temple of the goddess Hertha, gives color to the belief that it was originally named Holy Island, for that reason. Professor Hallier traces it directly to its etymology, from *Hallig*—a sand-island, and *Lunn*, meaning the land, or rock, thus comprehending both Düne and rock, before their separation. However interesting such speculation may be, we only know that heathenism dominated Heligoland in the reign of King Radbod, the Dane, when St. Willibrod, "the Apostle to the Frisians," began to preach Christianity there. This was in the seventh century; and before and after that it was fought for by sea-rovers, changing hands very often. Sometimes it belonged to Denmark, oftener it was in pawn to the city of Hamburg for the debts of Schleswig or Holstein.

In the fifteenth century, owing to the value of its fisheries, and the influence of its powerful Hanseatic allies, the island acquired a fictitious political importance. As long as the herring stayed

Heligoland "waxed fat and kicked;" but the little fish that had been its making became its undoing. The legend goes that one unhappy spring, according to their custom, the Heligolanders had begun "the procession of the Cross" around the island, to insure a successful fishing season, when the fish appeared, and the procession was impiously abandoned; so for penalty the herring left the coast.

For the next two hundred years Heligoland was a shuttlecock between its old masters. In 1807 it happened to belong to Denmark; and as she took the part of France in the Napoleonic war, England seized it as lawful prey. The island was lighted, fortified, and garrisoned. It soon became one vast storehouse for English goods, and for seven years was a half-way house where smugglers carried on a thriving business. In the "Treaty of Peace," however, the commercial prosperity of Heligoland received a death-blow. Once more traders turned their backs upon it. The garrison was recalled, and fortifications dismantled. The people, who had hitherto been too busy to resent the lack of interest manifested by foreign governors unable even to speak the Frisian tongue, now refused to obey laws which they had no hand in making, and which the new government had not the means to enforce. It was natural that after treading such a royal road to wealth, the islanders found their old pursuits irksome; besides, many of their fishing-smacks were gone; so they turned their attention to wrecking. It is said that within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant," a pastor of the little church has been heard to pray that the wind might strew the coast with wrecks, which, by euphemism, were called "Gifts of the Sea."

Unhappy as was this state of affairs, there seemed to be no remedy until a new constitution placed Heligoland on the footing with any other British colony, amenable to a governor and the counsellors whom he chose to appoint. Indeed, the governor has been practically an absolute monarch here, making his own laws, and with his single voice able to annul any act of either council. In the present emergency Sir Henry Maxse proved himself equal to the situation.

Despite opposition, many changes were made and reforms instituted. Lighthouses, both on the island and at the mouth of the Elbe, made navigation less perilous, and the introduction of the life-saving service still further diminished the power to profit by the places where danger lurked. So, by degrees, the trade of wrecking was abandoned.

It was at this crisis that the bathing began to grow in popularity. It is curious to notice that every recurrence of prosperity in this small island has been the result of the development of its own natural resources. The fisheries, the geographical advantage of its position, and finally, its peculiar superiority as a watering-place, have been providentially employed to avert the misfortunes which have threatened its ruin.

The latest English governor, His Excellency Arthur C. G. Barkly, Esq., has had the reputation of being friendly, honest, and conciliatory. The position is not, however, one to be coveted, receiving but half-hearted allegiance from a reluctant people, in a country cut off from the outside world for nine months in the year; for in winter, Heligoland is only accessible when the weather is propitious, twice a week. There are no English residents; few go there even in summer. To an American, it sounded oddly to hear a white-haired English tourist exclaim: "It has been the dream of my life to see Heligoland." We could not understand why he had so long put off the realization of his dream, when to us who had come so far the island seemed very near its foster-mother.

The "Court" language, in which debates in council are carried on, is Heligolandish-Frisian. Every North Sea island has its own peculiar variation of the Frisian dialect, which in this case has also been modified by the English and German languages, and bears a similarity to both.

There were three ancient festivals common to all the Frisian islands—that of Weda, which marked the end of winter and the beginning of the fishing season; of Thor, the god of the harvest; and of Yule, or the new year, sacred to the lovers' goddess, Freia, which was—and still is—the time for marrying.

December 6th is the festival of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of fishermen; when presents are universally exchanged among the children.

Once every summer the rocky coast of Heligoland is illuminated. Preceded by the band, and those in authority, the entire available population make the circuit in a procession of open boats. It is a curious voyage by day; by night, it is weird and wonderful. The wave-worn cliffs, now ablaze with lurid fires, are quenched in blackness—only to glow again in ghastly opalescence. If the spectacle chances to fall upon a night when the water is phosphorescent, every drop seems a grain of luminous gold, scintillating at the touch of oar or prow. We approach the North Horn, salute its ghostly sentinel, shuddering at the uncanny shapes that writhe in the agony of their fiery ordeal; and we follow the western shore, past Monk and Nun, back again to the starting-point, where "God Save the Queen" appears in burning letters, and the band plays it with a hearty goodwill.

The national costume is not yet discarded in this Arcadian isle, but it is generally reserved for holidays and Sunday. Women look demure in red petticoats fringed with yellow, dark jackets, aprons of snowy white, and black pokebonnets. As a fact, however, the bonnet is seldom seen except on dowagers, the head-gear of young women being a light colored shawl, worn Spanish fashion. The men wear top boots, blue trousers, white linen "jumpers," and sou'wester hats. But even they are seen more often in a quiet, conventional dress of some serviceable stuff. A bride's toilet is surpassingly strange, the chief feature being a tall hat or crown, elaborately ornamented with pins, and from which falls a fringed mantle. Even her personal finery, however, is secondary to the trappings of the bed, which is decked by herself and her friends in the bridegroom's house. The whitest of linen, plenty of lace, and doubtless a mountain of feathers, go to make it sumptuous. Guests are bidden by the lovers together, in person. After the marriage ceremony in the church, the party repair to the new home, and partake of a national cake, eaten with a

sauce of syrup and melted butter. When the merry-making is over, the whole party go in procession over every street on the island. More eating and drinking and dancing, and at last home.

Women in Heligoland do not reach their majority until the age of twenty-one; while the law recognizes a man at twenty years. A daughter's share in an estate is only one-half the portion of a son.

When an islander dies, the body is wrapped in white linen embellished with black bows. If the grief of the survivors was not excessive, a grim play used to be enacted, called "The Game of Death." To be invited to carry a coffin or to lend assistance at the grave-digging, is esteemed an honor. When a man has presumably perished at sea, for the space of a month, prayers are offered for his return; and should he not then appear, the funeral takes place, deprived of none of its mournful accessories. There is a small plot of ground on the Düne reserved for the burial of shipwrecked strangers—a drowned mariner's snug-harbor, "environed with a wilderness of sea."

In connection with the rite of infant baptism, there is a time-honored ceremony peculiar to Heligoland. At the proper point in the morning service, a procession of children enters the church during the singing of a hymn, each bringing a mug of water and pouring it in turn into the ancient font at which the child is to receive admission into Christ's flock. Who shall say that the child who thus takes part in this ordinance is not kept in mind of the solemn vow, promise, and profession, made in his own behalf? Just such little strands as this make the cable which binds this people so closely together.

In Heligoland, exhausted nerves find the most favorable conditions. A week here is like an ocean voyage deprived of every drawback. Nowhere else is it possible to combine such perfection of neatness, such cheeriness and simplicity, such freedom, such quiet, such sweet air, such fresh sea-food, such luxurious salt baths, such vistas of sea and sky, such healthful exercise to those who need it, such a lazy life for those who want repose, such a sense of friendship with Nature, and such nearness to God.

PITY, O GOD!

By Grace Ellery Channing.

I.

PITY thy deaf, O God!—thy helpless deaf,
 Only whose ears perceive the music's birth;
 The fair, glad, mirthful melodies of earth
 Or sea, or wind-kissed trees in forests dim;
 Life's morning anthem, nature's vesper hymn,
 The hum of bees about a bursting flower;
 The blithe down-patter of a summer shower;
 The lull of water and the lisp of wave;
 The rush of sea-foam from a sea-bound cave;
 The wafted breeze whose airs Æolian
 Murmuringly rise and murmurous die again;
 The tender cry of bird which shuns the light
 For joy, not dole!
 Or the Belovèd's voice on moonlit night
 Whereat dead hearts rise whole!
 Who hear these sounds, but only with the ear,
 Whose souls are deaf—make them, O God, to hear!

II.

Pity thy blind, O God! thy sightless ones,
 Unseeing! whose purblind eyes alone left free
 Behold the limitless and changing sea;
 The heaven of stars, the power in beauty furled;
 The sun-illuminated and cloud-shadowed world;
 The night adorned and day magnificent;
 The meadows with a million flowers besprent;
 The fields all warmed, caressed, and played upon
 By the great, glowing, lavish lover-sun
 Bathed in drenched clouds, swept by the airs of heaven
 Evening to morn and morning unto even;
 The dim sweet gardens where the languorous roses
 To swoon begin;
 Or the Belovèd's face when twilight closes
 And shuts sweet Love within!
 Who see these only with the eye's dull light,
 Whose souls are blind—O God, give them their sight!

III.

Pity thy dumb ones, God! thy speechless ones,
 Only whose tongues free and unfettered are!
 Whose lips the secret of the morning star
 Shall ne'er unlock, no wingèd word of fire,
 No fancy and no freedom, no desire
 Thrill from the throat in song, steal from the fingers
 In subtler speech which burns and glows and lingers
 Through thousand forms wherein divinely wrought
 Into divinest life divinest thought
 Stands fashioned; whom the Pentecostal flame
 Hath never touched; in whom nor joy nor shame
 Nor Liberty, nor truth's self clearest shown
 Hath utterance stirred!
 Nor the Belovèd's heart upon their own
 Wooded forth one whispered word!
 Speechless!—whose tongues speak only—make them whole
 O God! unseal the dumb lips of their soul!

IV.

Pity thy poor, O God!—thine outcast poor—
 Thy poor who only are not poor of gold—
 Who have no part in all the stores untold,
 The largesse which a liberal past hath lent,
 No wealth of power, no riches of content;
 No jewelled thoughts riven from the rarest mine;
 No pleasure palaces of fancy fine;
 No gardens fair where sweet caprice may wander
 No lavish hoard of happiness to squander;
 No halls of hope; no peaceful green domains;
 No brooks of joy and golden-memorial plains;
 No holy temple guarding its white portal
 For one belovèd guest;
 No consecrated feast whose cup immortal
 Love's lip hath prest;
 Who have but gold—dear God, how poor they be!
 The beggared souls!—succor their poverty!



MILLET AND RECENT CRITICISM.

By Walter Cranston Larned.

MILLET stands forth perhaps more clearly than any other modern artist as an idealist in painting. The power of his pictures is undoubted. Their great influence upon the world of art is not questioned, but they are criticised because this power is said to be of a literary quality, and not what is properly called artistic.

Undoubtedly the subjects chosen by Millet have had much to do with the value and permanence of his works, because they were noble, dignified, and poetic; but choice of a worthy subject seems to be unnecessary according to the teaching of the modern critics. If it be true that the subject has no value which is essentially artistic, then it matters little whether an artist paints a Madonna or a bunch of carrots; for in either case the only question of consequence, from the artist's point of view, is, whether the technique is good or bad in itself. The question is an old, but, after all, a vital one:—is technical facility valuable in itself as an end, or is its worth to be measured by its power of expressing something which appeals to man's mental or emotional side? Is a picture good enough if the eye of an animal would recognize the imitative truth, or is it better if the spirit of man finds in it something congenial?

The need of technical skill is not to be disputed. As well decry the value of style to a poet. But does the art of painting differ from literature just in this way, that ability to paint is enough in the one case, whereas ability to write correct sentences is not enough in the other? If the subject has no part or

lot at all in the artistic value of the picture, the parallel would seem not unfair; but even the most radical realist would hardly take such a position. He would say, perhaps, "paint anything in nature as faithfully as you can—just as the eye sees it, so far as art permits such reproduction. Do this so that beautiful harmonies of color and form result, and you will have achieved all that a true artist can hope to accomplish." But the idealist would go further, and contend that reproduction of surfaces and shapes is not enough, no matter how harmonious or charming to the eye. There must be something in the picture which does more than tickle the sense of sight. It must appeal to the mind, the heart, the soul, besides pleasing the eye, if it is to be called a really great work of art. And if the idealist is right, the choice of subject becomes of an importance akin to what it has in literature.

Millet's choice of subjects was one of the most potent elements, and in a strictly artistic sense, that joined with other and more technical qualities to give his pictures their peculiar charm. Looked at from the stand-point of a technical realist it may be said that the figures in "The Angelus" have not their proper envelope of air, and that the landscape is "laid in heavily and without that observation of the effect of air on distances, and of those delicate photometric phenomena which have occupied the attention of the great landscapists from Claude Lorraine, down to Theodore Rousseau and the moderns." But the idealist would say Millet was

seeking to paint prayer rather than air. Why complain of the lack of an air envelope and photometric phenomena, if the artist has successfully embodied the spirit of prayer, which is the task he set for himself? What picture, ancient or modern, presents to the mind more truly and powerfully than "The Angelus" the very spirit and meaning of prayer? The whole canvas fairly pulsates with the emotion of supplication. Before the picture was even named, when Sensier saw it in Millet's studio, he said "I hear the tones of the Angelus bell." Before he could have painted this picture Millet must have entered into deep communion with one of the grandest ideas which can come from human life—the eternal nobleness of humble labor brightened and made cheerful by the spirit of faith and hope. In treating his subject he has emphasized whatever would make his meaning clear. He places in strong relief the attitude of prayer. He emphasizes that which goes to show the deep need of an unseen blessing, a help from a higher power—the toil-stiffened limbs, the bodies made angular and unlovely to the eye by unremitting labor. He harmonizes the environment with the figures, making his sky softly, but tenderly radiant, not with brilliant tints but with colors subdued in brightness, restful, yet suggestive of the clear light of heaven, while the earth, whose fields exact so stern a toil from these peasants, sinks into deep shadow, giving the chief place in the picture's exquisite harmony to the heavenly light, with its promise of rest and peace beyond. The power of such a picture must endure so long as men know what prayer means. It can only pass away when that spirit prevails, whose exponent is Mr. Saunders in "The New Republic," when he says, "I know that in their last analysis a pig and a martyr, a prayer and a beefsteak, are just the same—atoms, and atomic movement." Surely art cannot be denied such an appeal to the immaterial in man, nor can it be inartistic to use the technique of painting for such ends. Nor is the value of "The Angelus" of a literary quality only. The technique must be artistic, or the effect could not be produced. If there were

any falsity in the conventions employed the critic would have just right to complain. But this is not what is said. The complaint is, that qualities purely technical are not elaborate enough—that the drawing is too abbreviated and the coloring too summary.

It is possible that Millet could not paint in the purely scientific manner of some modern artists. It is probable that he would not have done so if he could, when the end and aim of his art are taken into consideration. It is certain that the technique he did adopt was admirably adapted to make his meaning clear.

The necessity of selection in applying an artist's technical resources must be admitted. It is impossible to depict nature exactly as she is, for the scale of the artist's palette is not commensurate with nature's scale. Indeed Hamerton says that from deepest black to most dazzling white on the artist's palette may be represented by the number forty, while the same interval of color in nature is represented by one hundred. In color, then, no artist can compass the half of nature's facts, and the argument of the realist falls to the ground when he says, "Depict nature as she is, and whatever of the ideal or the poetic she has to suggest in reality will also be suggested by the picture." Since it is impossible to do this, the only remaining question is whether it is better to aim simply at the closest accuracy in surface reproduction which is possible, or whether an artist may choose for emphasis such natural facts as best help express his poetic or ideal meaning. If Millet, when painting "The Angelus," had sought *primarily* to envelope his figures correctly in an air envelope, and accurately to measure the photometric gradations of his landscape, it is not unlikely that his supreme ideal might have been missed; for he would have been obliged to lay such emphasis upon the material details of his subject that the limits of pictorial art would not have permitted a sufficiently stronger emphasis upon the immaterial, ideal, and poetic elements. As it is, his landscape and his figures are not untrue in the deepest sense, though a critic may claim that they are insufficient in surface representation. They are broad and ex-

pressive, bringing out such facts of nature as are needed with artistic power and beauty. To the eye of a poet the picture is deeply true in every part. To the eye of a man like Manet, who fails to see anything below the surface, whether in art or life, it is incomprehensible, and therefore he laughs and calls it "*La bénédiction des pommes de terre*."

Lessing in his *Laocoön* says of the Greek: "His painter painted nothing but the beautiful, even the common type of the beautiful, the beautiful of an inferior kind was to him only an accidental object for the exercise of his practice and for his recreation. The perfection of the object itself must be the thing which enraptures him; he was too great to require of those who contemplated him that they should be content with the cold satisfaction arising from the successful resemblance or from reflection upon the skill of the artist producing it; to his art nothing was dearer, nothing seemed to him nobler than the object and end of art itself." Nor was Lessing speaking only of that merely sensuous beauty which appeals to the eye alone. He meant also the beauty of dignity and poetry which the Greek too, with all his love of that which is only beautiful to the senses, did not fail to appreciate.

In an article in *SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE*, on "Realism and the Art of Fiction," Mr. Arlo Bates, in speaking of the ideal in art, quoted Mr. Alfred Stevens's saying, "Painting which produces an illusion of reality is an artistic lie," and added: "The reason is obvious—such painting would mean no more than the reality it duplicated." "The mission of art," said William M. Hunt, "is to represent nature; not to imitate her," and he might have added that it pictures nature not for the sake of nature, but for the sake of the emotions which are aroused by the message of which such representation is the vehicle. Fromentin said: "It would be idle to be a lofty

spirit and a grand painter if one did not put into his work something which the reality has not. It is in this that man is more intelligent than the sun, and I thank God for it."

It is idle to talk about the lofty and the ideal in an art unless the subjects upon which that art is exercised are worthy. There must be a subject which demands the artist's best powers for its expression, the treatment of the subject must be in a measure governed by the emphasis laid upon its poetic elements, and the artist himself must have that seer's insight which reveals to him the deeper meanings in all that his art is exercised upon.

It is said that Millet imposed upon himself a "mission;" that he felt impelled by strong convictions of duty to paint the sadness and dignity of agricultural life; that he read his Bible nightly and believed what he read. That a man should paint under the influence of such impulses, and paint pictures of striking power, seems to a technical critic not only distasteful but incomprehensible. Indeed, one of the modern critics, in despair at such a phenomenon in the French art-world, is driven to express his opinion that this peasant with his Bible-readings, his convictions, his love of the laborer, and his wooden sabots, must have been a good deal of a charlatan, and all these things a kind of pose. But if Millet had a "mission," let us hope that more artists will be inspired in the same way. There are none too many prophets willing to go into the wilderness and endure hardship for the truth's sake. The world needs such in art to protest against mere cunning imitation, and to insist upon offering to man's love of the beautiful something better than sensuous beauty, something which is not only beautiful to the eye, but lovely to the thought, inspiring to the imagination, charming to the fancy, and uplifting to the spirit.



THE POINT OF VIEW.

MR. COVENTRY PATMORE has recently lent the weight of his fastidiousness to the well-known theory that there is something antagonistic between democracy and distinction, that they are mutually exclusive. The question is essentially perhaps one of definition, and Mr. Patmore, to be sure, defines neither democracy nor distinction for us. This may be, after all, a detail, and we may need a definition of neither term because we all understand exactly what is meant by each. But the ground would be cleared a little if Mr. Patmore and those who think, or rather feel, with him would recognize that what they mean by "democracy" is that political, which secures a social system innocent of artificial distinctions; and what they mean by "distinction" is a synthesis of qualities rare enough to be sharply distinguished from the mass, to secure salience from the environment. If this were done the discussion would not include the dispute whether democracy is or is not conducive to general good manners. Too much is made of this subordinate division of the discussion as a matter of fact. It obscuringly obsesses the minds of all who sustain Mr. Patmore's side of the general question.

But even if it be admitted that in general, in the mass, democratic manners are the worst in the world—and that the circumstance is not half readily enough recognized or half deeply enough deplored by those most interested—it must equally be admitted that this is so because under a democracy so many people have bad manners who in an aristocratic society do not count at all. There may be just as many people in

a given number of Americans, for example, whose deportment is irreproachable, as in the same number belonging to an aristocratic society, and yet the total impression be inferior owing to the evident and ostreperous activities of the mass in the former case, whereas in the latter the mass is in the state of absolute effacement to which, in aristocratic societies, it notoriously is reduced. In other words, saying that a democratic society is, in point of fact, less sensuously agreeable, on the whole, to a person of taste, than an aristocratic society, is quite another thing from saying that democracy is unfavorable to good manners. People who, like Mr. Coventry Patmore, argue these matters *à priori* should be reminded that as Mr. Henry James has astutely remarked, "an aristocracy is bad manners organized;" or, if they ever incline to the *à posteriori* method, they may be referred to his portraits of the English "remnant," which, in respect of manners, no one, not even Thackeray, has exhibited in so searching a light.

Manners in general aside, however, is democracy unfavorable to the evolution of individual distinction? Is distinction anywhere else admired so much, and therefore, by natural selection, developed so quickly? We admire everything in America so cordially, so eagerly, so intemperately that we do not even exclude distinction. Is not *traditional* distinction a contradiction in terms? Is there not an inherent opposition between true distinction and artificial distinctions? Is it not true that in distinction, as in other things, *la carrière* can only be

ouverte au talent under democratic auspices? The whole question is here. A fellow-countryman of Mr. Patmore, and a poet of equal distinction, though of incontestably less fastidiousness, long ago remarked that "what man desirith gentil for to be" must "alle his wittes dresse." And surely unconscious distinction must be distinction of an order only to be found in fairy-land—that esoteric country peopled by the jaded imaginations of poets whose muse is mainly occupied in kicking against the pricks of life and reality. To cite Chaucer again:

Vyce may wel be heyre to olde richesse,
But there may no man, as ye may wel see,
Byquethe his sone his vertuous noblesse;
That is appropriid into noo degre.

Would an American of anything like Mr. Coventry Patmore's "distinction" permit himself to write of England in the same vein of naive, vague, and wholly factitious exacerbation as that in which, confusing distinction with daintiness, he writes of us? We are certainly more responsible, less whimsical, "nearer the ground" of fact, more in key with Chaucer, for example. Distinction surely consists in rising above, not in sinking below, the "rationality" which Mr. Patmore's querulous aestheticism reprobates, and of which—having never heard of Valley Forge, perhaps—he calls Washington the insipid personification. It would be interesting, by the way, to have the opinion, say, of Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Motier, Marquis de La Fayette—an excellent judge, of necessity, according to Mr. Patmore's hypothesis—as to the "bumps" of an æsthetic poet who found Washington lacking in "distinction."

ONE of the standing complaints of American practitioners of any of the fine arts is the lack of a public sensitive to art impressions. This is a grievance which they are wont to cherish with more jealous care even than the lack of artistic material, for which they hold our utilitarian and unpicturesque civilization responsible. Both complaints are very likely well founded. Our artists and our æstheticians—who outnumber them, alas!—are undoubtedly rubbed the wrong way too often, too constantly, indeed, for their own and for our good. They do not meet with the sympathy they seek and need, the sympathy that is stimulating and

sustaining. But they may be reminded, by way of consolation, of an effect they do produce, a kind of recognition they do meet with, which is a score of times more disastrous to them, to us, and to art itself, than they seem, in their innocence, to be aware of. It is this, that in common with all other persons and phenomena they are the victims of invincible American tolerance and good-nature. The public may not be acutely sympathetic in an intelligent sense, but it is certainly—more than any public to which artists have ever appealed and on which they have ever depended for sustenance and inspiration—indulgent. And to artists indulgence notoriously means appreciation.

A very striking attestation of this was furnished by the now universally discredited, but on the part of some people sincere, attempt to produce American artists by protective tariff which has for some years made us an object of derision and dislike to foreign peoples. But it is, of course, not this sort of extravagance to which reference is here made. It is the immediate, spontaneous, and enthusiastic recognition which awaits every American artist—painter or littérateur, sculptor, architect, or poet—who does anything at all, who shows any signs whatever of possessing a temperament, who exhibits industry, even. No one who occupies himself at all with such things can have failed to note how instant, when an accomplishment of any merit whatever is in question, is the comparison of the American executant with Donatello, with Velasquez, with the very greatest poets, painters, romancers, architects. It is the fashion to abuse the National Academy of Design, but it is doubtful if any body of painters was ever "appreciated" like the Society of American Artists; any sculpture admired as naively as the occasional meritorious accents among the mass of mediocrity which distinguishes our parks and squares; any architecture so eulogized as that imitative and purely "tasteful" *genre* of which latterly we are supposed to have discovered the secret; or any novel, any poetry, any criticism, any short-story is elsewhere as sure of its effect.

On the whole, however—and this is the justification for directing attention to the matter—the artists and littérateurs are essen-

tially, though not perhaps very sapiently, right in complaining of the way in which they are treated, and, in the actual situation, there is less consolation than may be imagined for their condition. Just appreciation is, in the first place, more profitable in a dozen ways than mere enthusiasm; and, in the second place, what art of all kinds, in this country as elsewhere, must depend upon is a proper notion on the part of the general public of the ideal. Nothing is really so hostile to the interests of art, and therefore, in the long run, to artists, as the loss, on the part of the public, through good-nature or otherwise, of the sentiment of what is really and absolutely fine, of a standard, of a measure. If, out of a desire really to believe American artists the equal of French, Dutch, English, or German artists, or even merely to brace them up and fill them with self-respect, the American public should come to have a factitious, a misleading, a false notion of what art and beauty are, an eccentric conception of the ideal, in a word, it would be the artists themselves, would it not, who would finally suffer? When one sees—as it is impossible to avoid seeing on every hand—pictures, statues, books, and even “articles” praised out of all proportion merely because they are American, it is difficult—if one have the interests of American art and letters at heart at all—to avoid reflecting that the first requisite to excellence in any department of the fine arts is absolute independence of such “appreciation” as greets pure experimentation in them, because such good-nature as this implies also a perfect lack of feeling for the very thing with which, solely, art of any kind is concerned, namely, in some or other of its manifestations, the ideal. The best thing, in short, which our artists could—in their own interest—ask of our public is, that it should think more constantly and closely of the standard and less exclusively of inadequate approximations to it, whether American or foreign.

—
 “WHAT shall I say to my partner?” asked a very young woman, the other evening, on her way to make the summer night more lovely by dancing out a part of it under the glimpses of the moon. One who heard her found himself recalling the unconscious sharpness of humor with which

the Gordian knot was cut, years ago, by an old acquaintance—a man of science, famous in his day. He lived habitually so much apart from the world that he had no practical knowledge of its tricks and its manners; and, being drawn forth into it on some supreme occasion, he stood mute as a school-boy before the first young girl he met. She, in awe of his mighty presence, not unnaturally waited for him to speak first, until their embarrassed silence had been painfully prolonged. Then the instinct of self-retirement overmastered him, and he fled from her with these memorable words: “Finding that you have no facts to communicate, I will bid you good evening, madam.” Poor, unwilling victim! The grass of many summers has grown over his head; the world is better for vast discoveries by which he will be long remembered; but this one problem he left precisely where he found it. The need of an invisible prompter, ever on the alert to bridge over possible lapses in our graceful small talk, is as apparent in our day as it was in his.

If there were only some clever little book to be studied in the inevitable hour appointed for Greek to join Greek—or, better still, to be carried into the heat of contest, hidden away in the palm of one’s hand! The letter-writer has fallen into disuse, but new books on etiquette still keep us abreast of the times more or less profitably. A guide stored with communicable facts would have to all the charm of novelty, and would be hailed with joy by young and old alike. Furnished with this mental “compactus” the dullest of our sons and daughters might be made to shine. We should find that group of aimless and anxious youth which always hangs about the doorway much diminished; and to the blank spaces of the room fewer wall-flowers would cling. Our hostess would no longer be compelled to accumulate rare orchids and unique embroideries by way of subject-matter for us when our minds refuse to work. She might receive us in a barn-chamber, should the fancy please her; we should enter it forearmed if not forewarned. Who knows? In the end, we might even conquer the dreary tendency to personal reminiscence into which, sooner or later, all our talk now declines. We could make up our brains as skilfully as actors do their faces, and go on

playing leading juvenile with them for any number of years.

The fact that the proposed work need only concern itself with headings makes the scheme entirely practicable. One of Balzac's delightful phrases describes the inclination of Anglo-Saxons to *mechanize themselves* in their pleasures. The main thing is to set the mechanism going; after that it is a poor contrivance that will not take care of itself. We all know how hard it is to begin agreeably when the duty of beginning is suddenly thrust upon us—at a five o'clock tea, for instance. For a moment, the leaf of our intelligence becomes a blank. Could we but turn it down at a classified list of ideas, all those meteorological prefaces that now afflict us might be omitted once for all. Under W our author surely would set down nothing about the Weather. Why will not some amiable writer reap his reward from this suggestion? He who collects our thoughts for us in advance will confer a priceless blessing upon mankind.

A CURIOUS outgrowth of the rivalries of American cities, is the practice that obtains so generally of offering bonuses and pecuniary inducements to manufacturers to move their plant. After a fire that burned down part of a sewing-machine factory the other day, the owners received so many proposals from aspiring cities that wanted to take them in, that they were obliged to publish a notice to the effect that only a small part of their works had been burned, and that they were not open to proposals for adoption. Any factory or established business employing labor can have its choice, nowadays, from a long list of cities, new and old, any one of which will give it a site for a factory, pay the expenses of moving, and perhaps contribute substantially toward the construction of a new building. People who own land, or are engaged in business

in cities, realize that it pays them to have their cities grow, and they are willing to hire desirable inhabitants to come to them. They rely upon getting their money back in the increased value of land, or the general increase in business. The result is that the migratory disposition already so pronounced in these days is intensified, and it has become a familiar thing not merely for individuals to move, but for great aggregations of working-men to shift the scene of their activities from one city to another, sometimes thousands of miles away.

Time was when where the average man found himself living, there he continued to live, unless circumstances of exceptional urgency impelled him to change his residence. It is different now. Transportation has become so cheap, and travel so easy, that the ties of locality sit very lightly on the average American, and the fact that you find him settled this year in New York or Pennsylvania, affords you a very uncertain basis for expecting to find him next year in the same place. When you hear of him again, if he hasn't moved to Texas, or Tacoma, or southern California, or Maine, or North Dakota, you feel that he must have had some exceptionally good reasons for staying at home. Men used to wag their heads, and croak about the inability of rolling stones to gather moss. We have changed all that. Moss is at a discount, and there is a premium upon rolling.

There are disadvantages about this way; but on the other hand it tends to destroy sectionalism, and helps toward the evolution of a homogeneous American population. It is a passing phase. The country is big, but it will become settled after a while. Travel will go on increasing, but it will be the sort of travel that includes a return ticket. People will go away, but they will come back again; the advantages of continuous residence somewhere will reassert themselves, and *cœlum non animus* will again be remembered as a sound sentiment.





DRAWN BY J. R. WEGUELIN.

THE LOVERS' QUARREL,
[Horace, Book III., Ode IX.]
(See page 415.)

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.

OCTOBER, 1890.

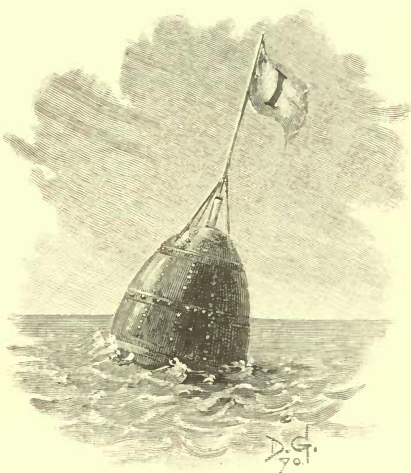
No. 4.

WITH A CABLE EXPEDITION.

By Herbert Laws Webb.

IN these days of rapid development in new fields of electrical science and their commercial application, it is easy to overlook the magnitude of the work accomplished in the laying of deep-sea cables. According to the latest report of the International Bureau of Telegraph Administrations, the submarine telegraph system of the world consists of 120,070 nautical miles of cable. Government administrations own 12,524 miles, while 107,546 are the property of private companies. The total cost of these cables is in the neighborhood of two hundred million dollars. The largest owner of submarine cables is the Eastern Telegraph Company, whose system covers the ground from England to India, and comprises 21,860 miles of cable. The Eastern Extension, which exploits the far East, has 12,958 miles more. Early in last year the system of West African cables, which started from Cadiz only six years ago, was completed to Cape Town, so that the dark continent is now completely encircled by submarine telegraph, touching at numerous points along the coast. More than 17,000 miles of cable have been required to do this, and several companies, with more or less aid from the British, French, Spanish, and Portuguese governments, have participated in carrying out the work.

The North Atlantic is spanned by no less than eleven cables, all laid since 1870, though I think not all are working at the present time; five companies are engaged in forwarding telegrams be-



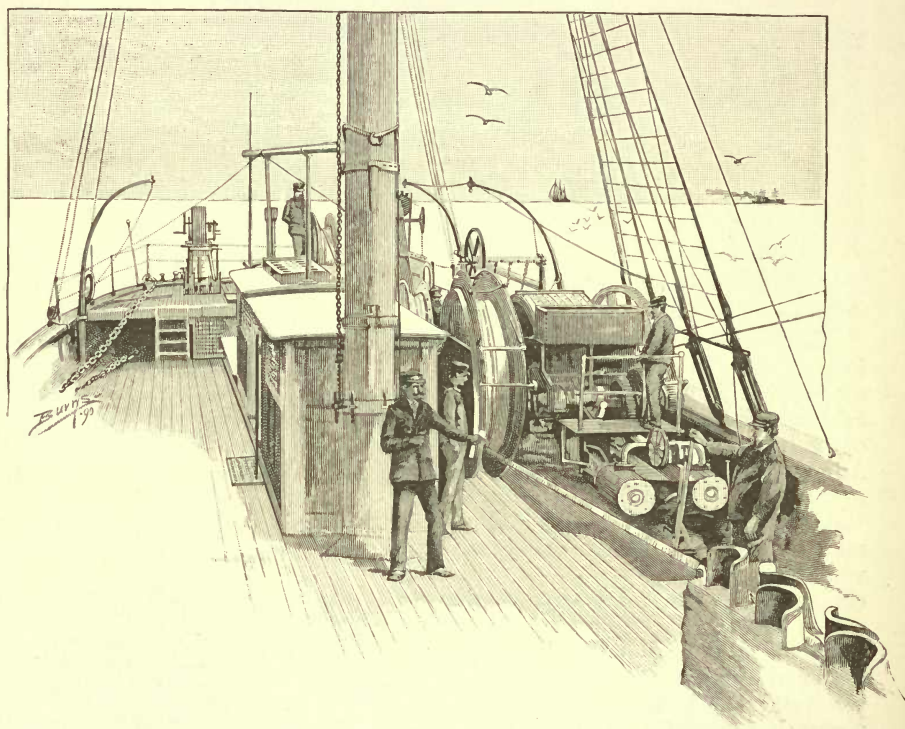
tween North America and Europe, and the total length of the cables owned by them, including coast connections, is over 30,000 nautical miles.

The cable fleet of the world numbers thirty-seven vessels, of an aggregate gross tonnage of about 54,600 tons. Ten ships belong to the construction companies, their aggregate gross tonnage being about half that of the entire fleet; the other twenty-seven are repairing steamers belonging to the different government and telegraph companies; they are stationed in ports all over the world, keeping a watchful eye on the condition of its submarine nerves, and doctoring them up whenever they need attention. The Silvertown and the Faraday head the list of cable ships in point of

size, the former being 4,935 tons, and the latter 4,916 tons; while the *Scotia* (an old Cunarder) is a close third with 4,667. The *Faraday* has laid several of the Atlantic cables, and the *Silver-town* has done a great deal of work on

many ramifications of submarine cables which radiate from the Newfoundland and Canadian coasts in working order.

The life on one of these cable-vessels is unique and most interesting, combin-



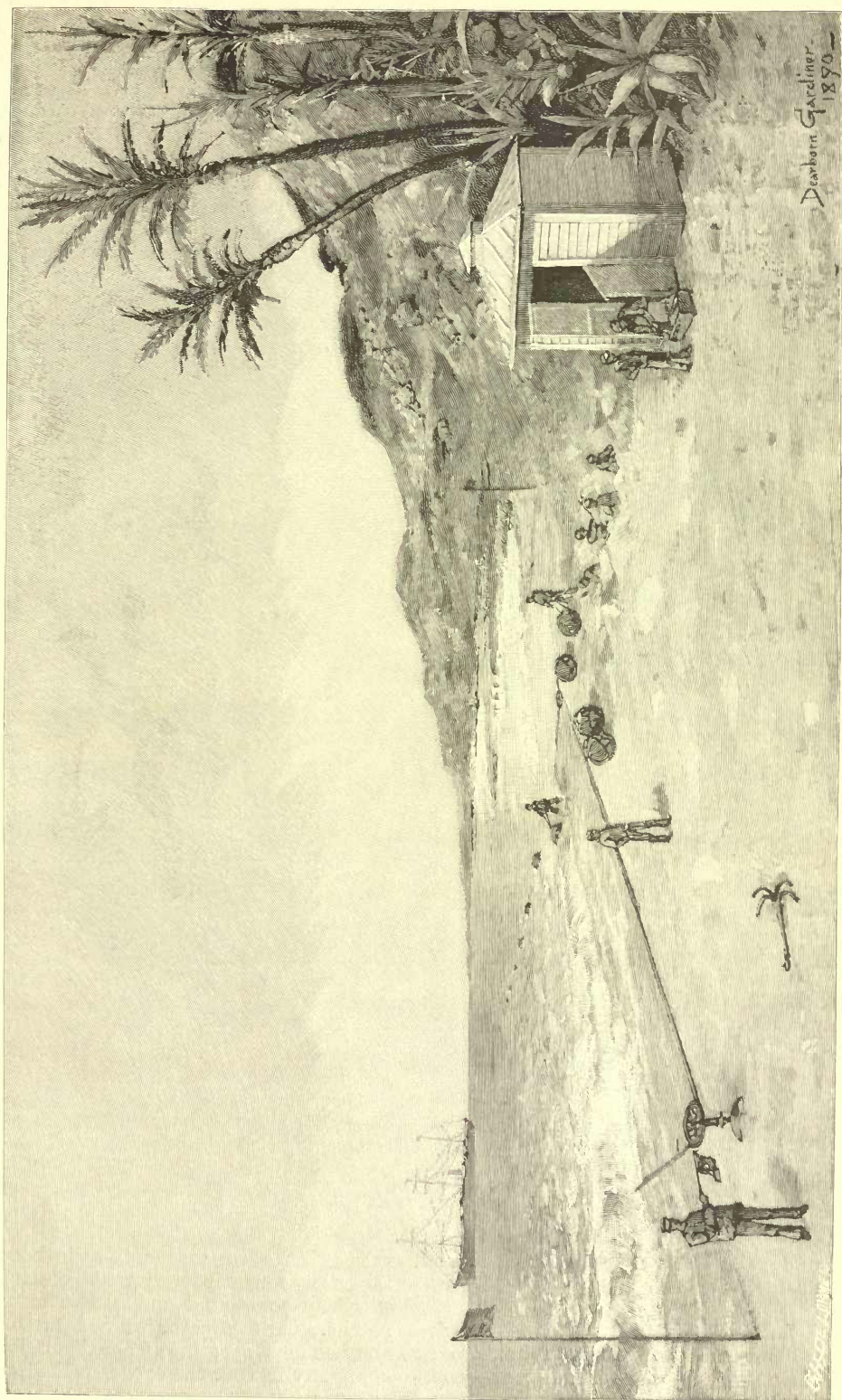
Paying Out Gear. From Chart House.

both coasts of South America and on the west coast of Africa. This ship has exceptional capacity for carrying cable, her main tank being fifty-three feet in diameter and thirty feet deep, large enough to stow a good-sized house in. On one expedition she carried 2,370 knots of cable, weighing 4,881 tons, the whole length being coiled on board in 22 days, or at the rate of over 100 knots a day. Better still, she laid the whole length without a single hitch, much of it being paid out at the high speed of nine knots an hour.

Among the repairing ships the best known is the *Minia*, the Anglo-American Telegraph Company's steamer, which patrols the North Atlantic, keeping the

ing the adventures of voyaging with operations demanding the highest scientific skill and knowledge, and with the most ingenious mechanical work. The men brought together are, of course, of widely varied experience and accomplishments, each in his way an expert in some branch of electrical or mechanical engineering. It was the writer's good fortune, in 1883, to be connected with the technical staff of such a vessel—the cable-ship *Dalmatia*—and he hopes that this narrative of his experiences will give a pleasant insight into the work of constructing the costliest and most wonderful half of Puck's girdle round the world.

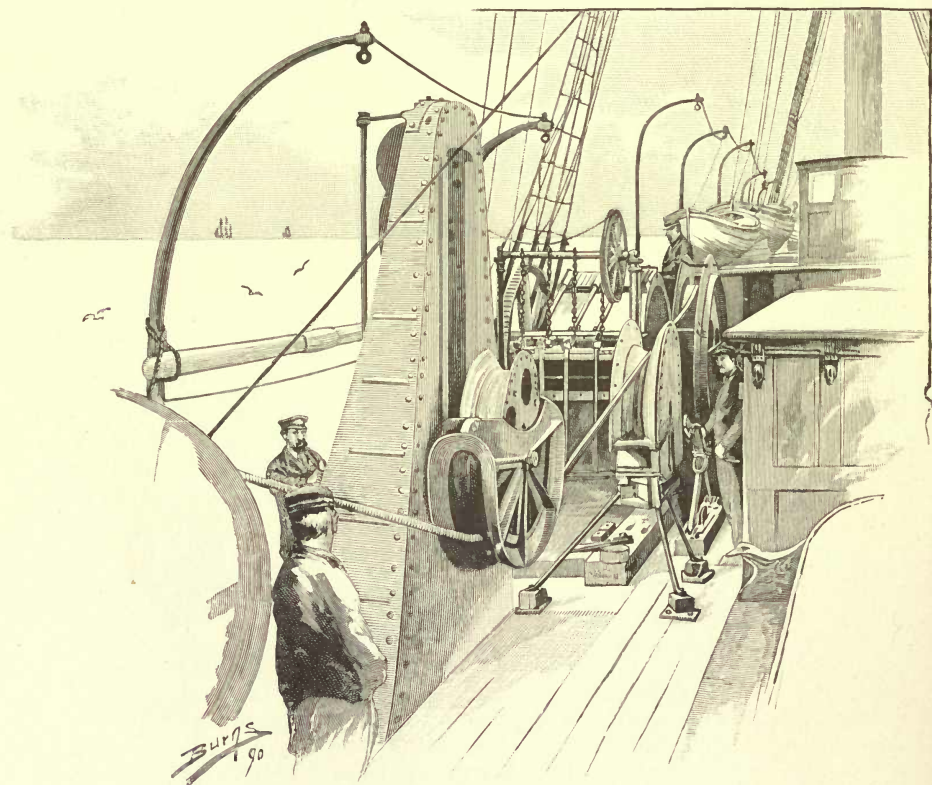
In the summer of that year the Span-



Landing the Shore End.

ish Government decided to establish telegraphic communication between the group of Atlantic islands known as the Canary Islands, and the Spanish Peninsula, by means of a submarine cable, and also to connect various of the principal islands of the group with each other by the same method. This important work was intrusted to a leading English cable manufacturing company with a very long name, commonly called for short, "The Argentville Company," from the name of the place where the company's works are situated. It was for the purpose of laying these cables that the Dalmatia and Cosmo-

mousfactory on the banks of the Thames, a few miles below London. Here the birth of the cable may be traced through shop after shop, machine after machine. The foundation of all is the conductor, a strand of seven fine copper wires. This slender copper cord is first hauled through a mass of sticky, black compound, which causes the thin coating of gutta-percha applied by the next machine to adhere to it perfectly, and prevents the retention of any bubbles of air in the interstices between the strands, or between the conductor and the gutta-percha envelope. One envelope is not sufficient, however, but the full thick-



Paying Out Gear. From Stern Baulks.

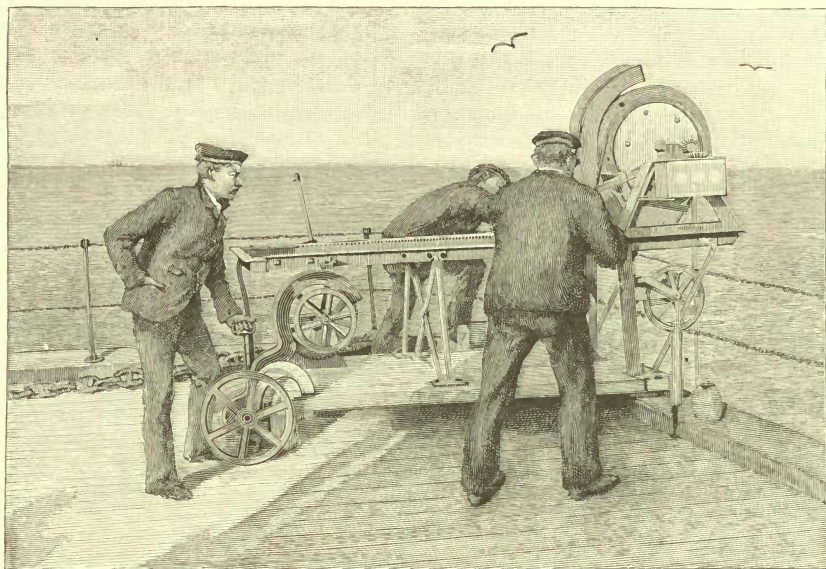
politan made the voyage which I shall describe.

Let us first see what a submarine cable is, and how it is made. To do this a visit must be made to the enor-

ness of insulating material has to be attained by four more alternate coatings of sticky compound and plastic gutta-percha. The conductor is now insulated, and has developed into "core." Before going any further the core is coiled into

tanks filled with water, and tested in order to ascertain whether it is electrically perfect, *i.e.*, that there is no undue leakage of electricity through the gutta-percha insulating envelope.

possible, is applied a covering of stout canvas tape thoroughly impregnated with a pitch-like compound, and sometimes the iron wires composing the armor are separately covered with Rus-



Sounding Machine.

These tests are made from the testing-room, replete with beautiful and elaborate apparatus,* by which measurements finer and more accurate than those even of the most delicate chemical balance may be made. Every foot of core is tested with these instruments, both before and after being made up into cable, and careful records are preserved of the results.

After the core has been all tested and passed, the manufacture of the cable goes on. The core travels through another set of machines, which first wrap it with a thick serving of tarred jute, and then with a compact armoring of iron or steel wires, of varying thickness according to the depth of water in which the cable is intended to be laid. Above the armoring, in order to preserve the iron from rust as long as

sian hemp as an additional preservative against corrosion.

The completed cable is coiled into large circular store-tanks, where it is kept for some time submerged in water and again subjected to an exhaustive series of electrical tests. These tests form, so to speak, the baptismal record of the cable; by them it is ascertained whether the specifications have been complied with in respect to the maximum conductor resistance and the minimum insulation resistance which the cable is to have; in other words, whether the limits set by the purchasers of the cable on the amount of resistance in the conductor to the flow of the current, and the amount of leakage through the insulating envelope, have been exceeded or not.

The shipment of the cable next claims attention. The cable-steamer is lying at her moorings some distance out in

*A set of testing instruments for submarine-cable work, somewhat less elaborate than used in a cable factory, was illustrated on page 17 of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for July, 1889.

the river, taking in her priceless cargo ; and it is safe to say that the loading of no other ship presents such a curious and interesting scene. The cable is undulating in the air like an enormous eel as it emerges from the factory on the river-bank and travels over guides mounted on tall floating frames until it reaches the ship's side, over which it glides and immediately dives down into

objects on the street to every New-Yorker), to connect the landing-places of the submarine line with the town offices, galvanized iron cable-huts to be erected for the reception of shore-ends and instruments at these landing-places, tools of every description, huge iron buoys, coils of rope and heavy chain, grappling-irons and mushroom-anchors, cases of instruments, and formidable



Cable-hut at Shore-end.

the dark recesses of the hold, where a gang of men are busy coiling it away, at the rate of four or five miles an hour, into one of the four iron tanks with which the ship is provided.

On board the ship there is a scene of confusion. The deck is strewn with packing-cases galore ; stores of every description, some for use on board, others comprising complete equipments—from heavy furniture down to buckets and brooms—for the telegraph stations which the cable is presently to call into existence, coils of wire, huge spools or drums of underground cable (similar to those which have lately become familiar

looking trays of electric batteries ; all these myriad objects—many of them labelled with queer-sounding Spanish names indicating their ultimate destination—surround one on all sides, as the work goes on of taking them on board and stowing them away in their proper places ; there to remain until the hour arrives when they shall be called into action or unloaded in distant ports, to undergo stern and critical examination at the hands of grave and dignified, or perhaps fussy and exacting, Iberian custom-house officials.

The cable, which, after all, is the principal character in this varied scene,

is being dragged on board by steam machinery in a sluggish, hesitating sort of manner. Perhaps it is being coiled away into one of the tanks somewhat distant from the engine which is hauling it on board ; in which case it is guided to the hatchway above the tank by means of grooved pulleys and long wooden troughs provided with little iron rollers, over which it rattles and whirrs merrily.

In order to see the most important passenger that the ship is to carry installed in the depths of the dark, capacious state-room provided for its accommodation, it is necessary to take a peep between decks, and find one's way to "tank square," as the square opening on the main deck above the tank is called. Arrived at the tank in action, and standing at its edge, one can peer down into the gloomy depths ; overhead a large grooved wheel, fixed above the centre of the tank, guides the cable so that it hangs clear and in a position to be easily manipulated by the gang of men, who gradually appear visible below as one becomes accustomed to the dim light shed by a few ship's lanterns hung around the sides of the tank. In the centre of the tank is a large iron truncated cone, which forms the eye of the coil of cable, and which, being hollow, also serves as a receptacle for perishable stores or fresh water for the consumption of the ship's company. The cable is arranged in flat coils occupying the whole space between the cone and the side of the tank ; each coil is technically known as a "flake." In order to prevent one turn of the cable adhering to either of its neighbors, and thus producing a "foul," or a skein of several turns of cable coming up together when paying out, the cable is freely treated with whitewash to counteract the natural stickiness of the pitch-like exterior compound ; as an additional precaution, boards are placed at intervals over each completed flake, thus obviating the risk of a "foul flake."

The whole scene, to an unaccustomed observer, possesses a weird, uncanny air ; the gloomy cavernous tank, the lithe black cable, writhing and swishing around with a ceaseless serpentine motion, the ghostly figures of the men, who,

viewed by the dim and fitful yellow light below, seem like creatures of another world ; and to heighten the unearthly effect, a sort of gruff incantation, echoing and reverberating as it ascends from the gigantic caldron, assails the ear and accentuates the general resemblance to some s ance of the black arts on a large scale ; until, by listening intently, the mysterious notes are found to resolve themselves into a chorus in vogue with sailors all the world over, but peculiarly appropriate among such surroundings.

"Heigho! Roll the man down!"

"Heigho! Roll the man down!"

"Give a man time to roll the man down!"

The ships were loaded, the cable was all coiled snugly down in the tanks, batteries, instruments, and stores were all stowed away, and on the date appointed for sailing, which turned out to be a glorious September day, we sped through the green fields of "the garden of England," down to Greenhithe, where the two ships composing the expedition were lying at anchor, only awaiting the final operation of "swinging ship," and the arrival of the numerous staff of engineers and electricians, who generally join the ships at the last moment. Our train discharged quite a number of fellow-voyagers, some of them accompanied by their friends. A turn of the road brought the river in view, and right before us were the two good ships in which our principal interests were to centre for the next few weeks. They were looking their very best ; yards squared, rigging taut and trim, bunting flying gayly in the autumn breeze ; the blue peter at the fore, a few whiffs of steam escaping from the waste-pipe, and a thin haze of smoke ascending from the smoke-stacks, indicated that all was in readiness for departure. At the landing-stage we found the ship's gig awaiting us and in a few moments we were standing on the deck of the Dalmatia, the flag-ship of the expedition, as indicated by the swallow-tailed house-flag flying at the main, which signified that we carried the commodore of the squadron, in the person of the engineer-in-chief of the expedition.

The ship was in spick and span order, the deck clean and white, brass-work shining like gold, ropes coiled neatly

away, wood and iron redolent of fresh paint and varnish ; and, were it not for the absence of guns and the very evident presence of the cable machinery which on all sides arrests the attention, we might have fancied ourselves on board some man-of-war commanded by a strict martinet.

The operation of "swinging ship" was concluded, the boats were hoisted up to the davits, the accommodation-ladder hauled up and lashed securely to the rigging ; the steam winch was working heavily, and in a few minutes the anchor was weighed and we were steaming down the river. When we had the ship to ourselves, all the visitors having departed, the first thing to be done was to make a tour of inspection and gain some insight into the functions of the masses of heavy machinery which occupied the greater part of the deck from stem to stern. Starting from the bow we first observed the "bow sheave," a large iron pulley, deeply grooved, which projects out over the cutwater and serves to guide the cable in-board when the ship is engaged in "picking-up," a term which explains itself. The next prominent object was the dynamometer, a large iron sheave or pulley mounted on a frame, arranged so as to slide up and down, with a range of several feet, in a tall iron support ; the wheel being balanced by weights, when the cable or a grappling-rope is passed underneath, it indicates, by means of a pointer which passes in front of a graduated scale on the face of the iron support, the strain upon the rope or cable. Next we inspected the picking-up gear, consisting of a huge iron drum some six feet in diameter, worked by a powerful horizontal engine. Passing aft, we came to the paying-out gear, almost a replica of what we had already seen, except that the engines connected with the paying-out drum were of a lighter type than those forward, and that there were more appliances for holding the cable when it should be necessary, for any reason, to stop paying out [pp. 400-402].

The life on board a cable-ship is, as I have said, a thing of itself, differing widely from that of any other of the floating homes which at all moments are

ploughing the seas. This we soon found out as we commenced to settle down and become familiar with our surroundings. We were not on board a passenger steamer, because there were no passengers of either sex ; neither were we on a man-of-war—we had no big guns and no stern discipline. This latter element, however, was not entirely absent on the Dalmatia ; every man on board had a certain position and certain work to do, and all the members of the staff wore uniforms similar to those of the ship's officers, the rank of each one being denoted by the number of stripes on his sleeve. The engineer-in-chief was the head of the whole expedition, and had entire charge of all the operations, and the ships were navigated according to his instructions. Immediately after him ranked the captain of the ship, and the engineers and electricians of the cable staff, and the ship's officers and engineers followed in due order, according to their functions and standing in the company's service. Our party in the saloon also comprised two Spanish officials, who represented their government at all the operations of the expedition.

Cable engineers are naturally great travellers, and among our party of some twenty odd, a large proportion had visited almost every part of the world, and could relate many a good story of their varied experiences and give us much interesting information about foreign lands. Conversation in the saloon was carried on in at least three languages—English, French, and Spanish.

As our voyage was to be a very short one before we reached the port where we were to commence operations, little time was devoted to the amusements which while away the long hours on an extended trip. Everybody on board was busy preparing for the work in perspective. Here was a group of engineers conning over charts, studying the proposed track for the cable, and discussing the knotty point of selecting a suitable spot for landing the shore-end. A little further on, the paymaster, surrounded by papers, writing up his "log," and near by the hydrographer, preparing a large chart which takes in all the ground to be covered by the entire sys-

tem of cables. In the testing-room, the electrician would explain the functions of the glittering instruments of ebonite and brass with which he was making a test on the cable in the tanks below. The only visible demonstration of what was being done was to be found in the movements of a little spot of light, which would be deflected from zero on a horizontal scale, and finally come to rest several hundred degrees to one side, as the assistant allowed the electric current to pass through the reflecting galvanometer. If the spot of light were to make sudden kicks or fly off the scale, the existence of something wrong would be revealed, perhaps a fault in the cable. But faults rarely develop on board ship, because the cable is perfect when it leaves the factory. In the ship's tanks it is kept cool by being always submerged in water, and as yet it has been subjected to no severe strain. When the time comes for paying-out, and the cable is straightened and has to bear a strain of several tons as it leaves the ship's stern, then any slight imperfection will be revealed; and although it may consist merely of a minute bubble of air which has burst and made a puncture in the gutta-percha into which you could not introduce a fine hair; although it may be only a crack so imperceptible that it would not admit of the insertion of the corner of a cigarette-paper, yet the current would escape, and, like the insignificant stream which trickles over a dam, would gradually widen the breach until the cable was electrically "broken down," and entirely useless for communication.

Pondering over the watchful skill which manufactures hundreds, and even thousands, of miles of this slender cord with such widely different materials as iron, steel, hemp, gutta-percha, and copper, and triumphantly attains a degree of perfection which necessitates the exclusion of even such minute flaws and imperfections as would pass unnoticed in almost any other branch of industry, we dived down below to the main deck and spent an instructive half-hour inspecting the huge iron buoys, grappling-ropes and irons, mooring-chains and anchors, and other paraphernalia which the cable hands were busily painting,

splicing, and overhauling generally in order to prepare them for use. On deck the same activity was to be seen; the heavy cable machinery was being examined and tried, to insure all being fit for action, and at the stern a small machine was being fitted up and got into place; this was the sounding machine, with which we shall shortly become more intimately acquainted.

The dreaded Bay of Biscay was crossed without undue pitching and tossing; for once its troublous waters were comparatively calm. In due course, one fine September morning, we steamed into Cadiz Bay. The scene is a beautiful one. On one side the bright, clean-looking little town almost entirely surrounded by the sea; on the other, some eight miles across the bay, the old town of Puerto Santa Maria. We were delayed a few days while the necessary formalities as to landing instruments and stores, and other kindred questions, were gone through. Some difficulty was also found in selecting a suitable landing-place for the cable. Cadiz is surrounded by rocks, and also by currents. Rocks are undesirable in the vicinity of a cable under any circumstances, but rocks and currents combined arouse a feeling of unconquerable horror and aversion in the mind of an experienced cable engineer. Finally, one afternoon, when we had been at anchor in Cadiz Bay some three or four days, orders were given for both ships to weigh anchor, and we found that it had been decided to land the shore-end on a sandy beach at the far side of the bay, near Puerto Santa Maria; the connection with Cadiz town to be afterward made by means of a short cable skirting the anchorage in the bay. Thus the main cable would be safe from damage by rocks and currents, or by ships' anchors, and if the bay cable should be broken at any time by either of these causes, communication could always be maintained from the landing-place of the main line.

We steamed off and anchored as near in-shore as we could get, opposite the spot intended for the landing-place [p. 401]. All was now activity on board. No sooner were we at anchor than a couple of boats were despatched for the beach,

with a party of men and the necessary tools and implements for use on shore. On board, both picking-up and paying-out gear were being made ready for action, as they both played their part in landing the shore-end; huge coils of rope and a number of collapsed air-balloons made their appearance from below. These balloons were inflated with air to their full diameter of some three or four feet, and the quarter-deck of the Dalmatia began to assume the appearance of a giant's toy-shop. Meanwhile the shore party had firmly anchored to the beach two large "spider-sheaves," or skeleton iron pulleys. These were placed some two or three hundred yards apart, forming two angles of a parallelogram, of which the bow and stern sheaves of the ship made the other two. A rope was now carried from the stern of the ship to the shore, and, passing round both spider-sheaves, brought back to the ship and taken over the bow sheave to the picking-up gear. The cable was made fast to the rope and paid out slowly over the stern, the picking-up gear meanwhile heaving-in on the other end of the rope, and so hauling the cable gradually ashore. The rope was wound four or five times round the big drum of the picking-up gear, steam was turned on, and the drum, rumbling and reverberating, hauled the rope in; aft, the cable was wound four or five times round the paying-out drum, also revolved by steam in order to ease the strain, which, with about a mile of rope out between the ship's stern and her bow, is something considerable. As the cable leaves the stern, the *raison d'être* of the air-balloons becomes apparent. At intervals of about fifteen or sixteen yards one is securely lashed to the cable, and in this way the cable is floated from the ship to the shore, and not dragged along the bottom to run the risk of being damaged by rocks. Another advantage is that, if the cable is sagged by a cross current or tide, it can readily be straightened by stopping the paying-out, and heaving-in at the bows.

So far all had gone swimmingly, and our first bit of cable was over the stern and fairly in the water, and we felt that the work of the expedition was begun in earnest.

However, interruption came from an unexpected quarter. The Spanish littoral is dotted around with coast-guard stations, the special mission of whose occupants (who are called *carabineros*) is the prevention of smuggling. We had no permission to land tools of any sort, much less a cable, and as we happened to pitch upon a spot close to a coast-guard station, the *carabineros*, alarmed at the sight of so many strange implements, came off in hot haste to order us to put a stop to our unlawful proceedings. It was explained to them that the cable was for the Spanish Government, and that everything had been arranged with the authorities in Cadiz; but they were obdurate, and, having received no instructions, were bent upon vindicating their authority. Your true Spanish official is nothing if he is not dictatorial, and the lower his rank the more authoritative he becomes. Diplomacy was then resorted to, and proved successful. The *carabineros* were assured that their demands should be complied with, and one of our best Spanish scholars was deputed to show them over the ship, *down below*. While they were being thus entertained (the contents of the chief-steward's bar formed no unattractive feature of the entertainment, and served to prolong it considerably), operations were continued, and by the time the *carabineros* came on deck again, a long line of balloons could be seen bobbing gayly on the water, all the way from the ship to the shore, and the end of the cable was safely on the beach. During the operation of landing the shore-end, communication was maintained between the party on shore and those on board by means of flag-signalling, a small hand-flag being employed to send messages in the Morse code. As soon as there was enough cable on the beach to reach to the site selected for the cable-hut, "Enough cable on shore" was signalled to the ship, and paying-out was at once stopped. The long rope was detached from the cable and rapidly hauled on board by the picking-up gear, boats were despatched to remove the balloon buoys from the cable and bring them back to the ship, while the shore party busied themselves in burying the cable on the beach and collecting the tools.

By this time it was nearly dark and flag signalling had to be exchanged for flash-lamps, by which the Dalmatia signalled to the shore party to take all gear to the Cosmopolitan, as she was about to start paying-out seaward. All being made fast on shore and the last balloon buoy having been removed, we weighed anchor and moved on slowly toward the open sea.

The cable now needed no steam power to help it out of the ship; on the contrary, it ran out freely of its own accord, and it was necessary to apply the brakes to the paying-out drum to prevent the cable running out too fast. It was astonishing to see the great heavy iron-bound cable, a single yard of which would weigh over ten pounds, come swishing round the tank, up on deck and over pulleys and guides, take four or five turns round a drum six feet in diameter, bob under the dynamometer, and up over the stern-sheave, and finally dive into the water with all the ease, grace, and pliability with which a silken cord might go through the same performance.

One striking thing in cable operations is the hearty will with which everyone works, and the extreme anxiety evidenced on all sides for the welfare and safety of the cable. I have seen the engineer-in-chief, during the landing of a shore-end, up to his waist in the surf, cutting the lashings which secure the balloon-buoys to the cable; and on another occasion, when, the ship being hove-to, the cable had got foul of the propeller, the chief of the expedition, after passing word to the ship's engineers not to move the engines, took a header into the water, and, holding on to a blade of the propeller, succeeded in freeing the cable, to the great relief of everybody on board, as all efforts from above had failed to dislodge it and a rupture seemed unavoidable.

During paying-out a test is always kept on the cable from the electricians' headquarters, the testing-room. Before the cable left the ship the end was carefully sealed by softening the gutta-percha and drawing it over the copper conductor; the cable was then charged with an electric current through the end on board, the current also passing through

the galvanometer. We paid a visit to the testing-room and found by the steady deflection of the spot of light on the scale that the cable was sound and perfect.

The scene on deck is novel and interesting. The quarter-deck is brilliantly illuminated by electric light, which throws the mass of moving machinery and the figures of the men into bold relief; the big drum rumbles, and the pulleys and sheaves whir as the cable swishes over them, scattering whitewash in all directions. Every now and then a voice rings out announcing the number of revolutions of the drum, or word is passed up from the tank, couched in strange terms, which we are only just beginning to understand. We have been paying-out for about two hours, when warning comes from the tank that only forty-five turns remain of the piece of cable which it was decided to pay out; the ship's engines are slowed down, and a few minutes later stopped altogether. A huge red iron buoy is in readiness, lashed to the mizzen rigging; paying-out is stopped and the cable made fast close to the stern sheave, the turns are taken off the drum, the cable is cut, and the extremity of the core sealed; the cable end is then secured to the moorings of the buoy, which consist of two heavy mushroom-anchors attached to the buoy by a length of stout iron chain. The lashings which hold the cable at the stern sheave are then removed, and the cable end is dropped overboard with the buoy-moorings; the chain rattles out with an appalling noise, above which a stentorian "Let go" is heard, whereupon the buoy is released, and, dropping with a splash into the water, floats gayly off, dancing in the rays of the electric light. There the buoy will remain securely anchored by its moorings, until the Dalmatia returns from the Canaries paying-out the main cable; the end of the piece we have just buoyed will then be brought on board and spliced on to the main cable, thus making it complete.

As we set on full speed for our anchorage, everyone on board felt that the work of the expedition had been successfully begun. An air of contentment prevailed on all sides; at dinner the

health of the cable was drunk with due solemnity, and afterward an impromptu smoking-concert was held on deck.

On the following day, our business at Cadiz having been completed for the present, the expedition put to sea *en route* for the Canaries. The Cosmopolitan steamed out first, saluting the Dalmatia as she passed by dipping her ensign, to which we responded with three cheers, and a few hours later we followed suit.

The programme to be carried out by the two vessels was as follows: The Cosmopolitan was to make a zigzag course to the Canaries, taking short slants east and west of the proposed route of the cable, and sounding at intervals; the Dalmatia was to proceed in the same manner, except that her zigzags were to be longer and at a different angle to those of the Cosmopolitan. In this way it was hoped that a thorough survey would be made of the ocean depths between Cadiz and the Canaries, and a safe route selected for the cable. At Cadiz our scientific staff had been augmented by the arrival on board of a distinguished chemist and naturalist, who accompanied the famous Challenger expedition, and who, therefore, was an authority on the subject of ocean surveys, and took a vast interest in all such matters. This gentleman was prepared to analyze and tell us all about the constitution and properties of as many samples of "bottom" as we could obtain for him, and he has since produced some remarkably interesting papers of high scientific value, embodying the results of the immense amount of work performed by the expedition.

By the time we got clear of Cadiz harbor the Cosmopolitan was "hull down," and we saw no more of her till we met in Grand Canary. The course of the Dalmatia was shaped for the Straits of Gibraltar, and soon after leaving Cadiz we took our first sounding. The little machine which then came into action, and played a prominent part in the work of the next few weeks, is worthy of a little attention, both on account of its simplicity and because of the amount of good work that it performs in a rapid and trustworthy manner. The sounding machine [p. 403]

consists mainly of a light iron drum or spool, upon which are wound several thousand fathoms of steel pianoforte wire; to the wire is attached a sinker which is provided with a receptacle at the lower extremity for securing a specimen of the bottom. When the wire is being paid out the drum projects over the ship's stern, and for hauling-in it is run in-board a few feet and connected to a small steam engine, which makes short work of winding up the wire and bringing the sinker to the surface. Besides the ordinary sinker there is a whole battery of other apparatus, such as sinkers with weights which are detached automatically on reaching the bottom, leaving only the tube to be brought up; thermometers which register the temperature of the water at different depths; tubes constructed to obtain samples of water from the bottom, and so on *ad infinitum*.

Our first piece of scientific work was a survey of the "Gut," as the entrance to the Straits of Gibraltar is commonly called by mariners. This was slightly out of our strict programme, but served to get our hands in for more important operations to follow.

Having spent nearly three days in this interesting work, during which time we obtained a quantity of new and valuable information as to the formation of the bank at the entrance to the Mediterranean, we started out seaward, and rapidly got into deep water. Here the sounding machine showed to great advantage. In olden times, when hemp lines were used for sounding, it was necessary to employ a weight of about four hundred and fifty pounds to keep the line vertical, and about three hours were occupied in taking a sounding in a depth of two thousand fathoms. With steel wire we used a sinker of only fifty pounds, which in twenty-two minutes reached bottom at a depth of a little over two thousand fathoms; there was a delay of a few minutes in detaching the weight and in connecting the drum to the engine to wind-in. The weight was detached automatically, the wire by which it was suspended to the tube being cut through by a hinged knife on the head of the tube at the moment when strain was applied to wind-

in; the weight was thus left on the bottom and the tube alone brought to the surface. In this way there is very little strain on the wire, and consequently but slight risk of breakage. The little engine commenced to buzz away, and in forty-eight minutes from the time of letting go the tube was on board again, and the ship proceeded on her course. We all crowded round to examine the little instrument which had made its venturesome descent through some two and a half miles of blue water. General satisfaction was caused by the fact that the specimen obtained was one of *globigerina* ooze, which consists of myriads of tiny shells of carbonate of lime. The existence of this ooze denotes the entire absence of currents, and the ooze itself forms a soft, yielding bed into which the cable would sink luxuriously, and might rest undisturbed to the end of time.

About every four hours we stopped to take a sounding, and the results were almost invariably satisfactory. Occasionally a sounding was spoiled by the wire kinking and breaking, the consequence being the loss of the tube and a certain amount of wire; but so carefully were the operations conducted that this was a very rare occurrence. Deep-sea sounding is very interesting work, but it is a trifle annoying sometimes to hear the engine-room gong sound, and have to leave a good hand at cards and rush up on deck, especially if the weather is rough, when the whole sounding party stands a chance of getting a good drenching from a "poop sea."

One night we were astonished by the sinker stopping at about one thousand two hundred fathoms, when it ought to have gone nearly twice as deep. It was at once suspected that we were in the neighborhood of a bank. A sounding was taken three miles further on and showed deeper water, so we retraced our course eight miles; here we got only eight hundred fathoms. Expectancy then ran high, and it was fully justified when, two miles further back, the sinker stopped at four hundred and fourteen fathoms; but the crowning event occurred at the next dip, after another run of two miles. Here, to our surprise and delight, the sinker brought up at sixty-six fathoms!

There was immense excitement on board, as it was obvious that we had pitched upon a bank, or rather a mountain, of startling proportions, perhaps the lost island of Atlantis itself. As this submarine mountain lay close to the proposed line of the cable, it was necessary to make a thorough survey, and two days were spent in doing this. A mark-buoy was put down to work by, and numerous soundings were taken in all directions so as to clearly define the limits of the bank. The shoalest water found was forty-nine fathoms, and half a mile distant two hundred and thirty fathoms were obtained, showing a steep slope. When the buoy, which was moored in one hundred and seventy-five fathoms, was taken up, the mooring rope was found to be nearly chafed through seventy-five fathoms from the bottom. This showed that the bank must rise almost precipitously, and that there exists a wall of about four hundred and fifty feet in height. A very curious effect observed was a long ripple on the calm sea, apparently caused by the ground-swell breaking on the edge of the bank.

Nothing further of an exciting nature happened during the soundings, and after one more zigzag our course was shaped for Grand Canary, our rendezvous with the Cosmopolitan. The Cosmopolitan had made no such interesting discoveries as had fallen to our lot, and having been awaiting our arrival several days, those on board finally became alarmed at our delay and started out to look for the Dalmatia. We met the night before our ship was due to arrive at Canary, and rockets being fired, the two steamers recognized each other, and a conversation was kept up by means of the steam-whistles, the Morse code adapting itself as well to this method of signalling as to any of the many others in daily use.

The following morning both ships were at anchor in the harbor of Las Palmas, the capital of Grand Canary. During the next week or two we visited the different islands, taking soundings between them and spending a few days at each port. Reception was given on board to which the authorities and principal inhabitants were invited, and all the wonders of the

ships were explained to them. Everywhere the greatest enthusiasm was displayed, as the natives looked upon the establishment of telegraphic communication as a great step in putting them in touch with the civilized world. Public rejoicings and fêtes were the order of the day. At Las Palmas a ball was given to the officers and staff of the expedition, and (considering that we were in such an out-of-the-way place) we were fairly astonished at the scale of magnificence on which the entertainment was carried out, and at the dresses and jewels of the ladies, while not a few members of the staff were considerably smitten with the personal charms of their partners; but unfortunately, with but few exceptions, they could not exchange five words with them. At Teneriffe the chiefs of the expedition were escorted through the streets by a band of music and an immense crowd, and at La Palma, the western island of the group, the ships were serenaded, the town was en fête and decorated with triumphal arches, and another ball was given. Altogether, we were the heroes of the day throughout the Canaries.

It was decided to lay the cable between Teneriffe and La Palma first, and the necessary soundings having been taken, both ships steamed round Teneriffe one fine November evening, and came to anchor off Garachico, a little village on the southwest coast of Teneriffe. Here it was proposed to land the cable, the connection between Garachico and Santa Cruz, the capital of Teneriffe, to be afterward made by a land-line across the island.

At Garachico we spent several days. The coast being barren and rocky, considerable difficulty was experienced in finding a suitable landing-place for the shore-end. Finally a spot was selected, and the shore party signalled that they had engaged a team of oxen to haul the end on shore, as the bad ground rendered it unadvisable to employ the usual method of working the whole operation from the ship. Everything went well and the end was soon successfully landed, and all being made fast on shore, the Dalmatia paid out about a mile of cable seaward; then cut and buoyed the end in the same manner as at Cadiz.

The next few days were occupied in erecting the cable-hut [p. 404] (a small structure of galvanized iron about twelve feet square), in fitting up the testing instruments in the hut, and in transferring a few miles of heavy cable from the Cosmopolitan to the Dalmatia. Finally all operations at Garachico were completed, and early one morning we started for the buoy and picked it up, and with it the end of the cable secured to the buoy moorings. The cable end was brought on board and spliced to the cable in the tank from which it was intended to pay-out. The splice is always an interesting operation to watch. First the joiner and his assistant go to work and nimbly and rapidly join and solder the ends of the copper conductor, and then cover it over with sticky black compound and gutta-percha sheet, producing a homogeneous joint but little larger than the machine-made core, and every bit as impervious to the action of the water. The joint is tested by the electricians to make sure that it is sound and perfect, and this being ascertained, the cable hands at once go to work on the splice; and it is surprising to observe how skilfully they manipulate the stiff iron wires, first carefully wrapping the core with its protective hemp covering, then laying on the armor wires and butting them together, and finally winding over the whole length of the splice a stout cord of spun yarn.

The splice was finished and we started paying-out, slowly at first, but with gradually increasing speed, until deep water was reached and the light deep-sea cable went whizzing through the machinery at the rate of seven or eight knots an hour. Now we were at work in earnest. One of the engineering staff was in charge of the quarter-deck, keeping a watchful eye on the dynamometer and the indicator on the paying-out drum; by the former he knew the strain on the cable, and by the latter the amount of cable paid out; of these data an assistant was continually taking notes. In the testing-room we found that a careful watch was being kept on the electrical conditions of the cable. The sensitive spot of light was doing its duty both here and in the cable-hut, and the electricians on shore exchanged sig-

nals every few minutes with those on the ship. Thus both the mechanical and electrical behavior of the cable were continually under such scrupulous and accurate observation, that it was impossible for anything to go wrong without those in charge being at once aware of it. The ship steamed steadily ahead and everything worked as smoothly as clock-work; coil after coil of the cable unwound from the tank, glided over pulleys and through troughs, wound around the swiftly revolving paying-out drum, dived under the wheel of the dynamometer and over the stern sheave, and trailed away after the ship until, a good many yards astern, it silently dipped into the water to seek its final resting-place in the motionless depths.

As darkness came on the arc-lamp was lighted, and with the aid of its brilliant rays work was done as easily as during the daytime. Toward midnight we approached La Palma, and the Cosmopolitan steamed ahead to show us a good position for buoying the end, which operation was necessary, as the La Palma shore-end had yet to be laid. Gradually our speed was slowed down; the electrician on duty in the testing-room informed those in the hut at Garachico that we were about to cut the cable and buoy the end, and immediately afterward, as the ship had come to a standstill, the cable was made fast, the turns were taken off the paying-out drum, the executioner advanced with his axe and severed the cable, the wounds to its centre-nerve were healed up by means of a spirit-lamp, it was fastened securely to the moorings of the buoy, and in a few minutes cable, moorings, and buoy were all overboard and we steamed off for port.

The next day the Cosmopolitan took up the work and met with ill-luck, which proved to be only the commencement of a series of disasters. To begin with, while the cable-hut and tools were being landed, one of the boats was capsized by the surf, the contents scattered broadcast, and a man imprisoned under the overturned boat. This unfortunate was, however, quickly rescued by his companions and equally quickly resuscitated, being more frightened than hurt. The shore-end was successfully

landed, and, as night was coming on, the Cosmopolitan started to pay out toward the buoy put down the previous night; the buoy was picked up and the mooring-rope taken to the picking-up drum, which at once commenced to heave-in; but after a few turns, a sudden diminution of the strain on the rope showed that it had parted, and the end of the cable was lost! There was nothing to be done but buoy the end of the short length just paid-out and return to port, as it was too late to attempt to grapple for the lost cable.

For the next two or three days the weather was so bad that nothing could be done, but finally, when everybody's patience was thoroughly exhausted, wind and sea moderated sufficiently for us to set to work. A grapnel was lowered over the bows by means of a long rope, the end of which was taken under the dynamometer to the picking-up drum. The dynamometer serves in this case to show when the grappling-iron hooks the cable, as it at once indicates the increased strain on the rope. We steamed slowly back and forth across the course of the cable, and made four or five unsuccessful drags. Once we hooked the cable but only succeeded in bringing up a loose piece, as it parted further seaward. The scene on board now is very different to a few days back, when paying-out was going on so smoothly. All the machinery on the quarter-deck is motionless and deserted; in the testing-room the active little spot of light is extinguished and the place wears an untenanted air; interest is concentrated forward, where the engineers watch every rise and fall of the pointer on the dynamometer with acute anxiety. Electricians and others on board who find their occupation gone, hang about, listless and dejected, and a general air of discontent reigns. We are grappling in deep water, and, as is evident by the jerky action of the dynamometer, on rocky ground; but finally, after a long and weary day, a steady strain is observed, the picking-up drum is set to work, and after a vast amount of laborious puffing and rumbling, shortly before midnight the grapnel arrives at the bows with the cable securely suspended across two of its prongs! At once all is activity on

board. The testing-room brightens up and the spot of light shines cheerfully once more. The cable is cut and handed over to the electricians to be tested. Very shortly the verdict is delivered to the effect that it is in perfect condition, and at once the operation of splicing it to a new length of cable in one of the tanks is commenced ; this concluded, we start paying-out, and all goes well until we reach the buoy on the shore-end.

Here a double disaster occurred ; the experience of the *Cosmopolitan* was repeated, as the moorings broke shortly after we commenced heaving-in. It was then necessary to pick up a short length of the cable we had just laid, so as to cut and buoy further out.

While this was going on we dropped into the testing-room to see that matters were all right there, and scarcely had we commenced to watch the spot of light, when it quivered, oscillated, and finally darted off the scale. Something was wrong, and we made for the deck, where our suspicions were confirmed ; the cable had broken, and a few minutes later we were all gazing mournfully at the jagged end—a mere bunch of tangled wires and hemp ! Both ends were now lost, and there was nothing for it but to start grappling again. Drag after drag did we make with the same lack of success ; occasionally the strain went up with a rush as the grapnel clutched a rock, only to decrease with equal suddenness as the rock gave way and the grapnel flew off. Our spirits rose and fell with the pointer of the dynamometer, and when it only indicated the normal strain of the rope and grappling-iron, we all sank, mentally speaking, far below zero.

This sort of thing went on all day. At 12 P.M. the grapnel was at the bows but no cable, so work was suspended for the night and everyone turned in for a well-earned rest. The following day our luck changed. The cable was hooked at the first drag and brought safely on board ; the tests showed that it was still perfect, and the splicing and paying-out were proceeded with in due course. Meanwhile the *Cosmopolitan* had grappled and rebuoyed the other lost end, so we had no more difficulties to encounter. While paying-out, the submarine crater over

which we had evidently been working, and which had given us so much trouble, was carefully avoided by taking a circuitous route. The buoy was soon reached and the other end hauled on board. Both cables were carefully tested and pronounced to be perfect, the final splice was made, and with three hearty cheers the completed cable was lowered overboard.

Finis coronat opus. Our first complete section was finished, and Teneriffe and La Palma were in telegraphic communication with each other.

The rest of the work among the islands was carried out without a hitch of any sort, the long cable from Teneriffe to Cadiz being left to the last. This was of course a matter of several days, and may be taken as a good example of the routine on board when laying a long cable. Mile after mile of cable goes steadily out ; the machinery whirrs and revolves as if it never would stop, the spot of light in the testing-room behaves with perfect propriety, and only oscillates once every five minutes, when those on board exchange a signal with the man on watch in the cable-hut at Teneriffe. Every four hours tired engineers and electricians go below and take their share of refreshment and rest, as sleepy substitutes come on deck to take their places. One startling incident relieves the monotony of this prosperous state of affairs. On the third night out, the eccentric behavior of the dynamometer indicating a varying strain, shows signs of an irregular bottom. At the same moment the *Cosmopolitan*, engaged in taking soundings a few miles ahead, is seen to fire a rocket. Shoal water is immediately suspected, and the *Dalmatia* is put full speed astern and cable paid out freely. It was found that the *Dalmatia's* course lay directly across a bank with only eighty-four fathoms of water on top, and nothing but the prompt way in which the situation was grasped by the engineer on watch averted an accident ; for if paying-out had been continued at full speed, the cable would have festooned from the edge of the bank and most infallibly been broken.

The foregoing narrative of a cable-laying expedition is a typical description

of the manner in which the great work of lessening the separation set up between continent and continent by the trackless ocean is carried out. Nowadays it is not the good fortune of all cable expeditions to open up new ground and be welcomed and feasted by the natives, as much of the cable work which is being constantly carried on in all parts of the world consists of the renewing, duplication, or triplication of existing lines; and the laying of a new cable has come to be so much a matter of course that such an event arouses the merest spark of passing interest, although books which have become classical were published chronicling the progress of the early Atlantic cable expeditions.

The reader has taken a glance at the manufacture of the submarine cable of to-day, he has seen how the ocean depths are surveyed almost with as much care as the land for a new railroad; he has watched the landing of a shore-end, and has seen the deep-sea cable trailing steadily out into blue water; he has participated in the joy and enthusiasm of dropping overboard a final splice, and in the disappointments and anxiety attendant on grappling for a broken cable on rocky bottom. Altogether he has made a fair acquaintance with life on board a cable-ship; and if he can point out any other branch of electrical work equally interesting and fascinating, I should much like to know which he would select.

HORACE, BOOK III., ODE IX.

THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

[Donec gratus eram tibi.]

Mr. Gladstone's Translation.—Reprinted by permission with Mr. Weguelin's drawing [frontispiece].

HE.

WHILE no more welcome arms could
twine
Around thy snowy neck than mine,
Thy smile, thy heart, while I possess,
Not Persia's monarch lived as blest.

SHE.

Whilst thou did feel no rival flame,
Nor Lydia next to Chloe came,
Oh! then thy Lydia's echoing name
Excelled even Ilia's Roman fame.

HE.

Me now Thracian Chloe sways,
Skilled in soft lyre, and softer lays,
My forfeit life I'll freely give
So she my better life may live.

SHE.

The son of Ornytus inspires
My burning heart with mutual fires,
I'll face ten several deaths with joy,
So fate but spare my Thracian boy.

HE.

What if our ancient love awoke
And bound us with its golden yoke?
If auburn Chloe I resign
And Lydia once again be mine?

SHE.

Though brighter than a star is he,
Thou rougher than the Adrian Sea,
And fickle as light cork; yet I
With thee would live, with thee would
die.

THE CITY HOUSE IN THE WEST.

By John W. Root.



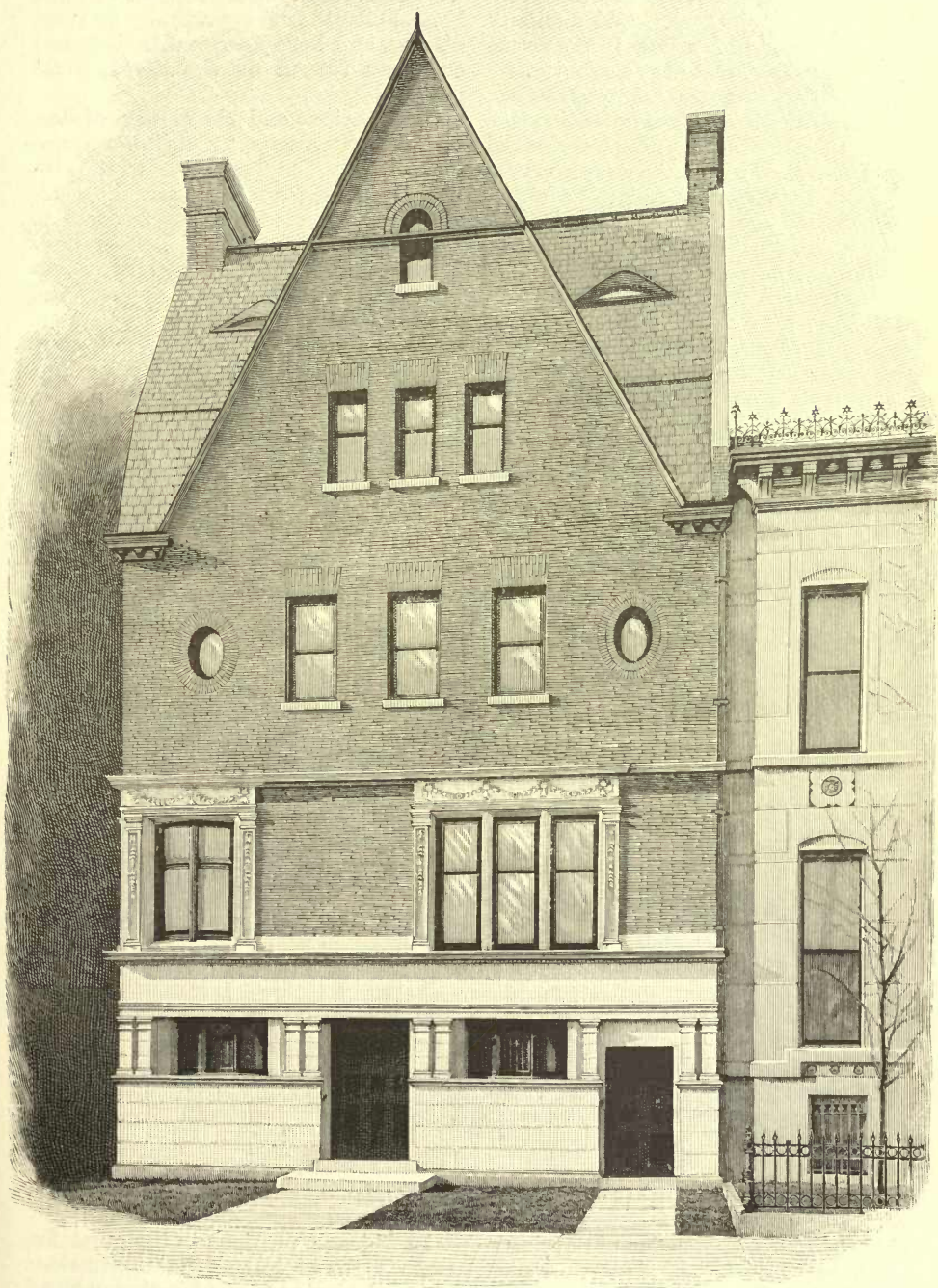
THE conditions attending the development of architecture in the West have been, in almost every respect, without precedent. At no time in the history of the world has a community covering

such vast and yet homogeneous territory developed with such amazing rapidity, and under conditions of civilization so far advanced. Few times in history have ever presented so impressive a sight as this resistless wave of progress, its farthest verge crushing down primeval obstacles in nature and desperate resistance from the inhabitants; its deeper and calmer waters teeming with life and full of promise more significant than has ever yet been known. Between the period of conquest and the period of realization there is for art in this great development a distinct hiatus. It is a long time full of deadness, except of physical force, then a sudden bursting of art into exuberant flower. Up to a time twenty years ago every energy of the hardy pioneers who were opening the vast district now called "the West" was expended in the most rudimentary work—that demanded by self-protection and self-support. Even now, in remoter districts, still sounds the Indian's war-whoop, and still exists something of those wild and barbaric conditions so recently conquered farther East.

During the period of this ceaseless struggle architecture, as we understand it, was not thought of; and the most primitive log-hut served for shelter. But as cities began to spring up, the "balloon-framed" wood house was evolved. This early type of dwelling has made the growth of the West possible. Frail as its structure seems to be, it has been the very fortress of civilization, withstanding all assaults of heat and cold, and often baffling the deadly cyclone where massive structures of masonry succumbed. Nothing could be

more simple than its skeleton. Unlike the early dwellings of wood erected in the East, no expert carpenter was needed—not mortise nor tenon nor other mysteries of carpentry interfered with the swiftness of its growth. A keg of nails, some two by four inch studs, a few cedar posts for foundations, and a lot of clapboards, with two strong arms to wield the hammer and saw—these only were needed, and these were always to be had. For no sooner did the yell of the Indian grow distant upon the verge of the prairie, or over the slope of the hill, even if but for a few days, than its fierce sound was followed by the drowsy buzz of the saw-mill. Even to-day many Western cities, not only like Chicago, whose earliest growth dates back fifty years, but like Duluth, Minneapolis, Omaha, and others of later growth, are more than half made up of these frame houses. In Chicago the great West Side contains thousands of them. Their life, however, is now nearly finished; for in nearly every Western city of more than one hundred thousand inhabitants the law is passed that within city limits no wood house may be built; so that the next five years will see their total disappearance in favor of more or less substantial structures of masonry.

Thus these hardy pioneers of architecture, in their very disappearance, do architecture some service, for because of them every old Western city must be almost entirely rebuilt, and this under modern and enlightened auspices, as if it had been devastated by a great fire or cyclone. This is clearly an advantage to architecture and to civilization; that is, it may be a great advantage to architecture and to civilization. It certainly presents possibilities to the architects of the West such as have never been given to any other group of men. But with these advantages, it must be confessed, are disadvantages equally palpable; for it is evident that, by virtue of its ephemeral character, the "balloon-framed" house must in nearly



House in Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

all cases fail to become the landmark, venerated for itself, the embodiment of tradition, a monument to the conservatism of a city's history. And similarly it can never become a link in the architectural development of the country.

With the increase of population, wealth, and railroad communication this early dwelling, still retaining its essential structure, grew into more ambitious expression. Its owner, following either his own taste or the equally untrained taste of the most available carpenter or "mill man," adorned it with all sorts of "ornamental" devices in woodwork—open-work scrolls under and above its gables, jig-sawed crestings on its ridges, and wonderful frostings and finials on its gables. The architraves about its windows were no longer content to be of simple boards, but were decorated by rosettes, star-shaped ornaments, and all

one or two directions, or else in basket fashion, the joints being at right angles with each other. The verandas of these houses offered best opportunity for such display, and here jig-sawed railings and curiously turned or chamfered frosts ran riot.

This obvious and cheap form of decoration, by which a "plain" house was made "tasty" or "modern" to the citizen, persisted for many years. In wood, it was applied with great freedom to cornices and porches of houses built otherwise of stone, when such ambitious structures first began to appear; and forms thus originated in wood were afterward continued in metal, or even in stone itself. Perhaps this fashion gave to Western city houses of twenty years ago a gayer but less substantial appearance than was presented by Eastern houses of the same kind.



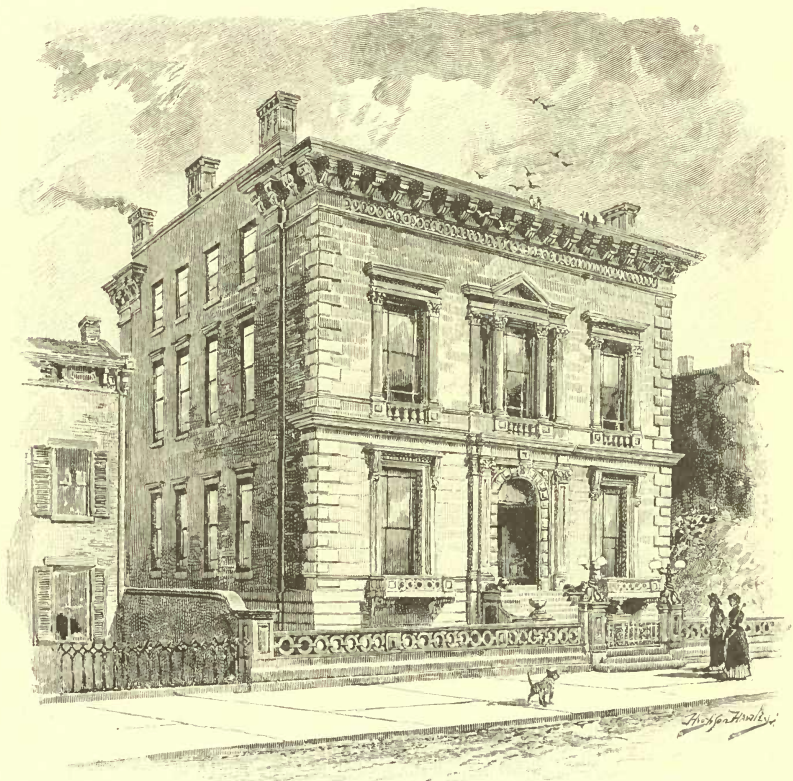
House on Dearborn Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

kinds of forms, suggestive of nothing so much as "nudels" in a German soup. The clapboards or matched ceiling covering it were laid in all directions, sometimes horizontally, as often diagonally in

In Chicago, previous to the great fire of 1871, the typical city house, whether of wood or stone, or of both combined (for often a stone front was but a mask covering a structure in every other re-

spect of wood), was in general arrangement not unlike the corresponding house in New York. There was the same high "stoop" covering the basement entrance, the same double front and vestibule doors with their transoms, the same narrow hallway with a straight flight of stairs separated from the entrance only

Reference has been made to certain wood-like stone decorations. One who has not seen these translations of wood into stone cannot understand how strange and weirdly interesting they were. Thus, for instance, a large dwelling in Chicago, built twenty years ago at a cost of more than one hundred thousand

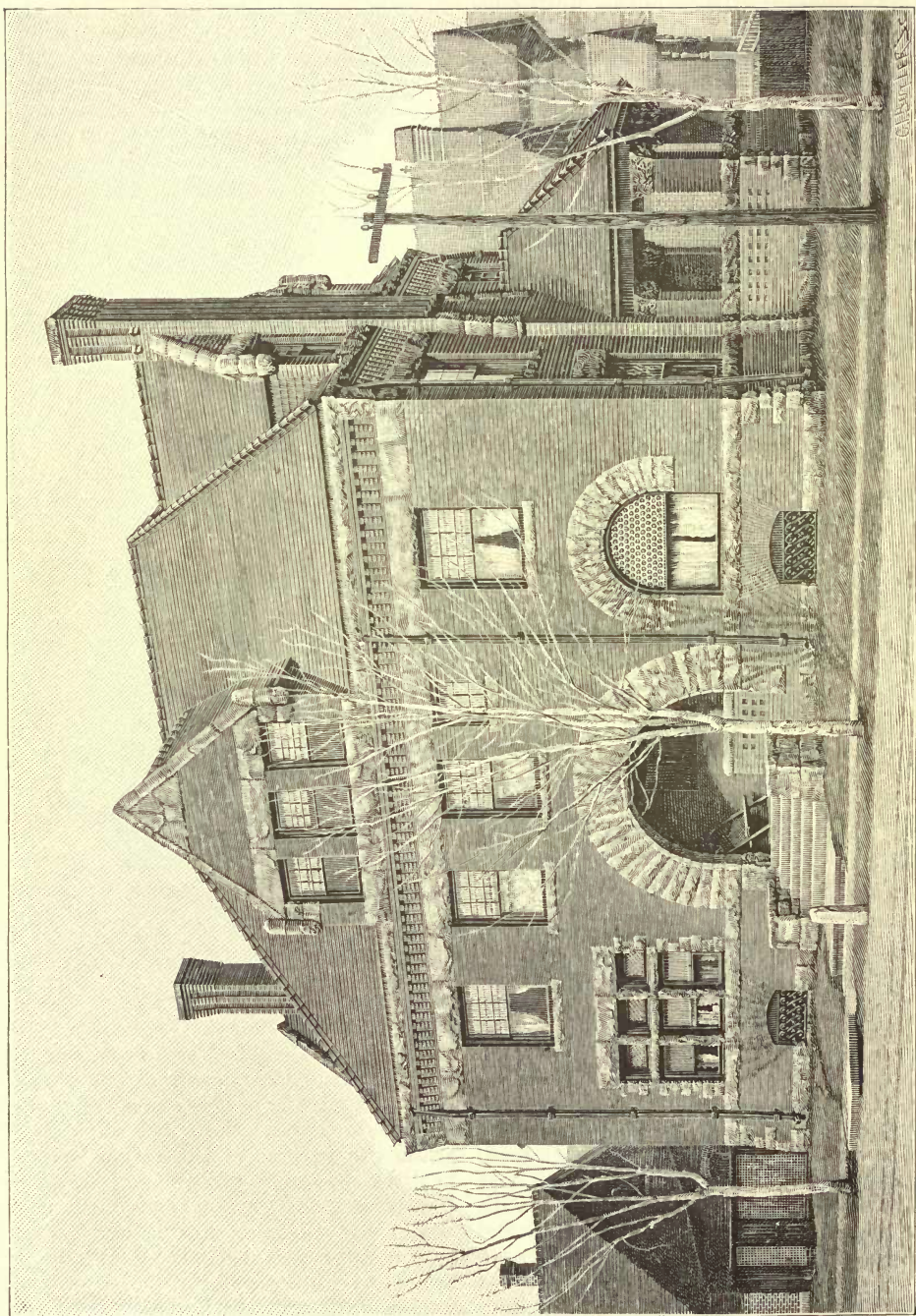


Old House in Cincinnati, O.

by space for the hat-tree, and the front and rear parlors on one side, sometimes with an L in the rear. The street aspect of such houses was different, however, in that it was, as it has been said, gayer and less solid. This effect was produced partly by the freedom with which wood, or wood-like stone or metal decorations were applied, and partly because the stone generally employed was a light limestone, turned with age to a beautiful buff, somewhat like the French Caen stone, which was in sharp contrast with the dark sandstone so commonly employed in the East.

dollars, is so designed that every person not informed supposes that the highly ornate cornice is of stone and the equally ornate bay-windows are of wood; while the reverse is the case, as is revealed once in five years or so (when the painter is called), when people laboring under the delusion are astonished to find a stone cornice being painted and wood bay-windows cleaned with water.

Bay-windows were, and still remain, a great feature of Western city houses. Their use has been almost universal; sometimes octagonal, sometimes square or segmental, sometimes round placed



House in Denver, Col.

upon the corner. The customary form twenty years ago, in Chicago at least, was a segmental bay, carried from the ground up to the top of the roof, which generally embraced three stories, this with the high basement being the maximum height of dwelling reached.

Because of the general crudity and

ings were, in any event, good enough for any person except an architectural prig. The width of these architraves and the number of mouldings used to form them were in direct ratio to the cost of the house; so that a very costly dwelling would have a group of mouldings about its doors and windows aggre-



House on Dearborn Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

haste of things, the architectural methods of this (to the West) early period were sometimes very remarkable. Complete drawings for dwellings to cost, say ten to fifteen thousand dollars, frequently consisted merely of plans and elevations drawn on a scale of one-quarter inch to one foot, supplemented by full-size sections of door and window architraves traced upon sheets of fool's-cap, and copied from the published catalogues of planing-mills. To vary the profile of a moulding from these published catalogues was, in this early day, considered a species of crime, because it entailed upon the manufacturer the cost of new "knives," and the old mould-

gating twelve, or often fifteen inches in width, these being sometimes made of alternating lines of different and strongly contrasted hard-woods, producing a most bizarre effect. Such an important feature as the main stair-way, with its newels, would be, in the specifications, described somewhat as follows (reference again being had to the published catalogue): "Main newel-post in front hall to be a twelve-inch diameter octagonal newel, heavily moulded, and enriched top and bottom. The hand-rail to be a 'double toad-back' rail, richly moulded, and four by five inches in section; the balusters to be octagon in shape, three inches in diameter, and



House in Milwaukee, Wis.

heavily moulded." Notice the size of these things, and the splendor suggested by the constant recurrence of the word "heavily moulded."

Newspapers in these early days contained advertisements of houses for sale, which, beyond attractions such as are above set forth, would be stated to possess "stationary wash-basins in every room"—this before the days of adequate traps and ventilation. And yet some of the purchasers of these houses and some of their families did not die of malaria.

From the above general remarks St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Louisville must be somewhat excepted. These cities belong as much to the South as to the West. They began an earlier development, and hence were in closer touch with the East at an earlier period than cities farther north. The old city houses peculiar to them were, for this reason, of a much more conservative type than existed in cities like Chicago; and the

frame house had not with them acquired the same importance.

The Cincinnati house illustrated on p. 419, built about twenty years ago, with its simple and dignified stone front, its surrounding stone balustrades, and the general air of family seclusion and repose is a very pleasant object to gaze upon, strongly reminding one of several old houses on Madison Avenue in New York, and of some facing the Public Gardens in Boston, the essential difference being that the Cincinnati house is constructed of light limestone, while those in Boston and New York are of dark sandstone. I think it will be considered that the persistence of this style of house in the older cities of America for so many years has been a very remarkable fact. It has dominated New York, Boston, and Philadelphia with scarcely a variation; and yet, in view of much of the work now being done in these same cities, as well as in cities of the West, we may be grateful that the style was more

inoffensive. Beside some of its younger brothers it becomes very much the fine gentleman.

Both Cincinnati and St. Louis are cities where, although summer weather is very hot, very cold weather is frequently experienced in winter. It seems strange, therefore, that a house plan

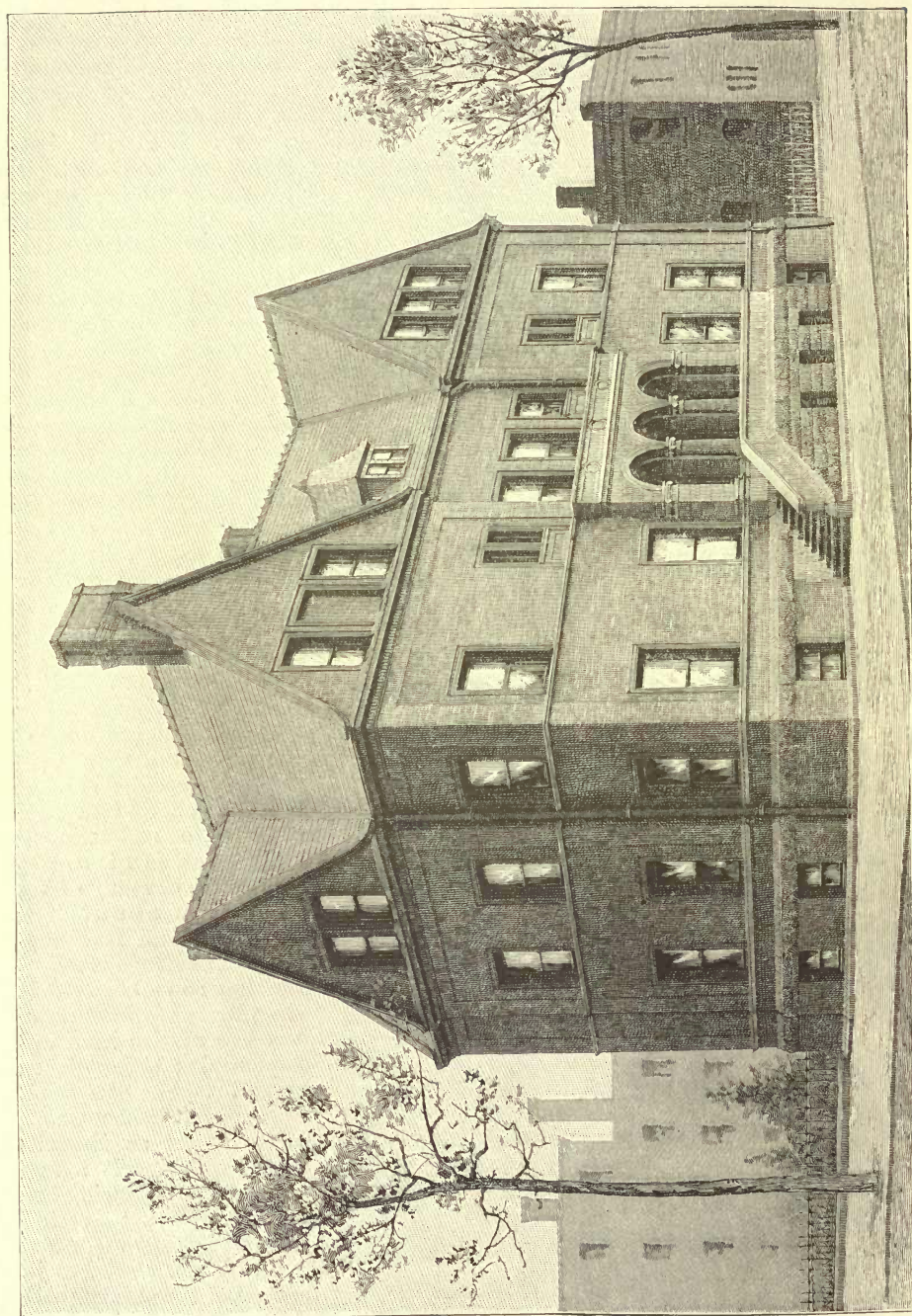
[No. 1] should be so largely used as that which is published on page 425; and yet, with all the inconvenience attached to the absence of a hallway leading to the rear bed-rooms, this plan is very common in both cities.

These cities, with Louisville, have architectural traditions and histories extending back, as we have said, much farther than other Western cities, but they seldom present objects of interest for the purpose of this paper, as they are, in the main, in direct sympathy with, or direct copies of, Eastern work, and present few aspects of local or typical interest. To these there are a few exceptions. In Cincinnati there is an old one-story dwelling, built in strongly defined Colonial feeling, which is so elegant in its proportions and details, so refined in its entire expression, that it is worth a pilgrimage to see. The Grecian columns of the portico, with their strongly accented entases, and the general treatment of cornice and window architraves, is strongly suggestive of many of the old houses about New Bedford and Newburyport. The house is unfortunately so embowered in trees that a photograph of a representative kind was impossible; although, in truth, to take a photograph of such a house would seem almost as impertinent as to insult a fine old maid by capturing her picture with a "Kodak" without her knowledge.

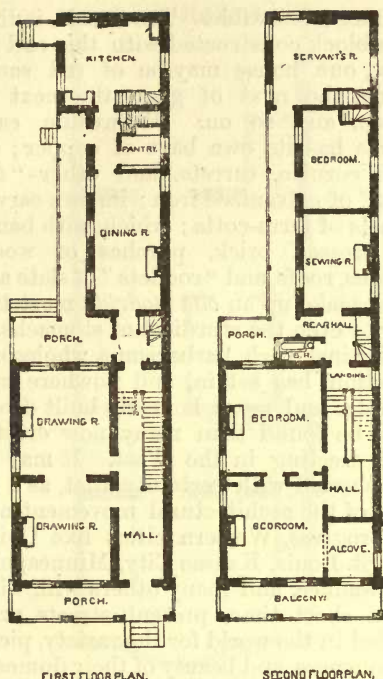
St. Louis, also, has in several of the older streets (Lucas Place, for instance) two or three old dwellings of interest. Two I recall, built of buff limestone, which have with age



House in Bellevue Place, Chicago, Ill.



House in North State Street, Chicago, Ill.



Plan No. 1.

turned into a lovely scheme of color, varying from delicate old ivory to a rich "meerschaum brown;" and the entire surface of the stone is encrusted with delicate lichen and other vegetable growth, as beautifully and minutely traced as are the needles of ice first formed on still water.

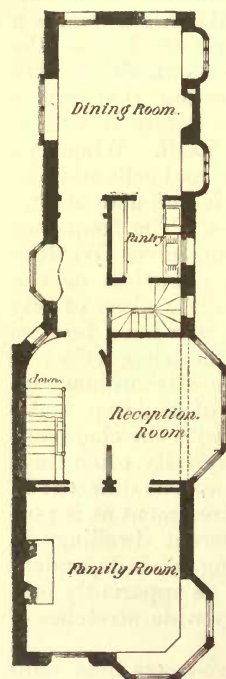
Chicago possessed a few interesting souvenirs of its early history; but these, alas! went with the great fire of 1871; and scarcely a remnant remains; and of these few not one has been spared by the irreverent hand of progress.

From the early and meagre architectural development of this and other Western cities the present state is vastly removed. Indeed, modern Western dwellings seem to have scarcely a visible trace of relationship to these earlier types. First, let it be noted that there is in Western cities a notable absence, compared with cities in the East, of houses built in blocks. The reason for this is obvious. Eastern cities being older, were begun and their traditions established at a time when their citizens were more interdependent, and facilities

for transportation were less complete than now. For this reason they are not only more compactly built, but ground has become dearer than in the West. The reverse is true of Western cities, and the result is that residences much more frequently occupy considerable space, being entirely detached from other houses and surrounded by their own trees and lawns. It will frequently happen that a citizen imbued with characteristic and full confidence in the future growth of his city will purchase a large tract slightly removed from the business centre, upon which he will build his home, knowing that but a short time will elapse before it will be embraced by the city itself. When this occurs, he subdivides and sells what he does not need, reserving an acre or two for his own purposes. The frequency of this kind of thing gives Western dwellings a general suburban aspect, removing them from the class of city houses to which we may have become accustomed. This suburban effect is also enhanced by the extraordinary increase in the variety of building materials, which, coupled with the characteristic Western love of novelty, often leads to the erection of houses as different in material, color, and treatment as is possible to conceive, different dwellings in the same street being as independent of each other—often as apparently hostile as if separated by wide stretches of open country.

Nevertheless, many streets thus built up present a superb air of space, comfort, and even luxury. In driving through these streets the eye is at no time wearied with the monotony which is so tiresome in Fifth Avenue or other similar streets in Eastern cities, but is everywhere delighted with constant change, constant appeal to new sentiment, and that delightful sense of the picturesque which, to the stranger, is so inspiring. Notable among such streets are Euclid Avenue in Cleveland, where the splendid residences which line it are often set back as much as two or three hundred feet from the street; Michigan Boulevard and the Lake Shore drive in Chicago, superbly paved streets with great variety of interesting outlook; Prospect and Grand

Avenues in Milwaukee, the first overlooking the lake from a bluff one hundred feet high, the second a magnificently wooded avenue two hundred feet wide; and several avenues in St. Paul, Minneapolis, and other cities. Occasionally these streets are laid out park-wise, still further accenting this suburban aspect. Such are to be found in St. Louis, in Van Deventer Place; in Cincinnati, in Walnut Hills and Clifton, where, with winding roadways and magnificent trees, all the beauty of the country is brought into immediate contact with city life. This rusticity is by no means universal, but it is so common as to give a distinct quality to Western cities, and by contrast to impress one, in older towns, like Cincinnati and St. Louis, with a certain Eastern flavor, when passing through their old, solidly and uniformly built-up portions.



Plan No. 2.

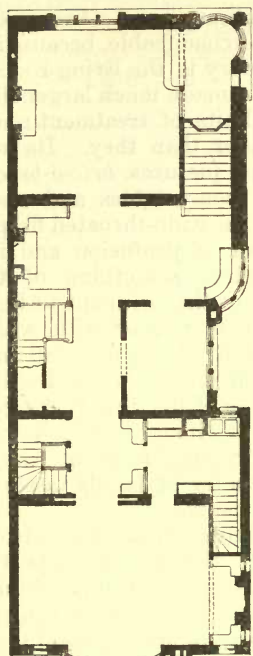
Even where dwellings occur solidly built into blocks there is an equally distinctive effect produced by means in some ways identical with those used in detached houses. The great variety of building material accessible, freely and indiscriminately employed in a block of residences, produces at times an effect most bizarre and startling. Such blocks attain their most flamboyant expression—if “all which flams is flamboyant”—in the large number of dwellings built by real-estate speculators for sale. The inducement in Western cities to erect such houses, because of the wonderful increase in real-estate values, is very great; while the temptation to catch the eye of the possible purchaser by unknown and unheard-of novelty is to the

builder irresistible. The result is that in a block constructed with this end in view, one house may be of red sandstone, the next of gray, the next of green, and so on. Meanwhile, each house has its own bays of copper; its own cornice, turrets, and other “fixings” of galvanized iron; its own carved panels of terra-cotta; which, with bands of pressed brick, porches of wood, aprons, roofs, and “rooflets” of slate and tiles, make up an *olla podrida* most trying to even the sturdiest of stomachs.

Against such barbarism a wholesome reaction has set in, and nowhere may simpler and more honestly built dwellings be found than many now erected and erecting in the West. It may be prophesied with certainty that, as a result of the architectural movement now in progress, Western cities like Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, and many others will, within a short time, present streets unrivalled in the world for the variety, picturesqueness, and beauty of their domestic architecture.

In this sketch no reference is made to very costly dwellings. These are not apt to be illustrative of popular taste so much as to be the representative of the personal taste and whim of the owner or architect, striving to impress itself by splendor or idiosyncrasy upon those passers-by who might otherwise be indifferent or untouched. The illustrations chosen are from houses of moderate expense, costing from ten to forty thousand dollars.

Perhaps, since the interior plan of the house is its vital part, from which everything else grows, it may be well to give a few representative plans which have been developed in Western houses. In the growth of the house-plan from the earlier types the first great change began with the hall. This, originally a narrow passage, of no service for living and with few possibilities for decorative treatment, has been expanded, and made of practical value in several ways, becoming not only a large and picturesque room of itself, but serving admirably as a general reception-room or *rendezvous* for family and guests. Sometimes this reception-room is placed upon the street level, in other cases it is



Plan No. 3.

raised above the street by a number of steps, which may be placed either within the front entrance or without it, as in the case of old-fashioned "stoops." In small houses the first arrangement presents obvious advantages (see Plans 2 and 3). The reception-hall is here convenient to the street, offering that immediate shelter to the guest which in rough weather is so desirable, and the opportunity to adjust himself before meeting the host or other guests who may have already arrived. The hall's remoteness from the main or living portion of the house saves those within from the noise and draughts incident to the opening of the hall-door. This arrangement also leaves the living story in much more available shape, especially in the front room, which may be extended the full width of the house.

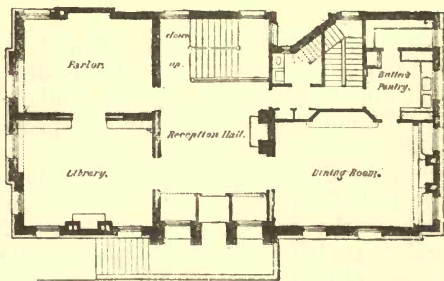
Of these plans, that marked No. 2 is simpler than No. 3, but less picturesque. In Plan 2 the reception-hall has a fireplace of brick, and oak floor and oak panelled ceiling; a toilet-room opens from it, and coat closet. The room is bright and cosy, presenting a cheerful

and reassuring aspect to the stranger and a homelike welcome to the owner.

Plan 3 is very ingenious and picturesque. The entrance proper is from a loggia, which may be inclosed in winter, and in this plan less stress is placed upon the reception-room in the *rez-de-chaussée* than in Plan 2. The hall is on the principal floor, and gives a very picturesque view of the stairs and the other rooms about it. Its disadvantage is in the fact that it offers no seclusion to guests arriving at a reception and before removing their wraps—a criticism almost equally true of Plans 4 and 5.

The hall in Plan 4 is simple and obvious, presenting many advantages of convenience and beauty. The inconvenient location of the stairs, in case of receptions, has been, in another house of similar plan, removed by enlarging the hall somewhat and placing the stairs to the left of the entrance, doing away with the two alcoves. Wide windows upon the stair-landing between the first and second stairs, together with groups of windows in the opposite or north wall, give adequate light to the hall. In this house the mantel is made more monumental in design, and is placed nearly opposite the entrance.

The hall in Plan 5 is very effective. The first stair-landing is placed at the intersection of the three axes of the adjacent rooms, so as to be equally visible from each of them, and to present a very picturesque glimpse of each of them,

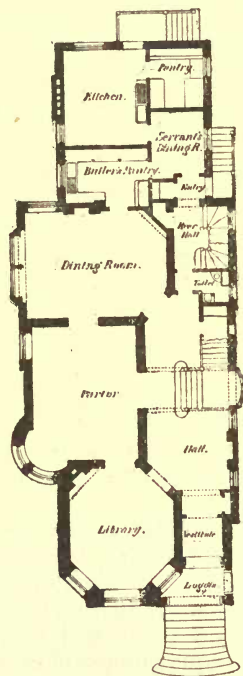


Plan No. 4.

and by this means some very charming effects are obtained. It will be seen that two of the rooms present a view in perspective, so that the front and sides of all large pieces of furniture are equally

seen, producing an effect somewhat unusual in the arrangement of dwellings.

In the growth of their plans Western city houses have tended also toward greater enlargement and importance of the living and dining-rooms, at the expense of the parlor and reception-rooms. Of course, reference is made to houses of moderate cost. The old fashion, in which the largest and brightest rooms were reserved for occasional guests,



Plan No. 5.

while the family lived in small and ill-lighted apartments, seems happily over, and now the brightest rooms, containing the most picturesque street aspects, will generally be found to be rooms of commonest use. The few plans here illustrated suggest this idea. For instance, the front rooms in Plans 2 and 3 are living-rooms, and the parlors or reception-rooms are the small, less desirable rooms in the centre of the house. The library, or living-room, in Plan 5 is the octagonal room giving a view upon the street; and Plan 4 would be improved, from the average Western stand-point, were the library made larger and the drawing-room smaller. The

words "library" and "living-room" are made interchangeable, because in general the library is the living-room, which, being thus made much larger than other rooms, admits of treatment much freer and broader than they. Its wealth of books and pictures, *bric-à-brac*, portfolios; its roomy tables and easy-chairs, its generous, wide-throated fireplace, the general air of profusion and informality, revealing something of the true character of the occupant to be brought into intimate contact with, which is so delightful to the guest—all make this the attractive room of the house. Here is the focus of family gatherings, the inspiration of wit and good fellowship, and the opportunity fully to express the true character of family tastes and accomplishments.

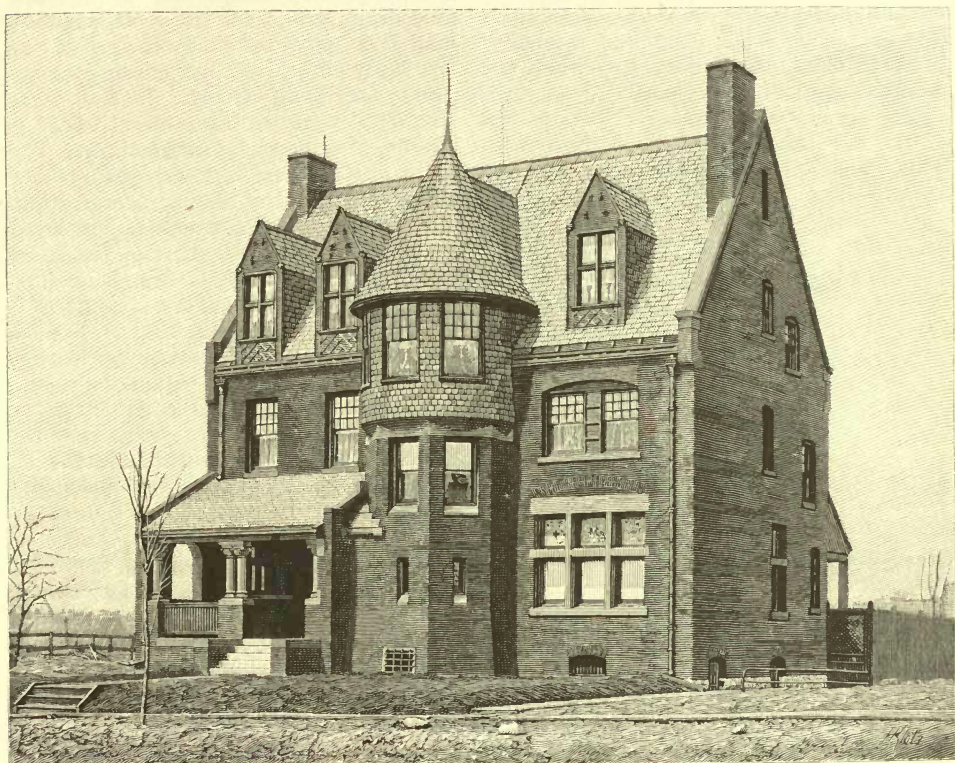
The dining-room has also greatly gained in dignity and importance, its size, shape, aspect, the reception of the morning sunshine, its coloring and entire sentiment are all carefully considered.

One feature in the plans of Western city dwellings must be very clearly defined. This is their openness. Not only are windows upon the average larger than in the East, but they are more frequent, as are also bay-windows, oriels, etc.; while in the general plan rooms are more closely related, openings between rooms wider, and single swinging-doors less frequent. Several dwellings in Chicago—and there are many in other Western cities—have no doors whatever in the first story, except those at the entrance and between the dining-room and butler's pantry, curtains being exclusively used. This is certainly carrying out the idea of openness to the extreme, as it is the destruction of all privacy, and of all those suggestive glimpses upon which so much of the artistic effect of a house depends.

A small room has intruded itself upon many Western city houses, which should be lamented equally by the occupant and the architect. This is a kind of office or den, where the master of the house keeps a desk and a few facilities for the transaction of business after hours are over in which business should be transacted; for in the enormous pressure of events about him the Western

man, perhaps even more than his brother in the East, is compelled in the evenings to carry something of his business across the threshold of his house.

said of Richardson that a very valuable client gave him commission to build for him a house more or less ideal, the ideally-ideal feature of which was to be



House in St. Louis, Mo.

As in the East, that chief minister to the ethical side of the family life, the fireplace, has steadily grown in beauty and dignity, until now it has regained something of the supremacy from which it was threatened with dethronement when first the source of heat and comfort was inaugurated in the shape of a black hole in the floor. It is now apt to be most generous in size, wide enough for a good back log, and richly adorned with marbles or tiles, equipped with carefully designed fire-dogs, fenders, and screens. These fireplaces have become things of service as well as things of beauty. Woe betide the hapless architect who builds them in such fashion that the smoke goes the wrong way. No felicitous retort may save him; no soft answer can turn away wrath. It is

a grand, guaranteed-not-to-smoke dining-room fireplace. All architects will at once guess that this fireplace performed prodigies in the way of smoking out the inhabitants. At the house-warming dinner, at which Richardson was present, every eye had wept scalding tears because of it. After the dinner the host turned to Richardson and said, with great suavity, "Your fireplace smokes, you see;" and Richardson said, "Yes, I see it does; but don't you like it?"

Take the subject of Western city house plans altogether, it will be found that from 1874 to within a few years back there was a tendency toward all sorts of ingenious arrangements producing odd and startling effects; but since then a reaction has set in toward simpler and

more practical plans, in which space, light, and utility supplant mere eccentricity.

Viewed from without, many interesting developments will be noticed.

Of course the West took "the Queen Anne" fever with alarming intensity. It was just at the tender age when the constitution is most sensitive to such infantile diseases, and during its prevalence eruptions of all sorts came out in the most extraordinary way. But the youth of the patient was in its favor and the fever fortunately passed away, and now manifests itself in only a few cases, such as were mentioned earlier in this article. F. H. Richardson was one of the most efficient physicians in working the cure, for under his influence such architects as had been following Norman Shaw (blindly and ignorantly, as they had followed him) turned from him and began to follow the American. The results have been in many cases very happy, although in others they have resulted more or less disastrously. Richardson's influence has always tended to make architecture more simple and direct, and it has led architects more generally to avoid the hideous mass of shams which in America preceded him. Among results upon the whole fortunate is the use of quarry-faced stone in Western dwellings. The extent to which this has been done in nearly every Western city is extraordinary, and so accustomed to stone in this shape have people become that they often seem unable to realize that cut stone has at times greater artistic value. Many dwellings constructed in this rough material have an exceeding heavy and forbidding look, arising in large part because in them stone has been employed in blocks too large for the scale of the building, or because granite has been used whose cleavage has left too strongly projecting and rugged surfaces. This was a mistake which Richardson, in the few Western houses he has designed, has avoided; his fine sense of scale saving him from such an error. Still it must be confessed that, because of the great vigor and masculinity of his genius, he was generally more successful in monumental buildings than in smaller dwellings. His blind followers have often failed

where he succeeded, because they were denied his finer sense.

Successful dwellings constructed of this material are, as might be inferred, generally very simple in detail; few mouldings are used either at window-jambos or elsewhere; even arches are sparingly employed, and carving is applied very temperately. In the more frequent examples the general effect is simple, dignified, and satisfactory. The main entrance is in nearly every case the centre of the entire composition, and the place upon which is bestowed greatest enrichment. One of the most satisfactory of these dwellings is illustrated on page 418. This is built of a reddish-brown sandstone, slightly mottled with gray, and having a cleavage not too rounded for satisfactory wall surfaces. The general composition of the building is very good, and the doorway is recessed within a well-sheltered loggia. The general mass and color of the building is altogether pleasing.

Among the abuses arising from the use of quarry-faced stone it may be well to mention what seems to be a peculiarly Western institution, the quarry-faced column. This is built of blocks of rough stone piled upon each other, and is the most distressing architectural plague since the plagues of the other sort in Egypt. The stone surfaces never come in line with each other, the column, therefore, never seems straight, and the joints, being all recessed, give it the effect of a soft bag banded with strings. As an ideal expression, therefore, of absolute instability it is among all architectural forms unrivalled.

Cut stone has been employed comparatively seldom in the West since the earlier days when ashlar was largely used which had been put upon a rubbing-bed and brought to a perfectly smooth surface. The use of stone in more vigorous expression has almost entirely taken its place. The rougher dressing of stone occurs in comparatively few cases. This is perhaps partly a matter of expense and partly the result of an ephemeral taste which may change.

Brick and terra-cotta are more largely

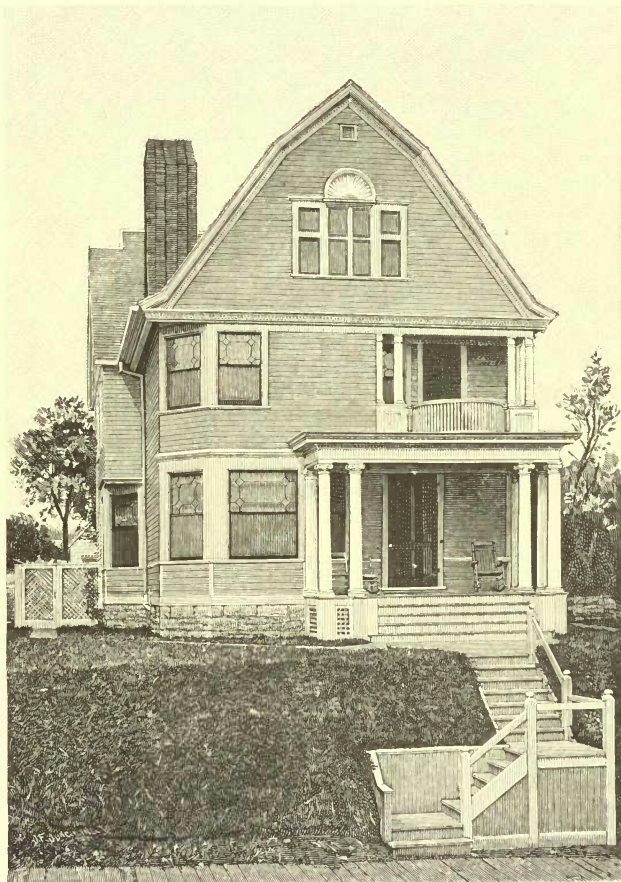
employed than stone work in nearly every Western city, and both are manufactured in variety practically without limit. Bricks of every conceivable color may be found, and terra-cotta to harmonize with them. I have seen bricks manufactured in the West having the exact effect of green mosses, or the various tones given by small flowers and lichens adhering to stone, or else having surfaces black and burnished with metallic lustres.

Such material as this opens out possibilities for color treatment such as had not been dreamed of, which will doubtless be productive of many startling and distressing effects before architects shall have obtained the entire mastery of this nicest of all arts, the art of color. Such materials have contributed largely to the dwelling-house development of the West.

The Dearborn Avenue house, illustrated on page 421, is built of brick and terra-cotta in very satisfactory dull red. All the details of this house are modelled with singular crispness and vigor, and the fine rococo sentiment is carefully preserved. This is one of the best houses, in many ways, designed for a position within a continuous block, in Chicago.

The State Street dwelling, on page 424, is built of Roman bricks of deep brown, with lines of red running through them, and the terra-cotta is made in the same general coloring. The entire effect of the wall is very satisfactory in possessing a singular bloom of color entirely different and much richer than if each brick in the wall had been in one tone. This house has a very strong Colonial feeling, without in any way servilely following the Colonial type.

Bricks are used in the Prairie Avenue house, page 417, which are made of fire-clay burnt to vitrification. Their colors are warm golden browns, with very considerable variety, the surface



House in Minneapolis, Minn.

being slightly rough. A more pleasing wall it will be difficult to conceive, and the bricks so burned have the rare advantage of being impervious to water and frost, and of maintaining their color and quality intact for an indefinite period of time. This dwelling illustrates the growth of an English feeling similar to that shown in some of the new London houses in Cadogan Square, Harrington Gardens, and elsewhere.

The Bellevue Place house [p. 423] is built, in the first story, of reddish-brown rough-faced brick.

It will be observed that in the West, as in the East, the roof seems to have come to stay. Its frank expression, and its free use as a most important element in design is everywhere seen. This is most promising for city architecture, where nothing so much adds to the interest of street vistas as outlines of high-pitched and well-modelled roofs.

Especial attention is called to the St. Louis dwelling on page 429. This is of such unusual picturesqueness, and is so simple and direct in design as to be thoroughly charming. Nothing in the exterior design is adventitious; the design grows naturally out of the plan. Notice the quaint dignity of the whole, and think how delightful would be the aspect of our cities if such dwellings as this, with their varied outlines of roof and tower and dormer, the strong individuality and harmonious coloring were more frequent. This dwelling also illustrates how largely suburban in aspect a true city house may be.

The few wooden dwellings which are illustrated show that not yet have they been banished from Western cities; ultimately they will be confined to the suburbs or the country, but at present they often form agreeable variations to the general street aspect. In certain examples they show that the influence of the neo-Colonial has passed to even the distant West, and if it has not always reached its point of greatest refinement, it still shows a vigor of thought and handling. The Milwaukee dwelling [p. 422] presents some novel and pleasing features, especially in the use of the stucco frieze and in the management of the gables.

San Francisco has had a very unusual architectural experience; it has been more isolated from the rest of the country than almost any other of our cities; its development, therefore, has been more peculiarly its own, and has been less modified by contemporaneous work in Eastern cities. It is only of very late years that work being done in the East has strongly modified the feeling of San Francisco architects. The fear of earthquakes has caused nearly every dwelling-house to be constructed of wood. In spite of this fact, little seems to have been done, as might have been expect-

ed, toward developing an architecture of wood. All sorts of architectural styles, originating in stone, have been adopted bodily in wood, with scarcely a change in the original stone expression except such as is absolutely necessary for the jointing of a different material. California and other parts of the Pacific coast are blessed, in so far as their wood houses are concerned, in their beautiful red-wood. This is a lovely color for interior, as well as exterior work. Its effect, when used outside in shingles and otherwise, and treated with spar varnish, is singularly fine, presenting to the eye a fine leathery texture. This wood is not difficult to work, and when used with intelligence and discretion should be made to contribute, to a great degree, in the development of new forms of design in wood.

The houses mentioned above, like all typical Western dwellings, are better finished within than their exterior would seem to indicate. The reverse of this is seldom true, and this is a good deal to say for the certain honesty in Western cities, where the occupant of the house is less interested in making a specious display to his neighbors than in acquiring a solid and enduring comfort for himself. Native hard-woods are freely used, especially white and red oak, both quartered and plain. These woods have been especially popular; their beautiful grain and open texture lend themselves to so many effects of color that they have taken the place of other wood, the color required being imparted to them by filling and staining; indeed, their use has become so general that the supply threatens to be exhausted, and their market value has increased during the last few years nearly double. From California come several beautiful—if rather showy—woods, in yellows and reds. The manilla-wood from the coast has much of the beauty of mahogany, with its deep red tones and waving grain. Curiously enough, when we have practically abandoned in the West the use of American black walnut, which at one time was employed far more than any other native hard-wood, and are now beginning to use so freely the English oak, the very "swell thing" in England seems to be to abandon the use of

their beautiful oak and substitute instead our American black walnut.

Much more may be said of the interior aspect of these Western dwellings, which is as varied as their exterior designs, or as the temperament and social position and disposition of the occupant.

Again let me say, that between the character of the occupant and the general expression of the dwelling there is much greater similarity than in any other part of the country. The one is much less governed by artificial conditions than his brother in the East, and very much more freely expresses himself.

A few years back, and contemporaneous with the reign of, first, the "Victorian Gothic" and afterward the "Queen Anne," was the reign of marvellous wallpaper, portières, *bric-à-brac*, and East-lake furniture. To all of these the West gave swift obedience. Houses may still be found in abundance where each of these sovereigns holds divided sway; but in the main common-sense has won the day, or at least other and less artificial fads now rule. First the embroidered, carved, painted, cast and wrought iron crane, who so long stood on one leg amid surrounding cat-tails, has died; the death was prolonged and painful, but seems finally to have occurred. After this the famous, honestly constructed, glued-on, mortice-and-tenon furniture fell to pieces and went to the cellar; then, as intelligence increased, the people began to purchase pictures of interest and beauty, and ceased to paste pictures of no interest and beauty on their walls and ceilings. After this came a yearning for more sunlight and fresh air, and heavy stuffs were largely removed from doorways and windows, and lighter materials substituted. Last of all, the indiscriminate vase and plaque, the ubiquitous display of cups and saucers, have given way to temperateness in this as in other things. Even "stained" glass, which in the West has for many years run a most shameless career, has grown less wild and uncivilized, exchanging its barbaric hues for gentler whites and opals.

Take it altogether, the outlook for Western city houses seems most promising. Western people themselves are

becoming, and will still more become, almost ideal clients. It is true that, as in the East, Western city dwellings have not escaped the deadly touch of the "know-it-all" client, nor of the man who is "building the house to suit himself," nor of him who "is going to live inside the house, not outside," and who is therefore loftily indifferent to the street aspect of his house; but each, even the last person, is becoming infrequent. In the past, and to some degree at present, Western cities have been and are influenced by men whose lives have been absorbed by things too material to leave them much leisure for art; but even in the case of such men there is a marked indisposition to dictate in directions where their knowledge is incomplete. They have a large openness and unbiased attitude of mind, and a genuine and earnest desire to "get the best." In the West is less often found than in the East the "æsthetic crank," and it is also true that life in the West is less conventional, freer, less restrained by artificial restrictions than in older communities, and the true nature of people and things is perhaps more frankly expressed.

All of these conditions are helps to the architect, for while they free him from such artificialities as might tend to hamper him, or to make his work more formal, they give wholesome impetus to honest and earnest endeavor.

Circumstances are also such that the architect may act with great catholicity. Architectural tradition in the West there is none. Even from such practices as may exist in the East the West will often hesitate to borrow; and among the various Western cities marked tendencies toward divergence not only from the East, but among themselves, may be noted. Thus contemporaneous work in St. Paul and Minneapolis will differ in a marked degree from similar work in Omaha or Denver; and the dwelling-houses now erected in Chicago have marked peculiarities not to be found in other cities. These variations are due to great differences of climate and customs, as well as to differences of temperament among both clients and architects, for the enormous size of "the West" must be borne in mind when

considering this great architectural development.

Among these various rival cities dominant fads in architecture are likely to become less common, and problems will be more generally determined by the nature of the case.

The rivalry among these cities is a most important factor in the growth of domestic as well as commercial architecture. In cases like St. Paul and Minneapolis, every move of either city is watched by the other with keenest interest, and every structure of importance erected in one city becomes only the standard to be passed by the other; so that not only is it their ambition to excel in matters of population and wealth, but also in the splendor and prominence of their architectural movement. It is similar with individuals. Men who in many cases began their careers at the same time, who perhaps came from the same Eastern State, who have together succeeded in careers which seem but integral parts of the great developments about them, have with each other a very earnest but generous emulation, and exercise a careful scrutiny each of the action of the other, not only of his attitude and actions toward the social world but toward the world of art; and the result will inevitably be the growth of better and more wholesome art feeling.

In the beginning instance this desire to surpass begot much of the meretriciousness and display of architectural gewgaws.

This, however, exists no longer. No men travel so much as Westerners. The distance from St. Paul to Boston is less than one-fourth the distance from Boston to St. Paul; San Francisco men drop into Chicago as lightly as a Baltimore man would into New York, and every one of these men knows something about architecture. Indeed, with the intimacy enforced upon him with all forms of building operations, he could not remain ignorant if he chose. Wherever he goes, therefore, his eyes are wide open, and he will in the frankest way express opinions on So-and-So's dwelling in cities far East, often in Berlin or Vienna, at the same time com-

pare them with dwellings more familiar to him and nearer home. Such conditions are certainly significant, and architecture growing up among them cannot fail to be vital.

That this Western architecture is vital cannot be denied. With all its crudity begotten of ignorance, but more often begotten of haste, domestic architecture in the West is certainly vigorous; there can be no question of its insistence upon the right to live. And with this vitality there will not be wanting material with which to work. Not a day passes in the office of any architect of active practice but specimens are brought in of new granite quarried in Wisconsin, new sandstones from Michigan, ricolites from Mexico, verd-antique jaspers and rich marbles from Colorado to California. There is an equally steady current of new processes for art metal-work in bronze and iron, of mosaics in glass and marble, of rich wall-coverings in leather, stuffs, and even stamped wood-pulp, and in new forms of beautiful encaustic materials.

The forces employed in producing every sort of material intended for use in constructing and adorning buildings, especially dwelling-houses, seems infinite. These various things the greater adventure and love of novelty in the West will more freely use than will the East, with consequences both for better and worse. But disastrous experiments remain isolated, since nothing is truer than the general sterility of bad art ventures; the successful efforts will remain and multiply.

With a wholesome quality of mind and life in the layman, and with imagination and discrimination in the architect, what may not our domestic architects become? In twenty years this will be the richest and most luxurious country ever known upon the globe. Shall all of these treasures of nature and of art, all of these fostering environments, result in architecture splendid in material conditions alone, like that of later Rome, or shall it be chiefly distinguished, with all its splendor, by the earnestness, vigor, and thoughtfulness which inspire the whole?

OLD AGE.

By C. P. Cranch.

I.

Soon—but by gradual steps across the blue
The regal sun will steal from east to west,
And veil in clouded gold his flaming crest,
With all his fiery plumage drenched in dew.
Soon will the leaves of summer change their hue
And flutter down to earth's all-hiding breast;
And silent birds forsake their wind-swept nest
For distant climes and fields and woodlands new.
So, year by year, from youth's brave morn and noon
Life cools into its sunset unawares.
And looking back across the long, long days
Eastward, where rose our sun, a spectral moon
Peeps through uncertain clouds, or dumbly stares
Upon an unknown grave in twilight haze.

II.

This were a boon all others far excelling,
Could we attain that faith so near yet far,
In the deep inner world, where nought can jar
The steadfast house and home, our chosen dwelling,
Or check the immortal fountain there upwelling.
And happy they to whom the gods unbar
The gates of night to greet their evening star
Ere vesper chimes are changed to funeral knelling.
Ye fellow-lingerers in the twilight gloom—
Ye who with me have lived through morning's glow,
And down life's darkening slopes have trod together—
This greeting take—this trust; that not to doom
But victory bound, our lives are pledged to know
Another morn in Heaven's unclouded weather.





AUTUMN SONG.

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

SING me a song of the autumn clear,
With the mellow days and the ruddy eves ;
Sing me a song of the ending year,
With the piled-up sheaves.

Sing me a song of the apple-bowers,
Of the great grapes the vine-field yields,
Of the ripe peaches bright as flowers,
And the rich hop-fields.

Sing me a song of the fallen mast,
Of the sharp odor the pomace sheds,
Of the purple beets left last
In the garden-beds.

Sing me a song of the toiling bees,
Of the long flight and the honey won,
Of the white hives under the apple-trees,
In the hazy sun.

Sing me a song of the thyme and the sage,
Of sweet-marjoram in the garden gray,
Where goes my love Armitage
Pulling the summer savory.

Sing me a song of the red deep,
The long glow the sun leaves,
Of the swallows taking a last sleep
In the barn eaves.





JERRY.

PART SECOND (CONTINUED).

CHAPTER IX.

"We pant, we strain like birds against the wires;
Are sick to reach the vast and the beyond;—
And what avails, if still to our desires
Those far-off gulfs respond?"

"Contentment comes therefore; still, there lies
An outer distance when the first is hailed,
And still forever yawns before our eyes
An *utmost*—that is veiled."

JERRY was glad that he had the fire to make and the supper to cook, for this every-day work brought him back to a realization of his position and of all he owed Joe, for whom he now had a much higher respect than for either himself or the doctor.

The corn-bread was assuming a most approved brown tint; the bacon was crisping and curling; the coffee was bubbling and muttering in the pot, sending out a grateful fragrance. Homely, coarse fare, and Jerry knew it. He had read of the banquets and feasts of ages gone, and had read modern novels about the many alluring ways of feeding people which fashion invents and money pays for. He had read it all with a sort of scorn at first, but later with a changed feeling that grew to be a longing to see the sights and hear the beautiful sounds of music and laughter that must fill in these pictures. And lovely women; he had read of them too, and paused a moment as he turned the bread that was browned on one side; how would they look? He had never seen one save once when he was alone in the doctor's study, and before him on the table lay a case, a red morocco case. It was different in shape from any he had ever seen before, and what could it

contain? It did not occur to him that there was any wrong in opening it, and he unhooked the clasp without one tremor of his honest boyish heart.

A sweet, fair face, that was more delicate than any he had ever seen; he did not know if it were beautiful, for he had no standard; he had never seen any faces since he could remember, save those of the work-hardened, slovenly drudges about the towns where he lived; but there was something in the picture that held him. It looked so small and fine, like some of the flowers he had seen among the rocks, but had never picked because somehow he knew that one touch would kill them.

The eyes met his with an expression as if they once had pleaded for protection, but afterward had learned a look of bravery; and the mouth was pained.

"Poor little thing," he had said, and had sighed as if he knew the sorrow that looked from her eyes. He felt that he would have spent his life in saving her from ill!

Of course he was a fool, and that face was only a picture, maybe of the doctor's mother or grandmother who had died long ago.

Poor woman!

Then he shut the case; a new thought had flashed on him; maybe this face had been the one face that the world had held for the doctor? And had she died? and so he had come out to waste his life on the people. Was this the secret of that life?

But the memory of that face never left Jerry entirely, and it became the nucleus about which all his youthful dreams grouped themselves. If he could only know a face like that; could only move in a world where such refinement was common. Paul could, but he could

not; could not until he made a golden key.

He turned the bread carefully while he pondered on the discontent that had culminated so suddenly in his heart. If the doctor had not turned from him he would have been satisfied always with the old life; but now all was changed and he was filled with a restless ambition and jealousy; feelings which he fully recognized, and a year ago would have despised. Now he must rise—if it took a lifetime to mount one step!

Perhaps when he was an old man he would see such faces about him. When his eyes were too dim to see almost, and his ears too dull to hear, and his heart too weary to love, then all these things would come to him!

"Well," and Joe stood in the doorway.

"How are you?" Jerry answered, and turned to the table.

"Thar's a paper," and Joe laid the printed sheet down, "it cusses youuns wuss an' wusser; durned if I'd stan' it."

Jerry put the paper on the shelf.

"I will have my say some time," he answered.

"An' Dave Morris says as youuns is welcome to the paper when youuns wants it."

"Dave Morris?"

"Thet's what I said," sitting down near the table.

"You have been there to-day?"

"I hev."

Jerry poured out the coffee in silence; questioning was not customary between them, and what else there was to be told must await Joe's pleasure. The supper was over and the few things washed and put away; then Jerry lighted the lamp and took up the newspaper, and Joe filled his pipe.

Truly, as Joe said, the abuse and misrepresentations seemed to culminate in this paper. There was nothing too false to be said—nothing too wild to be predicted; and at the end a comment by the far-off city editor, that many of the idle and worthless in the city were coming out to throw in their lots with the "redoubtable Jeremiah P. Wilkerson." Jerry read it over again—"the idle and worthless," the paper said: what should he do with them? His heart sank within

him. The little ball he had set rolling was taking such appalling proportions.

"Dave Morris says as youuns is the peskyist varmint as ever he's knowed," Joe broke in, taking his pipe from his mouth, "an' I says, says I, 'Dave, Jerry'll kill youuns 'thout thinkin',' says I," and Joe chuckled contentedly to himself.

This described his ideal hero, a man who "killed without thinking," and that Jerry should hold this proud position, and hold it in the estimation of the man who harried all Eureka, was to him an infinite satisfaction.

Jerry put down the paper; he was anxious to know of Joe's interview with Dave Morris.

"Morris came to see me to-day," he said.

"An' come back mashed jest as flat!" Joe answered, with a readiness that showed his pleasure. "An' I axes him, 'Dave, did youuns skeer Jerry?' Lord!" slapping his leg, "youuns jest oughter seen him, Jerry; I 'llow he'd a-liked to eat me jest whole, he would; says he, 'Joe Gilliam, youuns aint got but one hide,' says he, cussin' awful, 'an' if youuns keeps on a-pesterin' me I'll jest use it up,' says he."

"And you?" Jerry asked.

"I jest knocked him down," pleasantly, "I gin him a eye thet'll not look purty fur a while," and Joe chuckled a little—"but I tole him as a rotten apple were mighty good fur it." Then Joe returned to his pipe.

He had gone to Dave Morris's shop to intimidate him, and had succeeded in doing not only this, but in addition had knocked the man down. This had been his day's work, and he had been happy in it; Jerry had knocked Dave Morris down one day, and he, the next; what more could Eureka need to prove to her that these men from the Durden's side were superior?

Knowing the people, Joe knew that his and Jerry's reputations were made now; and that no man in either town would touch them without much thought and calculation as to the consequences.

It was a happy feeling that came over Joe; a calm assurance that he had done his duty by Jerry, and at the same time had won renown in Eureka. Surely a good day's work.

Then Jerry looked up suddenly.

"Who owns Durden's Mine?" he asked.

The fire still threw its quaint shadows; the lamp still burned with unwavering brightness; it must have been Joe's eyes that flickered and winced until the room seemed dark—flickered for a moment so that he could not see the face of the younger man—and when he spoke his voice had changed.

"Durden's Mine?" he repeated—"Durden's Mine? I dunno fur rayly."

So Jerry *had* heard what he had said by mistake the other night.

And Jerry took the shade from off the lamp, and looked at the wick as if something ailed the light. "I thought you would know," Jerry said, slowly, while many surmises as to Joe's words flashed through his mind unbidden—"and that you would tell me about it; for if I know who owns it, and can find out from the owner its value, I can the more easily persuade the people to buy land in Durden's."

"An' open the mine agin?" was questioned in a lowered voice as of one in fear of some catastrophe.

"Of course that would be the plan," raising the paper again between him and Joe, "that, or find gold somewhere else near at hand; I suppose it lies all about here."

He had not looked at Joe since he asked the question about the ownership of the mine, and now went back to a pretence of reading in order to be able to collect his thoughts and reason them free from his suspicions.

And Joe sat still with his pipe going out, and his eyes fixed blankly on the fire.

It had been many a long year—many a long year since he had been warned that some bad end would come; many a long year since he had been pleaded with to come away and let the place alone; many a year.

He glanced furtively at the corner where the dog Buck lay sleeping; then vaguely up along the rafters; then back again into the leaping fire that, even though it was August, did not seem able to warm him now.

The Devil had made gold, she had said; God had never made that thing

that ran men crazy; the awful gold that shone in their eyes until they could see nothing else. And she had made him bury her in a place where there was no mark of gold; no trace of the kind of rock that held it, else somebody would come some day and dig her up to hunt for gold, and she and the baby wanted to rest. And gold would break his heart some day, she said: would it?

It was very long ago since his "little Nan" had warned him—very long ago, but dead people surely came back—surely! And he knew the path so well, and every rock by the way; and everything was so convenient there; his eyes knew the darkness, and his back knew the angles and curves in the rocks; and his lantern, would it burn anywhere else—or his pick break any other stone? And the nuggets;—the little shining nuggets—he had found so many of them washed down by the water that dropped and dropped forever, and that far back in an unknown corner helped to make a stream that flowed away—lost itself. And all that he gathered was for Jerry, all of it; and if others came in all else that would be found should have to be divided.

No, of course there was no gold in Durden's Mine! and he drew his chair nearer the fire.

"Thar's gole in the water thet runs down the mountain," he said at last; and Jerry looked up.

"I suppose there is gold all through that gorge," he answered, "even if the old mine is worn out;" then more slowly, "It is not the mine that I want so much as it is all the land about it."

Joe knocked the ashes out of his pipe and filled it freshly. "I 'llows as it aint lucky, the gittin' of gole," he said; "my Nancy Ann says, says she, 'Joe, don't you tech no sich work,' says she, 'cause I 'llows the devil made gole; God never done no sicher thing as thet,' says she, 'to shine an' shine in a man's eyes tell he can't see nothin' else,' says she—" puffing slowly at his pipe, "an' youuns done hed a warnin', Jerry, a rale warnin'," almost angrily, "an' youuns 'llows thet it's a sin to specklylate in lan', an' is jest a-bein' cussed out 'bout it, an' now youuns is jest a-hankerin' after it."

"Not as a speculation," Jerry answered; "I want it to help those who have been hurt by speculators. I want to give our people who have lived here always, as good a town as these new people expect to have; I want to give them mines to work in that will cause the railway to build a station at Durden's also; I want to give them a good school; I want to make the men more sober and decent, and the women more clean and respectable; I want——"

"To make fool of yourself, Jerry Wilkerson," Joe struck in, unexpectedly, while the angry color flashed into Jerry's face. "Youuns hes been a-livin' in the doctor's stedly—a-drinkin' books an' papers; an' Durden's an' Eureky's been a-livin' in dirt, an' a-drinkin' whiskey; an' they loves it, yes, jest like youuns loves the books an' the papers, they do; an' lemme tell youuns jest one perticler—if youuns wants to start this po' trash off, youuns'll hev to promise 'em money, an' piles of it; an' if youuns don't give it to 'em, they'll kill youuns in a minute; jest youuns 'member thet!" shaking his head, "orl they wants, or knows 'bout, is whiskey, an' terbackey, an' dirt; they's usen to it—an' born to it—an' likes it. Lord!" taking a puff at his pipe, "an' the wimmins is satisfy 'cause they 'specks to be beat, an' needs it too."

Jerry had turned away, and again had raised the paper before his face.

"I do not agree with you," was all he said when Joe's voice ceased.

"Orl right," and Joe chuckled to himself, "but thar's one thing I'm gettin' to be powerful sure 'bout, an' it's thet the doctor onderstan these mean critters better'n I 'llowed jest at fust; he do thet."

Jerry moved his feet impatiently.

"It's the Lord's truth," Joe went on; "an' when they've jest plum killed youuns out, they'll stan' squar' up to the doctor an' to Paul, jest youuns watch an' see"—looking anxiously at the paper behind which Jerry hid himself—" 'cause the doctor an' Paul jest stomps on 'em 'thout axin' no questions, they do—jest stomps 'em clean out;" then more slowly, "I aint got much larnin', but I knows a pig loves its mudhole, an' a dorg is better fur beatin', an' it aint agoin' to do no good to tuck them

things away. They's mad alonger the doctor now, 'cause youuns is done showed 'em thet they's been 'posed on; but they aint agoin' to 'member thet long; an' when they gits to doin' nothin' ceppen stedly 'bout youuns—Lord! youuns'll hanker atter gittin' shed of livin'—you bet!"

"And you do not know who own Durden's Mine?" Jerry repeated, coldly.

"No, I dunno," he answered, slowly, then moved his chair outside, where no more such questions could reach him.

CHAPTER X.

"And also this
Fell into dust, and I was left alone."

DAN BURK would know.

This thought had come to Jerry in the night, and he determined to follow it up. As far back as he could remember, he had heard Joe speak of Dan Burk more than of anyone else save the doctor; and Jerry felt quite sure that Dan could tell him all he wanted to know, and more, for Dan was an older inhabitant than Joe, and would know more of the local history.

Another fact of which Jerry was now convinced was that Joe got his money from Durden's Mine, which made his lack of knowledge as to the ownership seem more strange. But Burk would know, and Jerry was determined to make Burk tell him all that was known of the mine. Durden's had been always a strange story to him; as long as he had believed what the doctor had told him, that the better find was at Eureka—and had remembered what Joe had told him in his childhood about Durden's as a fairy story—he could understand the desertion of Durden's; but if, as Joe had lately revealed, Durden's mine was full of gold, why had it been deserted—surely not for a ghost story! It was true that the people were not aggressively energetic; and as the Doctor and Lije Milton had invested in Eureka it was natural, perhaps, that the people should follow; but still, Joe's assertion of the richness of the mine made the facts hard to be understood. And now that he had committed himself so far

that he could not go back, he must get at the truth of the story.

His scheme was far within the bounds of possibility; and success would bring him money, the one thing he needed to put him on a level with Paul, and to compel the doctor to respect his shrewdness, at least.

He would go to Dan Burk in the morning before school, and if he gained any information it would help him in his interview with Morris.

He left home as early as Joe that day, only waiting until he was out of sight. He thought he had never known Joe to take so long to go; he was excited and restless, and the waiting was trying.

The paper he had read the night before had put new thoughts into his mind; he was known out there in the East much more than where he lived, and was looked on as a crafty mob-leader—as a violent communist—as a dangerous demagogue; and men were coming out to cast in their fortunes with him—to follow him wherever he should lead.

This sudden thought had demoralized him for a little while, but now he had recovered himself, and was determined to be ready for all who should come. A new excitement was creeping into his veins: his army that was to do battle against influence and capital; that was to win for all who came after a foothold and a hope; that was to make him triumphant—this army was fast doubling itself. The “halt, and the maimed, and the blind” were coming, “with neither scrip nor purse”—coming to test a great question, and to prove once more, in the long, dark history of the world, the power of the people!

He walked more rapidly to keep pace with his thoughts. Of course Joe would not have worked in Durden's Mine all these years, his thoughts ran on, unless there was gold to be found there. It would hurt him to stop, but the avarice of one man could not stand against the gain of the many; Joe had had long years in which to lay up store, now he must stop; indeed, he was too old to do such hard work, and once well started, Jerry knew that he could support them both easily.

Early as it was, Dan Burk's door was

open, and he and his shop were both dirty. There were no loungers about as yet, however, and Jerry felt he had done well to come at this hour; for besides the quiet, Dan had had nothing to drink.

“I wanted to see you, Mr. Burk,” Jerry began, “and had no other time; can you spare me a half-hour?”

“I reckon,” and Dan placed a chair for his visitor.

“Who owns Durden's Mine?” The question was so sudden that Dan started, with a betraying look of wonder in his eyes.

“Durden's Mine?” doubtfully.

“Yes,” and Jerry did not move his eyes.

“What do you want to know for?” cautiously.

“Tell me; you will not lose anything by it,” and the two men looked fully and searchingly into each other's eyes. The suspicious, treacherous eye of the shop-keeper—the tired, keen eyes of the clever school-master who had just now begun to measure his strength against the world.

“All right,” and Dan laid his hand on Jerry's knee, “it's Mis. Milton's.”

For a moment Jerry looked at him in silence; was he telling the truth? Could this be the truth and Joe not know it?

“I'll go with you and ask her,” the man went on, his face reddening angrily under his companion's eyes; “has Joe lied?”

“That will do!” and a look flashed on him that made the words die on his lips; he had heard of the difficulty with Morris.

“And she owns all the land near it?” rising.

“She does.”

“Will she sell?”

“She will, an' be glad.”

Then Jerry turned away, looking out the door and down the road to the doctor's house; he could see the chairs on the piazza, and someone tramping up and down; how strange it was that he could not go there now, and ask advice—when, and where, and how had the breach between them begun?

“You will not mention this,” he said at last, turning his eyes again on Burk, “if you do——”

"It's all right—all right, Mr. Wilkerson, all right," the man interrupted, eagerly, "it's for you to remember, please, that I aint said nuthin'."

"Very well," and Jerry walked away.

Joe *had* lied! and he drew a long breath. Joe, whom he had trusted more than he would have trusted himself; Joe, whom he had looked on as the one honest man he knew; Joe, whom in the last few weeks he had put far above the doctor for the exquisite quality of sincerity!

He walked rapidly, and his heels struck sharply on the hardened soil.

Who could be trusted?

Slowly the long story unwound itself, this one clew showed him all. 'Lije Milton had owned the mine; had been unable to put workmen into it because of the mysterious sights and sounds that haunted it; had gone in himself—

Jerry's thoughts stopped, and a cold sweat came out on him, and his mind went groping back to that day when he had gone to see 'Lije Milton buried; what where all the circumstances—what had Joe told him?

He could not remember, save that 'Lije had met with some injury in the mine from which he had never recovered.

He drew his hand across his brow, and sat down on a stone. If only he could recall and be able to put together all that had been told him. How long had old Durden been dead; how long had Joe been gathering gold on his own account; how long had 'Lije Milton owned the mine? He remembered that 'Lije had been the discoverer of the new mine in Eureka, and reaping gold from there, had been content, probably, to let his old property go.

Jerry rose slowly: he would not think these thoughts any longer; he dared not formulate any theory on the slight basis he had, and the suspicions that had come to him were too dreadful to be retained for a moment. Besides, if 'Lije had met with any tangible foul play while in the mine, he would certainly have had his revenge. He felt relieved when he reached this conclusion, and put all thoughts away from him save that Durden's Mine had a bad name, and so would be sold at a great

discount. He must by some means get money to buy the property, so securing it to his scheme; and he must find some person who would be figure-head to hold this land and sell it out in lots to the people from Eureka.

The scheme grew as he walked, and took clearer and clearer shape in his mind.

Faster and faster he tramped; his eyes shining, and a slow color creeping up his dark face; and he saw himself a rich, successful man.

And Joe?

The memory came over him like a cold wave, and he tried to put it aside. Joe was a liar, but not a murderer of his friend; facts disproved that.

And most men seemed to be liars?

He took his hat off; his head was hot and throbbing, and he hated himself that he had found cause against this man who had clothed him and fed him. It was treacherous to judge him. Joe had gathered gold secretly, and had hoarded it all these years; why not, if he found pleasure in it? He had gathered it from another man's possessions!

The thought came unexpectedly, and put yet another face on the question: Joe had stolen his money. And yet, could it be called stealing if he had made a find in a place that others had deserted? had deserted from stupid superstition, while Joe had been brave enough to go in and work there? Could it be stealing?

Perhaps not; yet, who was it that he had heard talk of the horrors of the old mine; who had said it was death to go there; who had been so mortally terrified at the nervous vision of his childhood?

Had it been a nervous vision?

Even after all these years he did not like the memory of it.

He put on his hat; it was ridiculous to deal in such fancies, and be swayed by them. If Joe had stolen the chance and the gold, it was not his care—he was not the keeper of Joe's conscience.

He walked steadily on, and into the town. He would have to turn Morris away again to-day; he had not learned enough to answer him yet. He would have made overtures to Burk that morning, but what the man had told him

had shocked him from his purpose ; he would go again to-morrow and make his inquiries the more sure from having had time to think them over.

The day seemed endless ; the children stumbled and struggled with their lessons in a way that was exasperating ; they seemed bent on making mistakes, on disobeying orders, on being kept in and whipped. The atmosphere was heavy and clinging ; the smell of onions and dirt was intensified, and Jerry's nerves seemed to strain, and tingle, and long for freedom. He must have something better than this.

The day waned, and the tasks and punishments were settled ; the future statesmen, and presidents, and "reigning belles" had gone home to their hovels ; and Jerry, locking up his desk, heard the horn ring out so fine and clear. He listened ; when he became rich and could claim success, he would have a band of instruments such as he had read of, and would ask the doctor to come and hear them play. He would have this horn multiplied a hundred-fold, and every note his own, and calling to him.

Always he had read of music with a longing : it would mean something to him ; once in the night a traveller had passed down the trail thrumming a guitar, and Jerry had heard the sound ; heard it coming like the throbbing of a heart—coming with a cry so vague, so unfinished—only a cry with so much left unsaid. Coming nearer and nearer, until it seemed to throb all about him as he sat up in the darkness listening. Beating, crying, pleading with him to fill out the unworded measure.

Fading down the black gorge, the sobbing, broken cry passed away.

Would music be like all the other things he had found in life—a fragment ? Would he be striving always after some unfinished measure ?

Again the sound of the horn swept by him, and he listened with an impatience that was unbearable. Why had he been for all these years an idle dreamer, wasting so much time preparing himself for the cramped, chance life of a writer : feeding himself ill on dreams and vagaries that seemed now to possess him and to weaken him ?

He closed and locked the door with an angry vehemence that had no foundation save dissatisfaction with himself. He had been *such* a fool ! Would he be able now to gather himself together, and to stand entirely alone ; could he put aside all associations, all qualms of conscience, all feeling, and conquer success ? And he wondered vaguely if many of those whom the world called successful had consciences.

CHAPTER XI.

"Then every evil word I had spoken once,
And every evil thought I had thought of
old,
And every evil deed I ever did,
Awoke and cried."

It was very dark, and the entrance was dwindling to a point of light. Still Joe seemed to know the way with wonderful accuracy, and walked the rough path with the stealth and swiftiness of a cat.

A little further and he paused, felt along the wall, fitted his hands slowly and carefully into a crevice, then swung himself over some danger so well known to him, that dropping safely on his feet, he drew a short, sharp breath. He stopped a moment just where he had dropped, until he lighted a small lantern which he took from a ledge in the rock, then moved on. Carefully and slowly he went now, crawling like a great spider, scraping himself against the wall. Only a little space was lighted by the lantern, but the ledge of rocks on which he walked stopped far within that radius. Steadily on, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but only on the next step he must take ; carefully, cautiously, slowly, with his eyes shining and his breath coming heavily. One misstep and he would never be heard of again : one man had made this misstep ; he was sure of it, although no one else was ; he knew because he had heard the legend of this narrow way from Dan Burk, who had been the near friend of old Durden.

And beyond this narrow way he had found the cave the story had told about ; and where, unknown to Burk even, the old man had hoarded great treasure.

There was something strange about this mine ; some devil of greed and deception seemed to inhabit it.

He was safe over the narrow way now, and putting his lantern down, he began to change his clothes with rapid, stealthy movements. The whole man seemed transformed and alive ; seemed to have shaken off the stolid heaviness he wore in the outside world, and instead moved about with nervous quickness. Having arrayed himself in a rough, worn suit of clothes, he put his usual apparel in a corner, then paused and made a little wailing cry—a peculiar sound that in an instant seemed to be repeated by a hundred voices ; taken up again and again ; coming back sometimes loud, sometimes low ; seeming to die away, then waking suddenly to one more repetition ; weird, startling, awful !

He listened, and seemed to know when it was finished, then made the little sound again—this time not waiting, but going deeper into the gloom, leaving the little cries to wander up and down the hopeless darkness until they died—up and down until the merciful silence hushed them.

Joe lighted two more lanterns standing in niches in the wall, then looked anxiously around the low arched recess that almost was a room.

The walls looked dull and dead, and here and there were worked into deep holes ; especially on the side overhanging a stream which ran the entire length of the room—a stream that appeared without visible reason in one corner of the room, foaming white and strong against the fretting barriers, and disappeared suddenly through a low arch in the corner furthest from Joe's place of entrance. Across its place of exit was stretched a net of finest wire ; and deeper in the narrow crack, a web of cloth.

Low Joe stooped and peered with his glittering eyes, that seemed to enlarge and gleam as he caught sight of the shining particles washed by the water against his catches.

"A good haul," he muttered, "a rale good haul ;" then he rose, and took down from the jagged ribs of the cave fresh nets of wire and cloth. Carefully he fixed them in place before he removed

the standing catches, waiting patiently for a few moments that the disturbed water might resume its usual flow—no smallest grain must be lost. Carefully he removed the nets that held the gold, emptying their hoard into a flat pan of water ; dipping them again and again ; examining them with 'bated breath.

"Orl fur Jerry," he whispered, stirring the glittering particles with his hungry-looking hands, "an' a good lot ; an' he dunno, damn it !" tying a fine cloth tightly over the whole pan, "dunno nothin' jest ceppen hisn's books ; talkin' so fine 'bout t'other folks, an' what he 'llows they orter hev ; he aint got good sense 'bout thet, God bless 'im ! an sich shinin' eyes."

Carefully the string was untied when the last drop of water had been drained from the pan, and the cloth, with the valuable sediment inside, was gathered together and tied like a bag, then hung near a small iron stove filled with charcoal.

Slowly the fire lighted and grew red and glowing—glancing through the one opening in the cylinder like a great red eye, dull, burning, watchful of the poor warped soul that only lived while in this den ! who seemed endued with new life ; who vibrated and glowed as he watched the steam that floated about the wet bag. It would not take very long to get dry, then he would get all the particles out, even to the least dust ; shake it clear and clean into the little leather bag that soon would be full enough to take to Eureka.

If only Jerry would have a little sense ; just a little, he thought, as he squatted before the charcoal stove, looking steadily into the red eye.

If only Jerry knew anything besides books ; he had learned too much ; he had learned more than Paul—his thoughts ran on—for Paul only knew how to get and spend money ; he did not know that a man ought to think about other men having money ; Jerry had learned too much.

He rubbed his hand back on his stubbly gray hair ; if Jerry only knew gold ; if Jerry could only see what gold could get—could only spend gold ; Jerry would be like Paul, he would take all he could get and never ask where it came from.

Maybe if Jerry could be sent to where Paul came from, he would learn to be like Paul.

The idea crept into the anxious mind, and the deep-set eyes seemed to catch fire from the red eye of the stove, and to light up as the new possibility loomed before them.

Jerry must go East.

At last the problem was solved: Jerry must learn to spend money; he must learn to love it; then Joe would be left in peaceful possession of his den.

The red eye of the stove seemed to flash—the stream seemed to lift up its voice almost into a laugh; and from the black abyss the cries seemed to wake and come back to the lonely worker. He listened.

"I hears it sometimes," he whispered, "when I aint never made no soun!" and he looked over his shoulder as if he expected to see a vision. "It'd orl a-been for youuns, Nan, if youuns hed a-lived; I swar afore God!" putting his hands over his face—"I swar!"

The stream laughed on and on, washing high up against the nets; the eye of the stove glared at the dull wall; the lanterns flickered and flared as mysterious draughts of wind reached up and touched them with invisible, ghostly fingers; and the cries—were they echoing still through the blackness of that awful passage? Were the souls wrecked by this fatal den waking and sobbing in the distance?

"I swar, Nan!" and the lean, work-hardened body swayed back and forth where it crouched—"I swar!"

Surely the dead came back—surely!

The man rose to his feet hurriedly; he must make some movement. Close over the stream was his work, and standing in the cold water he swung his pick with even, regular strokes; breaking the rocks into very small pieces that dropped into the stream. The water and his hammer would do the rest of the work for him.

On and on he worked, his strokes falling fast and hard—his breath coming sharp and thick. On and on, only stopping now and then to step from the cold water, that he might warm his feet near the stove. It would be his death some day, this standing in the water;

he had seen many a miner ruined in this way; either drawn up with rheumatism and left a helpless cripple, or dying suddenly from some congestion caused by cold. He knew that in this place and in this work he would meet his death; he knew that sooner or later the end would meet him here. Maybe, walking that narrow ledge, he would slip over with a last long cry that would live to haunt some future worker.

Steadily the strokes fell; it was all for Jerry. And he must persuade Jerry to go East; to see the things that made money valuable. There was nothing out here in the wilderness to make men love money. But he had seen such things long ago when, in the East, he and Nancy were nearly starved; it was then that a man had persuaded them and a lot of other people to move West, where a friend of his, Mr. Durden, had found a mine. They had had hard times that made him long for money, and made him come to this wild country. But when they reached the place they found that old Durden had disappeared in the mine some time before, and the place was closed because the people were afraid. They were simple, superstitious country people—content if they had room to plant a little patch, and live from hand to mouth. There had been no regular miners nor adventurers among them.

His Nan would have been content with a little patch; but Joe had dreamed golden dreams; and besides it was too late that year to plant a garden. Then it was that in despair he had explored the mine, had found the black hole, and on its brink a little nugget that some creature must have dropped there.

He remembered now the intense, wondering joy of that find; and how he had taken it to Dan Burk, the one shop-keeper of the whole region, who was at that time reduced to as great straits almost as Joe. It was then that, with much cautious questioning, they measured each other, and determined to trust each other. Joe was not so much afraid of the mine as he was of hunger and death for himself and his Nancy; and Burk, who was afraid of the mine, knew all its secrets or thought that he did.

He knew that the shaft beginning in

a cave opening into which the stream, turned out of its course by Durden, had once flowed—that this shaft had run into an awful abyss which the people said had no bottom, and into which the stream must have fallen originally ; that on the other side of this abyss there was a large cave about which the Indians had left a story.

When by accident the workmen had broken into this hole, the last Indian left in the settlement came to see it and told his story. He said that on the other side of this hole there was a cave in which there was a stream that washed out quantities of gold ; that his tribe, hearing of this treasure-house, had conquered the tribe owning it. The battle had been fought out on the plain, and the conquered tribe, when desperately pushed by their enemies, had driven their wives and children through the cave and into this hole, themselves jumping in after, doing this rather than become prisoners, and lose their places as braves. He went on to say that, after this, no good luck had come to his tribe anymore, that the Great Spirit fought against them in every battle, until in the days of his father they had closed and concealed the entrance to the cave. That he had never known where it was.

Long consultations had been held between old Durden and his few helpers ; but the men refused to brave the dangers of such a crossing for any amount of money. The huge bonfire built on the edge of the hole showed a narrow tunnel that seemed to have neither bottom, nor top, nor end ; the only vestige of any foothold being a narrow ledge of rock that could be reached only by swinging across a section of the hole. There was talk of a bridge, but there was no skill there to throw one across the hole—and even while they talked strange sounds had come from the hole ; they were made to listen by the Indian ; it was the crying, he said, of the murdered women and children.

So the last man of the victorious tribe had spoken ; with his hand resting on the shoulder of old Durden, and something shining in his eyes that made old Durden advise against the bridge.

Later, old Durden had heard further

from the Indian : a whispered story of hidden treasure, that made him risk the dreadful passage ; and Dan Burk said he had found much.

The shaft that in the first instance had diverged from the bed of the stream, but that in breaking into the abyss had come into it again, was once more turned aside ; and the men, who would not attempt to cross the hole, agreed willingly to work there.

So all day long the men worked busily, and in the night the old man went and came on his dangerous journeys ; for day and night were the same in that black place. For fear of having to share his gains, Durden revealed his find to one man only, and to him only because he needed a place of exchange for his nuggets and dust.

Dan Burk had agreed to keep his secret for a certain share of the spoil, and had made money on the bargain, until once the old man went, but came no more.

Search was made until they came to the hole that so held all in awe, and no man would go further. They heard dreadful sounds and cries, they said, and saw strange shadows looming up in the darkness, so that they turned back in terror, and the mine was deserted.

The people had hard times then until the doctor came and took command, and 'Lije Milton, who had bought Durden's on a speculation, found the new mine at Eureka ; then peace came again, and old Durden was forgotten save as a ghost.

But during those dark days one man dared all, and crossing the dreadful abyss, crept along the narrow ledge. He found the hidden treasure, and found also that his predecessor had not shared fairly ; but carefully, in strong boxes, were little bags, clumsily but safely made, and full of dust ; and in another box a shining pile of golden coin.

The old man had not carried out for exchange all that he found hidden, but he had brought back and stored afresh all the money he had gained. And all his tools were there, and the charcoal stove, but no other sign of him ; and Dan Burk's theory was that he had lost himself in trying to find the old entrance to the cave. Joe, who knew so

well the perils of the passage, said he had fallen into the hole.

And Joe, was he to reveal all that he had found? It was surely his, he had risked an awful death to win it; a death Dan Burk would never have risked. No, it was not stealing; and when his friend 'Lije Milton wondered about the old story, he did not tell his secret: 'Lije had plenty, and where he worked was not 'Lije's mine, but an old Indian cave that belonged to no one.

Of course it was not stealing; and if Jerry would only let him be—or if he could only find the old entrance to the cave!

He stopped in his work and laid his pick down; there was one place he suspected as the end of the old entrance passage, and once he had explored it for a little distance; not very far, but far enough to realize that the dangers of it were too manifold for him to dare a hurried investigation; and he could not be absent for any length of time without an explanation.

He took up a great stone pestle to crush the pieces of rock that had fallen into the water.

Jerry must go East to learn to love money, then Joe could have his days free from observation.

Surely Jerry *must* go East: the thought took stronger and stronger hold on him; Jerry must learn the worth of this money he had won from the hands of Death.

He had worked hard to get it; had spent sparingly to hide it, for he had learned to love the shining stuff for itself. It seemed to get into his eyes, as his Nancy had said, and to shine and shine until he could see nothing else. How heavily freighted he had been sometimes, when crossing that narrow ledge; how carefully, while Nancy slept, had he dug a hole in the corner of the house; how secretly night after night had he put away his treasure. And was it all to be cast to the crowd to be scrambled for when Jerry came into possession?

He had not divided the found gold-dust with Dan Burk, nor the box of money; but only divided a part of what he got each day. He had found in the engineer of the Eureka Mine a man who paid more fairly for the gold,

and who asked no questions, as he was in constant receipt of private stores of this sort. Every man who had a little "find" of his own tried to hide it from his fellow-man; and all these little hoards went to enhance the value of the Eureka Mine. Of course it all came from this mine; and the shares ran up; and the engineer's salary was increased; and his speculations grew; and Joe's secret was safe. As to Dan Burk, his share diminished steadily, and Joe grew more importunate in his demands; for he could get a better price, he said.

Of what use was it that Dan threatened to tell of the cave; Joe's retort came readily—"Tell 'em, an' show 'em the way."

It was hopeless; no one would attempt that passage when gold was so easily found elsewhere, and Dan was quite sure that even Joe would not attempt it for the small amount brought to him as his share. He knew quite well that Joe was cheating him, but what redress was there? So Dan determined to make what he could by holding the secret; but was very willing to sell any information to Jerry when he came to him with his eyes gleaming so dangerously, and his words coming so sharp and quick. He had not thought it safe to thwart Jerry; and by helping him he might gain something.

Poor Joe!

Long ago he had removed all the treasure from the cave and stored it where a written paper would reveal it. And the paper was sealed and in the doctor's keeping; he knew the doctor would see his wishes strictly carried out if he did not know where the money came from; but once acknowledge the source of his gains, and he knew that strict justice would be done: justice such as Jerry believed in; and the money would be divided out to every soul who had the remotest claim on the mine. So the paper revealed nothing save where the money was, how hidden, and declaring it all to be for Jerry. Nor was the doctor to read this paper unless Jerry willed it so; and since the recent misunderstanding Joe felt an extra degree of security in the thought that Jerry would not show the paper to the doctor.

It was all well stored now, and if any misstep left Joe's place vacant, the money he loved so well, and the young fellow his love bade fair to ruin, would both be safe.

But the old lost entrance : if only he could find that, no law nor justice could disturb him, for none could prove that he was working in Durden's Mine.

The cave was his own find ; Dan Burk had heard of it only as a tradition, a wild story that meant little ; Joe, however, had worked his way to it, and surely had a right to what he found there.

Only he must find that old entrance.

CHAPTER XII.

"Hadst thou understood
The things belonging to thy peace and ours!
Is there no prophet but the voice that calls
Doom upon Kings, or in the waste, 'Repent?'"

O rather pray for those and pity them,
Who through their own desire accomplished
bring
Their own gray hairs with sorrow to the
grave—"

THE papers came daily now ; filled with warnings, and vituperations, and news of the horde that was preparing to come to Durden's.

Only too swiftly were the shortening days flying by ; and the railway seemed to loom terribly near to Jerry, while day by day his fame grew until he found himself a hero.

Dave Morris and Dan Burk had voluntarily come into his plans, and had agreed to advance money for the scheme on any terms he chose to name.

Burk accepted the position as "Land Agent," and bought all the land about Durden's Mine. Dave Morris put so high a price on his whiskey that none but the best-paid miners, and the new civil engineers belonging to the despised "doctor," could avail themselves of the luxury. And of the first new people who came, Morris made good use : he persuaded them to give great prices for the land about Eureka, so relieving the Eureka people of their properties, and allowing them to move to Durden's with money to invest.

Jerry watched with intense interest

the extraordinary sales that Morris made for his Eureka friends ; listened as the strangers were made to read the pamphlet put out by the engineer of the Eureka Mine, in which all the lands in and about Eureka were represented as gold lands ; listened afterward as the Eureka people were persuaded to buy lands in the Durden's settlement ; and listening, wondered that Morris did not stand higher in the world.

Morris's own Eureka lot went for the highest possible price, part of which was invested in Durden's land, the rest being generously lent to forward the new scheme.

Eureka was in a state of the wildest excitement : land changed hands from hour to hour ; was sold by telegraph even, the operator making a small percentage in the general upheaval ; and all the money, following Dave Morris's, fell into the hands of the new land agents, Daniel Burk & Co.

Even to Jerry, who stood behind the scenes—who pulled the wires—even to him it seemed like magic. And when with Dan Burk he went to see Mrs. Milton about buying the mine, he felt as if some strange power, other than he knew, was working for him.

Instantly she acceded to their request.

"Durden's hes allers been onlucky," she said, and willingly gave up the mine and all the adjacent lands for relatively a small amount.

And Joe, left outside of all plans and arrangements, watched, and listened, and wondered in his own anxious mind how Jerry had accomplished it. Things were taking such a strangely sudden turn that he could not satisfy himself with any solution save that Jerry, and not Dan Burk, was the moving power ; even though Jerry kept himself well in the background. No one but Jerry would have had the sense to direct such a move as this, and carry it out so successfully.

Land in Durden's could have demanded almost any price ; yet, stranger than anything that had ever happened in his experience, Joe saw that the price was never increased ; and this convinced him that Jerry was manager.

Rapidly the people from Eureka be-

gan to erect their small houses in all directions: their small houses that they were allowed to move from Eureka to Durden's. The lots were not laid out with the beautiful regularity of the great tract of land about Eureka, but they were sold or rented much more rapidly. Durden's was surely favored in its situation; high up from the plain, and with plenty of water, it was cooler and more healthy than Eureka; and Jerry wondered that the doctor had not chosen it instead of Eureka as his centre of operations. And every day, as Jerry went to his school, he was stopped and consulted as to the future of Durden's, and the advisability of buying land there. Was gold to be found there—was there money to be made by holding the land—was it better and safer than holding land in Eureka?

And to all these questions he answered yes; and revealed his position further by saying that this was the chance he had promised to find and secure for the people; and he wanted them to understand that it had his fullest sanction. To prove this, they could see that, no matter what the demand for land might be, the price of the land was never raised. He came forward now, when this last fact had been sufficiently observed and proved, so that he could act without being suspected as a speculator, and took hold of the scheme with a strong guiding hand; and the people flocked to him.

Three new "finds" had been made in Durden's gorge, and the regular miners, thrown out of work in Eureka, were leading the way in opening them up most successfully.

Jerry's heart burned within him; money and people came in rapidly; Burk and Morris carried out his every wish, and rendered a strict account of every transaction. A committee had been appointed and called the "Town Committee," and of this Jerry had been elected chairman. The first resolution passed was one prohibiting the sale of liquor in the settlement: a strange law, the old inhabitants thought; and looked on Jerry as a sort of supernatural creature. After this a corps of workmen had been detailed to cut wood for the Community, and to bring it down from the

mountain-side; this the "Town Committee" shared out according to the number in each family. The "Town Committee" had in their hands also the opening of the mine, in which every Commune man was to buy shares, and be paid regular dividends as soon as they could be declared. Any gold found on private lands was the property of the land-holder; every man who held shares in the public mine had to do a certain amount of work there, or put a man in his place; for private finds must not be worked to the detriment of the public good.

Eureka stood still and breathless: would this marvellous enterprise prove entirely disastrous to them? It was a question that grew more grave as day by day there were fresh defections from the Eureka colony; day after day men came and cast in their lots with the Durden's Commune; for so Jerry had named it; and the Eastern papers, taking it up, rang with it, and Jerry became more and more notorious.

But, amid all the toil and tumult, one came and went silent and unnoticed. Going out from his house before day, before the brisk new town that fast was climbing up to the mine's mouth was astir; and coming down in the darkness when all were at their evening meal.

Like a bent shadow he came and went; every day stooping a little more; every day the frost gathering a little more thickly on his stiff hair. He was unheeded in the general rush; left outside of all plans; left outside of all that filled Jerry's life. He knew that Jerry was the leader; he knew that Jerry had stopped teaching the school, that now had been moved from Eureka to Durden's; he knew that Durden's Mine had changed hands; he knew that Jerry had lost all confidence in him; he knew that the man, Dan Burk, whom he had saved from starvation, he knew he had betrayed him: and deeper down in his old heart he knew that not for much longer could he walk in his old paths, and reap his golden harvest.

The old mine was like a home to him—like mother—wife—children; all the ties of life were for him concentrated in that black hole, and in the glittering

particles he found there. How could he live his life day after day, and all the object gone out of it ; hour after hour sit and smoke idly by the fire ; hearing in imagination only the laugh of the stream, that in these years had come to seem the voice of a friend ; and seeing in memory only the great red eye of the stove ?

For many years he had lived there, working alone in the darkness ; with at first the need of the money for spur—afterward for love of the money ;—later, for the love of the wistful eyes of the boy who looked to him for everything.

The little, thin voice, and patient, humble face, so sorrowful, so lonely.

Somehow the boy had taken a deep hold on him, and all the gold he gathered was to provide for this little creature. It had made him work all the harder : he had been happy in paying for his education and clothes ; in each winter providing for all his wants ; in making the house and the living gradually better for him, and in each day adding to the store of gold. He had been proud of Jerry's absorption in books and dreams ; proud of the gradual change that left such a distance between him and Jerry, and lifted the boy to the level of Paul and the doctor. It had never occurred to him but that Jerry loved him, although toward the last Jerry's devotion to the doctor had hurt him a little. But now ?

Now his boy had turned from him entirely—had joined with a stranger in betraying him—was living his life apart, without any reference to him.

It had been for Jerry's good that he had deceived him about the mine ; yet from that night Jerry had never uttered one word in his hearing of the hopes and wishes he entertained for his scheme.

The more Joe thought and suffered, the more surely he came to one conclusion. Only one thing was left to be done ; only one plan that could save him and teach Jerry wisdom : it was to send Jerry East that he might learn to love money, and while he was absent, find the old entrance to the cave. This done, he would be safe in his possession—safe to gather and hoard the gold that Jerry would one day appreciate, and

appreciating would come back to his old relations with his truest friend.

But how could he accomplish this end ? He had not been near Dan Burk, for a moment's speech even, since the mine changed hands ; a tacit understanding made them avoid each other ; and now all Joe's gold dust went to Engineer Mills, of the Eureka Mine.

He must approach Burk once more, however, to get his assistance in sending Jerry away ; and he felt quite sure he could find means to make Burk persuade Jerry to go.

He had stopped work while he brought to a conclusion these thoughts of many weeks ; and now storing in his pocket the last little bag of gold that he had gathered, he set his nets to last for two days, for to-morrow he must go into Eureka to sell the dust. He did not know what might happen any day, so he busied himself making all safe behind him ; there was nothing there to tell any tales except the nets and the little black stove, things of little value ; friends who could not betray him.

It was late now, very late ; Jerry would be at home by this, and the supper ready, but for all that he must see Dan Burk.

Carefully he chose his way through the new settlement that had climbed the mountain-side, down into the old village which was nearer the level of the plain ; carefully, for people might ask questions if they saw him in the town at night.

Dan Burk was at home, sitting in his shop, that looked much improved ; it was clean, and without the smell of bacon and whiskey that had never been absent before. The Community had provision depots now, and Dan's place served only as a shop for clothes and tools. Besides, his business as land agent kept him busy, and in the future would pay him better than selling whiskey.

More than this, Dan's shirt was clean, and his black hair brushed to a painful state of sleekness. He turned when the door opened, and recognizing his visitor, he rose.

For a moment he paused, then pushed his chair back and came forward with a suspicious profusion of welcome.

"H' are you, ole pard, h' are you?" he said, "durned if I aint real glad to see you," holding out his hand.

"I'm well as common," Joe answered, and stood still with his hands in his pockets.

There was a pause while Dan rubbed his overlooked hand down his sleek hair, with a doubtful look creeping into his light eyes.

"Take a cheer," he said at last.

"No, I'm 'bleeged," and Joe took one hand from his pockets to push his hat back, "I aint got much to blate 'bout."

"All right," and Dan cleared his throat that had become strangely dry.

"Youuns knows orl of Jerry's doin's," Joe began, with both hands again in his pockets, and his keen, deep-set eyes fixed steadily on Dan's half-averted face, "an' I don't; an' youuns knows somer my doin's, an' agin youuns don't," pausing solemnly, after this last thrust that made Dan look round; "no," more slowly, "youuns dunno orl, damned if yer do!" with an angry light gleaming in his eyes that made Dan wince a little.

"But I aint come jest to jaw, ner to tell youuns nothin' 'bout me," more mildly, "but sumpen 'bout Jerry."

"About Mr. Wilkerson?" and Dan was all attention.

"Thet's what I said," Joe answered, "'bout youuns' Mr. Wilkerson an' 'bout my Jerry; an' it's jest thet he aint got no sense ceppen 'bout books. Great-day-in-the-mornin'! why, man, Jerry dunno nothin' mo' 'bout money an' a baby, he don't," and Joe shook his head solemnly.

"He knows how to git it, all the same," and Dan laughed in a relieved way.

"Orl the same he aint a-goin' to keep it," Joe said, "ner he aint a-goin' to let youuns keep it, an' don't yer furgit it! An' he's jest a-goin' to shar an' shar alike orl roun' this town; jest youuns watch," waxing more earnest; "I knows thar aint nobody agoin' to make no for-chins 'roun' this town tell Jerry larns to love money: durned if they will!"

"Learns to love money?" Dan repeated, slowly; "Lor, Joe, you're plum crazy!"

"Orl right," and Joe shook his head slowly, "orl right, an' when youuns

keeps on a-seein' Jerry jest a-spreadin' orl the money roun' even; an' keeps on axin youuns fur 'counts; an' a-buildin' a meetin'-house, an' a school-house, and a-stoppin' folks from cussin' an' whiskey, youuns'll 'member me, an' mebbe youuns'll say, 'Ole Joe warnt crazy nuther.' Mebbe youuns'll 'member, 'an mebbe youuns'll cuss 'cause youuns 'members."

"Members what, Joe Gilliam?" and Burk uttered some oaths even now, before the prophesied time.

"Members as Joe Gilliam said to sen' Jerry to the East, whar he'd larn to love money; 'cause when a man don't love money hissef, he's jest sartain to 'spise them as do," pausing as if to give his words more weight, "an' thet's the reasin as Jerry 'spises the doctor 'cause he spekylates in lan' to make money; an' thet's the reasin as Jerry 'spises me, 'cause I tole him I bet on money, I did. An' if a man 'spises money he aint a-goin' to save none, ner to let nobody save none; an' don't youuns furgit it."

Burk stood without motion, and looked at his companion, while a great wonder grew slowly in his eyes: was the old man losing his mind?

Joe went on slowly.

"Jerry aint never seen nothin' as money kin buy," he said, "an' he don't keer nothin' 'bout it; he kin git vittles, an' cloze, an' books, an' thet's orl he wants, an' he dunno nothin' mo'."

"Darnation!" and a new light seemed to be coming to Dan.

"I knows it's true," Joe went on, "an' Jerry aint a-goin' to let nobody hev no moren thet, he aint; an' he's a-goin' to make orl go to school, an' go to meetin', 'cause Jerry don't know nothin' ceppen books."

Burk stood silent: this model community, with no possibility of private gains, was not his ideal town; so far he had rendered a strict account of all money in his hands; but he had not made his calculations on this senseless honesty lasting forever, but only until the enterprise was fairly started. He had voted for school-house and church, thinking they would look well in the circular which the Town Committee had put out, and would make the place more attractive to outsiders.

"An' he'll tuck in orl the trash as'll come alonger the railroad," Joe went on, "'cause when orl the lan' round Eureky were sold, Jerry were jest a-rippin' 'bout folks not a-gittin' a shar' of lan.' Youuns hearn him a-talkin' 'bout God a-makin' the lan' for orl, jest like the sun and wind wuz;" then reflectively, "Mebbe it's so, then agin' mebbe it aint, 'cause if God 'lloed fur orl to hev the lan' I reckon it 'ud a-been fixed up thet away like the sun an' the wind wuz; thet's what I 'lloos."

"An' it's true as mornin'," Dan granted.

"An' I dunno as orl God made were made fur ever' pusson," Joe went on, instructively, "'cause I knows as God made me, an' I'm durned if I'm fur ever' pusson; durned if I are!"

"That's so," and Dan looked still more grave.

This "all things in common" arrangement was a mystery to him; his ideas of justice and equality were circumscribed; it was not just that anyone should have more of this world's goods than Dan Burk, he thought, but if Dan Burk gained more than his brethren, it was because Dan Burk was a sharp fellow. As he had realized Jerry's enterprise, it looked like a fair opening for a few to make fortunes; but now Joe had put a new face on it, and Dan paused and thought very deeply. He realized the truth of all that the old man had said; and looking back, he could see plainly very convincing proofs that Joe's warning would benefit all who heeded it.

For how could they know of the wild desire for wealth and success that now possessed Jerry; how could they know of the deep plans he was laying for the future—thinking night and day of ways and means to persuade some capitalist to interest himself in the mine—growing thin and careworn with the strain and longing that was on him. How could they know of the consuming bitterness that held him—that almost would have caused him to sell himself if that would secure the success of his plans.

To Dan Burk, he was the cool, calm, far-seeing man, directing with consummate skill the workings of the little community; a controlled, fearless man who commanded the confidence of the people.

To Joe, he was still the wild dreamer who could realize nothing but the injustice of existing laws, and the needs of his fellows; who had no want nor care for money; who despised all practical things.

"I'll gie him the money to go, an' to spen'," Joe went on, breaking the silence that had fallen; "youuns'll wanter feller what onderstan's; a rale engynar to open Durden's agin," slowly.

"That's so," and Dan looked interested.

"Sen' Jerry to git him," Joe pursued, "jest youuns come to my house to-morrer night, an' tell Jerry 'bout goin', an' I'll fix the ress; jest youuns come;" then Joe turned away, but paused as he turned: "an' if youuns tells Jerry thet I've a-been har," he said slowly over his shoulder, "youuns'll never git in Durden's Mine, 'cause I knows the way of keepin' folks out," mysteriously; "but if youuns'll do my say, I'll pint the way myseff; far-well," and he walked slowly out, shutting the door after him, and leaving Dan Burk pondering deeply.

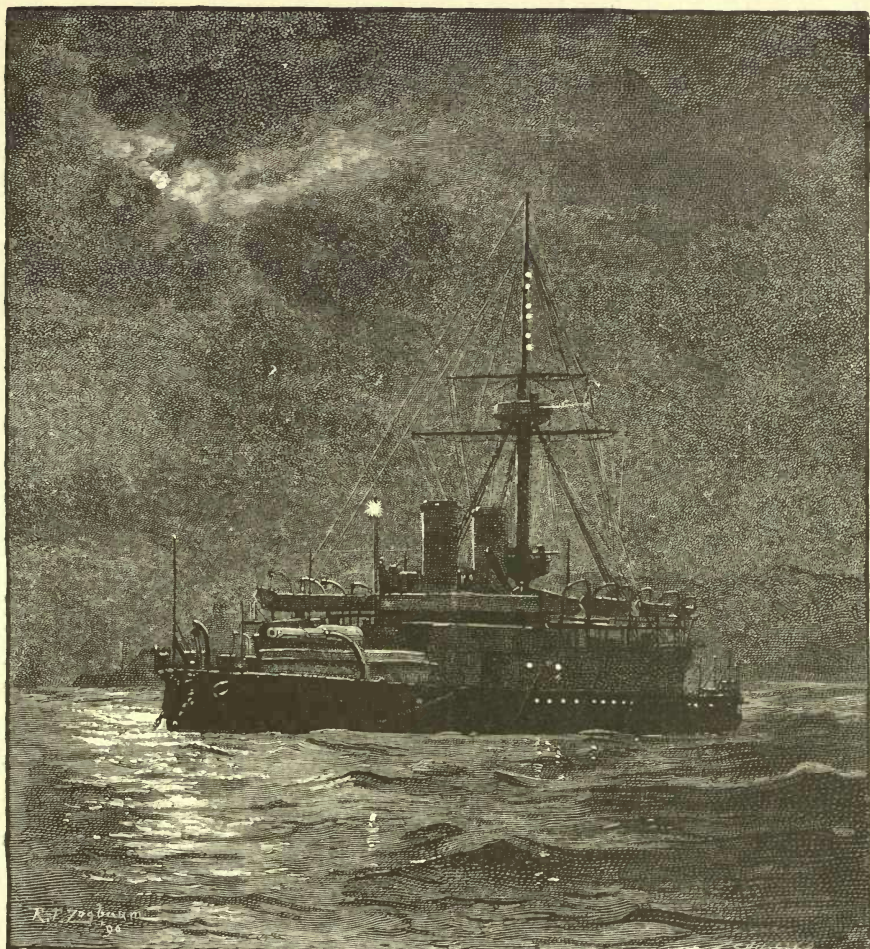
This was the best opportunity in the world; and the pay Joe required for leading the way into this mysterious mine was that Jerry should be persuaded to go at his expense to get an engineer—the engineer who was now the greatest need of the community.

It was strange pay, that this young man must be made to love money. What motive lay hidden under all this? In Burk's estimation old Joe did not have much sense; and think as he would, Dan could not solve the problem.

But of course he would accept the offer; that part was plain enough. He would go the following night to Joe's, and make the proposition; then Joe must manage the rest.

And old Joe, toiling up the steep path, felt his point was gained; rejoiced that he had been able to spread the toils for the feet of him he loved the best; had been able to set forth the temptation so that the young heart might most surely be led astray and be absorbed by the meanest of passions!

Poor old man; doing in his loving ignorance the greatest ill to the one creature he loved—the creature for whom he would have given his life!



"On the Benbow signal lights are flashing."



FROM PORT TO PORT WITH THE WHITE SQUADRON.

By Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum.

QUIETLY at anchor, the White Squadron lies in the harbor of Lisbon ; the square blue jacks, dotted with stars, fly on the staffs at the bows of the cruisers, the admiral's ensign flutters on the mizzen of the flag-ship, the long pennants of the commanding officers of the other vessels wave from the main trucks, while at the sterns of all our men-of-war, opening out in graceful folds of blue and white and scarlet, the stars and stripes float proudly on the breeze. On every side of us ships are anchored or moored to great red buoys ; steamboats fly swiftly past with beat of bright-hued paddle-wheels and warning shriek of whistle ; far and near lumbering lighters move from shore to shore with great sails spread, or gather about the iron merchant steamers, dis-

charging or loading their cargoes. The shore—where Lisbon rises, street on street—of gray-walled, red-roofed houses, tower of church and palace, green trees, and here and there a palm showing

On the spar-deck of the flag-ship everything is shipshape and in apple-pie order. The planking is as smooth and clean as holystone and sand, squilgee and brush can make it; the paint



The Black Watch.

above stone garden walls—runs like a levee in an American river town up to the buildings, forming a street on the harbor front, and is swarming with life, and lined with lighters, from which gangs of men are unloading the freight brought from the ships in the stream. There, where the fishing-boats gather—their nets, hanging on the masts to dry, forming a thick maze of mesh and cordage—the cries of the workmen, the jangling of street bells, the blowing off of the steam from the Trafaria ferry-boat by the wooden pier near the fish-market, the martial notes of the bugles sounding a call in the square, many-windowed barracks beyond, mingle in one confused, continuous roar. Almost straight to the eastward the harbor-mouth opens out to the sea, looking like a vast sheet of silvery blue, vying with the sky in brightness and dotted with incoming and departing craft of every kind. Away off, the heights of Cintra form a distant background to Belem-town, the houses of which mingle with those of Lisbon, and its old tower on the river's brink seems floating on the flood, while on the high hill back from the shore, the huge pile of the royal palace stands out against the sky. To the west the Tagus widens, forming a broad lake-like body of water, and the shore directly opposite the city, where Trafaria's houses lie in a deep ravine, towers up in a long line of dark bluffs.

on the bulwarks and rail, on boat-davits and squids, the ventilating shafts and masts is spotless, and the brightwork everywhere throws back sparkling glints to the sun's rays. The guns, great and small, their water-proof covers removed and placed out of sight somewhere, shine in all the glory of martial bronze, brass mountings, and polished blue steel; the yards on the tapering masts are squared with mathematical accuracy; every halliard, stay, and block, each coil of rope is in place, and fore and aft absolute order prevails. On the star-board side of the quarter-deck the space is clear from forward of the gangway to the stern; on the port side—arms piled in a perfectly aligned row of stacks near the 8-inch rifle—the marine guard is stationed; while forward, the crew—dressed in immaculate blue, flat-topped caps, white knife-lanyards hanging from under their wide collars where the glossy black-silk neckerchief is loosely knotted—is occupied in various ways. On the bridge a vigilant quartermaster moves about, glass under arm, reporting every movement about the harbor to the officer of the deck, who, white-gloved and trim in his neat service dress, and closely followed by the young apprentice, serving as his messenger, moves about from place to place, wherever his presence may be required. And a busy time he is having of it; during his four successive hours' tour

of duty not a moment of quiet is his, and he is constantly on the alert, and constantly occupied, and is responsible, during his watch, for the proper execution of every order, every detail of the government of the ship and its crew.

"Shore-boat coming alongside port gangway, sir!"

"All right!" and permission to board the ship, or to lie alongside for one purpose or another, is granted or refused.

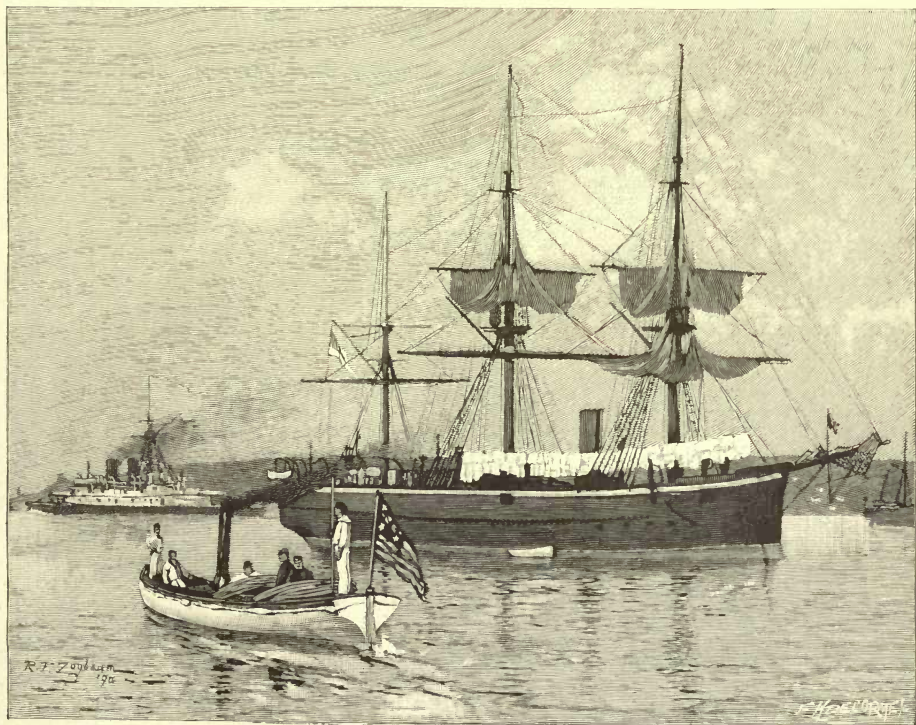
"Ten minutes to four bells, sir!"

"Messenger! tell the gentlemen boat's going ashore in ten minutes; call away the first cutter!" Tratarata! the bugle sounds the call, the boat-swain's whistle pipes. "Awa-a-y first cutter!" the command is heard forward, and the cutter's crew scramble out on

comes a party of officers, all of them in their "shore-going" clothes—high hat and round, "swell" overcoat, or rough ulster, canes or umbrellas in neatly gloved hands—all on pleasure or business bent; they report "permission to leave the ship, sir!" and troop over the side to the waiting boat. "Coxswain, make the usual landing, wait ten minutes and return to the ship!" the officer of the deck commands.

"Aye, aye, sir! Shove off! Out oars! 'way together!" and the oars dip in the water and the boat darts away and heads for the shore.

"Strike four bells!" Ting-ting, ting-ting, the bell sounds the hour, and immediately following, the strokes are repeated on the other vessels of the squadron.



"The Iron Duke has shaken out her topsails."

the long boom, which runs from the frigate's side, and down the rope ladder; swinging from it, hand over hand, one after another the men drop into the boat in the water below, and bring it to the starboard ladder. Up from below

"The English steamer is getting under way, sir!"

Up to the bridge jumps the lieutenant, to see that all is right and that our ship is in no danger from the movements of our neighbor.

"Hand by the colors there!" as the merchantman, gliding slowly by, lowers his ensign in salute, and our flag flutters gracefully down the staff in acknowledgment. "What is it, my lads?" to a couple of seamen standing respectfully at the mainmast, and some request or complaint is listened to and disposed of, while, with hand to cap-peak, a marine orderly delivers a message from the chief. "Very well! Messenger! *where's* that boy? Here, you, sir, stay where you belong, d'ye suppose I've got nothing to do but to look all over the ship for you? Ask Mr. Dash to come here! After-guard sweeper! Mop up that place, and keep your eyes about you! Ah, Mr. Dash"—to the midshipman of the watch—"tell the guardship to send a boat!" and in a moment the signal flags are "wig-wagging" from the after-bridge, telegraphing the order to one of the cruisers, with the white, red-crossed guard-flag flying at the fore.

"Boat coming from the Portuguese flag-ship, sir! Flying two Portuguese ensigns, sir!"

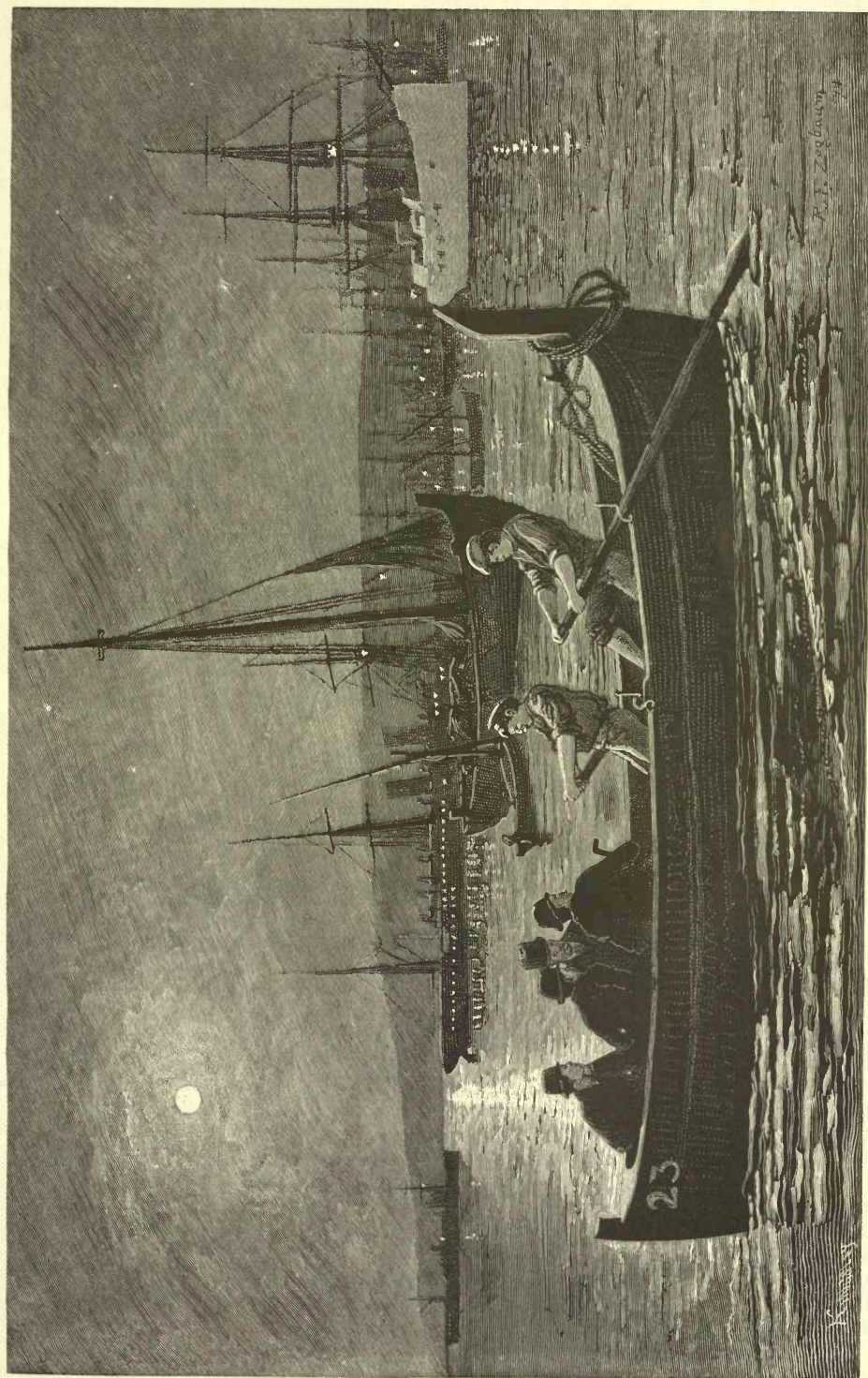
"All right! Flag-orderly! tell the Admiral the Portuguese Minister of the Marine is coming alongside! Bo's'n's mate, there! Tend the sides! Six side boys! Look alive now! Turn out your guard, there!" From where I stand on the after-bridge, I see the Portuguese boat coming toward us. To American eyes it is a queer-looking craft, with carved and richly gilded prow, bright green sides, a sort of box at the stern, in which the coxswain stands, over the after-part a canopy, with the royal arms of Portugal painted on the top, under which a civilian, surrounded by a group of cocked hatted, epauletted officers, is sitting. Slowly, and with measured stroke of its sixteen oars, the barge comes alongside; the apprentices at the bottom of the gangway uncover and hand out the white, canvas-covered side-ropes to the grasp of the visitors; shrilly, in a long-drawn rising and falling note, the "bo's'n's" whistle pipes our guests over the side, as the Minister, followed by his suite, climbs the ladder and appears on deck, hat in hand, and responds to the greetings of our chief, who, with the captain and one or two other officers, stands at

the gangway to receive him, while the marine guard presents arms and the band strikes up the Portuguese national anthem. Our visitors go below, where the admiral's hospitable cabin awaits their coming, and I look down at the sailors in the barge, short, brown-faced, sturdy-looking fellows, who, the moment their officers leave the boat, fall to smoking their cigarettes and lounge lazily on the thwarts, looking up curiously at the sides of the big Yankee frigate. Official visits are short, if not sweet, and with the same ceremonies, to which a salute from our guns is added, and during which the Portuguese boat lies motionless, and the Minister stands, uncovered, in the stern sheets of his barge, our callers return to their own ship, which lies some distance beyond us.

The afternoon passes, the officer of the deck always busy. Great lighters lie alongside, and hogsheads of olive-oil for the machinery are hoisted on board forward; shore- and ships'-boats come and go, merchant vessels arrive and depart, and from the busy city the same confused roar is heard all through the day.

A mist comes creeping in from the sea, and the sun, low on the horizon, sends a glare all through it, casting a dull crimson reflection on the water and reddening the buildings of the town. Slowly it sinks, until it hangs apparently motionless for a moment; then, as it disappears below the sea-line, the notes of the "Star Spangled Banner" ring harmoniously out in the still atmosphere, and, as the flag glides slowly down from its tall staff, officers and crew stand silently and with uncovered heads, in respectful salute to the emblem of the nation.

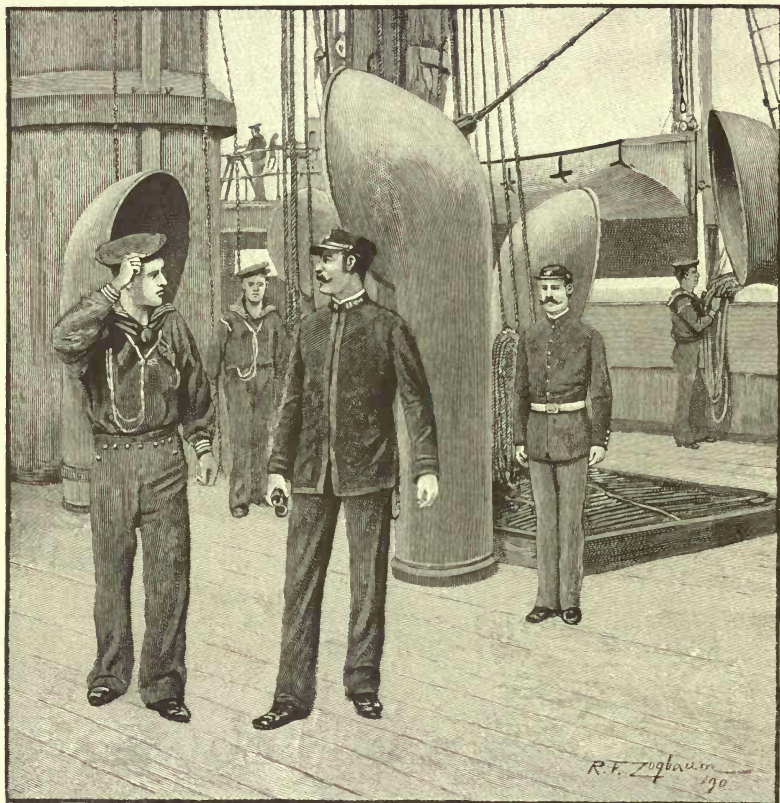
The little group of belated Yankee naval officers, standing on the broad stone coping of the levee of the "Black Horse" Square, look in vain harborward for a ship's boat. Before them, black as ink against the moonlit sky, and thick as trees in the primeval forest, rise the masts of the lighters, moored along the shore; behind them, the huge statue of the black horse and his silent rider casts an enormous shadow back from the moon's rays on the smooth



Officers Returning to the Fleet.

gravel-covered surface of the wide plaza. Hardly a sound, save for the faint, distant jingle of a horse-car bell from under the huge archway yonder, where the long lines of street-lamps dimly

and damp, the little company makes its way over the slippery pavements. Here and there, at long intervals, a lamp, projecting from the side of some one of the tall houses lining each side of the



The Officer of the Deck—always busy.

burn in the shadow of the high houses. Tier upon tier, above the buildings bounding the square, ghostly white in the moonlight, rise the houses of the city, and, rushing silently on its way to the sea, but with swift, strong current, the Tagus stretches out to the black bluffs of the opposite shore.

Not a boatman anywhere; not a human being in sight besides themselves but the motionless sentry, wrapped in his gray capote, rifle-butt resting on the ground, and the fiery point of his cigarette glowing against the silhouette of the watch-box by which he stands.

There is another boat-landing further down the river, and, plunging into a dark, narrow side street, foul-smelling

street, casts a sickly gleam on the wet stones; now and then a light twinkles through the closely-shut blinds of some window, behind which the twanging of a guitar, the shuffle and stamp of dancing feet, the hum of voices are heard, and once or twice a glare from the open doorway of some low wine-shop cuts a luminous square out of the surrounding gloom. Some drunken seamen, singing a maudlin chorus, stagger by; in the gutter a dark shape of human form is lying, waiting, in the deep sleep of complete intoxication, for the coming of some patrol, to be carried away to the lockup. Other signs of misery and sin are evident in the flitting shadowy forms, occasionally met, slinking along the

sides of the houses or appearing and disappearing in the black doorways.

A small square, another narrow but short street, and out to the water-front again, to a long, rickety wooden pier and a gray stone wall, from which a broad inclined space, paved with slippery, mud-covered stones, leads down to the water's edge. Numerous boats are moored here, and up from under the stone walls where they have been lying, a score of boatmen rush forth and with much eager gesticulation and noisy acclamation, proffer their services.

"Me John Fishboy, officer! Best boat for officer! All American officer know John Fishboy!"

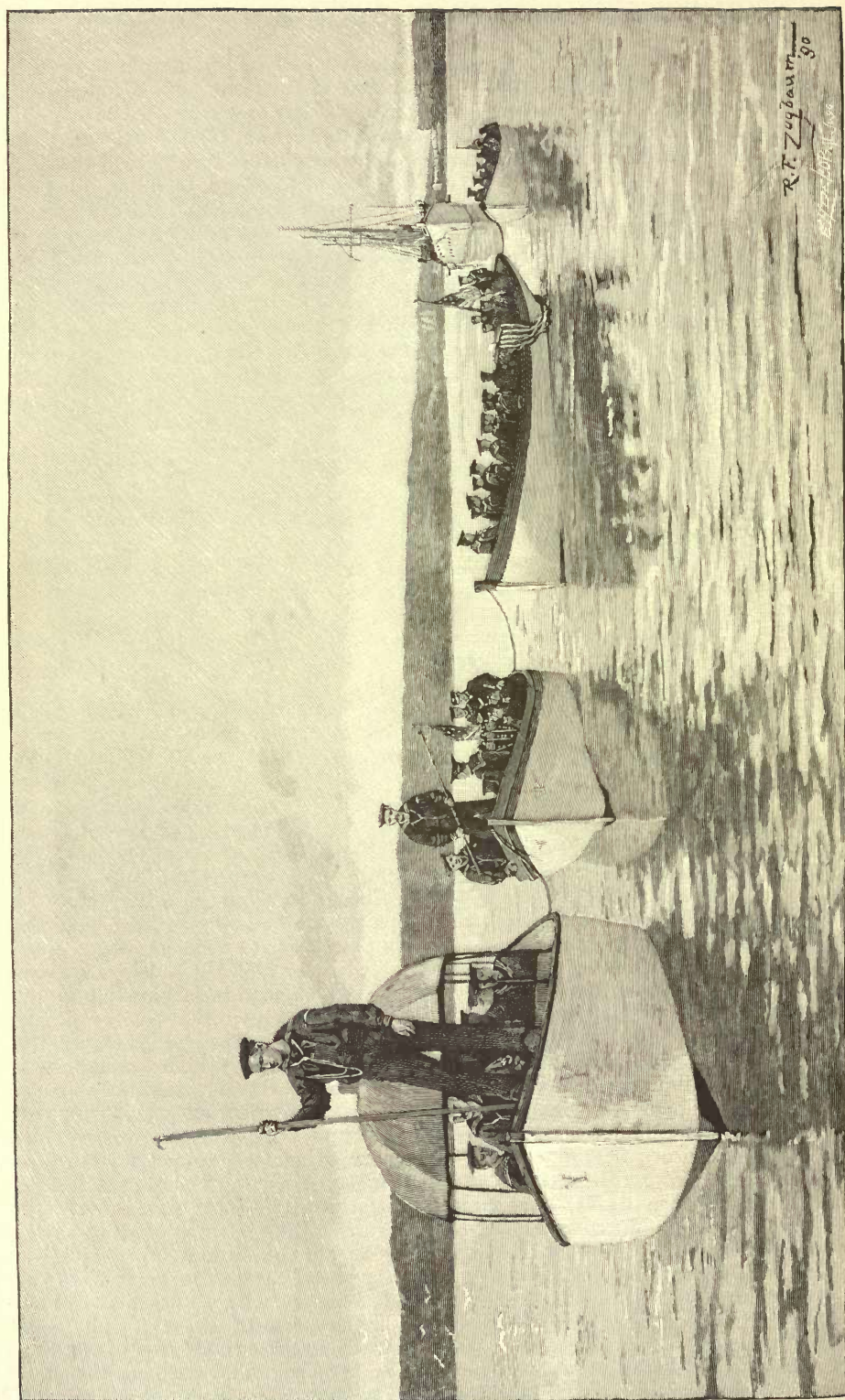
"No, my boat best! John Steeck-a-mod boat best, captain!" and so on, through a whole category of nicknames, handed down from father to son for generations, ever since English-speaking seamen first landed on Lisbon's shores.

A great, high-bowed craft is quickly boarded, and, amid a chorus of "good-nights! Tek' me nex' time, officer! More come soon!" shoves off and out on the rushing bosom of the broad river. The night is bright with the full light of the moon, the tide is running strong, and the oarsmen sigh and pant, as they pull the heavy boat along. The water is covered with shipping—long, black-hulled steamers, sailing vessels from all parts of the world; huge iron buoys strain and pull at their fastenings, as the tide rushes, gurgling and sparkling in the moonbeams. Every port shining bright and a blaze of light from the cabin windows, a great passenger steamer towers high out of the water; silent and dark and grim, the warships lie at their moorings. Hark! mellowed by the distance, deep-toned bells are chiming. Over from steeple and dome, in moon-lit Lisbon, the solemn yet joyous notes float on the midnight air, proclaiming "On earth, peace, good-will toward men!" Christmas Eve! Ah, dear little ones in far away America! Ah! sweethearts and wives! God bless you, and a Merry Christmas!

Away forward, clinging with one hand to the foretop-mast stay, and waving the red signal-flag with the other, a young apprentice is sending a message to the

ship ahead of us; behind him, crouching among the loose folds of the jib and balancing his spyglass on the rail, his companion is awaiting the answer. The sun has just risen from behind the hazy blue line of the land, trending away before us over yonder, and the sea, a deep, rich purple, dark under the shadow of the coast and sparkling with glints of golden light, where the sharp-prowed cruisers, cleaving the clear waters, send rippling wakes astern, stretches with gently heaving, long, smooth swell, far away to the horizon's edge. The tall masts and great spars of the ships stand out in bold relief against the bright, pale-blue sky, the tall chimneys pour forth dense volumes of black smoke, which drift slowly off to leeward, until mingled with and lost in the air; miles away on our port bow, between the faint line of the headlands on either side, the Straits of Gibraltar open out, as we head for the African coast. We are in sight of the shores of two continents.

The surf, breaking over the black rocks, throwing masses of snow-white spray up against the precipitous sides of the cliff; a tall, white tower, perched on a rugged crag—Judios Point, with its lighthouse, the only one on these barbarous shores. The coast rises, dark, forbidding, and abrupt, straight out of the sea; here and there the white walls of a house gleam out, in striking contrast with the luxuriant masses of dark-green foliage, with which the hillsides are covered, and, as we steam slowly into the bay the flat-roofed houses, the domes and minarets of Tangier rise over the old gray walls, running from the summit of the hills down to the water's edge. One after the other the ships come to anchor and float quietly at rest on the mirror-like surface, their shapely hulls and maze of spar and rigging reflecting straight down into the water. A glorious day! Like a fairy town of silver, Tangier lies basking in the sunlight; with graceful curves, the crescent of the beach borders with an edge of golden sands the azure of the sea, and melts gradually into the rich green of the rolling mounds beyond. Through the glass I can see a long string of camels moving



R. F. Zygbaum
90

"A little procession starts for the land."

slowly along, and flying past them, an Arab on horseback, white cloak streaming out behind, gallops toward the town. Yonder comes a heavy fishing boat, nets heaped in a great pile, swarthy, bare-armed, bare-legged crew bending to the long oars. It passes close under our stern, and the wild faces of the fishermen look up at me, fierce, stern, imperturbable under the picturesque folds of turban or shadow of hood of brown burnouse. Other boats dot the surface of the bay, a white-winged felucca stands out to sea, her huge lateen sail swelling with the scarcely perceptible, soft, warm breeze from the land. From the shore, near the crumbling crenellated walls of the ancient fort, a barge puts out and goes alongside the flagship, and I conjure up visions of picturesque streets and buildings, moon-eyed and veiled beauties, and proud, gaudily attired Moorish cavaliers, of the caliph of Bagdad, and of Sheherazade and all the tales of the thousand and one nights, of the bazaars and the mosques, the stories and pictures of Oriental splendor and barbarous life I have heard of, and I hug myself mentally in delightful anticipation of the artistic treat in store for me, once the blood-red standard of the Moorish emperor should float at the foretop-mast of the flag-ship, as her guns saluted his barbaric majesty, and the despised *giaour* from over the seas would be allowed to set foot on the sacred shores of the followers of the prophet.

I step down the ladder from the quarter-deck, pass along the waist and climb up to the forecastle, whence I can get a better view of the *Chicago*. The barge is still alongside and the men of her crew are lying on their oars; on the steps of the frigate's gangway a couple of officers are parleying with the occupants of the boat, who do not seem to have boarded the big ship. "Something is up," evidently, as I see the Moors giving way and heading toward the land again, while the dark-blue figures on the gangway ascend and disappear behind the bulwarks. I don't have long to wait to know what has happened. Instead of the crimson flag of Morocco, a bright yellow square of bunting is run up to the fore. Quickly following the lead of the flag-ship, out flutters

the hateful emblem of the quarantine from the foretop-masts of the *Boston* and the *Atlanta*, of our own ship, the *Yorktown*, and, to my intense disgust and disappointment, I realize that "*pratique*" is refused to the American squadron, and that all my anticipations of a few days of artistic enjoyment of the life of a genuine Oriental city were but "dreams, idle dreams."

In the Straits for a short run to the "*Rock*!" A levanter has been blowing, and the swell is heavy, and our gallant little craft responds to the rise and fall of the waves with impatient pitch and roll, as she speeds swiftly through the water in the wake of the other ships. On either side the land is in full sight. On the Spanish coast *Tarifa* nestles at the base of the hills, on the African shore the mountains of the *Apes* raise summits of strange and fantastic shape skyward, ahead the "*Lion Couchant*"—*Gibraltar's* famous rock—looms into view.

It is the first Sunday of the month; the crew is being mustered at quarters and the deck is crowded with "*blue-jackets*." On the port side the marine guard endeavors to preserve its steady military alignment, a difficult task with the rolling of the ship; the engineers, machinists, and firemen form in a double rank amidships, and the seamen, and "*all hands*" generally, stand at their appointed stations, while the executive officer reads out the naval regulations—the *Articles of War*.

At the davits on the starboard side, where the captain's gig hangs, the coxswain and one or two men are engaged in securing the boats.

Sparkling in the sunlight, little dancing wavelets rippling over its bright blue surface, curving in a great horseshoe-like bend, the Bay of *Gibraltar* sweeps from the point over beyond *Algeciras* around to the great "*Rock*," thrusting its embattled walls in haughty grandeur out into the sea, as if in proud consciousness of Britain's mighty power. Gray sea-walls line the strand, roof-tops peeping over them; houses and barracks, turret and ancient stone defence climb the steep hillside; the *Alameda*, with its dark fringe of

trees and level parade ground, lies beyond, and, bristling with barrack and battery, Europa Point—the New Mole projecting into the harbor some way inside of it—rises out of the water. Sheer from the verdure-clad incline behind the town, the naked rock rears its rugged outline, on its top the signal-tower, with its tall staff pointing heavenward.

Back in the bay off the Water Port, a tangle of masts and rigging, here and there black smoke-clouds rising from the funnels of some steamer, mark the anchorage of the merchant-men; dingy and dismantled, the coal hulks sit heavily on the water. Off the Ragged staff landing thousands of sea-gulls are flying, screaming about the war-ships riding easily at their moorings, the snow-white hulls of the American cruisers, "anchored at discretion," showing conspicuously among them.

Almost like yachts the latter look, compared with some of their huge neighbors, for some of Great Britain's strongest and most terrible sea-monsters are gathered in the harbor, lying on the waters as if in slumber, quiet and tranquil enough now, but ready to awaken at their mistress's bidding, and to vomit forth death and devastation from their steel-clad sides.*

Close to our ship is the Anson; on the other side the huge Benbow, with massive black hull and white, fortress-like superstructure, points the muzzles of

her enormous guns over the tops of the turret-like barbettes on her decks, fore and aft, while from the ports in her sides the cannons of her batteries peer menacingly outward. A fringe of davits, from which here and there a boat is hanging, runs on both sides of her upper-deck, and her tall military mast, the tops bristling with machine guns, tapers aloft amidships. The Anson flies the flag of the rear admiral; on her quarter-deck scarlet coated, white helmeted marines are drawn up and the band is playing; alongside of her some boats are lying. Farther out in the bay the Iron Duke has shaken out her topsails, and the canvas droops from the long yards in graceful folds, while from her bows to aft of her main-mast the white clothing of her crew, hanging there to dry, flutters from the clothes-lines. Over by the long stone wall of the New Mole the Northumberland and the Colossus, the vice admiral's ship, and a number of smaller vessels—despatch-boats and yachts—are moored, while back among the colliers the Monarch's white ensign marks the presence of a man-of-war in their midst. In the offing another naval monster, the Camperdown, is steaming slowly out to sea.

The harbor is alive with row-boats and launches of all kinds. Yonder, glancing like a fish half emerging from the water, comes a small, queerly shaped craft. Circling with astonishing rapidity around our ship for a moment, it darts off suddenly, and, with a swish and quick splash, something drops from its side. A moment later a dull report, a flash of fire, and a little puff of blue smoke, curling over the water some distance beyond us, where a little red flag waves from a sort of buoy floating there, shows us that the torpedo, that we have just seen launched, has reached its mark. With hum of forced draft and pant of steam and thud of rapidly revolving screw, a launch is passing near us, towing great man-of-war boats, filled with blue-jacketed sailors and red-coated marines, toward the shore. On the height, crowned with masonry work, over by the dockyard, clouds of white smoke, followed by sharp ringing reports and the shriek of the projectiles, indicates where a crowd of blue-jackets are

*Of the ships of the British Navy, lying at Gibraltar when the squadron of evolution visited that port in December, 1889, the Anson, Benbow, Camperdown, and Colossus are the most formidable. The Northumberland, Monarch, and Iron Duke are vessels of a different type from those first named. The Benbow, Anson, and Camperdown—the latter ship came into the harbor one day and left on the next—are similar to one another in general shape and construction, the Benbow having, however, an armament of two 110-ton guns in barbettes—one in each barbette, fore and aft—and ten six-inch guns in broadside, while the Anson and Camperdown have two 63-ton guns in each barbette and six six-inch rifles in broadside. Their armor is compound, being of a maximum thickness of eighteen inches on the belt and fourteen inches on the barbettes. Their displacement is 10,600 tons, horse-power 11,600, and the speed attained about seventeen knots. Each is provided with five torpedo tubes and each carries a number of machine and rapid-fire guns in excess of the heavier batteries. The Colossus has a displacement of 9,420 tons, 7,500 horse-power, and a speed of about sixteen knots. Her armor has a thickness of eighteen inches on the belt and sixteen inches in the revolving turrets, of which she has two, each containing two 43-ton guns; her auxiliary batteries consist of five six-inch rifles in the superstructure. She carries torpedoes and rapid-fire and machine guns. The Northumberland, Monarch, and Iron Duke are all older vessels, less powerful iron-clads, but are still more formidable than any man-of-war of the United States in commission, or even planned, at the time of the writing of this article. No cruisers of a similar class to the American ships were in port during the stay of our squadron.

at target practice with their howitzers, and out to sea beyond, columns of spray fly up in the air as the shells strike the water or ricochet across its smooth surface.

From some of the regiments forming the garrison of Gibraltar, and from all the British ships lying near us, many of the officers have come on board at various times to bid us welcome, and a party of our own people from the ward-room are leaving the ship for the purpose of returning the calls. As this projected round of visits is purely of a social nature, I gladly accept the invitation to accompany my friends, and we board the formidable iron-clads one after the other, and are received everywhere with great cordiality and frank hospitality by our transatlantic cousins. Perfect order and admirable discipline are visible on all the ships; the men of the crews are a splendid lot of fellows—uniformed in well-made, easy and perfectly fitting blue, and neat and clean as brush and soap and water can make them—heavier and perhaps slower in their movements than our own Jackies, but homogeneous and unmistakably British in character and with the national spirit and pride strongly developed in their natures.

The Benbow is sending out some of her boats for practice as we come alongside. Great heavy launches, filled with men and with machine-guns mounted in bow and stern, pull slowly out toward the harbor's mouth, the blades of their long oars dipping into the water in perfect unison and whirling circling eddies astern. On the decks of the big ship the monster guns—weighing each 110 tons, throwing, with a charge of 960 pounds of powder, a projectile 1,800 pounds in weight—seem more huge and terrible than ever, as we look up at them from where we stand, mere pigmies alongside of them, and we measure with our eyes the immense width of the vessel's beam, the tremendous steel walls of her sides, and "take in" with rapid glances, on our way to the spacious and comfortable wardroom, her thousand and one appliances for defence and offence, for the health and welfare of her crew.

A fine, hearty lot of men, these new-

found friends of ours, of a common race and speaking the same tongue, evidently intending us to feel at home among them, and to carry away with us friendly impressions of the British navy.

And, as we pull away from the Iron Duke, the last of the ships we have visited, and look up her high sides to the genial, smiling face of her executive officer, who has been our host and entertainer during our short visit, and hear his cordial voice, as he shouts out kind words of farewell, I cannot help but hope that when we fight again—as sooner or later we must surely expect to do—it may not be with Englishmen.

The basin at the Ragged staff landing is crowded with man-of-war boats, British and American. A number of officers from the different ships of our squadron are going ashore for a tour through the streets of the town, and are disembarking at the landing-steps. On the pier a battalion of sailors is drawn up, awaiting the command to enter their boats, lying in the water by the wave-lapped stone wall. All in white canvas and brown leggings, their rifle-butts resting on the ground, the sturdy English seamen "stand at ease," where they have halted after their shore-drill on the Alameda, and many of their officers, acquaintances of ours, nod and smile friendly greetings as we pass along the front of the battalion and out, over the drawbridge, through the stone archway of the gate and across the court, where ton upon ton of iron and steel shot and shell are piled in regular rows. On the ramparts above, pacing up and down with rapid stride, a scarlet-coated, white-belted sentry looks down upon us, and, with precise military salute, blue-coated gunners, swinging their short, slim canes, pass by us, as they stroll down to the landing to have a look at their seafaring comrades of the navy.

Some of us are bound for a walk in the town; others have calls to make or business to attend to, and so, breaking up into little groups, we go our separate ways. With one or two, who, like myself, have come ashore just to wander about anywhere that our fancy may dictate, I turn to the left and pass under

another stone archway into the street of the town, and we walk slowly along, looking in at the shop-windows and enjoying the street sights generally. The military character of the place is at once evident; a guard-house—with sentry in front and the men of the guard lounging on the benches in front of it—and the garden and buildings of the “garrison recreation rooms” are just inside the gate. Soldiers move about everywhere in the crowd that throngs the street. Red-coats and blue, sombre riflemen and linesmen, gorgeous in white and scarlet; scores of officers in civilian clothes, but betraying their calling in attitude and bearing; black-coated clergymen, sweet-voiced Englishwomen, chubby little fair-haired children, bearded Moor and dusky Arab, and black-eyed Spanish girls, lace veils drooping from their shapely heads, stroll along the narrow sidewalks. By the post-office a little crowd awaits the distribution of the mail, among it mail-carriers from every regiment, mess, and battery in the garrison, and “cheek by jowl” with Tommy Atkins some of our own soldierly marine orderlies. Yonder comes a “buss” rattling over the well-paved roadway, passengers inside and out, a Jewish merchant from Morocco or Tangier, in voluminous turban and flowing garments, side by side with a Spanish priest. Hackney coaches, with small, sturdy horses; queer two-wheeled carts, filled with Spanish peasants; donkeys, panier-laden or with rider astride away back on their haunches; sunburned, roystering “blue-jackets” on liberty; ladies on horseback, dogs, ponies, more soldiers, pass and repass. Over the murmur of voices and the rumble of wheels I hear a distant, strange, wild strain of music, a stirring martial melody. Way off yonder over the heads of the people a glittering mass of burnished steel is moving toward us, and, as the crowd parts before its advance, and the wail of the pipes and the thundering roll of the drums re-echoes from the walls of the houses, a long column of white-coated, dark-kilted, bare-kneed Highlanders marches with measured, cadenced step and proud military bearing down the street. Splendid manly fellows they look, fit descendants

of their war-like ancestors, and well has the regiment upheld—in storm and battle, in Northern snows and on Egypt’s burning sands, in the fastnesses of their native mountains, and under the rays of the pitiless tropic sun—the honor and the glory of the old “Forty-second” the famous “Black Watch.” With one impulse we turn about—my companions and myself—and tramp along with the troops, keeping step with them and to the music, as we were wont to do in our own distant land, years ago, in our school-boy days. We chaff one another a little about our enthusiasm, but there is a drop or two of hot Gaelic blood in the veins of all three of us, which the half savage screaming of the pipes has set dancing, and, as we glance along the “serried column,” we are a little proud of the fact.

Out through the gate—the guard there “turned out” and presenting arms—the regiment marches, crossing over the wide parade of the Alameda and on past gardens and high stone walls, past cactus and aloë-hedges and giant geraniums, past pretty little tile-roofed houses, past batteries, covered ways, gates, and steps—up a steep hill to the broad space in front of the barracks. The ranks are broken, the men swarm into the building through the open doorways, and a party of the officers, on hospitable doings intent, seize upon us and carry us off, nothing loth, to the mess.

High above us towers the summit of the “Rock;” with shriek and roar the wind tears through the air, hurling great cloud-masses in wild flight across the heavens, dipping down in sudden squall and furious eddy, lashing the water into whirling spots of foam, tearing off the wave-tops and chasing them in sheets of spray like drifting snow sheer across the bay to the opposite shore, outlined dimly against the sky beyond. The full round face of the moon glances out from behind the ragged cloud-edges and throws a frosty sheen of pale light, like a rippling river of diamonds, over the dark waves; on the ships at anchor around us lanterns swing in the rigging, fitfully flaring as the gusts strike them; the great iron-clads lie like rocks, immense, black,

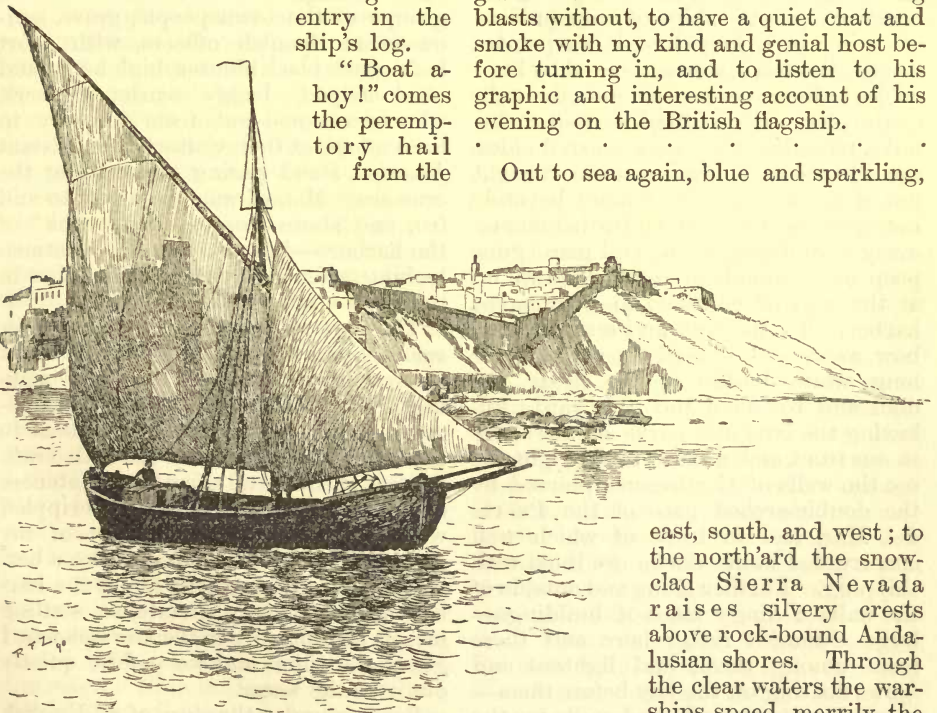
inert masses, their ports, here and there, glowing like bright round coals of fire; from the tall mast on the Benbow signal lights are flashing.

Up and down on the poop, from port to starboard, the quartermaster of the watch, the wide collar of his rough pea-coat turned up, walks to and fro. Forward all is quiet, a lamp burns dimly in the waist, and the canvas screening the hammocks swung under the fore-castle deck shakes and trembles in the draft. The crew is sound asleep all save the anchor-watch. The first lieutenant is "yarning" with me under the lee of the bulwarks by the "rapid-fire" Hotchkiss, and the captain's orderly, leaning against the rails of the hatch by the wheel, is reading a book by the light streaming out of the open doorway of the little office on the port side of the deck, and where the officer of the watch is making some entry in the ship's log.

"Boat ahoy!" comes the peremptory hail from the

thwarts, mingle with words of command. Instantly the officers hurry to the starboard gangway, the corporal of the guard stands at "attention" near the main-mast, the orderly whips his novel into the mail-bag hanging by the cabin door, and faces to starboard, heels together, straight and stiff as a ramrod, while a seaman holds an electric lantern, its long coil trailing behind, out over the steps of the accommodation ladder hanging at the ship's sides and at the foot of which the white gig, tossing up and down on the choppy waves, has just stopped, and where, watching his opportunity, as the boat rises on the crest of a wave, the captain jumps nimbly out onto the grating and ascends the steps. With a question or two to his officers, and a friendly good-night, he disappears through the cabin door, and I follow him into the comfortable room, glad to seek shelter from the chilling blasts without, to have a quiet chat and smoke with my kind and genial host before turning in, and to listen to his graphic and interesting account of his evening on the British flagship.

Out to sea again, blue and sparkling,



"A white-winged felucca stands out to sea."

poop; faintly the response is heard: "Yorktown!" and a moment later the regular dip of oars, their rattle, as they are raised and placed on the

the bright-colored signal-flags on the admiral's ship. Up to her main-yard long lines of fluttering bits of bunting, now spelling out one order, now another, fly

east, south, and west; to the northward the snow-clad Sierra Nevada raises silvery crests above rock-bound Andalusian shores. Through the clear waters the warships speed, merrily the soft breeze sings in the rigging and plays with

outward. Promptly the answering pennants wave from the other ships. Now—like things of life—the beautiful cruisers move in column; now, answering quickly to the touch of the helmsmen, they form line and push forward in battle order; now they wheel and again fall into column, obedient to the orders of the commander-in-chief, with the regularity and precision of troops on parade. Evolution after evolution are executed until the final command to resume sailing order and the squadron settles down, steadily steaming onward over the calm, smooth surface of the “Tideless Sea.”

Inside of a well-built, massive granite mole—a long breakwater running out from the shore straight across the bay, and on the rounded point of which a handsome stone tower is in process of construction—the ships of our squadron are lying in a long line, bows pointed toward the town, sterns moored by huge cables to immense iron rings in the walls of the pier. High hills, bare and rocky, not a tree visible on their scarred sides, are all around us, and emerge straight out of the sea on either hand beyond; batteries and forts crown the heights on every advantageous site, and great guns peep over mounds of earth, thrown up at the narrow entrance to Carthagena harbor. To the left and on our port-bow, as we look toward the city, are the long white buildings, the sheds, the dock and basins of the navy yard; following the irregular curve of the shore in our front and, around to the right, we see the walls of Carthagena, pierced by the double-arched gate of the *Puerta del Mar*, and in front of which well constructed stone docks are lined with shipping. Further along and outside of the walls a dingy mass of buildings—huge chimnies rising here and there from among them, and lighters and scows floating on the bay before them—mark the store-yards and mills for the ores from the mines in the region around, and which form the chief article of export of the place. Inside the walls a wilderness of roofs, from the midst of which a mound-shaped hill lifts its top, on which an ancient citadel is crumb-

ling to picturesque ruin, stretches back into the country.

A swarm of “bumboats” surround the war-vessels, and a lively trade is established between their occupants and our Jackies, crowding in the port gangways. The boats are mostly heavy, cumbersome affairs, with high bows and heavy oars, and are loaded with piles of golden oranges, dates, loaves of Spanish bread, little brightly-labelled boxes of sweets, cigars or cigarettes. Red-capped, calico-shirted, sandal-shod Spanish bum-boat men—here and there a dark-skinned beauty of the softer sex—chatter and gesticulate, as they barter with the sailormen or protest vociferously when their too-eager advances are checked by the impassive masters—at-arms, seated or standing at the bottoms of the accommodation ladders, vigilantly guarding against the smuggling of contraband articles aboard. On the mole, groups of the townspeople, grave, serious-faced Spanish officers, with short befrogged, black blouses, high képis, and black-striped, baggy scarlet trousers, who have come out from the city to have a look at their visitors from distant America, stand gazing curiously at the cruisers. Man-of-war boats pull to and fro, and shore-boats—the “cabs” of the harbors—hover about, the boatmen looking attentively toward the ships in search of a possible customer.

The day is a perfect one, the water smooth as glass, and I beckon one of the boatmen to the port side, and, making my way through the throng of sailors, and stepping from one bumboat to the other, I jump aboard the little craft. By dint of signs and a few lame sentences of Spanish, eked out by equally crippled words of English on the part of my smilingly polite boatman, I strike a bargain for a pull anywhere about the harbor my fancy may dictate, so, settling myself comfortably in the stern-sheets, I grasp the tiller, and we paddle quietly out over the water.

Passing under the stern of an English merchant steamer anchored off the mole I direct the boat's course toward the dock-yard, meaning to catch as much of a glimpse of its interior as I can, although I fancy that I will not be allowed to enter the sacred precincts. How-

ever, I steer as near to the entrance as I think the boatman will go, and, as we approach the mouth of the great square basin, I "lay a straight course" across, directing the bow of the boat toward the little white guard-house on the edge of the pier on the town side. My boatman says nothing, although he glances over his shoulder once or twice to see which way we are pointing, so we are probably not breaking any port-regulations, and I take a good look of as much as I can see of the famous Spanish dock-yard. To my inexperienced eyes there does not seem much to hide from the gaze of the curious, although some of those long rows of buildings doubtless contain things the government might object to lay open to the gaze of foreign naval officers. There are ships and boats, hulks and scows, derricks and sheds, and in a dry-dock, back in the basin, a big frigate is standing, and, on platforms placed along her sides, white-clad workmen are busy. A man-of-war boat comes out from some side dock toward us, the officer in the stern glancing at us, as it darts out to the harbor. We row past the guard-house, by perpendicular stone walls running down into the water, and through a little fleet of fishing boats, until we come opposite the fine, massive walls of the landing stage near the "Sea Gate." Here, by the handsome flight of steps, the scene is an animated one. On one side fishing boats are crowded; bare-legged, bronzed-faced fishermen are unloading great round panniers filled with fish and covered with wet green seaweed; carts, drawn by long-eared, round-bellied donkeys, stand near awaiting their freight from the boats. Rowing and small sailing craft of all kinds are coming and going; at the steps man-of-war boats and steam launches are lying, among them our admiral's barge with handsome crew, and I can see a little crowd gathered near some carriages on the stage. Blue uniforms, cocked hats, the glitter of polished brass and the sheen of gold lace contrast with the more sober habiliments of civilians, as the admiral with one or two of his staff and several gorgeously attired Spaniards enter the vehicles and are driven through the big gateway, and I hear the

blare of a trumpet and the clash of arms, as the guard inside there turns out and salutes the commander-in-chief of Uncle Sam's squadron as he enters the town to pay an official visit to some high functionary of his Spanish majesty's government.

The custom-house officer, hands deep in the tail pockets of his uniform coat, stands, looking down at us as we row past, on the edge of the stone dock, where the big steam cranes are hoisting bales and boxes of merchandise from the lighter below; now, the water-side is crowded with shipping—ships, barks, schooners, lighters, and feluccas; here, we come to ship-yards, with vessels in all stages of repairing, and, as the water grows shallower, and the stone docks end with the walls of the city, boats and small sailing vessels recline on their beam ends, half submerged in the water on the shoals, and men are working on them, painting, scraping, or caulking the seams in their bottoms.

Slowly my boatman pulls along—stopping now and then to let me "take in" some interesting scene of harbor life, or to scrape a match on the seat of his velvet trousers to light the *Mannilla* I have given him, and which is constantly "going out"—and we pass along the entire water-front. Slowly we glide past a huge steam dredger, snorting and sighing, and, with clank of iron chain and soft "sough" of falling mud, digging out a channel there near the dirty and low but well built stone piers to the east of the town, where immense piles of ore—iron and lead, some copper—are being transferred, in baskets, by gangs of dark-visaged, half-clad stevedores, to great unwieldy square scows, that are pushed out, when loaded, to the steamers lying in the bay, which, the boat pointed for the squadron again, we are now crossing. Close alongside a large wooden Spanish man-of-war, nearly touching her boats, floating under her long booms, we move; past a big iron-hulled steamer, where we pause a moment to watch the stevedores hanging up the baskets of ore from the flat-boat alongside. Plank stagings, each one wider than that above it, are made fast to the steamer's sides, and on each staging two

men are passing the heavy ore-filled baskets from the pile in the scow up to the pair above them, reaching down for the succeeding load, as soon as that preceding it has left their hands, and swinging their bodies and arms up and down with machine-like regularity.

The bumboats are still swarming about the ship, as my friendly boatman brings me alongside and I dismiss him, but soon the call to evening quarters resounds through the squadron, and the Jackies scramble back from the gangways and hurry to their stations, and the bumboats pull in irregular, long lines back to the town. The flags are lowered; soon the bo's'ns' whistles sound shrilly from ship to ship, piping to supper, and the lamps begin to twinkle over in the city, as the gloaming shuts down on us.

How perfectly tranquil and calm is the water of the bay, reflecting in its depths the lights, increasing momentarily in number all over the harbor; so quiet is everything about, as the evening shades gather closer and closer, while the light dies out of the sky in the west and the stars shine with soft brilliancy in the high dark vault of the heavens, that we can hear the shore sounds from the city way over in front of us, and the voices from the neighboring ships sound startlingly near us.

Hush! the band on the flagship is playing, and each one of us—grouped on deck to port near the breech-loading rifle—stands in dreamy silence, listening to the sad, sweet strains of the music.

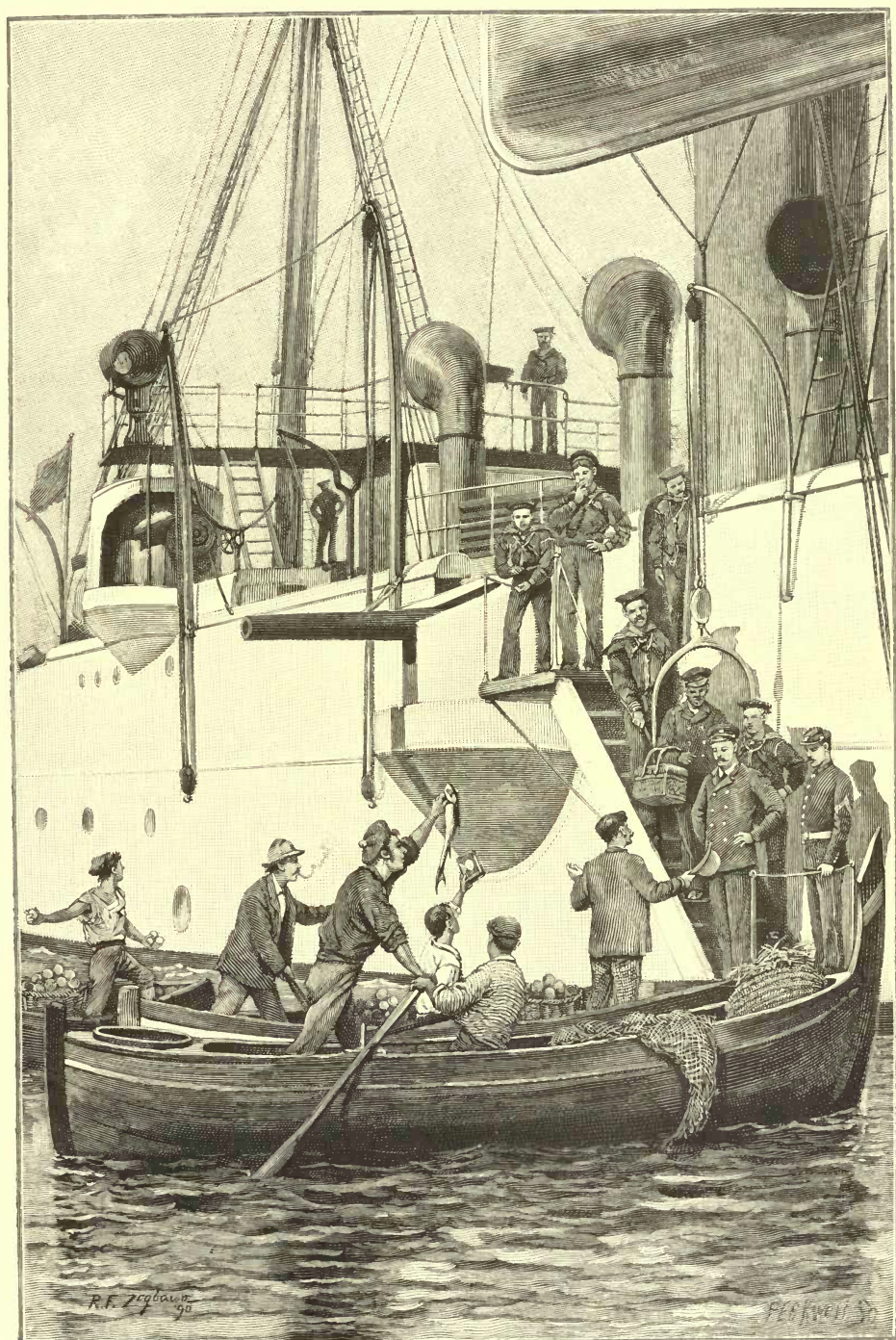
“Off Cape De Gatte I lost my hat,
And where d’y’e think I found it?
In Port Mahon, under a stone,
With all the girls around it!”—

hums the “senior-watch,” in the words of the old song of the midshipmen, as, slipping his arm through mine, he joins me in a walk on the deck. Cape Palos, with its lighthouse, is rapidly disappearing on the horizon, and we are bowling along in the twilight on a course laid straight for the island of Minorca and Port Mahon. In the van, the Chicago points her nose out to sea, and the rest of the squadron, each ship in position for night-sailing, follows the lead of the flagship. Forward, some

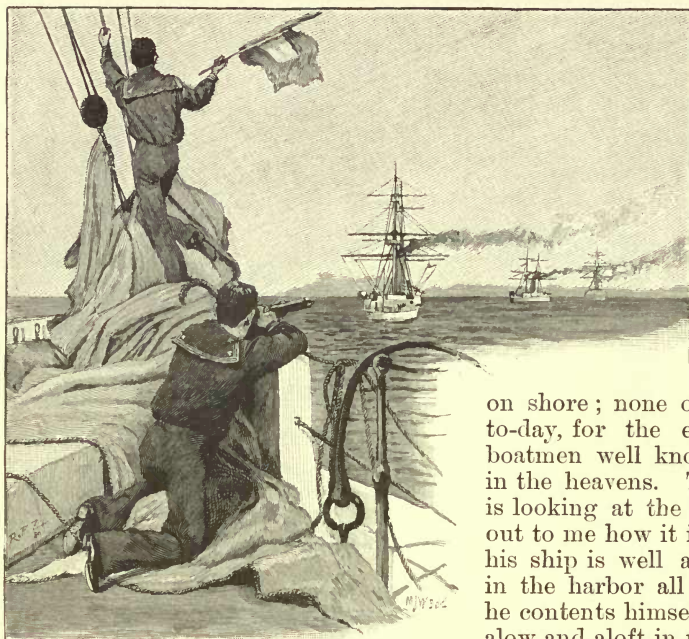
of the men off watch are “skylarking,” the smoking-lantern is burning, and Jackie is enjoying his evening pipe, while on the high narrow bridge the officer of the watch strides to and fro. Aft, on the poop by the rail at the stern, a marine stands on guard near the patent life-buoys, and the quartermaster, a handsome, trim young sailor, with the white knot of the apprentice-mark—indicating that he has passed through the ratings of apprentice in the navy, stitched on the breast of his shirt, is stowing away some articles, rolls of bunting, signal flags, and the like, in the white locker near the cabin skylight. We touch our caps to the captain, coming up the starboard ladder, and he joins us in our walk, chatting over the events of the day, and the prospects of a clear night and a rapid run to Port Mahon.

By and by, as the air grows chilly up on deck, one after the other we drop below. Perhaps the evening is spent in the wardroom over a quiet game of whist, or chaffing and laughing about some episode of our daily life on ship-board. Or in the comfortable cabin, the soft light of the electric reading-lamp over the table, the captain and I sit reading some work from the ship library, pausing now and again to discuss some matter we have come upon in the books we are reading, or to converse about people and things of mutual interest to us. Then, as my host bids me good-night and enters his state-room, I too seek my comfortable nook, prepared nightly for me by the well-trained cabin boy, and turning off the light by the touch of a button over my head, I roll myself in my blankets, and soothed by the musical rippling of the water along the ship's sides and the song of the sea-breeze in the rigging, I lie there, warm and snug, hearing with half-conscious ears—as sweet, health-giving slumber gradually steals over me—the occasional footfall on the deck above, the muffled stroke of the ship's bell, tolling the hours of the watch, and the answering cry of the lookouts, holding faithful vigil over their sleeping shipmates.

Dear in memories of bygone days, to the heart of many an old sailor, is



"A swarm of bumboats."



Signalling.

white-walled Port Mahon. Safe from the mistral's savage winds, many an American cruiser has rested in its landlocked harbor in the old days of the sailing frigate; here "Old Ironsides at anchor lay" once years gone by; here, when the baby republic first sent its star-sprinkled flag out to greet the older nations and to enforce respect for and recognition of its rights by barbarous pirate kings, Decatur and Preble came; here Porter lived and wed his bride; and from Minorca's sea-girt land came the father of "the Sea King of the sovereign West," brave, loyal, old sailor Farragut. And here to-day is anchored the first squadron of the new American navy, the best equipped, the finest, and most formidable ships the United States has ever sent to foreign parts. And once more does Port Mahon justify its old reputation, for over behind its sheltering hills the storm is gathering to sweep over the sea and scatter havoc in its path.

The air is still. Not a breath of wind disturbs the placid surface of the harbor; the pennants on the mainmasts hang straight down, the flags are motionless on their staffs. The sky is

cloudless, but the blue has died out of it, and it shows one unbroken expanse of grayish-white. From the sea a small felucca is coming toward us, sails furled and crew working at long sweeps, pulling in harborward. Over by the seawall the fishing-boats are hauled up

on shore; none of them have put out to-day, for the experienced Minorcan boatmen well know the warning signs in the heavens. The "first lieutenant" is looking at the barometer, and points out to me how it is steadily falling, but his ship is well anchored, his position in the harbor all that he can desire, so he contents himself with seeing all snug aloft and aloft in readiness for the coming blow.

Now, over in the sky, where the sun shines weakly, a wall of gray clouds is rising, slowly, almost imperceptibly. Still there is not a breath of air, but there is a confused, indistinct murmur around about us, and then the light of the sun is obscured, and a cold shadow spreads over land and sea. The pennants, the flags move slightly, waving their ends sluggishly, then hang listless again. It has grown cooler, and a drop or two of rain falls on the deck. Thicker and more threatening grow the clouds, and now cover the sky, save a long narrow streak on the horizon. Dust is rising in the air over the land, and, hurrying before it, flocks of pigeons fly down among the houses of the town. The murmur in the air has increased to a moaning, sighing sound, and suddenly, with rush and roar and shriek, striking the water as if a solid mass, and shaking our ship from stem to stern, causing her to heel before its mighty onslaught, the mistral is upon us.

All night long the tempest rages, all night long our ship trembles and heaves, bravely holding on by her stout anchors, while the furious wind tears at her, as if striving to pull her bodily from the water. As the day comes the pale light

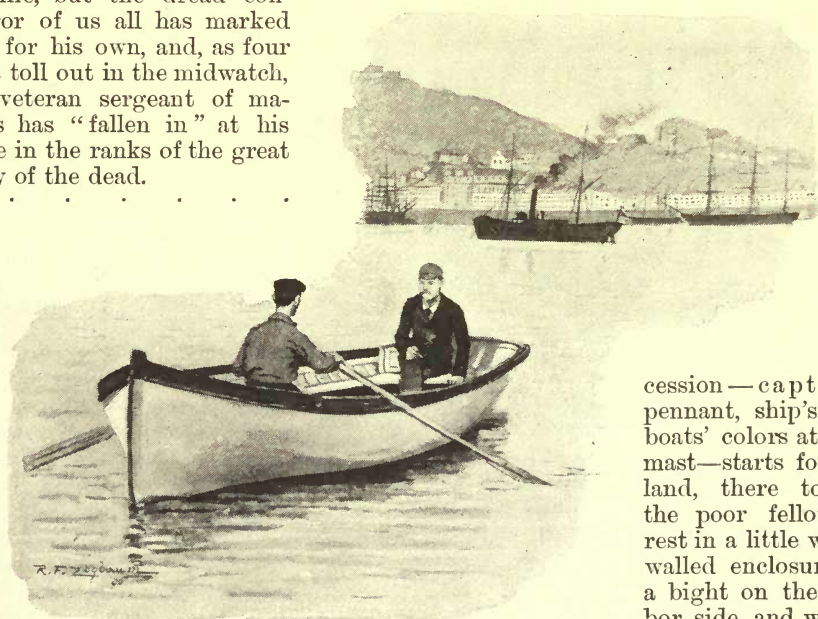
shows the storm at the height of its fury. Our consorts—topgallant masts housed, halliards curving out stiff as steel, the Admiral's little blue flag standing out like a board from the mizzen—are half hidden in a cloud of flying mist, as they rock on the wind-swept water, straining like living creatures at their huge anchor chains. On deck everything is wet and dreary. The men on watch, clad in their rain-clothes and dripping with mingled rain and seawater, seek such shelter as their duties will permit, or tramp heavily about the deck in their clumsy sea-boots, bending their heads to the spiteful blasts. Laboring into the harbor, comes a French merchant steamer, with main-topmast gone and the splintered stump of her foremast showing on her deck, and we are thankful that we have a safe refuge in the "harbor of Mahon."

Safe and sound are most of us, but, in his narrow cot forward in the ship's sick-bay, a brave man, a gallant soldier, is slowly dying. He is fighting hard for life, but the dread conqueror of us all has marked him for his own, and, as four bells toll out in the midwatch, the veteran sergeant of marines has "fallen in" at his place in the ranks of the great army of the dead.

green hills of Minorca are clear to the view, and flecked with ever-changing masses of sunlight and shadow. The harbor is almost bare of shipping, the cruisers have sailed, all but the pretty Yorktown lying, quiet and still, at her anchorage.

Quiet and still seems everything on our ship, for an awful presence has come on board during the night and has taken shape there, under the drooping canopy of flags amidships, in the confined form of the dead sergeant.

"A-a-ll hands bury the dead!" the solemn call of the boatswain sounds through the ship. Quietly and in respectful silence the crew assembles, the officers grouped to starboard, and, as the chaplain reads the simple service, rough faces soften and heads are bowed in reverential awe. The bearers lift the coffin, the marine-guard present arms, and the body is gently lowered over the side into the cutter lying there to receive it, while officers and crew take their places in the boats, and a little pro-



A Cab of the Harbor.

The storm is over and the sky and sea are blue and smiling. There is a strong breeze blowing, and the clouds fly fast across the heavens, but the beautiful

gallant sailor—English and American—lies, awaiting the last call for "All hands."

Quietly and gently the dead man is lowered into his last berth; with spout

cession—captain's pennant, ship's and boats' colors at half-mast—starts for the land, there to lay the poor fellow to rest in a little white-walled enclosure on a bight on the harbor side, and where, gone before him long years ago, many a

of flame and circling cloud of smoke the rifles render martial honor, and then, in the sad, sweet music of "taps," the bugle sounds the sailor-soldier's last good-night.

All hands up anchor! Cheerily the boatswain's whistle pipes again, cheerily the men tumble to their work. Up to the peak of the staff glides the ensign, up come the boats with a run. Cheerily, lads, cheerily! Farewell, shipmate, rest

peacefully in the grave where American sailors have placed you! Good-by, friendly old Port Mahon!

Out to the rolling waters again. Hurrah! how our little racer settles down to her work, like a thoroughbred on the home stretch, almost bounding over the waves under full power of her engines. Cheerily, lads, cheerily! Let the dead bury the dead, the sea, the dancing, sparkling, merry blue sea, the fresh breeze, the bright sunlight are for the living.



REVISITING A GREEN NOOK.

By Annie Fields.

THE sky is clear, the voice is fresh
Of waters beating on the shore,
And nature to my heart her heart
Now lays once more.

Mindful of summer days long past
She will not show a weeping face
But cheerful with remembered joy
Gives gladness place.

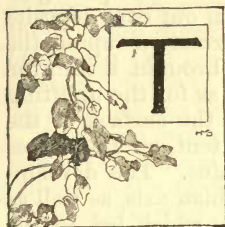
The light slips down from other skies
And mingles with the blue of this;
I hear another music through
The sparrow's bliss.

The light of an unfading love
Paints the gay grass and frames the sky;
And hides the moon in morning seas
And cannot die.

NATURE AND MAN IN AMERICA.

SECOND PAPER.

By N. S. Shaler.



THE effect of the Appalachian Mountain system upon the distribution of slavery, and consequently on the political and social history of this country, was of great importance. Slavery, as is well known, depended, for its extension, on two important crops, both of which demanded a large amount of cheap labor, and afforded articles which commerce greatly demands. The institution rested on the industries of tobacco and cotton growing. Only where one of these crops could be profitably tilled did the institution ever firmly establish itself. A glance at the map will show that the Appalachian system of mountains widens as we go southward from Pennsylvania, until it occupies nearly one-fifth of the Southern States, extending southward so as to include half of Virginia and North Carolina, a considerable part of western South Carolina, much of Georgia, Tennessee, and Kentucky, and a part of Alabama. In this section the character of the soil and form of the surface, and the nature of the climate, make the land unsuited for the extended culture of either tobacco or cotton. The result was, slavery never firmly established itself as an economic institution in any part of this vast territory. Here and there in the more fertile valleys a few slaves were employed, but there are counties in this area where a slave was never held, and where, to this day, a negro is so great a curiosity that people will journey miles to behold him. The natural result of this distribution in the negro population was that the mountain districts of the South were separated in their political motives from the plain country. When the rebellion occurred the Appalachian country was a region where disaffection toward the Confed-

eracy prevailed; to a great extent the men cast in their lot with the North, or at least gave their sympathies to the Federal cause. The peoples of eastern Kentucky and Tennessee and western Virginia—and generally those of western North Carolina as well—recruited the ranks of the Federal army. Some of the counties of eastern Kentucky sent more troops to the Union forces than the voters who ever appeared at an election in those districts.

Owing to these conditions the Appalachian upland region divided the South in a political and geographical way, and served greatly to enfeeble the resistance which it opposed to the Federal arms. About one-fourth of the population of the slave-holding States lay in this upland country. Not only did this district afford over a hundred thousand soldiers to the Federal army, but the prevailing sympathies of the population were with our troops in every stage of their work. It is to this non-slave-holding element of the Appalachian districts that we owe the adhesion of Kentucky to the Federal cause and the effectual sympathy of half of the Old Dominion, now known as West Virginia. But for the existence of this extensive territory inaccessible to slavery and the consequent weakening of the South, it is doubtful if the Federal arms would have been able to prevail in that momentous contest.

It would be possible to extend these considerations concerning the influence of geographic features on the development of European settlements and the history of our peoples on this continent. Analysis would show that almost every feature, every river and plain, had its effect in controlling the distribution of the population in its westward march. It would also be easy to show that the climatal characteristics have vastly affected the political conditions through the character of the crops which are tilled. Thus, for instance, the Western prairies,

which apparently owe their origin, as before remarked, to the Indians' habit of burning the plains to favor the spread of the buffalo, greatly affected the distribution and the prosperity of our population. The forests being removed from the prairie countries, they were ready for the plough, without the arduous labor required to clear the woods away. Possibly owing to their long deforested condition, the soil greatly abounded in the elements fitted for the production of corn crops. The climate excluded the profitable culture of cotton and tobacco, the staples on which slavery rested. The result was the rapid economic development of that region through the export of grain and the consecration of the country to the interests of free labor. History shows us that it was only narrowly that the States of Illinois and Indiana escaped the institution of slavery within their territories. If the isothermals had been drawn one or two hundred miles farther north, so that the southern crops would have prospered in these States, the evil of slavery might well have been fastened so firmly that it could not have been uprooted from our State. Manifold and interesting as are these considerations, we must turn from them for a glance at certain other features dependent on the structure of the continent which have had a profound influence on the development of our American population, and are to have yet other important effects in the high time to come—those which arise from the distribution of the soil and the deeper-lying mineral resources of the national area.

In his savage state man's dependence on the under earth, or even upon the soil, is very slight. It is true that in a fertile country the game is commonly somewhat more abundant than in a region of scanty soil, but differences in this regard do not greatly or immediately affect the people. With the invention of agriculture dependence on the soil begins; with the needs of tools a slight relation with the metallic resources of the under earth is instituted. With each step in the further development of the arts, man's interest in the crust of the earth increases. At first the non-precious metals—iron, copper, lead, and zinc—are sufficient for his needs; but in ever-

increasing ratio with the development of civilization this dependence on the under earth is augmented. The greater portion of these geologic materials are either prepared for the use of man, or brought nearer to the earth's surface by the process involved in mountain-building. Thus the solar force of past geological ages buried in our coal deposits depends for its formation upon the changes which have brought it into the state of coal, as well as for the uplifting which brings it into the surface of the earth, to a great extent, on the forces which build mountains. The development of the Appalachian axis, as well as the similar processes which led to the formation of the Cordilleras, has produced and revealed in this continent an ample store of mineral materials suited to the needs of man, and has placed these stores in remarkably advantageous positions in relation to the regions suited for the purposes of agriculture.

In general the continent of North America is divided into three regions of arable land and three great mineral districts. Along the Atlantic coast and east of the Appalachians there is the tolerably fertile country of the Atlantic slope, extending from Florida to the St. Lawrence. The agricultural capacity of this district compares favorably with any equal section in the world. In the Mississippi Valley we have, considering the circumstances of the soil and climate, the largest and most fertile area, the area best suited to maintain a great body of our English race which the world affords. On the Pacific slope we find a third arable field, containing less area than the Atlantic territory, but with great agricultural possibilities. Dividing these three fields, and facing them on the north, we have the mineral districts. On the east the Appalachian country, abounding in coal and iron and considerable quantities of other important metalliferous or mineral deposits. In the Cordilleran districts we have, as far as known, the most plentiful deposit of the more important of metals, except of tin, which the world affords within equal area. On the north, in the Laurentian field lies a third mineral area extraordinarily rich in iron, phosphates, copper, and other valuable earth materials. In

the great valley between the Cordilleras and the Appalachians, and, to a certain extent, on either shore-land, there are extensive beds of coal and important deposits of the fluid fuel petroleum, as well as of natural gas. This distribution of agricultural and mineral resources of this country is singularly favorable for the conjoint development of tillage and of mining, and for a vast interstate and foreign commerce, of which we, in our day, see but the beginning.

Before we proceed to consider the details of this natural order in the distribution of the earth resources of North America, we must turn aside for a moment to note the effect of modern economies in producing local peculiarities in human life. In the earlier states of man the nurture places of the races depended for their effects on the presence of strong geographic barriers—seas or mountains—which might fend the people from the interference of their neighbors, and thereby enable them to undergo the nurturing process which led to racial or national peculiarities. It is easy to see that the effect of commerce is to destroy these boundaries. The Alps, once a formidable barrier, are now pierced by tunnels, and are as easy of passage as the plain lands to the north and south. A season's earnings will now carry a man to the farthest civilized countries. But while commerce and the industries on which it depends have served to break down the natural barriers between peoples, they have served also, in a singular way, to create other limitations of habit and action which are likely to have even greater influence in the cradling of people than the old geographic bounds. It is evident to any one who has studied the varying effects of occupations, that the herdsman, the soil-tiller, the manufacturer, the miner, pursue employments so different the one from another, that men who follow them become in hand and mind specialized and unlike those of other occupations.

A German phrase has it that a man is what he eats; we may better say that a man is what he does; and that persistent doing in one line of deeds for a few generations will serve to give character to a population in much the same manner as a thousand years of isolation in a penin-

sula or an Alpine valley. Within the limits of either of the great classes of occupations noted above we find a wide range of diversities dependent on the peculiarities of the employment. Thus the population employed in the iron furnaces or rolling-mills differs widely in character from the folk employed in weaving and spinning fibres. The watchmaker and the shoemaker are both, in a sense, manufacturers; but the mental training which the two receive, and the consequent habits of life, both moral and physical, differ in a very wide way. The orange gardener of Florida and the wheat farmer of Nebraska pursue employments which differ entirely in their nature; the one labors throughout the year with his tasks, the other is subjected to the peculiar influences which come from seasonal activities; the wheat field of the Far West calls for action on but four months of the year; for the rest the workman is but a drone, unless he turns his attention to other tasks than his field affords. Indeed, the variety of character which occupations give to a population is much greater than that which in the same time could be instituted by any purely natural circumstances.

Although North America is almost destitute of the geographic divisions which in the earlier conditions of man served to diversify the character of peoples, the diversities of occupation are easily and necessarily instituted in the great American mixture of folk. Varieties of men as characteristic and as important in the history of our people as those which nature has produced in the folk of the Old World, divisions resting upon modes of activity bred in men by occupations and by habits of thought which occupations engender, will at once unite and diversify the people of this country, linking particular districts in one interest and habit of thought and actions, and separating those districts on the basis of industry from the folk who pursue diverse habits of life.

I now propose to make a general review of that part of this continent which is occupied by English-speaking folk, with the hope that we may thus obtain a basis on which to foretell, in a general way, the divisions of character in our

people which are likely to arise from the varieties of their occupation.

We have already noted the fact that the continent of North America is divided into three great mineral and three great agricultural districts. We may profitably add to the consideration the fact that there are three regions of a maritime sort where the people have experienced the important effects of close contact with the sea. These maritime districts consist of the North Atlantic shore, from Cape Hatteras to Labrador; the Pacific coast, from Alaska to the Gulf of California, both regions abounding in good harbors; and the third, the southern coast, from Hatteras around Florida to Mexico, which is not well provided with ports, and where the maritime conditions are less important than along the other shores. Despite the imperfection of the harbors from Hatteras southward, the coast of North America is, on the whole, the most completely maritime of any continent except Europe. Its landlocked waters, including the great lakes, are of vast extent; the total number of ports possibly exceeds that of the Old World. It is clear, therefore, that we are to have in North America two great maritime districts, and a third in the south, of less importance, to add to our list of national labor-fields.

In this general survey we have to consider the natural - employment divisions of this country and endeavor to forecast their economic history and the quality of the population which their condition is likely to induce. This task may advantageously begin with the New England section, a region which, by its geographic as well as its economic conditions, is one of the most specialized parts of North America. In our considerations it is not desirable to take an account of the arbitrary line which now separates Canada from the United States. Whatever be the political future of these countries, there can be no doubt of their destined economic and social unity. The several questions which now separate them are of such a nature that we may be sure they will in the end lead to a closer union.

The New England section of North America, including as such all the till-

able ground from Newfoundland to the Hudson, is well named. On the whole it more closely resembles, in its conditions of shores, the surface and soil, the islands and peninsulas of northern Europe, in which our Northmen folk developed. The geological history of the two regions is very similar. Both are mainly composed of ancient rocks, and both these ancient rocks have been much crumbled by the mountain-building forces. Both have been subjected to a vast amount of glacial wear; their soils have certain common qualities given by ice action. In both we have a close combination of agricultural and mineral resources.

The New England section of North America, including the St. Lawrence district in that field, is essentially the maritime portion of North America. Within its limits we find the largest amount of shore line for a given distance along the main coast of the continent. There are more deep bays and fjords, and larger islands, than along any other portion of the Atlantic border of the continent.

The surface of the New England and Laurentian district, throughout its whole extent, may be described as mountainous. Save in the southeastern portion of the country, every part of the field contains decided mountain ridges worn to their roots by the recurrent action of glaciers and sea, but still giving the surface a truly mountainous character. The result is here, as elsewhere, that in a large part of the mountainous districts not far from one-half of the whole field is sterile from the lack of sufficient soil, or fit only for the growth of forest trees. This feature insures to the district the permanence of the timber industry.

The tillable soils of the New England and Laurentian field lie mostly in the valleys between the important mountain ranges; they are glacial soils, formed of the materials brought to their place by ice action; they have certain peculiar characteristics. When first won to the plough they are of only moderate fertility. Largely composed of pebbles and boulders the amount of plant food they contain does not compare with that which is held in the prairie soils, where for

ages the conditions have favored the preparation of the materials required by vegetation. They have, however, the peculiarity that they gain in fertility by skilful tillage, even without artificial fertilizing, while the prairie ground steadfastly diminishes in its productiveness under cultivation. All the pebbles in our stony fields, except those composed of quartz, are constantly yielding some part of their materials to refresh the soil. A pebble of granite, or of the kindred crystalline rocks, contains considerable quantities of potash, soda, lime, and phosphorus, substances which are most rapidly brought into the state where they may be appropriated by plants when the soil is used by man.

At present the tide of immigration sets from New England to the West, where cheap lands with their great though unenduring store of fertile materials await the settler. This stage in our history, where cheap but unpermanently fertile lands are to be had almost for the asking, is now nearly passed by. In another generation these opportunities will no longer exist, and it is thus likely that with the relative increase in the value of soil products the agricultural position of New England will be improved. From a somewhat careful study of the New England States, as well as a portion of the Laurentian district, I have become convinced that this northeastern field has far greater agricultural possibilities than is commonly supposed. A very large part of the neglect to which these fields have been subjected is due to the withdrawal of the population from the fields to manufacturing life, to occupations which for a time afforded a larger remuneration than the tillage of a stubborn but not unfruitful soil.

When the Western country is fully occupied through immigration, and the natural increase of our native people, there is every reason to believe that agriculture in the northeastern part of our country will attain to something of the relative importance which it had in those districts a century ago. This seems the more probable when we note the fact that a large portion of the richest soils of New England, viz., the swamp-lands, were never won to the plough. In the Laurentian and New England district we have

not far from ten thousand square miles of morasses, areas which demand a considerable expenditure of capital before they can be brought to the tiller's use, but which, when so won, afford fields of surpassing fertility. Up to the time when the great West was opened to settlement, the population of New England had not become dense enough to drive the people to this class of soils; but with the inevitable crowding of our American population which the next century is to bring about, these swamps will be drained, and by their drainage a vast area of excellent land will be won to tillage.

This northeast section of the continent has a fair share of subterranean resources, including a wide range of metals and a very plentiful and varied store of building materials. Last of all it is peculiarly the seat of the greater water-powers of this country. This abundance of streams suited for mechanical purposes is due to the relatively considerable height of the district and the frequent great thickness of the glacial deposits in which the rain-waters are retained and slowly yielded to the streams.

It is easy from the facts stated above to foresee that, in the future, the New England district, including, as we have done, the region about the St. Lawrence, is to be the seat of the most varied occupations. No other part of the United States so well combines the conditions for maritime, agricultural, mining, and manufacturing labor as this territory. Further variety in the life to come is insured by the remarkable mixture of races in this territory. In Nova Scotia we have perhaps the largest body of Highland Scotch outside of the mother country, and in this region where this blood is so little mingled with that of other lands that the Gaelic language is the common form of speech. In lower Canada there are several large settlements where the people are almost entirely derived from northern France. New England proper has many areas where Irish Celts and their descendants outnumber the original New England stock. Here and there there are considerable colonies of other peoples, Scandinavians, Germans, and Portuguese. At present it seems likely that the peo-

ples presumably of Celtic stock—the Irish, Canadian-French, and Highland Scotch—will, in another fifty years, greatly outnumber the original New Englanders. So far, however, the immigrants from continental Europe have in the main betaken themselves to the cities of New England and have shown little disposition to obtain control of the soil. The rural neighborhoods are still characteristically English, and, for all that we can see at present, bid fair to remain so for a hundred years to come. Although much of the strength of New England has gone West to found new States, enough remains to insure the perpetuation of the original stock, so that we may look forward to another element in the diversification of New England conditions wherein the towns will be largely composed of descendants of foreigners and the country districts of folk of English blood.

South and west of New England we have another characteristic group of States in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware, a region tolerably well marked by its conditions of surface and climate so far as those affect the development of man. In this district, which is about as extensive as the New England and Laurentian district above described, we have an area in which the maritime conditions are less pronounced, the agricultural resources—as determined by the soil and climate—proportionately more considerable, and the mineral resources very much larger than in the more northern realm. While in the New England section, practically, the whole of the surface is mountain built, and not more than one-third of the area is suited to agriculture, in the New York district, as we may term it, the mountainous sections occupy not over one-third of the total area, and the soil is, on the whole, much more tillable. The mineral resources of this field, particularly those which are applied to the production of power—coal, petroleum, and natural gas are the staples of its geological wealth. Including a small portion of Ohio, we have in this section the largest store of these materials that is afforded by any equal portion of the earth. On the other hand, while the power derived from ancient sunshine

and stored in the form of carbon in the rocks is more plentiful in this district than in New England, the immediate energy of water-power, due to the heat of the present day, is less available than in New England. Except at Niagara Falls, where there is a vast, but as yet unusable store of river energy, this district, owing to the relative thinness of its glacial accumulations and the consequent impermanence of the rivers, presents no such advantages to the manufacturer as are afforded by the New England streams.

In general, the physiographic conditions of this group of States afford the basis of a very varied life. The different forms of activity are likely to be only less closely associated than in New England. The natural manufacturing centres are widely distributed, and the mineral resources lie well in the body of the tillable land.

South of New Jersey and Pennsylvania we have a somewhat characteristic group of commonwealths, including Virginia and the Carolinas. This, which we may call the Virginia group of States, differs in many ways from the two northern associations which we have just considered. The first and most important peculiarity consists in the character of the soils. The whole of New York and a large part of Pennsylvania and New Jersey have had the character of their soils determined by the peculiar grinding of the surface and distribution of the waste which was brought about by the glacial period. Although a trace of this ice action is observable in Virginia, the region as a whole was substantially unaffected by the tread of the marching ice. This difference leads to a great modification in the character of the soils. In place of being the product of that distinct carriage which has brought the soils of the glaciated countries to their places, the upland portion of these States is covered by an earthy coating derived from the immediate decay of the rocks beneath the surface.

The Appalachian Mountain system, in its two elements of the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies, widens as we go southward from the Potomac. The result is that an even greater share of these States

consists of mountainous elevations than we find in the New York group. The western portion of each State is occupied by heights which rise so far above the level of the sea that the climate is greatly affected by the uplift. These mountains are, however, far less sterile than those of the New York and New England districts; not having been swept over by the ice, they retain their original soils and thus afford larger areas for tillage than are found in the more northern highlands. In each of these States, by way of contrast with their upland districts, we have along the shore a broad belt of lowlands, territories which were, until very recent times, beneath the level of the sea. This great southern plain, which extends from New Jersey southward, widening as we go toward the equator, affords, compared with the mountain districts, the sharpest contrast of conditions which are found in any part of this country.

Owing to the slight elevation of the plain region, its nearness to the Gulf Stream, and the protection which the mountains afford on the northwest, the climate becomes very much warmer on this plain as we proceed southward. Between dawn and dark of a winter's day we can journey from the frigid conditions of New York to the semi-tropical climate of Charleston—from the realm of frost to one of flowers. With a shorter journey from the mountainous heights of the western Carolinas, which have a winter temperature about as low as that of New York, we may pass toward the sea through the same range in temperature conditions. This contrast in climate is equalled by that between the under-earth resources of these two sections. In the mountainous portion of these States of the Virginia group we have an abundance of mineral wealth, the search for which has but begun. Gold, iron, copper, zinc, and various other substances of economic importance abound in the upland portion of this area, while the lowland parts have as yet afforded but small supplies of such materials, phosphates being the only geologic element of any importance. It is evident, therefore, that the plainland region of this district is to develop purely agricultural industries, while the

upland section, by its admirable combination of soil, noble forests and mineral resources, is to have more varied industries, and therefore a more diversified life.

Although within the above-mentioned States the resources of fossil fuel are limited, we find, immediately on the west of the district, and everywhere convenient to it, the vast coal measures of Tennessee, Kentucky, and West Virginia fields, which afford bituminous coals quite equal to those which have been the foundations of the commercial industries of Great Britain. Thus, this region of southern uplands has in its soil, its forests, and its mineral resources, a combination of advantages perhaps greater than those of any other equal area in the world. In addition to these favoring conditions the region possesses an admirable climate. In winter the temperature falls low enough to insure the preservation of bodily vigor; in summer the heat is less ardent than in the lower-lying regions of the New England and New York group of States. In the Virginia section we find a climate resembling in its range of temperatures those which characterize the most favored regions of the Old World, and it is there perhaps we may look for the preservation of our race's best characteristics.

The lowland country, on the other hand, appears to be too warm to afford the most satisfactory conditions for our people. Although the whites appear to be able to work in the fields during the summer season, the malarious influence common to a large part of the territory, as well as the lack of a really tonic winter, does not promise a brilliant future for European peoples in the seaboard portion of the district.

The population of this group of States is as diversified as their physical conditions. In the lower-lying lands the negro folk constitute a large, and appear to be, physically, the most successful portion of the population. In the plains between northern Florida and Chesapeake Bay the negro finds apparently the most satisfactory environment which this continent affords him. His contacts with the whites are sufficiently close to stimulate his languid industrial

motives, and the climate fits his needs in a very tolerable way. It is doubtful if the tribes of Africa, from which our blacks came, are in any better physical condition than their descendants on the Atlantic coast.

Although the negroes constitute the largest element in the population along the shore-lands of the Carolinas and Georgia, the upland section is almost devoid of Africans. This peculiar feature in the distribution of the blacks was brought about, as before remarked, by the unfitness of the upland country for the crops on which the plantations of the South depended. It has been maintained by the disinclination of the negro to dwell in cold countries and the indisposition of the white population to tolerate their presence. There is good reason to believe that the negro population will not become more extensive in the upland section of the South than it is at the present time. On the contrary, it is most likely that they will spontaneously gather to the warm lowlands, leaving the cooler grounds to the white race. If this be the case, if the Southern mountains are left to the whites, we may reasonably expect this region will become one of the most important seats of an unmixed American population. It is not in the pathway of immigration; as yet it is occupied almost altogether by the descendants of British immigrants.

South of Georgia we find ourselves at the base of the most singular peninsula of this country, if indeed it be not the most remarkable mass of land on the borders of any continent. The peninsula of Florida affords the most distinct field in a physiographic sense of any part of North America. Including the northern portion of the State it has a length of about six hundred miles, an average width of near one hundred miles, and a total area greater than that of New York, and nearly as great as that of New England. In all this great realm the maximum height above the level of the sea does not exceed about four hundred feet. The whole of the soil is composed of materials recently brought together on the sea-floor. About one-fourth of the soil area is limy, due to the coral rock which underlies it. The

remainder is nearly pure sand of an infertile nature. All the soil owes its value in the main to the wonderful climate which the region enjoys.

The mineral resources of the Florida peninsula are of the most limited nature. Certain deposits of phosphatic rocks exist, apparently of sufficient richness to give them economic importance. From the point of view of geological values, it is perhaps the most absolutely sterile section of North America.

Owing to its peninsulated form it has a shore line of more than two thousand miles in length; owing also to the various system of harbors which the coral reefs have created, this region has a maritime character and fitness of contact with the sea which is not enjoyed by any other portion of the coast south of the Chesapeake Bay. The harbors, though shallow, afford tolerable protection to small vessels, and the extraordinary wealth of fish in the waters make it certain that in the future this region is to have an industry resting upon the harvest of marine life such as is afforded by no other section of the Atlantic coast. Not only do the food fishes abound, but the waters afford vast quantities of sponge, and the species of marine turtles find a better station along this shore than any other section of the continent.

The physical conditions of Florida make it plain that this peninsula is to develop its life on the lines of agriculture and of marine industries. The agriculture is destined to be of a peculiar sort, gardening, in fact, rather than the ordinary field tillage. The tropical and subtropical fruits, the orange, the lemon, the lime, and tenderer sorts of vegetables may be easily reared and assure the agricultural possibilities of this district. It can never be a corn-bearing country, and the grazing industry is practically excluded by the imperfect growth of the grasses. Owing to the fact that this land is wrapped around by the seas, the summer temperature as well as the winter is insular in its character; although at present the region is a prey to fevers, they seem due not to an essential unhealthfulness of the climate but to the bad sanitation. Even in the extreme south, on the Keys and

the shores of the beautiful Bay of Biscayne, the population appears to be very healthy; the children are vigorous, extreme old age is frequently attained, and there appears to be an exemption from deadly malarial fever. We may best judge as to the climatal effect on man by the condition of the Indians, which is excellent. No portion of our aborigines appear to be in a better physical or moral state than the Seminoles of Florida.

It is an advantage enjoyed by this section, which it shares with the highlands of the South, that the negro population is very small. Although the climate is one which suits the negro, the present industries, and those which we may foresee for the future, make it likely that this race will be slow to take possession of the country.

On the west of Florida and Georgia lie a group of States which face the Gulf of Mexico. Between western Florida and western Louisiana, and back to near the northern border of Alabama and Mississippi, we have a region of lowlands which derive their quality from their relations to the Mexican Gulf. The lowland portion of these States is, in its geological history, like the lowland section of the Atlantic coast. It is an old seabottom which has recently been elevated above the ocean. The soil, save along the banks of the rivers, is of only moderate fertility; but it bears luxuriant forests and is excellently suited to the great staple cotton, on which the commercial development of the section has rested. Owing to the fact that these States lie at the southern end of the Mississippi Valley and are unprotected by mountains from the winter blasts, they are subject to great variations in temperature. The summer heats are great, and to the white population enervating. The winter cold, on the other hand, is considerable, sufficient indeed to bring something of the tonic effect upon which our race is so accustomed to depend.

The northern part of Alabama, as is well known, abounds in stores of coal and iron. In topography it is sharply contrasted with the southern portion of the State, and its wealth of mineral resources insures in that section a large manufacturing industry dependent on

the materials from below the soil. The population of the States between western Florida and eastern Texas is, on the whole, a less satisfactory part of our American people, for the reason that the negro element is at present, and is likely, for all the foreseeable future, to have a greater place in this territory than it has in any other part of the United States. It is true that at present South Carolina abounds in blacks in an equal measure with Alabama and Mississippi; but with the growth in population of the highland district of the former state we may fairly expect that this preponderance of the African element will disappear. On the other hand, in southern Alabama, in Mississippi and Louisiana, the conditions of the soil and of the climate clearly point to a vast increase in the number of blacks, without a proportionate gain in the European population. There is more danger of Africanization in this section than in any other part of the United States.

North of the Gulf States, and thence to the great lakes, and westward to the Mississippi, we have the valley of the noblest tributary of the Mississippi, the Ohio, containing within its basin the northernmost portions of Mississippi and Alabama and a portion of western Georgia, North and South Carolina, a part of Virginia and West Virginia, the whole of Tennessee and Kentucky, and the greater part of Indiana and Illinois. Although the geographic limitations of this great basin are not sharp, they are sufficiently accented to make it one of the most characteristic divisions of the continent. This individuality is further affirmed, as we shall see, by its qualities of soil, climate, and its subterranean resources.

The basin of the Ohio, with the exception of some parts of its headwaters, the upper Kanawha and the tributaries of the Tennessee, lies well within the broad trough of the Mississippi Valley. It is thus in the path of the great air movements from the Gulf of Mexico northward, and from the Arctic Sea southward. Atmospherically considered, it is like the other parts of the Mississippi Valley, a region of combat between torrid and frigid conditions. In the winter season the dominance of

polar winds brings a low temperature upon all parts of the area. In the summer-half of the year, the superior power of the tropical, northward-setting winds brings it into almost torrid heat. The range of climatal variation, measured by the periods of seasonal length, is perhaps greater in this valley than in any other part of the continent. The surface of this region is essentially without mountains. Though the western tributaries of the Ohio rise in the highest land on the Atlantic side of the continent, the portion of the valley which can be termed mountain-built does not include more than one-tenth of its area. The result is that nearly the whole of the surface is tillable. Probably not more than one-fiftieth of the total area is permanently unfitted for the uses of the husbandman.

The soil of the Ohio district has been but little affected by glacial action. It is true that the ice in the most developed state of the old continental glaciers overlaid the greater part of the Ohio, touching the surface of Kentucky immediately south of Cincinnati, and occupying perhaps one-half of Indiana and Illinois, as well as those parts of the headwaters of the Ohio which lie in Pennsylvania and New York; but over the most of this district the ice was thin and the amount of glacially transported material much less considerable than in the normally glaciated districts of the north and east. As a whole, the soils may be classed as those of immediate derivation, those originating with the decay of the subjacent rocks. As the geological strata of the Ohio Valley vary greatly in their mineral constitution, the soils derived from them are naturally divided into a good many classes. Thus we have in Kentucky and Tennessee a wide range of Silurian limestones, which by their decay afford soils of extraordinary fertility, those which give character to the well-known blue-grass district. It is worth while to note in passing that this singular richness of the earth is due to the fact that in these limestones there are certain thin layers composed almost altogether of the remains of minute creatures which had the peculiarity of taking lime phosphate from the sea and build-

ing it at their death in the deposits formed on the old sea-floors. When elevated into land and subjected to the process of decay, these rocks afford, under the action of the atmosphere, soils of great fertility; so we see that the fruitfulness of our fields may depend upon the nature of organic beings in the remotest past.

Throughout the Ohio Valley, except along the margins of the streams where the soil has been brought to its resting-place by flood waters, we find everywhere sharp contrasts in the fertility of the soil. Already, although the history of the country extends back for but a century, we perceive very clearly that these natural differences have been of great importance in differentiating the people. There is no greater contrast in any country between neighboring people of the same blood than that which exists between the so-called mountaineers of eastern Kentucky, who occupy the soil of sandy carboniferous beds, and those who dwell in the rich grass country of the central district of the commonwealth. The fertile soil of the limestone region has given abundant wealth to the inhabitants of that region; wealth has brought culture and all the circumstances of a high civilization. The sandy soil giving little to tillage, the people have remained poor; their contacts with the world have been slight, and they yet abide by their customs and intellectual development in the conditions of the eighteenth century.

It is worth our while to go one step further and to note the effect of these diversities induced by differences of soil. When, in 1861, it was to be determined whether Kentucky should go with the South or North, the question turned in the main on the occupations of the population. Where the soils were rich the plantation system was possible, the slave element was large, and in general the voice of the people was for union with the South. Where the soils were thin the people had no interest in slavery, for they owned no negroes. Old frictions with the slave-holding portions of the State existed, and consequently the people of this sterile land were generally devoted to the Union. A soil-map of Kentucky would in a rude way serve as

a chart of the politics of the people in this crisis in the nation's history. If Kentucky possessed a soil altogether derived from limestone, there is no question but that it would have cast in its lot with the South.

The mineral resources of the Ohio Valley have a somewhat singular distribution. From western Alabama around to the headwaters of the Ohio in Pennsylvania, we have a continuous belt of country abounding in coal and iron. Nowhere in the world, so far as it has been explored, is there any region of equal extent where these two substances, both of the first importance to man, each requiring the other for its most important uses, are geographically so united. In the western part of the Ohio Valley, and separated from this eastern and southern section by a wide interval of fertile lands, lies the western coal field, extending from central Kentucky to central Indiana and Illinois. Taken as a whole, the area of the Ohio Valley has a more perfect association of fuel and iron resources together with those which are afforded by a fertile soil than any other part of the world.

In addition to the supply of energy contained in the coal-beds tributary to this district there are two other sources of power accessible to the inhabitants of this valley—petroleum and natural gas. The deposits of petroleum appear to be in the main limited to a field occupying a portion of western Pennsylvania, western Virginia, and eastern Ohio, and to another smaller and less important district on the waters of the Cumberland River near the point where it crosses the division between Kentucky and Tennessee. Although the quantity of petroleum accessible at any one point in this valley appears to be much less than that which can be obtained in the famous Caspian or Baiku field, the district is probably, all things considered, the most extensive source of supply of this substance which the world is likely to afford. The natural gas of the Ohio Valley appears to be far more considerable in quantity than that contained within any other equal area. Thus in this district we have three known sources of valuable subterranean energy—coal, petroleum, and natural

gas—in more advantageous conditions, as regards quantity and nearness to fertile agricultural areas, than in any other region of the world.

We thus see that the Ohio group of States has, from the point of view of its resources, singular advantages over any other part of the continent for the maintenance of a vast population engaged in industries, both those of the soil and those of the shop. Within a century the area occupied by these States is likely to contain a larger population than that which now exists in all English-speaking countries. Although this population is destined to be to a great extent engaged in mining and manufacturing, there is room in this country for an agricultural people exceeding in numbers the present population of the United States; for, as before remarked, there is hardly any untillable land in its area, and except for the limitations which the necessary preservation of the forests put upon the extension of the tilled fields, ninety-eight hundredths of its area can be won to husbandry.

There remains, in the part of the continent east of the Mississippi, another interesting district, which constitutes a singular physiographic unit. It is the basin of the Laurentian lakes, commonly known as the Great Lakes of North America. In this great district of inland waters we have an area situated so far north that the rigors of the climate limit the operations of agriculture to less than half of the year. The soils are throughout glacial in their character, of remarkable fertility, but more enduring to tillage than those which lie to the south of the glaciated country. This district includes the whole of the Canadian provinces of Ontario, the northern part of Ohio, the western portion of New York, the whole of Michigan, a small part of the northern sections of Indiana and Illinois, and a portion of Wisconsin and Minnesota. Although the northerly site of this area gives it a short season for the growth of plants, the region near the lakes has the climate somewhat modified by these great areas of water during the time when they are not locked in frost. The northern portion of this

area, nearly the whole of the region north of the Great Lakes, and a considerable part of the Michigan peninsula is mountain-built, having been subjected to the disturbances attendant on the formation and growth of the Laurentian system. The elevations have, however, a small relief. In the Canadian section nearly, if not quite, one-half the surface is barren or of moderate fertility; while perhaps nearly the whole of the district south of the Great Lakes is covered by tilled fields or luxuriant forests. The soils and the climate afford, on the whole, as favorable conditions for tillage as are found in the Scandinavian peninsula and the other regions about the Baltic which have been the birthplace of great peoples.

The mineral productions of this area are extremely varied. Coal of valuable quality does not exist within its limits. There is a considerable area of carboniferous rocks in Michigan, but they have as yet given little promise of important contributions of fuel. Iron, copper, silver, the phosphates of lime and salt are the geological staples of this region. All these substances, both as regards the mass of the deposits and their purity, appear to have in this region a pre-eminence among all the fields of this continent. The distribution of these resources

of the under earth and the variations of climate in this continental Mediterranean district, provide an ample basis for a great differentiation in the population. Thus western New York and the northern border of the Ohio States which come to the Great Lakes are destined to be agricultural communities with a certain share of manufacturing industry. These parts of this field are not to be the seats of mining. The same is true of southern Michigan and southern Wisconsin. The region about Lake Superior, owing to the sterility of its soils and the rigor of its climate, is not likely to be the seat of a considerable agriculture or of much manufacturing. It is evidently destined to be a region engaged in mining and in timber culture.

The foregoing inadequate glance at the conditions of North America, east of the Mississippi and south of the region which is sterilized by cold, shows us that, despite the generally consolidated character of its geography, the variations of the soil, of climate, and of the under-earth resources are such as to insure the profound diversifying influences which come to man from his occupations. This measure of diversity will increase with each step in the advance of civilization.

VAGRANT LOVE:

A RONDEL.

By Louise Chandler Moulton.

O VAGRANT Love! do you come this way?

I hear you knock at the long-closed door

That turned too oft on its hinge before—

I am stronger now; I can say you Nay.

The vague, sweet smile on your lips to-day,

Its meaning and magic, I know of yore:

O vagrant Love, do you come this way?

I hear your knock at the long-closed door.

But why your summons should I obey?

I listened once till my heart grew sore—

Shall I listen again, and again deplore?

Nay! Autumn must ever be wiser than May—

And the more we welcome the more you betray—

O vagrant Love, would you come this way?

FRAY BENTO'S BELL.

By Charles Paul MacKie.



IN one of those narrow, sheltered valleys which are to the gaunt desolation of the Bolivian Andes what the green *wádis* are to the arid wastes of the Soudan, lies the little Franciscan *monasterio* of Our Lady of Many Sorrows. Such, at least, is the "devotion" of the tiny chapel attached to the miniature convent, and by this name the whole establishment has come to be called. Protected on three sides from the biting winds of the snowy sierras by the steep walls of the lofty *mesa* above, the valley opens only toward the east; whence come soft breezes warmed by the sun of equatorial Brazil, and heavy with the moisture of the far off Atlantic. These, with the irrigation furnished by the stout stream which brawls past the quiet retreat on its way to the distant Amazon, have made it possible for the good fathers, by dint of much patience and hard labor, to create a veritable garden in the wilderness; and, save for the bleak tableland towering overhead, and the gleam of a single ice-crowned peak away to the eastward, to forget that they are perched nearly twelve thousand feet above the ocean tides, in the very heart of the barren Cordilleras.

Though it was distant not more than three leagues from the city, which we may miscall La Vega, I had been a resident of the latter for many weeks without so much as hearing the convent mentioned. In the one dingy bookstore of which the city boasted, I had sometimes met a monk of the Order of St. Francis, evidently bent, like myself, on finding such relief as was possible, among the scanty collection of books, from the intolerable dullness of life in an inland South American town. Beyond a courteous "good morning, señor," or "good evening, señor," he never showed any disposition to talk, however, although his appearance had aroused my interest from the first. Not more than fifty years of age, tall and spare of form, he bore him-

self with a dignity as far removed from the slovenly carelessness of so many of his brethren as was his whole air from the vacant self-complacency, or sour discontent, so common to his caste. Though clad in the coarsest garb affected by the extremists of the Order, his bearing was essentially that of a polished man of the world; while his handsome, clean-cut face was stamped with the look of resolute self-control one sometimes sees in men who have walled up their past, and keep their eyes bent sternly on the path leading from it. Altogether a most interesting face; but one whose reserve forbade any approach to a nearer acquaintance.

One gloomy afternoon, as I was reading with some attention an old number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the friar entered the shop, and, with a politesalutation, passed to his customary seat at the back of the room, and was soon deep in a large volume. Perhaps an hour had elapsed when, noticing the rapidly increasing darkness, I went to the door, and found the rain descending in sheets, and the steep street turned into a mountain torrent ankle-deep. The voluble expressions of regret from the bookseller at the inconvenience thus caused us, brought the monk to the doorway as well, and on seeing the condition of affairs out of doors, he turned to me and said: "We shall be prisoners for several hours, I fear, señor." Accepting his advance, I hastened to express my satisfaction at having agreeable companionship, at least; and we readily drifted into a conversation about books which lasted pleasantly enough until the rain ceased and the street was again passable. Before starting homeward I gave my new acquaintance a card, with an earnest invitation for him to join our bachelor household at breakfast any day he might elect; warning him that we were nearly all "heretics," though his welcome would be none the less sincere on that account. He thanked me with apparent cordiality and promised to take me at my word,

"though not very soon, perhaps." He added as we parted, "You, too, must come out to our little cabin, señor, without waiting upon ceremony. Anyone will tell you where it is. Ask for Fray Bento. You will be a very welcome visitor, and I shall be glad to show you our library."

On my mentioning this invitation to our host, Don Gaspar, a wealthy young Spanish merchant who was a devout Catholic and generous supporter of the church, he seemed not a little surprised. "You must surely go, Don Alberto," he said; "it is an honor that is done you." In answer to my inquiries as to Fray Bento, he had not much to say. A learned man and a good one, but not often seen at such reunions of La Vegan society as were frequented by other priests. Indeed, he scarcely went anywhere but to old Doña Theresa's, the widow of a rich merchant of the place who had married abroad. She was an Italian, and so was Fray Bento, and this was a bond between them. But he was a *good padre* (with much emphasis) and greatly beloved of the Indians. And it was a marked compliment to be asked to go to see him at the convent, especially as I was a heretic; so I must not fail to go.

It was nearly a fortnight before I was able to ride out to the convent. The rough track wound around the base of the bold mountain spur which formed an effectual barrier to easy intercourse between the city and the little valley of the Franciscans, and then followed up the course of the rapid stream already referred to. There was a warmth and softness in the air of this secluded nook very different from the harsh atmosphere of the more exposed town; and as the path approached the monks' retreat it passed through hedges of wild heliotrope and fuchsia and by well cultivated fields, where a number of Indians, directed by a cowed friar, were at work on the irrigating ditches. The wicket of the convent was opened by a young brother who insisted on taking care of my horse, telling me that Fray Bento would be found in the inner court-yard. Passing through the outer *patio*, whose centre was occupied with a pretty rose-bed surrounding a fountain, I entered

the inner one, which was wholly given up to flower-beds and medicinal plants. Here was Fray Bento, diligently spading over the earth about a tall and robust geranium-tree which stood in the midst of a plat of heart's-ease and violets. He seemed unfeignedly glad to see me, and, after bringing his task to a convenient point, started to show me through the establishment. It was small, exquisitely clean, and painfully bare in all its appointments. Except the library and gardens, there was nothing about the place to relieve its air of gloomy isolation. In the former was, however, a passably liberal collection of books and a huge pile of old manuscripts dating from the time of the Spanish conquest; while the latter contained a profusion of flowers and shrubs which, in that ungenial soil, were themselves a monument to the patience and industry of the brothers. Fray Bento explained that each of these had an assigned task, either in the garden, or in the fields outside, or about the building; and he evidently took great delight in the perfect condition of the large bed allotted to himself. I remarked that his violets, while surpassingly large and beautiful, had no perfume, and said that this—a common defect at such altitudes—must be a great deprivation to him.

"No," he answered, with some sadness, "it is that which makes it possible for me to have them."

"But, father," I remonstrated, "surely they lose much of their loveliness in being odorless. It is as though a beautiful child were dumb."

"True, son; but being dumb, they can never offend," he said; and with some abruptness called my attention to other things.

His manner impressed me strongly; for he was the last man from whom one should have expected to hear a remark which savored so much of the professional cant of the conventional padre. But, whatever the cause, he clearly meant what he said; and that it was coupled with some sombre thought was evident from the shade of pain remaining on his face.

As we strolled through the pleasant, sunny paths, he talked freely of himself

and his companions, to many of whom he smilingly introduced me as "A heretic come to judgment."

"You think it a prison life, no doubt, my son," he remarked, "and so it is in many ways; but it is better so. Petty as it seems in all its details, this very pettiness makes us the more accessible to the wretched, the ignorant, and the suffering among our fellow-creatures. There can be no cure for the wrong man does to man; when it is done, it is done; but for one we harm in our lives we have the opportunity of helping hundreds. That is, if we but take our eyes off ourselves, my son; off our useless regrets as well as our vain hopes."

This was disappointing. Here was a keen-witted, high-bred, liberal-minded ecclesiastic, apparently so wedded to the formal routine of his calling, that twice within the hour he had fallen into the language of Thomas à Kempis while conversing with a stranger who could not be expected to share either his convictions or his enthusiasm. And yet, I could not bring myself to believe that this was mere talking for effect. The whole thing was a puzzle, and I took the first occasion for retiring, somewhat in doubt as to the correctness of my high estimate of Fray Bento's intellectual attainments and breadth of views. He, however, was again perfectly natural and unconstrained as he walked to the wicket, and in promising to breakfast with us before long showed all of his notable ease of manner and graceful courtesy.

Within a few days he made good his promise, joining us at breakfast with a pleasant apology for his want of ceremony. On this occasion he proved himself to be, beyond question, a brilliant and highly educated man, exhibiting a familiarity with secular affairs which was all the more agreeable by reason of a total absence of that assumption of worldliness so often noticeable in his class in their hours of relaxation. He displayed a keen insight into the larger questions of European politics, lamenting that his knowledge of American public affairs was limited to the study of De Tocqueville. With the speculations and researches of modern scientific thought he was also at home, and in

protesting, as he did, against their tendency toward materialism, he argued from a logical rather than a clerical standpoint. In talking of literature, too, he showed a broad range and sympathy which was most attractive; and we were not a little surprised when, upon one of our number offering to send up to the convent a collection of the latest foreign papers and reviews, he replied, with some decision, that he "never read a European journal." A few minutes later, with some suddenness, he took his leave, urging me to repeat my visit to the *monasterio* as soon as convenient.

Our acquaintance grew rapidly. I sought his society often and spent many delightful hours with him in studying the manuscripts of the convent library; while he became a regular visitor to our quarters and established himself as a warm favorite with all our party.

As a rule, the convent seemed utterly shut off from the rest of the world, and save for the occasional presence of the few Indians working in its fields, there was no sign of life stirring in the neighborhood. But two or three times I had found quite a little crowd of the men and women of the mountain tribes gathered about the wicket, with Fray Bento in their midst, receiving their trifling offerings and saying a few kindly words to each. A handful of *coca* leaves, a few ears of purple maize, or a quart or two of dried potatoes, would be laid on the stone bench, along with a wild cat's skin, or the pelts of chinchillas, or a hank of alpaca yarn, with now and then a little package of cinchona bark, or a bunch of gay feathers contributed by some more venturesome Indian who had been lately in the *Yungus*, or hot valleys, of the eastern slopes. One tall, fine-looking young fellow once brought a small quill filled with shining gold-dust as his gift; but, when asked where he had gathered it, had worldly wisdom enough to merely say with a wide sweep of his arm toward the eastern horizon, that he had "found it down there." Upon my remarking upon the practical nature of his devotees' alms, Fray Bento said, with much earnestness:

"They come, at least, from the heart, and are often all their givers possess

in the world. They are for my bell, which I want to get to hang in the bell-fry there." He pointed to the low tower between the convent gate and the entrance to the chapel, which had no bell, although the stout beam for swinging one was already in place and painted.

"We have no bell," he continued, "except the little one you hear tinkling sometimes; and I thought it would be such a good thing to get a big, deep-toned one whose sound would go up on the *mesa*, where our children could hear it. Besides, my son, it seems to me that there is something in the voice of a great bell, especially at night in a lonely spot like this, which goes straight into our hearts and wakens our memories as nothing else can. And it is well for us not to let our memories sleep too long; some less than others." As he paused, there was the drawn look about his face which I had before seen and connected with some peculiarly sad recollection in his mind.

"The bell will cost a great deal of money," he added, in a moment; "more than twelve hundred *pesos* by the time it is dragged over these mountains from the coast. But we have nearly a thousand now and it will soon be enough. It has only taken us eight years to get this."

He spoke with naked simplicity in saying this, and it was clear that there was no thought of complaint, much less of insinuation, in his remark. He told me that our generous young host, Don Gaspar, from time to time sent for all the various offerings of the Indians and allowed him a liberal value for them all, with interest on the money until the sum should be complete. Then his firm would purchase the bell in Lima and have it brought up to the convent; so that Fray Bento would have no care about its transportation.

"Our poor people will be happy when they hear it away off in their villages," he said; "and I shall be better for it, I know. It will make me less cowardly, surely." And he turned into the library with me and commenced to talk about the manuscripts we were examining.

On my mentioning to my companions, one day at dinner, Fray Bento's ambition to secure a bell for his convent, and

proposing that we should quietly do something, through Don Gaspar, to hasten its purchase, that impulsive young Castilian said that he and his fellow-Catholics present were willing to make good one-half of what was wanting if we "heretics" cared to give the remainder. This we gladly agreed to do; and Don Gaspar undertook to get the bell up from the coast without the knowledge of Fray Bento; so that the latter might receive it and have it mounted by Easter, which was always a great feast with his Indian "children."

He himself never again alluded to the matter, although more than once I had come upon him standing by the wicket, surrounded by his picturesque contributors. Indeed, he had not again referred even remotely to his religious sentiments, nor given any further indication of those deeper personal feelings which he had allowed to escape him on the two occasions mentioned. One odd proceeding was, however, several times repeated. Now and then, as we were sitting together in the *salon* of our house, or strolling through the porticos of our courtyard, he would suddenly offer some hasty apology and leave us with a singular precipitation. This became a matter of discussion among our party, and it was remarked that it had always occurred some time after we had finished our cigars, so it could not be because they annoyed him. In thinking the thing over I became satisfied that it was connected in some way with the habit of one of our number to adjourn after smoking to an adjoining room, and play for a half-hour or so on the piano. Still, this scarcely explained Fray Bento's brusqueness; for he had often expressed a love for music and shown an excellent knowledge of it, and I knew that both our player and his instrument were above the average in quality. As this might be the cause of our guest's hasty departures, however, I determined to mention the subject frankly to him and assure him that it would be no deprivation for us to postpone our concert. One afternoon, as he and I were pacing along his favorite walk—a path through the fields outside the convent walls—after having been confined for several hours in copying together an old chron-

icle, I recalled this matter of the music, and mentioned it to him with the freedom of a good comrade.

He walked on a few steps without replying; then, stopping short, he grasped my shoulder almost violently, while a flush of color swept over his pale, refined features.

"My friend," he said, and I noticed that he dropped the more formal style he habitually used, "you do not believe in miraculous interventions, nor do I; at least in these days. But I have seen that, not once but twice, which has all but caused me to tear this gown from my sinful body and go out into the world a renegade and an outcast; lost to honor in this world and to hope in the next. God gave me of His strength, when mine was gone beyond recovery, to turn my back on the temptation and keep my feet in the dull routine of daily drudgery; to Him be the praise. But I cannot hope, I dare not expect, that such mercy will be shown me again if I wilfully offend; and, weak though it may seem, I find safety in avoiding the danger I have not the confidence to combat. Listen, my friend; you will not think me a lunatic, I know, and there is that in your face which revives a feeling I thought—yes, and hoped—was dead and buried.

"Years ago—they are getting to be very many now—I came to this remote corner of the world to be free forever from my youth. Among these rude and desolate surroundings, and these poor, ignorant people, I looked to be as safe from all contact with the past as though I herded with the dumb beasts that perish. Year after year I spent, if not happily, at least contentedly, among the squalid villages of these frozen mountains, or the savage camps of the wandering Indians down yonder in the wildernesses of the Marañon. Then the Superior recalled me from that work to train our younger brothers here for the same field. Still I found rest and peace in the knowledge that what I was doing would bring help and comfort, sooner or later, to those who needed. But one day a generous friend of our Order, one who had shown much true kindness to me when it was very grateful, urged me to attend the *fiesta* of his little

daughter. I pleaded with him that such a thing was distasteful to me; that for serious reasons I abstained from all festivities, however innocent; but he would take no refusal, and to save him pain I went to his house that evening. It was a harmless little gathering of neighbors and friends, and I found there my good old Doña Theresa, a truly holy woman, who was the *niña's* godmother. I was talking with her on one of the balconies, looking out on the moonlit night, while the young secretary of a foreign legation here was playing over some airs he had just brought back from Paris. They were idle trifles; waltzes, *chansonnettes*, and scraps of operas, and I paid them no heed. Suddenly, the whole scene vanished as completely as though swallowed up by the earthquake. The dingy houses opposite disappeared, and in their place rose the stately front of a marble palace; the narrow street flowed silently by as a placid stream reflecting the stars above; down in the east the huge dome of icy Illimani melted away; and where it had stood the moonbeams flashed on the rippling waters of the distant lagoon, whence the cool salt air drifted up the canal to where we were.

"I tell you truly, my friend," and he clutched my arm again, "it was no dream. I was *there*; in the flesh, not in the spirit. Behind me was the great saloon, all gold and white, glittering with the light of a thousand candles. Over the polished floors were gliding scores of the noblest and most beautiful of Italy's sons and daughters, and I knew them all and could call them by name. And through all and above all, came the sound of liquid music and the heavy perfume of myriads of flowers. Son, it was real, *real*. It was no trick of the imagination. For close to me, so close that I caught the fragrance of the violets she always wore at her bosom, was that face I had forced my mind to banish until I thought it was forgotten forever; and *she* said, her warm breath sweet in my face, '*Póvero mio*, why did you this thing? I loved you always. Did not you know that?' But when I wanted to answer, to swear to her I had believed only her own written words, *zas!* it was all gone; and I was back on the little balcony in the dreary moun-

tain city on this side the world, and the good Doña Theresa was asking me if I was ill."

Fray Bento shook himself slightly as he released my arm and took a step forward; then, turning again, he said: "Don Alberto, this is between us. What I did, I did because it seemed right and holy and that God willed it to be so. I know now that I was wrong; that He only can judge between man and man, and alone can give man's life and take it. For that one deed I have spent twenty years seeking what chance could be found to help those who most needed help, to strengthen those who were weakest; and I daily pray to be spared yet twice twenty to do the same. But, oh, my friend! we have but one life; you, and I, and our friends, and our enemies; and what is left for those who have destroyed the one and wrecked the other to no purpose, in mere blindness of heart? God's will be done, my son. Had it not been for His grace I should then have cast my faith and my work to the dogs, and gone back to the old land and the old life to seek what perhaps did not exist save as a fiction of the Evil One. That is years and years ago now; yet I dare not trust myself to hear the sound of the world's music, or meet again the fragrance of that one small flower, lest the trial come again and I fail."

He seemed to be waiting for some word from me, and I assured him that I was grateful for his confidence and would respect it. Then, thinking that he was the better for telling his strange story, I asked:

"And the other vision, or whatever you think it, father; was it, too, like this one?"

"No, my friend, it was as nothing in comparison. It was but a flash of lighting in my soul. I took up idly a paper, long afterward, and saw there the name of one I believed long since at rest. Yet it may not have been the same. His brother's child might have borne the name, and I must not venture to hope that he indeed still lives. The burden is on my shoulders and I must bear it. Whether the sin is on my soul, God only knows. By and by it will all be clear, and I may not look back to

see whether I be right or wrong. Come; it is late, and the wind blows cold off the mesa."

Passing his arm almost affectionately about my shoulders, he walked slowly back to the convent without speaking. As we stopped at the wicket while the young brother went to get my horse, Fray Bento raised his hand in priestly fashion, and very solemnly gave me his blessing. Then, as the younger friar approached, my friend bade me pleasantly good-evening, and said that ere long he would see us again at our house.

My horse travelled at his own gait back to the city that evening, while his rider pondered over Fray Bento's astonishing revelation, and connected it here and there with what had seemed enigmatical or inconsistent in his conduct. That the handsome, aristocratic, brilliant Franciscan had belonged to the Italian *noblesse*; that he had loved some beautiful woman of his own rank and lost her; and that for her sake he had taken the life of a dear friend, and sought oblivion for the deed, or life-long penance for it, under the coarse frock and cowl of the discipline of St. Francis—all this seemed clear enough. But that a scrap of melody, dashed off carelessly on the piano by an entire stranger, and the casual sight of a name in a stray newspaper should so move him that, after the lapse of so many years, he had come to doubt absolutely both the extent of his crime and the reality of the fancied provocation to it, and yet denied himself the possibility of finding permanent peace by seeking to learn the truth—this passed by far my comprehension.

As the dark shadows gathered in the narrow valley and the stars began to shine, I reached two profound conclusions: first, that were I His Holiness of Rome, the name of Fray Bento should head the list of possible candidates for canonization; and, second, that in hastening the arrival of his bell, we, his friends, had played unwittingly the part of ruthless savages. For, that the deep tones of a great bell were in some way inseparably connected in the friar's mind with the great tragedy of his life; and that, in bringing such an one to the con-

vent, he was purposely subjecting himself to a constant daily, almost hourly, revival of his horrible quandary, with all of its attendant misery, was as clear to me now as was the great snow-peak before me. Why he should have chosen me as the confidant of his ghastly secret, I did not know; only that one phrase in his revelation seemed to show that it was due to a fancied resemblance with someone for whom he had cared in *el tiempo pasado*. And, as he had blessed me there by the wicket, in the deepening twilight, it had seemed to me that in his mind I was standing for someone else.

When Easter approached we received word that the great bell had been safely hauled over the main Cordillera, and was now lying at a point on the tableland three days journey from town, awaiting our orders. For my own part, I was heartily sorry that it had not fallen over some convenient precipice and been dashed to pieces; but I could do nothing now in the matter without betraying my friend's confidence. So, when the order was given to drag it on toward the city, I agreed to be the medium for inviting Fray Bento, upon the plea of a special reunion, to breakfast with us on the day of its expected arrival, when we would discover our little plot.

There was no unusual air about our little party as we gathered, that bright spring forenoon, in the sunny dining-hall, and the meal was nearly finished when Fray Bento asked whom he was to congratulate as the hero of the day? In a few modest words Don Gaspar explained what we had done, and begged our guest's forgiveness for the liberty taken in interfering, even in kindness, in a task which we knew was so near his heart.

Fray Bento was very deeply moved; his pallid face grew deadly white and he locked tightly the fingers of both hands, as he said, "My thanks would be a poor return for your kindness, my friends. May Our Lord's blessing rest on you all for what you have done to-day."

As he sat still, apparently in deep thought, the silence became embarrassing, and one of our party, to relieve the strain, turned to him with a laughing protest:

"Father, should the bell not ring true, you must not charge it to the portion given by us heretics."

He looked up, smiling kindly, and replied, "You are all so bad there could be no distinctions, I am afraid. I doubt if even Don Gaspar has been to mass for a year."

Just then a servant approached him and said there was an Indian runner in the courtyard with a parcel for His Reverence, which was to be delivered only into his hands.

"Oh, Don Gaspar," said Fray Bento; "some other surprise still? Let the man come in, by all means."

A lean, wiry Indian, dressed in the long tunic of the river tribes, came into the room with the loping step peculiar to his calling, and, kneeling at the friar's side, handed him a package done up in oiled silk and heavily sealed. Touching the seal with his lips, without betraying a sign of surprise, Fray Bento asked permission and opened the packet. It was a letter written on two large sheets of paper, and he had soon mastered its contents. Turning to the still kneeling messenger, he dismissed him with the simple words: "Say that I am going, my child."

Then rising, and tightening, as if mechanically, the knotted cord about his waist, he went to the head of the table where Don Gaspar sat. Taking his hand in both his own, he said, quietly:

"My friend, the black small-pox is sweeping through the tribes in the lower valleys. It has carried off all our brethren in the mission save one, and he was dying when he wrote. The Superior sends me there to do what I can till others come; so I must say *Adios*."

We all crowded about him to offer our assistance; asking him to let us send to the convent for him some medicines, or a mule for travelling, or whatever he might need; but he gently declined all help.

"You are very good, my friends; but I must go as I have always gone, and must not return to the convent."

In answer to our expressions of remonstrance and appeal, he said, with a simplicity which disarmed all argument:

"It is better so, believe me, that I should not turn back. Fray Miguel will

overtake me with whatever is necessary."

Then, pressing earnestly the hand of each of us in succession, he bade us farewell. Reaching the door, he made the sign of the cross, and saying, "The peace of Our Lord be with this house!" he started on his journey.

Within a few weeks I was called to the United States. Before leaving La Vega I rode out to the convent to inquire if there was any news of Fray Bento; but no word had as yet been received from him.

The big bell was standing in a corner of the courtyard.

Six years later, I had occasion to ascend the Amazon River and penetrate the forests lying on the eastern slopes of the Andes of Peru and Bolivia. Above the rapids which form the head of steam navigation from the Atlantic, I travelled for many days in a canoe paddled by twelve Indians of the Mojos. One afternoon, as we were nearing the base of the mountains and toiling slowly against the increasing current, we reached the mouth of a tributary flowing into the Chaparé, on which we were. On the little clay promontory lying between the streams, high enough to be beyond the rise of the floods, and so placed as to be seen by the canoes passing up and down the river, stood a low, black wooden cross. Some care was evidently taken, even in that lonely spot, to keep it free from undergrowth; for there was a little clearing about it, though the forest rose, a tangle of trees and vines, close behind.

As we passed the point, our *capitan* Ignacio, gave a wide sweep of his steer-

ing oar and threw the nose of our craft into the shallow water at the foot of the bank. Instantly the crew cast their paddles into the bottom of the boat, and, kneeling beside them, crossed themselves and muttered some prayers. Then rising and resuming their paddles, they backed the canoe off and started again up the darkening stream.

"What saint is that you prayed to there, Señor Ignacio?" I asked of the steersman.

"That is no saint, Señor *patron*," he replied; "it is the grave of the good padre. When the *viruelas* passed up the rivers last time, and all the other padres were killed, he came down here and tended the sick and dying Indians, who had been abandoned by everybody who could get away. Why, señor, in those days a man ran away from his wife and the mother from her child. But the good padre went about among them, and washed their sores, and gave them cool things to drink, and buried them like human beings when they died, instead of leaving them to rot like dogs, and he seemed to be made of iron; for he never got tired or sickened, until the plague was over and the people came back out of the woods to their villages. Then he fell ill; and though we sent runners all the way up to La Vega to bring help for him, and two other padres came down quickly, he died the day before they got here. But he was a *good* padre, señor, and he died in helping us poor people, like *El Cristo* he taught us about."

"Your padre was indeed a good man, Ignacio. What was his name?"

"He called himself Fray Bento, Señor *patron*. May Our Lady plead for him!"



WINE OF LUSITANIA.

To S. R. E.

By Edith M. Thomas.

OH, who would storm with foolish half-fledg'd wings
The Heav'n of Song, and in one morning spend
His lease of flight and music, and descend
To be henceforth with dumb, unbuoyant things,—
The scourge proud rashness from Apollo brings!
Let me be mute an age, and take for friend
Strong Life—so may I offer at the end
One strain dew-freshened from Pierian springs,

That shall not other be than as the wine
Swart Lusitania for her kings doth shed:
Its clusters, hoarding up the rich sunshine,
Know not the groaning press nor peon's tread,
But, full ripe globe on globe, their sweets resign
In slow distilment, slender, but divine!

THE LAKE COUNTRY OF NEW ENGLAND.

By Newman Smyth.



IT is something for which the lovers of original nature may still be thankful that, two hundred and seventy years after our fathers began to chop wood in the forests which came down to the shores on which they landed, we can find, within a hundred miles of the seaboard, a vast stretch of almost unbroken wilderness, larger than the whole area of the two States of Massachusetts and Connecticut. The day after leaving the crowded streets of New York, one may find himself fairly shot into a wilderness, where he may roam at will through an immense solitude, with the stream and the voice of the rapids for his companion.

Since Thoreau published, in 1848, an account of his first visit to "The Lake Country of New England," as he happily called this region of dense forests and many waters; and since Mr. Lowell wrote his charming "Moosehead Journal," civilization has made some further

inroads into the wilderness of northern Maine. The stage-coach, for the top-seats on which men and women used to scramble, has become a tradition of the past. The Kineo House, standing half-way up Moosehead Lake, is no longer a simple paradise for fishermen, but a commodious modern hostelry; and twenty miles down the West Branch of the Penobscot the canoeman who has run that fine stretch of river, and over Pine Stream Falls, may now find a considerable clearing, plenty of roast lamb, delicious wild strawberry preserves, with cream, and a comfortable bed in a large frame building, where Thoreau found only a rude log-house. But this wilderness of woods and watercourses is too vast easily to give up its ancient solitudes at the first approach of the railroads, or to allow itself to be tamed even by the repeated incursions of the lumbermen. Moosehead, which is the goal of the railway excursionists, is a large lake, forty miles long, extending through the woods, and horizoned with mountains—

the lake of the forests ; but Moosehead is itself the spacious gateway to a broad tableland in which three rivers have their sources, and where the streams are the only highways through the forests. One who wishes to pass through this glorious gateway into the Maine woods will traverse by steamboat the whole length of this lake, and land at one of the two carries at the upper end. He will have with him a guide who is at home in quick water, and who knows how to swing an axe as well as to cook ; and from the camp-supplies with which he is provided, experience will have sifted every unnecessary pound. The guides have not a few good stories to tell of new-comers into these woods, and the supplies with which they came furnished ; one party, they say, was provided with fifteen pounds of cheese and five of flour ; another had taken rice enough, when boiled, to fill the canoe ; and another actually brought a gas-stove, thinking it might be handy in a tent. If one without experience wishes to go into camp, he will do well to consult his guide in provisioning his party.

At the upper end of Moosehead Lake a team is in readiness to haul canoes and luggage across a carry of two miles, where the wagon, with the whole civilization of which it is a sign, is abandoned, and the sportsman, shaking the dust of all the ways of the world from his feet, puts his canoe into the West Branch of the Penobscot, and, with a dip of the paddle, floats off into the freedom of the forests. He must be a dull soul who does not feel a thrill of genuine pleasure when he is at last fairly afloat on this stream, the world left behind to run as it will without him, and a large, out-of-door life opening before him. By a sudden transformation-scene the man of the city finds himself changed into the likeness of an aboriginal. The primitive, but long-smothered, Indian instinct awakes in him. He becomes once more an eager, careless child of nature. He drops the manufactured necessities of life, and learns, to his surprise, how simple, elemental, and healthful human existence may become, at least in the summer season. This reversion toward the type of the primitive man proves usually a very short and easy process to

campers in the Maine woods ; and one is apt to return from it with a simpler heart for civilization, as well as with an invigorated nervous system. In this kind of free, out-of-door summering one puts himself beyond the vexatious comforts of hotels, and refuses to be detained even in that half-hearted acquaintance with nature which may be gained in a permanent camp, quite accessible, on the edge of some wilderness ; life is given over wholly in trust to nature and the elements, and the tent is pitched on the bank of some stream, or by the shore of some far forest lake, wherever, in one's roaming, night may happen to find one. The spoils won by the rod or rifle—speckled trout, plump partridges, or a steak of sweet venison—are quickly broiled and eagerly devoured by blazing camp-fires ; sleep is speedily won from beds of fragrant fir-boughs ; some acquaintance is renewed with the early dawn, and many an evening's intimacy with the sunsets is enjoyed on those clear lakes, in the midst of dense woods, which seem to be the open eyes of the forest for the skies. In this careless, happy roaming, when one happens perchance to remember who he is and from what brick walls he has come—the narrow street of some city to which he must go back, with hardly a clear acre of sky to be seen above it—he could almost wish that he had been born centuries ago, and his soul have taken bodily form in the sinewy flesh of some Indian chieftain, having the subtle wood-lore for his education, and the Great Spirit for his faith, before America had the misfortune of being discovered by Columbus, or the Puritans had allotted the common lands, or man's life had been reduced to a daily study of economics, and scholastic theology had ever been invented.

The Indian's canoe is still the only device fit for all uses in this wilderness. The light cedar boat of the Adirondacks does not even enter into competition with it in the Maine woods. With almost equal facility the canoe may be swiftly paddled across a lake, dropped with the iron-shod "setting-pole" through the many rocks which vex a piece of quick water, run down a strong rapid, led over too dangerous pitches,

lifted up mere brook-courses, or, when all trace of water fails, carried on a man's head along some rough trail through the woods. The canoe is too unsubmitive and high-spirited to be quite safe for anyone who presumes on acquaintance with it, but it is a quickly responsive and faithful friend to him who thoroughly understands its moods and ways. To float along in a canoe is the poetry of motion; and if to glide down some quiet stretch of river between the perfect reflections in the waters of the overhanging boughs and moss-tufted trees of the high banks, affords the lyric passages of this poetry of motion, the canoe reaches its thrilling epic moments as it lives through some splendid rapids. It is exciting sport to run a good rapid with an expert canoeman. Above some foaming pitch the canoe is held for an instant until it takes the water just right, then over it leaps, skimming by the edge of the rock, and escaping the under-tow by a few quick strokes of the paddle to be shot half-way across the stream; to swing with the current and to be flung quivering down between the next rocks over which the mad river rushes, and so on, leaping successive pitches, following each whirl of the stream around the ledges, until, with hardly a cupful of water taken in, the canoe leaves the rapid to roar and rage behind it, and we leisurely dip our paddles again in some smooth, deep pool. Thoreau estimated his speed in running a rapid, at the swiftest moments, as about fifteen miles an hour. My Indian guide once took me through the "horse-race"—a rapid about two miles long in the West Branch—within fifteen minutes' time by my watch. As in making the descent we had to shoot across the stream several times, with here and there a bit of dead water between the ledges to paddle over, Thoreau's estimate of the speed of a canoe at its most exciting moments, in a strong rapid, seems hardly exaggerated. There may be a spice of danger, particularly to one's provisions, in running some of these falls; but so dexterous of hand and so quick of eye have the guides become who know these waters, that accidents rarely happen, and indeed, in twenty years' familiarity with

them, I have only twice come near swamping; once in an unloaded canoe when we carelessly tried to cross a river too near the head of a wild pitch, and had to do some quick paddling to swing with a canoe half-full of water into an eddy; and at another time when we attempted to run a fall, which was unknown to the guide, in a canoe too heavily loaded, and were picked up for an instant on a rock, but fortunately were able to throw ourselves off before we were caught broadsides and swamped by the current. On the lakes a canoe without a load, if paddled by two good men who understand it, will live in an astonishingly high sea; but with a camp-load to be safely carried, one must sometimes wait by the shore of a lake for the wind to go down before it is safe to venture forth. Yet, when one has to go from point to point across a tossing lake, a good canoeman will manage to pick his way among the white-caps, running with a strong push of his paddle from one threatening wave, waiting for another to pass and break beyond him, keeping off from the combining crests, and availing himself of every opportunity of making progress afforded by those occasional lulls, or calmer spaces on the water, where the waves for the moment seem to have succeeded in knocking one another out. No accidents of any seriousness, within my knowledge, have happened to canoes when guides were taken with them.

Some minor discomforts, and at times an opportunity to test one's endurance, may lend variety to this life; but with a proper supply of rubber clothing and woollen blankets, it is possible to bid defiance to rain or cold; and a positive pleasure may be found in declaring one's independence of the elements, and in the conquest of the storms. Even though one should happen to camp late, tired, wet, and hungry, it is astonishing what a cheerful homelikeness the fire, when once the great birch logs are fairly ablaze, gives to a bright warm space in the forest's gloom, and how good the freshly baked biscuit seem, and with what comfort one may fall asleep though the rain beats on the thin tent just over his head. If a more equable couch is desired than the fir-boughs, when properly shingled, afford, one may indulge

in the civilized device of an air-bed, made of rubber, which may be rolled up as compactly as a pair of blankets while one is travelling by day, and blown up with no little healthful exercise of the lungs at night. In the late summer or early autumn the Maine woods are quite free from that peculiar discomfort in which Paley found a proof of benevolence, when, somewhere in his "Natural Theology," he wrote, with a more philosophic coolness than June fishermen are apt to display: "The insect youth are on the wing." The black flies, after the middle of August, cease, except in some of their favorite haunts, to take that delight in existence which was Paley's proof of universal benevolence, and the cool, frosty nights make life no longer worth living for the swarms of mosquitoes, and they desist from their music. While vigorous men may find days of paddling, or climbing, which task and test their strength, others, whose muscles have been neglected and who lack red blood in their veins, need not hesitate to plunge into this wilderness for fear of hardship or exposure; camps can be made quite endurable during the rains, and with whole days spent in the sunshine, some of it is sure to find its way into the blood and to enrich the heart-pulses. Ladies venture on this out-of-door life with entire safety, and none enjoy more than they this perfect escape from conventionality, and restful return to nature and simplicity. In this life in tent and canoe, those special invitations to colds are not offered which the drafts and sudden alternations of temperature bring to summer visitors in hotel corridors, and on windy piazzas. If such precautions are taken, in the way of dress and outfit, as a little experience will suggest, and if the camp is made in good season each day, there is no reason why women in ordinary health should not go almost anywhere that men may penetrate through the heart of the Maine woods. And the most ardent lovers of this wilderness-life are some ladies who have tried it.

One decided advantage which this lake country of New England possesses over the Adirondacks is the vastness of its solitude. Its uncleared area is so extensive, its forests are still so unbrok-

en by any highways, save the streams and the rough tote-roads of the lumber crews, that this region cannot become populous with visitors. Though many summerlings (to coin a word to describe us summer transients) now flit along these streams, yet is not this wilderness over-swarmed with visitors. Even while paddling down the main streams one will meet but few canoes, and may camp at night with no neighbors in sight or sound. Some future day the rich bottom lands along these streams may know cultivation; but now they are mostly left to the grasses, the wild flowers, and the deer. When I first discovered for myself the delightful possibility of relapsing for a season into this Indian-like existence, about twenty years ago, although it was then late in the summer, I learned that only two parties of "sports" (as we are called in the native dialect) had crossed before me the carry from Moosehead into the Penobscot waters; and not until the last day of nearly a fortnight's canoeing did pass a boatman on the river. I asked him for news of the Franco-Prussian war, which was then waging; but the native woodsman had not troubled himself with such foreign affairs. He was eager, however, to learn from me "what was going on up at the dam." So, each of us with his different question, passed midway in the river, he living in his forest world, and we going back to ours. How separate are the worlds in which men living on the same planet, passing each other on the same stream, may be dwelling—one man's world as a foreign land to another;—yet is there not some one world great enough and simple enough to contain us all?—some one kingdom of heaven human enough in its sympathy, and divine enough in its promise, to comprehend all men—the moral inhabitants of all worlds—in its pure and perfect good?

Since that first discovery which I made of this wilderness many of its more accessible haunts have become familiar camping-grounds, and some of our nearer trout-pools have given up their secrets; yet the lover of untamed and unhumanized nature, to whom every increase of forest distance between his tent and the nearest house is so much

added pleasure, has only to push a little farther back, to work his way over a side-carry, or to lead his canoe up some tempting brook, and he will find himself without pursuers, and may light his single camp-fire by some lake on whose waters no flies but his own are cast. And the trout of those remote pools, whose education to the artificial fly has been entirely neglected, rush at the hackle, or the ibis, and leap, and are off, with a flash of motion, and a whirl of the fisherman's reel, of which the more educated trout in less wild pools, often fished, seem rarely capable. Almost all old habitués of these Maine woods have some hidden lake, or nameless trout-pool, or mouth of mountain brook, and stretch of meadow-shore known to the deer and themselves, of which they say little, but to which often, during the busy days of the year, their thoughts return, and to which, when the vacation time comes again, their canoes quietly find the way. There are many unmapped and rarely visited lakes, known to the hunters, some into whose clear waters Mount Ktaadn casts its shadows, which at some future day—may it be still distant!—when these solitudes shall disclose the secrets of their peace to the world, are destined to become familiar resorts of the lovers of pure nature. One such lake I hold in memory—a round, clear crystal set in green; at one break in the forests which shelter it a rocky little brook, by which its existence had been revealed to me, runs out of it over the stones; a lake scarce ruffled by the winds which swept over the tops of the spruce and the birches which were etched, every mossy twig and lightest leaf of their branches, in the clear waters from which the trout leaped to my fly. So far as I could learn, those speckled trout, some of which had grown old enough to reach three good, solid pounds by my scales, had never had the pleasure before of seeing an artificial "Montreal," or rising to a small "professor," and we had the satisfaction of introducing them for the first time to the cheerful sputtering of the frying-pan. And within a short distance, so our Indian guide told us, lay several similar lakes whose waters have not yet been touched by any white man's canoe.

This lake country possesses two Titanic features, the equals of which it would be hard to find in the whole Appalachian range—Ripogenus gorge and Mount Ktaadn. Ripogenus Rapids are the dread of the lumber-driver and the fascination of the tourists. Before reaching this ravine the West Branch of the Penobscot has collected a whole assembly of waters into its now strong stream; gathering its powers up for a brief pause and rest in a deep lake which lies between the hills and under a precipice, it suddenly plunges, as though impatient of delay and conscious of its might, down through one of the wildest and most relentless gorges which a convulsion of nature has ever torn and twisted from the great rock for the leap and the foaming of a river on its way to the sea. Near the foot of this gorge one may stand on the brink of a precipice which rises straight up seventy feet from a dark pool beneath. Directly opposite, so near that we could almost leap across the chasm, a solid rock, sharp at its upper edge, and broad at its lower end—called from its resemblance to a flat iron the heater—splits the wild current below in two. The level top of this great wedge of rock is mossy, and covered with bushes bearing the largest blueberries, which, though they hung provokingly almost within our reach, no hand could pick. From this point we look up the gorge between precipitous walls, over which regiments of hardy spruce and birches climb—their dense ranks broken by jutting rocks and bare cliffs on which only a few venturesome skirmishers of vegetation have succeeded in gaining scant footing; while, beneath, the river is one hurrying succession of cascades, tossed into the sunlight, and momentary pools where the foam gathers under the deep shadows; and the whole wild ravine is filled with sound and reverberation as though nature within this deep gorge were engaged in some awful combat of its powers. Turning and looking down, one sees this narrow path, which has been rent through the rock, widening into a sunny valley, through which the river, at last escaped from its turmoil, winds between fringes of meadow; and beyond, only ten miles of clear air distant as the

bird flies, Ktaadn lifts its scarred and ragged pyramid almost a straight mile up above the river and the forest at its foot.

Along the west side of Ripogenus gorge, a narrow and precarious driver's path leads from point to point on the edge of the precipice, where, during the spring freshets, watchmen are stationed while the West Branch drive of logs is being run through the rapids below. If at any place in the rapids a log is flung between the rocks and others following it are piled up in a great jam, the watchman waves his torch of blazing birch-bark, and the signal is thus transmitted from point to point to the head of the gorge; the men at the dam, being thus warned, stop turning more logs from the boom into the stream; and at the sharp, ragged ledge where the jam has occurred, an effort is at once made to break it. Sometimes a venturesome driver will go out on it, and seek to cut loose the log which holds the whole jam, and to leap ashore in time to escape going down himself with the crash. Several lives have been lost in these rapids by too great recklessness in thus breaking a jam. This watchman's path runs at one place several hundred feet along the crest of the precipice, then it descends suddenly to the level of the stream, where I have taken radiantly speckled trout, and seen silvery parr or young salmon leap from the foam of the rapids; then the dizzy pathway climbs half-way up the side of the gorge, and offers hazardous foothold as it skirts the base of an overhanging cliff, which looks as though the next touch of the winter's frost might tumble it down among the broken rocks at the bottom; and so the path runs on and on, now losing itself in the dense evergreen, and now coming out at high points into moments of sunshine, or inviting the thirsty climber to rest at a cool spring which trickles from some mossy fissure in the side of the great rock—a path this, which, if one has the hardihood to follow it its whole length up the gorge of Ripogenus, will lead him through wildness itself; and long afterward it will remain etched on his memory.

The carry around these Ripogenus

rapids is three miles long, or two and a half to "the putting-in" place where the canoes lightly loaded may be safely run; it follows a good tote-road, through fine woods, favorable for partridges, and past a small pond which used to contain, under the birches at its farther end, a famous trout-pool. After passing Ripogenus one paddles through stretches of dead water, runs several rapids, and carries by some bad ledges and falls, with Ktaadn every now and then framing itself between the river-banks for a picture. Those who wish to venture the ascent of this mountain will pitch their tents at its foot by the mouth of a clear stream, which still bears the Indian name Aboljackarmègassic. From this point it is about eight miles to the mountain's top. A path which was scarcely blazed, and which taxed even an Indian's skill to follow it when I first climbed it, but which is now more worn and not difficult to trace, leads through the woods, up and down over the lower ridges, ascending by the side of a tumbling brook until it comes out on an open highway to the mountain's crest, which some landslide had ploughed and broken out before the memory of man. Nature, however, rested content with marking this possible approach to the summit, and has never taken the least pains to finish her road. It is as though Pamola, the dread spirit of the mountain, according to the Indian tradition, would give us to understand that the bold climber may approach in this way the cloudy summit, but at no easy cost; only the strong will shall gain the reward to be won on Ktaadn's height; let all but the most determined keep to the stream below.

The scramble up this landslide reminds me of the climb over the loose lava up the cone of Vesuvius. But it is much more difficult, as, at an angle of forty degrees, one not only has to maintain every foot he gains among loose stones, but also frequently must climb over or around great blocks of granite which have been left lying in all conceivable positions and confusion. We found the hollows between some of these wedges of rocks convenient hiding-places during a cloud-burst. The ascent and return to one's camp at the foot of

Abol may be achieved in a day; it is better, however, to carry what one needs for a night's bivouac a little way up the slide to the edge of the woods, and to gain an evening and a morning at the top. For the old Scripture concerning the creation is particularly applicable to the mountain-tops: "And there was evening, and there was morning, one day."

When I last climbed Ktaadn, the day had been threatening and showery; but the mountain-spirit rewarded us richly for our double temerity in seeking to gain Ktaadn's solitary top, and on a doubtful day. For while we rested and waited at the summit, the veil which had been drawn over the face of the earth was lifted, and the winds swept the clouds from around our feet off into the evening sunshine, shaping them after the pattern of the mount on which they had been formed; and as they built themselves up in great battlements and towers in the air, they took on such colors as of all manner of precious stones, and glowed in such resplendence of the whole heavens, as only could be seen from this sublime mountain-top in one of nature's transcendent hours. And while those clouds, which but a half-hour before had wrapped us in their icy vapors, were become the nearer glories of the skies to our vision, far below the slant sunbeams rested on the green pavement of the forest-tops, and at their touch, in the midst of that vast expanse of living green, lake after lake—Millinokett, Ripogenus, Chesuncook, and Moosehead in the distance under the western sky, and a whole host of lesser lakes—shone and gleamed like shields of burnished gold.

The summit of Ktaadn is itself even more interesting than the broad prospect to be gained from it. It may not be called one of the wonders of the world, but it certainly is the mountain wonder of New England. At the top we cross at first a broad plateau, covered with low forms of vegetation, and a dwarfed species of blueberries, which from the way they are spread over the rock the Indians call bed-quilts; then one makes a slight ascent and finds himself on a narrow ridge, rounding at intervals into cones, perhaps twenty feet

in diameter, on the one side of which the mountain flings itself down at a steep angle, and on the other side of which it breaks off into an abrupt precipice straight down for nearly a half-mile's distance. This ridge at some points between the cones is but two or three feet wide, and, especially when the wind blows, one has need to creep carefully along it. From it you may toss a stone down and hear it falling and echoing for several minutes in its descent. But this is only the half of the marvel of Ktaadn's summit. This narrow ridge, running from cone to cone, describes a semicircle, and Ktaadn thus encloses within its heart of broken rock a great gulf of awful depth; and down into this gulf, as I stood gazing into its gloom, the cloudy vapors from the mountain poured, the winds wailing and sobbing through the mists, now blowing the clouds against the sharp rocks and filling the whole gulf with their moaning, now rending them, and lifting for a moment the vapors to disclose the cavernous depths below. Dante, I thought, could have found no fitter scene for his *Inferno*, and might have heard from beneath the wailing as of lost souls. Yet at the bottom of this same fearful gulf, when the morning came and filled its rocky depths with the warm sunlight, we saw beneath the precipice a peaceful lake. Which vision shall be the last of God's creative day, that evening's gloom or that morning in Ktaadn's *Inferno*? But we do not know what is last in God's one thought.

In the Maine woods the deer have increased greatly in number during the past few years, and if I may judge from the tracks which I have seen in various places, the moose are not decreasing. This result is largely due to the commendable efforts of the game commissioners, and to certain provisions of the law which prevent the wholesale destruction and exportation of game for the market. Over-legislation, however, often tends to defeat the ends of law, and the game laws of the State of Maine, in some particulars, are generally regarded as overdone by those who are naturally interested in the proper protection of game. The sections of the statutes which extend the close season beyond

the months when men can usually take vacations in the woods, and which do not even permit a camper to shoot legally venison enough to eat when he may be miles from any meat-market, are of little practical value in protecting the game, while they succeed in arraying against the law the interests of many who should be the most concerned in seeing the game saved from extermination. Efforts have been repeatedly made by the Kineo Club to have the laws so modified that, while the wholesale slaughter of deer and moose may be prevented when they are helplessly yarded in the deep snows, some opportunity for legal shooting may be granted somewhat earlier than October; and a bill which was introduced into the last legislature of Maine for this purpose, passed one branch of that body, but was defeated in the other by some influence adverse to sportsmen. Gentlemen who take to the woods in the summer generally denounce, and are quite ready to help expose, indiscriminate and wasteful killing of fish or game; but as in the course of the season they bring considerable money into the State, they naturally think that some liberty might be granted them of feeding themselves, if they can, while in the woods, from the only meat-market which is there open to them. Some modification of the law in this respect would make little or no difference in the amount of game actually shot, and it would seem to be not an altogether unprofitable act of hospitality on the part of the State toward visitors, whom its railroads and hotels and guides invite at considerable charges to view its varied scenery, and to find rest and sport in its great wilderness.

Jack-hunting is not often practised in the Maine woods, as it has been in the Adirondacks; the hounding of deer into the water, where a blind man might easily shoot them, is forbidden by the law; and the general sentiment as well as practice of sportsmen sustain this section of the law. The usual method of securing large game in the Maine woods is still hunting. After the first snows have fallen the hunter, on noiseless snow-shoes, will follow, often for miles, through the woods and across lakes, the track of a deer or caribou; or in the fall,

with the paddle of the guide not lifted from the water, the sportsman's canoe will skirt the shores, look up into the "logons," or steal along the edge of the meadows, following some brook, in the hope of seeing a deer come out to drink or to feed. It is a fascinating method of hunting, and not without its reward, although no venison may be brought back to camp. Though one may not chance upon a deer, or may start one up and see him bounding away, as only a deer can leap through the brush, there is an indescribable charm in following thus some winding stream just as the dawn begins to purple the sky, or in lingering at the edge of some grassy point, which stretches down from the dark forest, while the sunset fades and the stars come out. The recollection of such mornings will light up future hours of work, and such evenings which fall around one while still hunting, have their long after-glow in memory. This kind of still hunting illustrates the general and fine law of happiness, that what one seeks is often not the best which nature has to give. The object of the hunt furnishes the immediate incentive to activity; but the success of the hunt forms a minor part of the happiness of one's whole contact with nature in this wilderness.

Occasionally, if one has rare luck, the canoeman may come upon a moose drinking or feeding among the lily-pads; but the moose is a great, solitary creature, and generally keeps out of sight and harm in the daytime. The hunter who has got on the track of a moose, tries at night to call him down to his canoe by imitating, through a large birch-bark horn, the succession of grunts and long flourish of sound which is made by the cow-moose. He must wait for a clear, still moonlight night; too much wind may prevent his call being heard, or, if the wind be in the wrong direction, the moose may scent his danger, and cannot be allured from cover. Quietly placing his canoe close to the shore at a point where he judges from the tracks a moose may be called out, the Indian bellows through his horn, directing the sound all around the forest; and while the sportsman, rifle in hand, sits wrapped up in his blanket,

for the October nights are cold, they listen for an answer. The call under favorable conditions may be heard for two miles; and, if a bull-moose is within call, soon, in answer to the horn, a low bark or grunt will become distinguishable from the silence in the distance. "He is coming," the Indian, who probably first detects the sound, will whisper; and as the moose rushes down in a bee-line toward the point from which the call proceeded, the breaking

such a night, "to call a big moose right down to the canoe, and then to have my man not hit him." Four conditions must be met for success in this kind of hunting: there should be little or no wind; there must be moonlight enough to enable the hunter to see his game and to cover it with his rifle; and, what is quite as important, there should be a moose somewhere within sound of the Indian's call; and even when these conditions are fulfilled, and a moose has



Foot of the Rapids at the Head of Ripogenus Lake. Ktaadn in the distance.

of the branches with his horns, and cracking of the bushes through which the great creature plunges, leave no doubt in the sportsman's mind that something is coming. Sometimes a moose may break almost out of cover, and then grow suspicious, or lose the direction, and roam wildly around, and come back again; the excitement may thus be kept up, and the hunter's suspense prolonged for a considerable time, and then the great moose stands right before the canoe, as if he would jump into it, and the decisive moment is now! "It makes me feel bad," said one of my Indian guides, after having described to me

been heard breaking his way from the forest ridges straight toward the water, the sportsman must have succeeded in keeping steady enough to shoot at the right moment, and not into the thin air, when at last the great branching horns come out just before him, and his rifle may bring him the long-coveted trophy. These conditions, and particularly the last, give the moose a fair chance.

In the first part of this article I have sketched the way through the Maine woods which leads down the West Branch through Ripogenus, and past the foot of Ktaadn. One following that route still farther would cross the lower

lakes, with grand views of the great mountain accompanying him down the river, and after several days canoeing he would come out at the railway station in Mattawamkeag.

But the trip down the West Branch is only one of many water-paths which may be followed through this forest. From the head of Chesuncook Lake one may choose either of two courses to the upper waters of the St. John ; and

The East Branch trip requires some ten days of almost steady canoeing in order to pass in this way from civilization back to civilization. Leaving the West Branch at the head of Chesuncook, we followed Umbazooksus stream through the meadows for five or six miles of perversely crooked dead water, and then up two or three miles more of the quick, shallow stream to a lake of the same Indian name. Then we have



Hauling Canoes Across the Carry—from Caribou to Portage Lake, Me.

he may branch off in various side directions ; or he may find his way down either the West or the East Branch of the Penobscot.

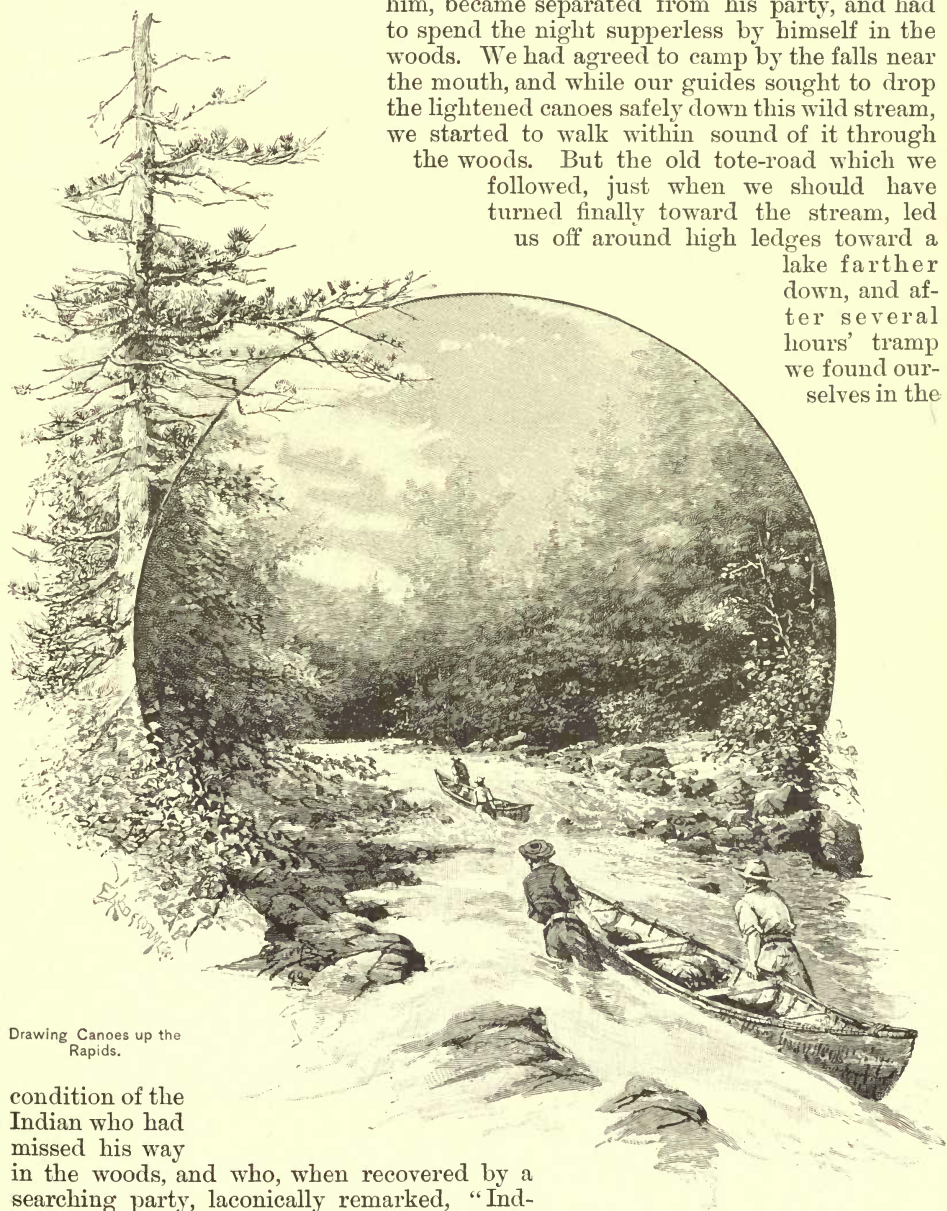
Last summer I took for the first time this latter, roundabout, and rarely traversed East Branch trip. A brief description of what we had to pass through in that trip may convey perhaps a more definite idea of canoe life in the Maine woods. I will give, therefore, a condensed traveller's itinerary of this journey. Yet the color, and the joy, and the fun of it all, cannot be easily reproduced from a traveller's note-book.

to pass the sportsman's Slough of Despond, the Mud Pond carry. But an enterprising backwoodsman now has a logger's camp, and keeps a team and a drag at this carry ; so canoes and luggage are hauled over to a pond about a mile in width, after crossing which one drops down through another winding, shallow brook until he comes out to a large expanse of water which the Indians used to call Apmoojenegamook, but which now goes by the less romantic but more pronounceable name of Chamberlain Lake. The outlet at the upper end of it lets its waters flow into the tribu-

taries of the St. John ; but we follow the southern shore and enter a stream which once flowed into this lake, but which now, by reason of a cut which has been made lower down, carries the overflow of Chamberlain into the East Branch waters, so that this lake actually unites the two rivers, the St. John and the Penobscot, and makes, in a sense, an island of all the broad country lying between them. Paddling across three lesser lakes, and through the narrow water-courses connecting them, we have next to run our canoes eight or more long miles down Webster Brook, a narrow but swift, strong stream, with many a steep pitch in it hazardous to the canoe, and with a fine waterfall near the mouth of it. While descending this brook course, Thoreau's companion, climbing over a ridge before

him, became separated from his party, and had to spend the night supperless by himself in the woods. We had agreed to camp by the falls near the mouth, and while our guides sought to drop the lightened canoes safely down this wild stream, we started to walk within sound of it through the woods. But the old tote-road which we

followed, just when we should have turned finally toward the stream, led us off around high ledges toward a lake farther down, and after several hours' tramp we found ourselves in the

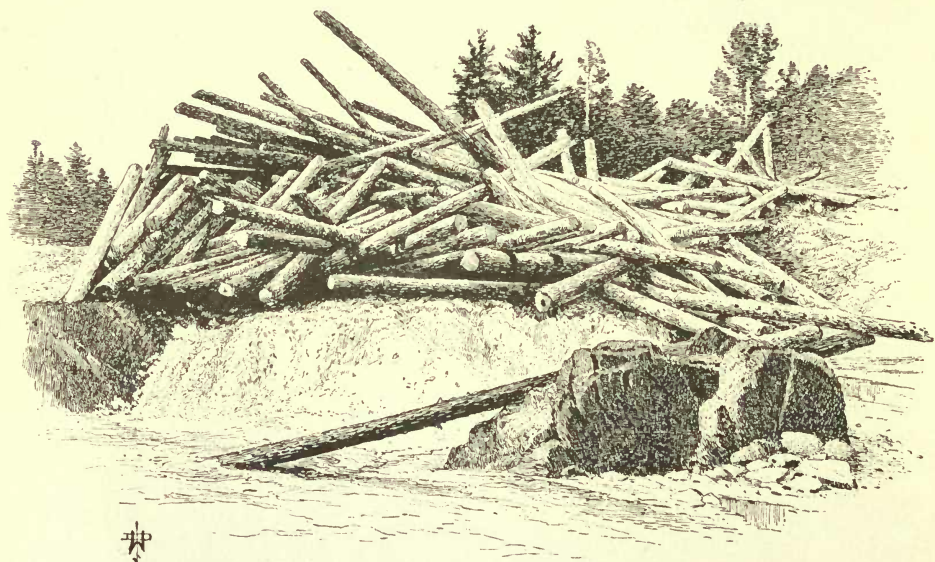


Drawing Canoes up the Rapids.

condition of the Indian who had missed his way in the woods, and who, when recovered by a searching party, laconically remarked, "Ind-

ian not lost, wigwam lost." But after returning on our track we found the river, and one of our guides found us, and we were glad enough to see again the canoes which had reached the waterfall before us. It was late in the afternoon, but after a hastily seized lunch, in which our solitary can of chicken suddenly disappeared, we found ourselves philosophically fishing at the foot of a wild waterfall in one of those pools, overshadowed by the rock, in which the trout, with their singular regard for picturesque scenery, love to dwell. An-

I had been curious to observe how far up these waters I could find evidence of the ascent of the Penobscot salmon; and at Grand Falls—a pitch of the river over a ledge some twenty feet high—I had the unexpected pleasure, while I stood watching the foaming cataract, of seeing a large salmon leap clear out into the sunlight, some six feet up the falls, and, falling back, leap out a second time, when apparently the water proved too strong for him, and he fell back into the deep pool. One of the falls on this river is named "Hulling Machine Falls," for

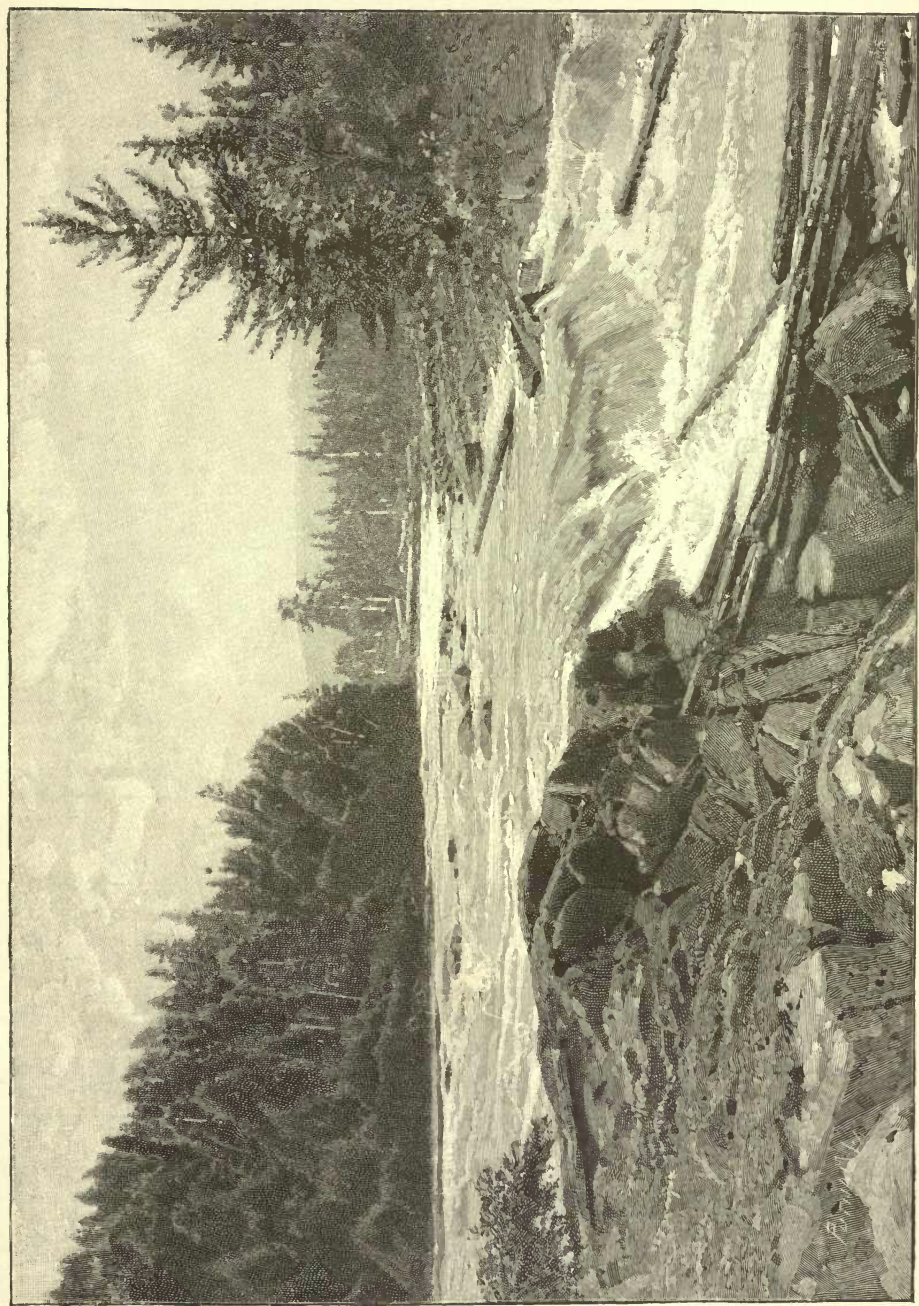


Jam of Logs at Grand Falls, East Branch of the Penobscot, Me.

other short carry, to avoid impassable rapids, and we are dropping down the East Branch beneath the overarching trees, and then floating over the still surface of another lake with a large outlook of mountains. Here we found fit temple for our needed Sabbath's rest.

The river which we followed the next morning winds through meadows, with large "logons" opening on either side, favorite haunts for deer, and then broadens into another large expanse of water, Grand Lake, from which it hurries for the rest of our journey through a succession of falls, rapids, and pitches, with occasional reaches of dead water between them.

in the spring freshets the logs which are driven over it are often completely hulled or stripped of their bark by its sharp rocks. Another drop of the river, which presents a succession of white steps as one looks up it, is called Stair Falls. The scenery, as one paddles down this portion of the river, is exceedingly picturesque; the Traveller Mountains—so called because they seem to follow with the traveller down the stream—at frequent turns of the river fill out the perspective between the high-wooded banks with noble mountain forms. Some spring "logons" and mouths of mountain brooks offered as cold water as ever flows from under the great rocks;



Great Falls, Fish River, Me.

and when we cast our flies over their clear surface, so many trout would leap for them that our chief difficulty was in selecting the exact sizes which we preferred for our frying-pan. My experience, however, is that the largest trout in this whole region, those weighing

trout, true fisherman's weight, is a good trout for the Penobscot waters.

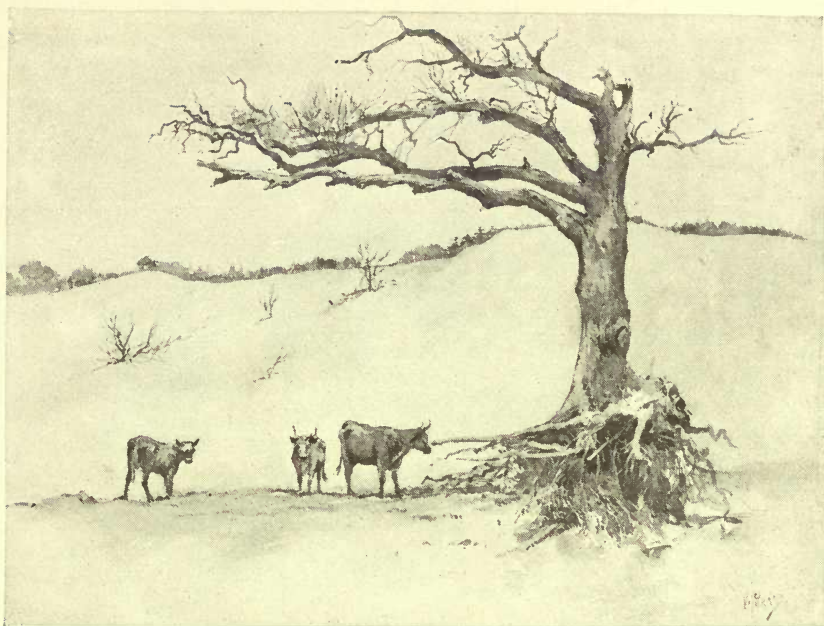
For several days we floated between the trees, had visions of mountains, and pitched our tents at evening in the forests through which the East Branch flows, meeting no one in this remote-



Traveller Mountains, from the East Branch of the Penobscot, Me.

from four to six pounds, are to be taken in Moosehead Lake (by those who know when and where to find them); but, though trout of four or even more pounds are sometimes killed in these streams, they do not often run higher than two pounds and a half or three pounds; just underneath Chesuncook dam, and at another pool which shall be nameless, I have taken several brook trout which weighed fully three pounds, and which looked, when first caught, like a piece of iridescence broken off from some rainbow. But a three-pound

ness, and having at night the voice of the stream for our lullaby. But at last the mountains drew back into the distance, we saw tame cattle and scattered houses in the clearings, and then a whole village came in sight. After a few more miles of pleasant river we passed under that sign of civilization, a railroad bridge, at Mattawamkeag. Though in the morning we had eaten our breakfast by the camp-fire, in the evening we left our canoes and their poetry of motion, and were trying to accustom ourselves once more to the dull prose of railway travel.



On the Back of the Hatteras Sand-Wave.

(The sand-wave has passed a stunted live-oak, cutting the sand from around its roots.)

SAND-WAVES AT HENLOPEN AND HATTERAS.

By John R. Spears.

In a journey by sea along the coast of the United States no more interesting headlands are seen by the traveller than Cape Hatteras and Cape Henlopen. Both are low-lying sand-spits backed by low-lying stretches of country covered with scraggy forests; but whatever may be lacking in grandeur of scenery is more than compensated by other features that must at all times excite emotions in the spectator. To the master of the ship they are often objects of the most eager anxiety—the one that its dangers may be avoided, the other that safety may be found behind it.

It is at Cape Hatteras that the warm, moisture-laden wind from the south meets the cold blast from the north, to form such black fogs as bewilder seamen nowhere else in American waters. It is here that, because of the contour of the coast, opposing tidal currents meet to sweep in eddies off shore, and form

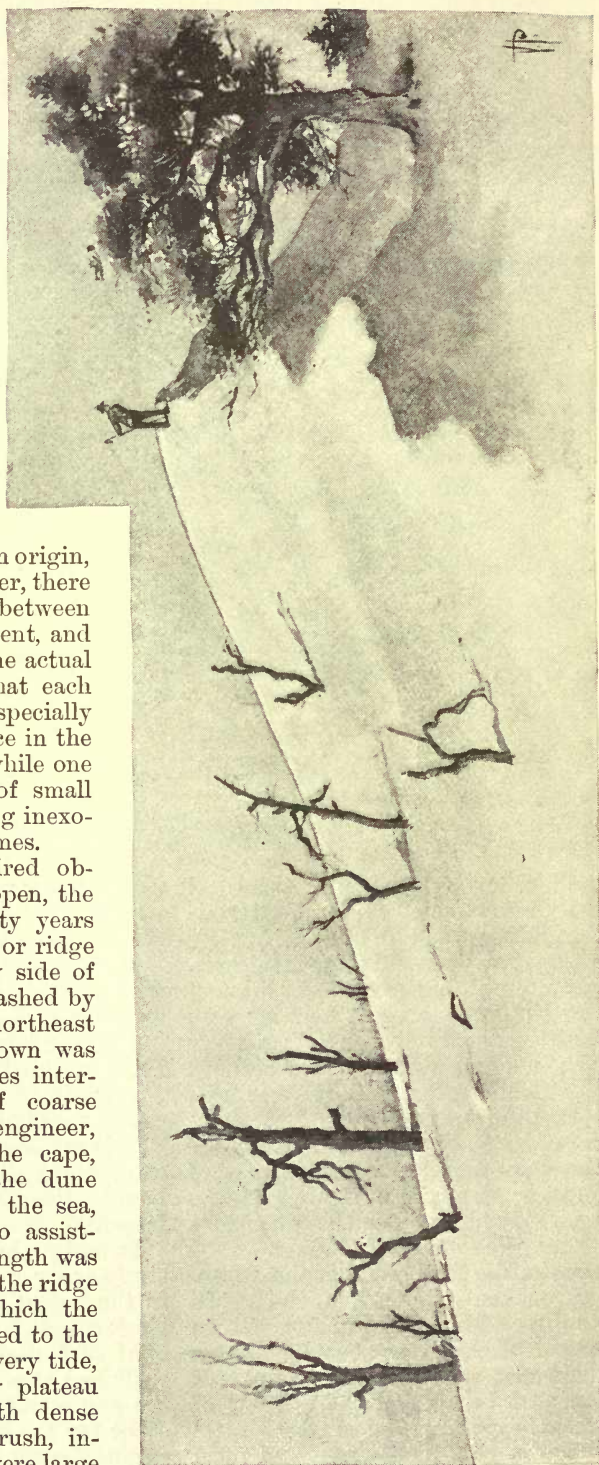
shoals many miles out to sea on which unnumbered ships are lost, leaving no trace behind, for no wreckage comes to this beach. It is here, more frequently than elsewhere on the coast, that the cyclones from the Sargasso Sea are felt in all their terrific power, for this point approaches closer than others to the usual path of the vortex of the hurricane—the Gulf Stream.

It is at Cape Henlopen that the most extensive artificial harbor on the seaboard, the Delaware Breakwater, is found.

Indeed no beacons in the world excite stronger or more conflicting emotions in the breast of the mariner than the black-spiralled tower and flashing white light of Hatteras, and the plain white shaft and steady glare of Henlopen, for the one stands for the Rudra and the other for the St. Nicholas of the dangerous American coast.

Born of the wind and the sea, on the sandy beach of each cape is a curious natural phenomenon. A mammoth wave of sand, that towers aloft like a sea-wave, even curling over in places like a huge breaker, is rolling inland irresistibly, and lacking only the element of speed in its career to carry such terror to the hearts of the inhabitants as is inspired by the sea-waves that follow an earthquake, for the destructiveness of the sand-wave is limited only by its scope. Though similar in origin, substance, and motive power, there is yet so much difference between the two waves in form, extent, and speed of travel, and in the actual destruction of property, that each is a study in itself. Especially noticeable is the difference in the devastation wrought, for while one is laying waste a forest of small value, the other is burying inexorably a hundred lowly homes.

According to gray-haired observers living near Henlopen, the sand-wave there was, fifty years ago, simply a great dune or ridge lying along the northerly side of the cape. Its foot was washed by the waves whenever a northeast gale was blowing; its crown was covered with twisted pines interspersed with patches of coarse grass. A Government engineer, who in 1845 surveyed the cape, placed the elevation of the dune at seventy-two feet above the sea, as is testified by one who assisted in the survey. The length was nearly two miles. Behind the ridge was a swamp through which the salt water ebbed and flowed to the depth of several feet at every tide, and which, with the low plateau beyond, was crowded with dense growth of timber and brush, including many pines that were large



Side-view of the Hatteras Sand-Wave.

and valuable. A half-mile back from and nearly parallel with the beach ran the Government road, built in colonial times for the transportation of supplies from the old town of Lewes to the light-house on the cape.

Somehow about the time of the survey, or a little before, the old observers do not remember just when, and do not know just why, this sand-dune became animate—began to roll inland. Whenever the wind was northerly its coarse sand was picked up in clouds and sent driving along with the gale. The light-house keeper or the beach comber, bound along the crest of the ridge, could continue his way only by covering his face with a thick veil, and even then his journey was painful. The cutting power of the blast was so great that new handkerchiefs used as veils during a walk of a mile or so were worn to shreds when the end was reached. The wind was picking up the sand from the northern face of the ridge, carrying it up over and beyond the crest, and then, because the eddies in the air could not sustain the load, the sand was dropped. Inch by inch the foot of the ridge on the north side receded from the beach; inch by inch the foot on the south side advanced toward the swampy forest. The ridge had become a wave that was literally rolling in from the sea.

The twisted trees on the crest were soon uprooted and their trunks were rolled over the ridge and buried by the sandy spoon-drift, or were left stranded, to be lowered eventually to the level of the beach as the wind cut the sand from under them. The trees that had stood on the back of the ridge found a flood-tide of sand about their roots which rose higher and higher till crotch and limb and twig disappeared, and the life was drowned out of them.

Then the edge of the marsh was reached and its black mould and its green vegetation were covered over by the yellowish-white flood. The ditches where the tides had gurgled in and out were filled. The tree-covered ridges that marked the swamp had the sand piled over them, and then the substantial forest on the low plateau beyond the swamp was reached, and the most interesting epoch in the history of the wave began. Where the

trees stood wide apart, with little or no underbrush, the sand flowed in between and around them as so much lava might have done. Where they formed a close barrier of interlacing limbs and thick underbrush the wave rolled up before them as the Red Sea rose up against the hosts of Pharaoh, higher and higher in a perpendicular wall, until the level of the tree-tops was reached, when it curled and toppled over and buried them as a sea-wave buries a rock. With every breeze from the north the wave continued its way, and the people saw with wonder a forest covered before their eyes. The great trees that seemed capable of resisting every force that nature might bring against them struggled against fate, strove to put forth new shoots and branches above the rising tide, reaching out as if for succor, grew faint in the struggle, turned their green leaves to yellow, and the yellow to black, and so gave up and died pitifully.

As time went on the receding wave uncovered the old swamp over which it had passed. Old landmarks reappeared. The old sod and muck, and the vegetation, which had become a black mould, were easily recognized. Even the contour of the little old ridges could be made out, but the old tidal ditches were filled forever. Nevertheless the tide now ebbs and flows through the low valleys of the old swamp much as it did, with nearly the same depth of water that it had in the old days. Stranger still, a new growth of pines has started up on the ridges in the old swamp and along its northerly edge, and a new sand-dune, now perhaps twelve feet high, has formed between them and the sea.

As the big wave has continued on its way the remnants of the buried forest have been uncovered, and now the tourist who walks the crest sees on one hand the living giants of the forest gasping in the last throes of death, and on the other the bleached and decaying skeletons of other giants that succumbed long ago. In the summer, when the sun beats hot on the sand, the air dances and quivers over the wave, and the withered stumps that project above it are distorted until they seem to be moving about; while the wave itself be-

comes animate and moves visibly forward to scorch the life out of the cool green forest in its path.

When the sand-wave had reached the old Government road it began to make trouble for Uncle Sam. The Henlopen light-house stood on a low, treeless desert beyond the forest. A fairly comfortable old dwelling stood near the light-tower, together with a little shanty used for storing oil. As the wave approached, the spray from its crest was carried over against the old home. It beat in around doors and windows; it covered carpets and rugs and bedding; it sifted into bureau-drawers and clothes-closets. No weather strips, no wifely industry, could keep it out. The wave drew nearer. It rose up like a comber about the oil-house, and one day broke over and buried it out of sight. It advanced on the old home, and it buried that too. Perhaps this house might have been saved, but it was old, and Uncle Sam built a new one, placing it well up on the face of the sand-wave. But that did not protect it wholly, for the crest advanced steadily, until it passed the light-tower and gathered around the new dwelling, burying its veranda and half the lower story, and forming about the tower a crater, thirty feet deep on one side, that is a most curious spectacle to the visitor.

Judging by the accounts of the people, the sand-wave has travelled from forty to fifty feet a year. They explain the fact that it travels only with a northern wind by saying that southern winds, being usually moist, bring rain to pack the sand; besides, that the trees on the south side have always protected it there. In this statement one finds, perhaps, an explanation of the cause of the sand-dune's original start on its travels. It is said that workmen engaged in building the Delaware Breakwater used to build fires along shore at night, and that the dune, before it became a wave, was burned over. It was thus deprived to a great extent of the protection of vegetation.

It is interesting to note that anyone examining the country back of the big wave can find, at intervals, within a space of three miles, a number of sand-ridges, by no means as large as the great wave,

but yet in such form and position as to indicate that they, too, were once just such sand-waves as the one that now attracts the attention of all who visit Cape Henlopen.

But it is on the island of which Cape Hatteras is the most prominent feature that the traveller will find a sand-wave which, by its extent, by the speed with which it is moving, and by its power for distressing a simple community, will excite simultaneously his wonder and his compassion.

Fifty years ago Hatteras Island, from inlet to inlet, a distance of over forty miles, was almost completely covered with a prodigious growth of trees, among which live-oak and cedar were chief in size and number. Growing everywhere in this forest were grape-vines of such great length and extent that the boys of that day (the white-haired men of this) were in the habit of climbing into the tree-tops and crawling from tree to tree, often for a distance of over one hundred yards, on the webs the vines had woven.

The population was sparse then, but it has been increasing in such ratio as families of from nine to nineteen children may give. The people then, as now, were of simple habits, living on corn-meal, fish, oysters, pork, and tea made from the leaves of the yapon shrub; but they had to have a little money for clothing and tobacco. To obtain this they cut and sold the live-oak and the cedar.

Thus it happened that spaces along the sea-side of the island were denuded by the axe, and then burned over by the fires the fishermen built when the blue-fish and the mackerel came swarming into the beach. In time, and especially during the great demand for live-oak for Yankee clippers, just before the war, these spaces were enlarged, until at last there was a permanent widening of the whole beach north of the cape.

It was then that the northeast wind, on a bright day, picked up the sand just beyond the edge of the surf, and tossed it back inland in a fine spray, when it fell down at the feet of the laurel, and the young cedar, and the young live-oak and the pine, and the yapon. With

each fine day the pile of sand in the shrubbery grew, until the shrubbery withered under the breath that fanned it, and finally died. Where the green trees had stood in a sandy loam, a sand-ridge arose, which, receiving the breath of life from the northeast gale, started on a mission of death. This wave was of extended length, but its pathway was short. It reached, with the exception of a few short breaks, from the cape to Loggerhead Inlet, a distance of about thirty miles, but the journey it was to make must end at the Sound, and the island was on the average only a little over half a mile wide, though at Kinnakeet it is barely one mile from sea to sound.

The wave's progress was at first very slow, because it was of small height; it was scarce entitled to be called a wave, it was but a sand-ripple. But its speed of travel increased with each year, for every inch that was added to the narrow, sandy desert along the sea increased the area on which the wind could get a firm hold of the sand. Foot by foot, yard by yard, rod by rod the wave travelled inland.

The yapon, the laurel, the cedar, and the live-oak were buried as it rolled along, or, where the wave was not high enough to cover them, were killed by the hot sand-bath about their roots and trunks. In places where the timber was scattered, the progress of the wave was so rapid that within twenty years from its starting the narrower parts of the island had been crossed.

As was said, the whole island was covered with a great forest fifty years ago. It was in the thickest parts of these woods, but nearly always on the side near the Sound, that the people built their homes. A log cabin or a board shanty of one or two rooms, and a garden patch four rods square, were all that the Hatteras islander ever aspired to. With the aid of a "kunner" (dug-out canoe), and nets which the women knit, he was and is able to supply his simple wants from the harvest that ripens in the sound and the sea. He did not notice, or, if he saw it, paid little heed to, the stealthy approach of the sand-wave. The homes were scattered. As the wave in the narrow and open

spaces rolled across the island, the isolated settler living there took up another little claim where the island was wider and the woods thicker. As the children grew up and married, they built new homes where the wave was as yet far away—where it attracted no attention whatever. There was land enough for all, and it belonged to the State, and was to be had for the asking.

At last, however, the time has come when all the available land has been taken. It is owned by someone, and there is a price, a small price it is true, upon every acre. The forests are all gone, and only groves of shrubs interspersed with live-oaks of deformed growth remain, and these are but two in number and of very small extent. Sticks of cedar have become heirlooms, and limbs of trees must be hoarded for firewood in a country where fires are seldom needed save for cooking. There is as yet no family homeless, but a number of families find the surf from the deadly sand-wave beating at their doors.

But two settlements exist north of the cape—Kinnakeet and Chicamicomico. Kinnakeet lies in a grove a mile long and half a mile wide at its widest place. Half the island has been crossed by the sand-wave at its widest place. At Chicamicomico the grove is not over a quarter of a mile wide, and consists of scattered clumps of brush separated by stretches where the wave has entirely crossed the island. Some idea of the time which will elapse before every vestige of these two groves will be gone, can be had from a single measurement which I made at Kinnakeet. The pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church (the only denomination on the island) pointed out a dead cedar which had just been reached by the advancing wave during the first week of January. In May, when I saw it, the crest of the wave was thirty-one long steps further inland. It had travelled through the thickest part of the grove one hundred feet in five months, and the Sound but half a mile away.

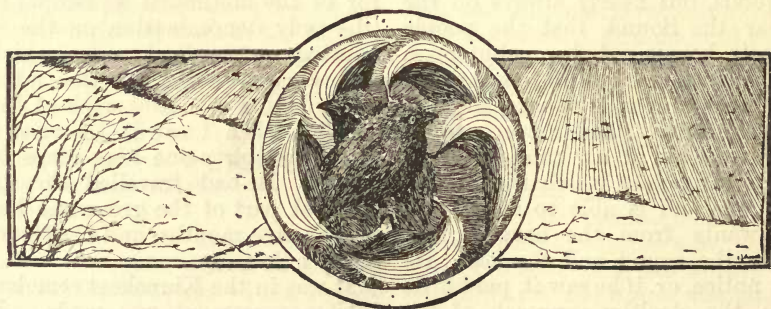
It was in the Kinnakeet cemetery that this measurement was made. In the old days a spot was selected for the burial of the dead in a little hollow that

was surrounded by great live-oaks and cedars, and covered with myrtles. The vine-covered branches arched and met overhead and shut out the sunshine until the soft light of evening prevailed at noon-day. Here shallow trenches were dug, and the loved ones laid to rest where the roar of the surf, modified by the intervening trees and shrubs, was as musical as the light was soft and soothing. But thoughtless greed destroyed the protecting oaks and cedars, and now the desolating sand-wave is upon the hallowed spot. Indeed, one corner has been crossed by it. The laurel and the yapon are withered and dying. The hot glare of the sun beats down where once only the cooling shade was known. The hot sand is filling in between the tiny mounds and burying them and the cedar head-boards, carved by unaccustomed hands, with names and dates and scriptural words of comfort in rude letters, many feet under the yellow sand, but not forever. Where the wave has passed, it is not content with uncovering the mounds that marked the graves, but because they, too, are of sand it scoops them up, and, digging deeper and deeper, at last exposes the coffins and even the bones of the dead. The vain efforts which the living make by driving stakes and building little huts to prevent the desecration are pitiful. The blast that uproots tree-trunks is not to be stayed by anything that this people can do.

Though but a few years must elapse before the island north of the cape will be uninhabitable, save as the families of the life-saving crews live in huts on the

desert, the people as a whole are almost heedless of the inroads which the sand-wave is making. They are a contented race. One day of hard labor will yield a return that will supply a family with the necessities of life for a week. Not that the islander very often does a hard day's work; he takes the greater part of a week to accomplish what he might do if he had to, in twelve hours. He fishes, he tongs for oysters, and he sells the surplus to dealers who come to him for it. Having food and raiment, he is therewith content. If his attention is by any chance called to the sand-wave, he languidly says that it won't reach the Sound in his time, or that when he "kain't stan' it no longer dowd doubt I will hev t' move;" and that is the end of the matter in his mind.

Yet the time will soon come when this simple people must be driven from their homes, pursued by a fate as irresistible as the deluge of old, leaving behind them all the associations of their race, of their customs, and of their occupations; leaving the bones of their dead to whiten in the burning sun, or to be lifted from their resting-place and tossed about by the merciless wind. Powerless against this tidal wave of sand they must flee away and hide themselves from its fury in a part of the island below the cape, where stunted groves may yet protect them in the years to come; or to wander Ishmael-like on the mainland. Steadily, stealthily onward creeps the relentless wave, and calmly, idly waiting, these people accept their doom.



By Charles F. Lummis.

AHA! There whistles Number One!
And down the tingling grade she grows,
Tossing her cloud of tresses dun
Back on the twilight's fading rose.

A mile—a moment—and my Kate,
From years and half a world apart!
But now we'll smile at cheated Fate,
And keep our Kingdom of the Heart.

And—But the world is drowned in steam—
A volleying, billowing, deafening cloud—
And men there run, as in a dream,
And through the thunderous fog they crowd.

"An open switch," I heard one say;
An op—*But that's a wreck!* And she
A half-a-hundred yards away!
Ah, God! How ill from Fate we flee!

How cursèd leaden drag my feet—
And yet the rest are far behind—
On, through that misty winding-sheet,
My—Heaven! I know not *what*—to find.

H-h! That I tripped on moved and cried!
Ah! There she is! My Kate! my Kate!
Unscratched! And not a soul beside
Is lost, of all that living freight.

But while the grumbling travellers hie
To crowd the station with their fret,
Here, sweetheart, step a little by,
To thank the saviour they forget.

Nay, not in words—that dull ear strains
Not even to your music, Sweet!
For that poor clay in greasy jeans
There come the stretcher and the sheet.

But of your pure heart's purest give
To him the hungry Death that spied
Betimes himself to leap and live—
But stayed, and stopped the train and died!

And yon dumb clinger to the dead—
Ay, weep for her who cannot! She
Upon the morrow should have wed
With him that brought you safe to me!

THE PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

By Mrs. Sylvanus Reed.



NO subject has been so prolific in themes for essayists, historians, philosophers, and critics of all civilized nations as that of Education. The founders of this commonwealth gave it their earliest attention, and American literature of the latter half of the seventeenth, and of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries vies with that of England and continental Europe in the value and interest of its contributions to that subject. Every State in the Union has been generous to the public schools—munificent individuals have built and endowed with lavish hands universities and colleges for young men, and within the last two decades woman has had doled out to her, with great reluctance, with much reserve, and many misgivings, some of the crumbs which fall from the tables of the great universities. And four colleges, exclusively for women, have been built and generously endowed.

The question as to her capacity to receive this blessing is not yet decided, and the fear that it will subvert the purposes of nature and unfit her for the functions of domestic life is finding nervous and incoherent expression in the periodical literature and after-dinner speeches of the day. Meanwhile there is a great and powerful arm of the educational force of this country which has no literature, no written history, which is seldom referred to by periodical, scientist, or the orator of the day, except in some flippant allusion to point a moral or adorn a tale—this is the "*Private School for Girls.*"

For two hundred years this institution has held a dignified and responsible place in the educational and social system of this country. To this the American woman, such as she has been in times past, and such as we find her to-day, owes the character, the culture, the grace, and the embellishments which enable her to take her stand, not blush-

ing for her ignorance or her stupidity, side by side, with the cultivated and representative woman of other countries.

It has no favor from the state. Being private property it cannot hold endowments; it has paid its own taxes and supported itself. European educators have marvelled that American writers should leave the world to learn by accident that American ladies were not all educated in their famous public schools. The French Commissioner of Education to the Centennial Exhibition, whom I afterwards met, could not forgive the committee which waited on him in New York that it had not afforded him an opportunity to visit the schools in which the accomplished women whom he had met in this country were trained. He requested the circulars, rules, schedules of study, and whatever records and literature of interest had grown out of my school to be transmitted officially to him. Mr. Bryce, in his "*American Commonwealth*," though his interesting chapter upon the "*Position of Women*" notices the facilities offered by the state for the education of girls and the eagerness with which they are accepted, makes no reference to Private Schools except that in a foot-note of two lines the existence of such schools in the Eastern States is mentioned.

I have been asked to give to the current history of the day a sketch of one of these schools. But to give the history of a battle before time has adjusted events and incidents to the proper perspective is conceded to be almost impossible. Even when the victory is won, and the heart swells with gratitude, the stress and weariness of the conflict, may for a time so dull the ears and dim the eye that one may be insensible to the magnitude of the end achieved and the far-reaching interest with which it may have been observed. A school which has stood twenty-six years in this community has a history full of interest, not only as a

witness and an expression of the character and purposes of its head, but also as a witness for or against the social sentiment and educational demands of the day, and the quality of education which parents really desire and seek for their daughters.

In 1864 when I determined to found a school in New York for the education of girls, I was impelled to do so by two motives. One, and the immediate occasion, was of a private nature, and the other and wider motive was the hope of developing plans and purposes which had long existed in my mind of founding an institution for the education of the daughters of gentlemen, in which the heart and character should have as much consideration as the intellect, and in which the standard aimed at should be the highest Christian ideal. I desired to build up a school in which American girls of the highest class should be trained to know and fulfil the duties which grow out of their various relations in life as members of the school, the home, of society, of their country, of humanity, and of the Church of Christ. The aim of this school should be to teach them that with them lies the conservation of the dignity and purity of society, and that under the favorable institutions of their country they are bound to exhibit to the world and to transmit to posterity the highest type of womanhood.

I would have each one learn that this type is attained by individual culture and individual discipline. She should learn that happiness, the ultimate end of her being, is secured by subjecting her will and her senses to reason, and her reason to the dictates of the Supreme Ruler of the universe. Her intellect must be trained to have a right judgment in all things; her heart must be kept glowing with the sweet motions of charity, and her love for the beautiful must be cultivated that it may lend its grace and charm to the homeliest lot. While the harmonies of her intellectual, spiritual, and æsthetic nature are thus adjusted, the young girl must be early taught the care and respect which are due to her own body, with a knowledge of its marvellous structure and the phys-

ical laws which govern it. This was the ideal being whom I hoped to train up to take her stand in history as the representative woman at the opening of the twentieth century.

It is in this moulding of the character that I feel that my greatest work for my pupils and for society has been done. I did not expect that every pupil or parent would recognize or appreciate this, for there are many who never lift their eyes above the level of material things. But there have been many in this community and in other parts of this country who prize it above all other advantages, and their approval and support have cheered my heart in the working out this one idea, which lifts the teacher above the prose of mechanical drudgery and stamps her common daily life with the signet of a Divine commission.

In setting out to perform a work one must not only have a clear and well-defined idea of the purpose to be accomplished, and the organized system and method by which to attain that end, but one must also consider the character and dispositions of the agents to be employed, and the quality of the material presented with which that aim is to be achieved, and upon which the methods and the skill which one can control may be brought to bear. It is also important for those who have in their hearts high hopes to achieve, and who would venture their time, energies, and fortune to secure this purpose, to count the cost and weigh the chances of success against those of failure.

In matters that depend not upon material or physical wants, but upon the wills and dispositions of the people in the community, a close analysis must be made as to the quality of that people and the motives which sway their wills and dispositions.

The selection of teachers, and the bringing of various talents, qualifications, and dispositions into one organization, guided by one motive power, and quickened by one energy, has caused me more solicitude, more earnest prayer for right judgment than any other duty. The head of the school stands sponsor for posterity; and the consequence of a false step here cannot be calculated. Unsound principles, care-

less habits, incorrect language, or personal peculiarities in a teacher will be transmitted to remote generations.

Higher class work can always be assigned to University men, but the numberless applicants who present themselves for the routine work of a girl's school may be divided into two classes. To one belong those who, having from youth looked forward to that occupation, have fitted themselves in public or in normal schools, or in colleges admitting women, and who, though professionally equipped with good knowledge of the subject which they intend to teach, have revolved in a limited, and perhaps not exalted sphere, and often lack that inherent refinement and breadth of culture which aid so largely in the education of the young. In the other class are included those who come into the profession by other routes, those who, when compelled to depend on their own exertions for a support, bring into requisition for that purpose their educational attainments and personal accomplishments.

As special qualifications are more easily acquired than high breeding and refinement of character, I have often found this class of teachers more available for my purpose. They often bring to their work a singleness of heart, and a devotion and fidelity which come only from a high sense of vocation. In estimating the value of a teacher, mere information is too often mistaken for ability or mental power. The memory may be filled with facts, like an encyclopædia; choice bits of knowledge may be laid up, labelled as in a cabinet; but to educate requires something more than the mere possession of knowledge. The number of qualified teachers bears no proportion to the demand, especially for the training of young children. The few who are qualified scorn to take that most important work of all, the primary department of the school.

I have always felt the most intense interest in the trials and joys of children. Childhood should be gay and happy, free to turn its tendrils whithersoever it will, and to catch every gleam of sunshine from every source of love.

Years ago my imagination was so depressed by a painting of the massacre

of the Holy Innocents, and by Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children," that ever after they were to me like memories of some terrible experience. The thought of the army of children pattering along the streets and highways at five o'clock in the morning to the mines and factories of England, and back again at nine o'clock at night to their wretched hovels, sick and faint, to die—without sunshine and without cheer—harassed my heart during those long years while Lord Shaftesbury was laboring with Parliament to mitigate their sufferings. But more cruel than King Herod, more obdurate than the heart of the British legislator, is the system which condemns little children of a tender age to spend long, weary hours of every day in constrained positions in crowded rooms and stifled air, loading their little minds with burdens which they cannot bear. In the words of the Rev. Henry Latham, "the receptive and carrying power of the mind of a child has a limit, and must carefully be measured." Dr. Carpenter, in his "Principles of Mental Physiology," explains the necessity of time for the forming of permanent impressions on the brain, and the slow processes of intellectual development; he says this "assimilation cannot be hurried; the mind will only absorb at a certain rate." This verdict, though by one of the most careful observers, and the wisest of modern men, is the one which the intelligent educator has the most difficulty in carrying out. Many parents, especially with their first children, wish to see results immediately, and judge of the progress of the pupil by the amount of memorized knowledge, which, as by a draft at sight, can be produced on demand. It is also astonishing to find how many, who are called good teachers, insist on this process of cramming the memory with knowledge, which Mr. Latham says "has no educational value to expand the mind or arouse the intellectual activity of the child, that strengthens no faculty but memory, and, in the end, by weakening others, may destroy even that."

I have been called to the school-room to witness feats of memory prepared as an agreeable surprise for me. I would find the children standing in a line, with

hands behind them and their little tongues would rattle off the names of the rivers of Asia and all the capes of South America. In higher classes I would be edified by a long column of dates and difficult rules of grammar. I always praised the children for their work; and in *their presence*, to preserve the proper *morale* I praised the teacher also. But if failing in subsequent efforts to convince her of the mischief of this method, upon psychological principles, I was constrained to change her for one more to my mind, it was with the sure knowledge that the credulous ear of parents would listen to, and sympathize with, her sufferings in the cause of education, and that the struggle to define the mysteries of qualitative and quantitative and participial adjectives by children who could not even pronounce the words, would still go on where no protecting hand would be stretched out over their heads.

In taking charge of little children the head of the school stands in the place of the parents. With children of tender age this parental care must ever be quick and vigilant. The judgment of children is imperfect and their feelings sensitive; and with them the instructor holds the key of happiness or of misery. Teachers of little children are often more anxious to impose their own routine and methods than to develop the power and the faculties of the pupil. It is in this department that I have suffered my greatest trials, and it is here that I feel almost constrained to acknowledge that I have suffered defeat—not as the world calls defeat; but in not having been permitted to do with these little ones that which in honor and conscience I felt bound to do.

The true teacher must be a true artist and have an insight into the nature of the child; she must bring imagination and all the highest faculties to bear upon her work. But the appreciation of true artistic work in any direction has been very slow to develop in the natures of the citizens of this great commercial metropolis. It is only the elect to-day who know, or care to know, a chromo from a Rembrandt.

The next consideration with which the school must concern itself is the quality

of the material with which it has to deal. With purpose and principles avowed, with teachers engaged, the head of a school awaits the advent of that class of pupils for which these plans have been formulated. The private school is confronted at the outset with the fact that it is the pupil who supports the school. In public and endowed schools the pupil knows that the state or college gives her education, and conforms her conduct to the situation. In a private school parents and pupils very properly regard the arrangement in the light of a contract. In many cases the pupil is allowed to choose for herself the school to which she will go; and this fact is announced at her entrance. It may readily be seen how complicated relations between principal and parents and pupils might become, were there not a simple and strict system of ethics brought to bear on the first inauguration of the school. I have informed my pupils at the beginning of each year that while yesterday we were strangers to each other, having no relations to sustain, to-day their parents, by placing them in my care—not to promote my prosperity, but for their own greatest good—had entered into a covenant with me, which covenant I, by God's help, was determined to fulfil. I should also do all in my power to help them fulfil their part. But if they failed in will and disposition to do so, I should regard the covenant as broken, and they must retire at once from the school, for I would never retain a member who was a let or hindrance to others, or a trial and vexation to myself.

The young are generous and valiant, quick to see and respond to relations. A leader who will inspire them with enthusiasm and establish an *esprit de corps* must have firmness and courage, and move unswervingly upon the lines of inflexible principles. But, this once done in a school, good government is forever insured. During twenty-six years, never, in a single instance, by word or act, has disrespect been shown to me by a member of my school. I have treated them all with the same courtesy as if they were my guests. I have been scrupulous to receive them every morning in suitable attire. I have always received and taken leave of them standing, often when

I was very weary. I have never passed them in halls or corridors without giving and receiving a salutation, and if, after spending much time and money in having them taught and trained in the most exacting system of manners and etiquette, on the evening of the week which I set aside to entertain them I required from them a careful toilet and a court courtesy, it was because I wished them to be equipped for extraordinary occasions, as well as for the usual amenities of life. The rehearsal over, their dance and song were unrestrained, and enjoyed by me as much as by themselves. This social drill, which some affect to treat lightly, takes but little time, is good exercise, and gives to the body flexibility and poise. But it gives also to the girls the confidence which enables them on occasions to forget to think of themselves.

This material from which the ideal is to be constructed is a being with a physical, mental, and moral nature to be developed and educated. This education is not like a mechanism produced by cunningly fitting together portions of grammar, science, and art; neither is it a receptacle to be filled. The child brought for education must be regarded as a distinct personality, different from all other personalities, the result of antecedents and environments upon which, just as it is found at that moment, must be brought to bear the strongest motives and influences, to induce it to make sacrifices or suspend self-indulgence, for the sake of an end at which it aims. So far all true education must be the same. The state will take the child on its way so far as to enable it to become a good citizen; there its duty ends. The college goes further and aims to make a learned man. The state and the college treat all their children alike; the curriculum is inflexible, and the stagnation of uniformity is often the result of their rigid procrustean rule. While system, methods, and careful organization must form the groundwork of any school, the true aim of education should be to seek the *individual*, that it may bestow upon him in himself the fulness of its blessing. And in this garden there should be no at-

tempt to make a lily of an orchid, or to train a violet into the gay flower of the parterre; nor, though parents often expect it, and resent the failure to produce it, can the "hyssop on the wall" be developed into a "cedar of Lebanon."

Strange ideas as to the function of an educator are sometimes met with.

A socially ambitious mother, in a city renowned for the beauty and grace of its women, was greatly disappointed that her daughter, one year a pupil of the school, and an amiable and clever girl, did not take rank in society as a reigning belle. Nothing could exceed her bitter reproaches against the school on that account.

Instead of fostering false, unwholesome ideals, and worldly-mindedness, a good school corrects all of this, and gives to the pupil principles of action, high ideals, and practical habits which steady her through the vortex and over the dangerous strands of modern life.

A bright and rather handsome girl from a Western town spent the last year of her school life with me. She was respectful to her teachers, courteous to her companions, and though perhaps rather intense, most kind to everyone. Nothing in her disposition or bearing indicated the attention with which the eyes of the world would hereafter regard her. On taking her from school her mother informed me that her eldest daughter had married a humdrum man and settled down to mediocrity, but that she was determined that this daughter should have a career. She should take her to Newport for the summer, bring her to New York for the season the next winter, and with the experience thus gained take her to London the following summer for the success which she had planned. The Atlantic cables and foreign and home papers of every degree have borne testimony that she achieved her career.

The yellow-covered novel idea of a girl's boarding-school is also familiar and amusing.

In *The Popular Science Monthly* some time ago was an article devoted to "Hygiene in the Education of Women," in which was the stereotyped tirade upon the useless and insipid lives most young ladies lead. It says: "The system of

fashionable boarding-schools, whose anxiety to render their pupils accomplished and fascinating at all costs results in a forced and at the same time imperfect training which, combined with luxurious living, absence of exercise, and other healthy circumstances, tends to increase the irritability of the nervous system and to foster a precocious evolution of character. As this is increased, tone and energy are diminished. The girl returns from school a wayward, capricious, and hysterical young lady, weak and unstable in mind, habits, and pursuits."

There may be schools like this, there must have been somewhere at some time an original and a negative for all these worn-out impressions which are thrust upon the public view; but I have never seen one, and I think it time to adjust the camera to a new subject. The boarding-school with which I am familiar has in it none of these hysterical, capricious young ladies. If such an one enter she is speedily cured. Rising at half-past six, breakfast at half-past seven, a brisk walk at half-past eight, morning prayers at nine, followed by class and study until noon; then a hearty luncheon; class and study again until 2 p.m. leave little time for anything maudlin, or for the greatest bane of a young girl's life, introspection. Each hour she passes into a new atmosphere, where new enthusiasm makes the time fly as on wings. At two o'clock all emerge into the open air—the day-scholars to go home, the boarding-scholars to the park for an hour; on their return, a slight repast awaits them; then music with masters, or study in a room with a governess; the hour from five to six with French or German conversation, brings the time to dress for dinner. Dinner, at which the canons of good breeding are strictly observed, lasts an hour, after which is recreation or repose. From eight to nine study, and at half-past nine a governess puts out the lights and the house is quiet. There is nothing in that routine to increase the irritability of the nervous system and to send the girl home "a wayward, capricious, and hysterical young lady." On the contrary, the brains are hardened, good salutary hab-

its are formed, promptness and careful value of time become the rule; good manners, from being enforced by example and precept, become second nature, and the doctor is seldom in demand. Notwithstanding all the pressure which comes at the end of the school year, the girls might be exhibited at that time as specimens of perfect normal health.

The visits to Huyler have been almost the only disturbing element in the sanitary record. By an accurate estimate, with proof (including doctor's fees, lessons lost, medicine, etc.), I have demonstrated to the girls that a pound of candy may, and often does, cost them twenty dollars. This demonstration with a limitation of such visits to Saturdays of late, has mitigated somewhat my sufferings, as well as theirs. As some of them assure the doctor that Huyler is an important factor in determining their selection of a New York school, this is surely a triumph.

Besides educational and financial considerations a private school is expected justly to exercise a peculiar care in the selection of pupils in respect to their social desirability as associates. Here a narrow and false policy must be guarded against. Social questions must be considered with great care and discretion, which only the initiated can be supposed to appreciate or to have discovered. A woman's education must qualify the individual to hold her place and fulfil her relations in the society or community in which her lot is cast. In this country the class called the best society is constantly recruited from the rank and file; there is therefore the absolute necessity of infusing the healing and vivifying influences of true education, the pure ozone, into the very depths. The æsthetic arts, the love of nature, the love of beauty, should go hand in hand with the rudiments of learning into our common schools, into our public institutions, even into the schools of the almshouse and the reformatory. No place so humble as to be beneath it, no place too lowly, if it contains a being who may bear the title and have the right to exercise the functions of an American citizen.

But if these classes should feel these

influences, what shall we say of those who stand in the front ranks of society, who stand so high that, like the sun, their influence is felt in every orbit of the social system? All this the patriotic educator must have in view when the first impression is made upon the sensitive nature of the young child. This little being is to become an essential factor in the world's history. And, in view of such an awful responsibility as the moulding of an immortal spirit, the educator should hold on her way, never temporizing with adverse influences, whether from gigantic wealth or uncompromising ignorance.

The history of social life in a nation is happily not always the history of the special circle which comes to the front in a metropolis, and yet the influence of that portion or class of society which sets the fashion is of great importance. It is the outcome of influences and institutions most interesting to the philosophical inquirer, and it is a question worth considering, how far a people is justified in allowing that set or coterie to have sway. In the matter of extravagance, with the old republics of Italy and many other governments, sumptuary laws were thought necessary. In England to-day the Duke of Westminster is compelled by act of parliament to expend a certain proportion of his vast income in repairs and renewals of his London estate.

No one can more seriously respect a proper regard for the early associations of children than the writer. Evil communications corrupt good manners, and the true and conscientious teacher should keep the atmosphere which the innocent child is to breathe morally and spiritually, as well as physically, pure. More than this: A private school, which is supported by the parents, owes a duty to those parents that vulgarity and coarseness should not enter in. But parents must not ask too much of the school. The true work of education must begin with the very young child, even at the cradle. In any theory of education worth considering, it is the first and earliest years which are to be directed with discretion and truth. This done, the higher education, of which so much has been said and written, be-

comes an easy matter. It is owing to the mistakes and caprices of parents, at this early period, that good schools have difficulty in keeping up a high standard.

Too often the first thought of a mother over the cradle of a little child, especially if it be a girl, is how to steer and trim her little bark so that at the proper age she may float upon the serene seas of social success. The schemes, and devices, and worries of young mothers in New York to achieve this end; the complications in which they involve themselves, and the energy which they expend to control or to interfere with the affairs of a school in matters of which they have no knowledge or skill, would be amusing were it not so pitiful. While they talk of anxiety and interest for the education of their children, it is this meretricious end alone which many parents are seeking. The teacher receives their children with the knowledge that her best work will never be appreciated.

And the saddest thing of all is that the children see through these wretched subterfuges of the tuft-hunting parents. Such a child, taught at school that "she must not be puffed up, and not behave herself unseemly, and not seek her own," and that she must speak the truth from her heart, often becomes at home, in her guileless innocence, a witness against the double dealing of her parents. She is furnished by them with a list of little girls with whom she may not play. But, in happy forgetfulness, she transgresses; she cannot understand why she should be put to bed without a supper for playing with a good little girl, and why her parents should wish her to play with a naughty little girl who disobeys and grieves her kind teacher. The child is perplexed between the ethics of the home and of the school. The parents are in a dilemma, for "they have promised and vowed that their child should love, honor, and obey its teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters." They end the difficulty by cutting her off from the good school, and sending her to one more subservient; or, oftener, by joining her to a private class in charge of one whose poverty of mind or estate suggests no perplexing questions. After many shifting experiments, this child is sometimes brought back to the school

a mental wreck, too far gone for repair ; or she is launched into society with no discipline, no acquirements, no armor in which to trust against the life which she is to confront.

This is not the least of the trials which a conscientious teacher must face. The great success of a school is often won by features which the head of the school regards as accessories rather than essentials, and the best and most serious work is done almost by guile, and with no hope of winning for it worldly recompense or repute. If the school has upon the roll names recognized as of social consequence, the teacher is often humiliated by the conviction that it is not the educational, but the external social advantage, which brings the new pupil. But in a large community with multifarious interests, like that of New York, there is always an important and intelligent class of citizens who are above all such baser motives. They really desire and seek for their children the best education which can be obtained. They have some faith in schools which have borne the test of time and the perils of success. Their social standing, and that of their children, is secure. In their recognition and support the honest and uncompromising school will always win in the end.

Often, when I have led girls to the crowning moments of their school life, have seen them resist pleasure, self-indulgence, and temptation because of real enthusiasm for their work, as well as to please their parents and do credit to the school ; when I have watched the growth of spiritual life and high purposes, and felt sure that I returned them to their parents as pure in heart as when in the timidity of childish innocence they first placed their hands in mine, and believed that their parents would guard these treasures with jealous care ; I have seen that which has filled my heart with grief. These parents, entitled by high birth and gentle breeding to every social advantage, have themselves stood aloof from the new society, and shrink from its demands upon their comfort, its late hours, its midnight suppers, and its morning dances ; and, have confided their innocent and beautiful daughters

to the care of some old campaigner on whose face are scored many sharp and ignominious social conflicts, who will gladly induct them into the devious mazes of her social code in exchange for the notice and the court which their youth and beauty bring to her at the opera or the ball.

One tempestuous winter's day, when naught but dire necessity would be supposed to lead one out into the storm, the mother of one of these girls entered my library, where I was seated by my fireside.

"I have come to open my heart," she said, "to ask your counsel, and beg your sympathy."

Her daughter had been two winters in society under one of these chaperones, and had just opened her mother's eyes to the quality of education which this experience had taught her. The mother then repeated to me phrases from the vocabulary of the club men and older women, innuendoes and sayings, the double meaning of which her daughter had interpreted to her. That which had distressed her most of all was that, while last winter her daughter could not hear this talk without dropping her eyelids and blushing most provokingly, now she could hear it all without a quiver of the lip. I could give her no comfort, but reminded her that she should not have confided to another the choicest and most delicate trust which life can bring to a woman. And so these parents send their sons and daughters through the fire to Moloch, and then ask why they are scarred and seared by the contact. The history of American society for the last fifty years has not fulfilled its promise.

In 1839, the date of the diploma given to me when I completed my own school education at the Albany Female Academy (which Dr. Andrew S. Draper recently said is the first higher educational institution for women the world ever knew), one should, upon the principles of the theory of evolution, have been able to prognosticate the character of the social condition of this country for the next quarter of a century. Virtuous, dignified, and religious, the American woman was the central figure

of every household, presiding over her realm in great security, not vexing her mind with questions of rights and privileges which had never been disputed: and if she lived in bondage it was of her own choosing, after her own heart. The men of our cities had not organized themselves into clubs, but spent their evenings with their families, or in social enjoyments where the young and old met together at an early hour and dispersed at midnight, the time at which society of to-day sets out upon its career.

Were one to draw a social picture of that day, there would be seen, of a winter evening, the cheerful drawing-rooms, the bright open fires; father and mother in one room reading, or perhaps playing whist with some neighbors; the daughters in an adjoining room, guests dropping in to chat over the gossip or news of the day, to sing a new song, perhaps accompanied with the violin or cello, to discuss the last chapters of Dickens or Thackeray, just received by the last packet, an essay by Macaulay or Carlyle, or a poem by Tennyson. If there were no questions of intense interest at home, the Oxford movement in England, the Syllabus at Rome were subjects of lively discussion, and now and then some lately returned student from the German universities treated us to a discourse upon the new philosophies. In those days there were very few of the suffering poor, even in our large cities, and it was the boast of our institutions that it was in the power of every citizen to gain a respectable livelihood.

Those were rare days, and young men and women were receiving that fulness and richness of the higher education which can only be found in the agreeable intercourse of cultivated society. There was a zest to social life; at an evening gathering the guests were capable of entertaining themselves, and were not constrained to listen to recitals from romantic young people, paid to entertain them. Young men of talent received the polish and fine finish, the "delicatesse," so charming in the older men to-day, but which is lost to the generation which has spent its evenings, its Sundays, and leisure hours in the society of other men, at clubs.

But events at home and abroad, un-

foreseen but startling and stupendous, conspired to arrest this quiet social evolution, and to develop suddenly a new order of things, bringing to this people unprecedented problems which were to test their social and political institutions to the last degree. All this was to be considered in determining the type of education proper for this generation.

Among the movements with which the active energy evolved by the new order of things occupied itself was that to secure to woman the rights and privileges which she needs in order to qualify herself for the duties which modern life imposes upon her and which are her birthright. Among these privileges, and which should be held dear by all women, was that which President Andrew D. White prefers to call the further education of woman, and this watchword soon became a call for the exhibition of reforming zeal. It became the characteristic mark of the higher education reformer to recognize no "higher education" which should not be submitted to a board of college examiners and to loudly and sweepingly condemn the private schools for girls.

The true plan was asserted to be, to take the system of preparatory schools and colleges for men, just as they found them, and press the young girl up to that standard, laying upon her in some colleges additional manual labor, like waiting at table, washing dishes, and chamber-work, which, while it does not improve her in the art of house-keeping, takes time which might well be spent in cultivating the tones of the voice and refining the pronunciation of the English tongue, or be utilized in becoming acquainted with high standards of womanly refinement and grace, or in studying the lives of some perfect woman who has lived and left her record. It might perhaps be fairly urged that the colleges for women, while doing good work on strictly intellectual lines, neglect that liberal and social culture which distinguishes artistic work from the merely mechanical.

A very few years ago, the catalogues of all these colleges showed but ten names of pupils from New York, and very few from the other large towns, and since then this average has not been

raised. This might be held to show that there is a large demand for another and different system of liberal education which these colleges do not satisfy. While the course of instruction which they offer—identical with that in colleges for men, and graduating their students at twenty-two and twenty-five years of age—is worthy of encouragement and of praise nothing is more certain than that a majority of those girls who, as women, are sure to fill most important and influential positions throughout the land, will leave school at a much earlier age.

The conditions of modern life in this great and growing country are such, that the average American girl of more favored circumstances may step from the school-room, generally before she is twenty years old, into a station where the demands of domestic, social, charitable, and practical affairs leave her little time for further systematic study, and yet tax every resource of her store of knowledge and acquirement. If, then, she is confronted with subjects of which she is ignorant, but with which she should have acquired at least a speaking acquaintance while at school, she may justly reproach her teachers that they have adopted the mistaken policy of educating a girl who was to leave school at twenty on the plan requiring a continuance at school till at least twenty-three. Though many have doubted the possibility to provide for this active and proper demand, without compromise which is unfair to thoroughness, and which will not result in superficiality, I am justified in having adopted and for many years defended such a plan, by the highest authority among the educators of modern times.

The Rev. Henry Latham, Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, in his admirable work on the Action of Examinations, published in 1877, defines a "liberal education as that which concerns itself with the greatest good and highest cultivation of the pupil, valuing any accomplishment it may give, for the perceptions it opens out, for the new powers it confers, or for some other good it may do the pupil, and *not* as in technical education with reference to work produced."

This defines precisely the purpose and

scope of the private school for girls, distinctly laid out by myself in 1864, viz., to afford to girls the best liberal education possible, consistent with certain limitations of age and the demands of their future lives—and from this purpose I have never swerved. Under this idea the regular course differentiates itself in the very beginning from that of the preparatory school, which is limited by the assumption of an advanced college course to follow.

I took the college system for men, and eliminated from it studies, the educational value of which were questioned by high authorities, and adapted it to the needs of women. Just now, when in these colleges woman has demonstrated that she can do in an examination just as much and as well as a young man, the great universities of England and America have discovered what a quarter of a century ago I believed to be the case, that much of this preparation is a waste of time and energy.

In the *Forum* of April last, is a paper by President Dwight, of Yale College, every word of which went to my heart. For twenty-six years the epithets of "fashionable," "superficial," have been applied to my system by the educational "Beckmessers" of the day, for exhibiting the very principles and views which he promulgates. President Dwight says, "If I am asked, therefore, what a boy who has the best chances ought to know at eighteen, my answer is—of course bearing in mind the limitations which my thought and the nature of the case suggests—he should know everything. This is the richness of the blessing which education has to give, and which it may give—the richest of all the blessings which our human life knows or can know, except that of the personal union with God. "Discipline gives the man the use of his powers. It almost creates them. It is of infinite importance, and is the fundamental necessity in all education.

"But enthusiasm sets the powers in motion, and fires the soul with the love of knowledge, and carries the man forward as on joyful wings." "Discipline was the gift of the old education—that which the fathers received and handed

down to their children." "The ordinary boy of our educated families lost, in my judgment, under the old system of school education, from two to three years out of the seven that were allotted for his earlier studies. He moved along his course by a hard road and a hilly road."

What is expected of woman whose nature feels every vibration of the greatly expanded moral medium about her in these latest years of the nineteenth century?

What education shall serve her under these varying and complex relations, under the burdens which one's duty to one's neighbor impose upon the American woman who stands upon the frontier of the twentieth century after Christ?

Science and relentless truth are already at work with her portrait. There shall be no mystery, no romance; no poetic glamour will have to be dispelled when her likeness shall be exhibited.

She will stand in the blaze of the electric light. The camera will be levelled upon her from every point of view; the stethoscope and thermometer will record every palpitation and degree of temperature of the heart; and the knife of the vivisector will reveal the source of the emotion which brings the blush to her cheek and the light to her eye.

I was told by Sir William Thomson, that Americans excel all nations in making instruments of precision; the American woman therefore will be submitted to every test until she shall cry, not in shame but in innocence, for the rocks and the hills to cover her—not from the wrath of God, but from the curiosity of man.

I have implicit faith in the American girl. The springs and impulses of her being are pure. It is expected of her that her education must enable her to fill any position which the civilization of the twentieth century may develop.

She should have all knowledge, which must appear in her conversation not as

learning, but distilled in the alembic of her brain, it must wait upon her lips with the amber perfume of culture. Like the model lady described by Baldessare Castiglione in the sixteenth century—she must be of "noble bearing, but without affectation, graceful and virtuous, witty, and to excel in dancing and all festive games, yet be able to guide the house, to be well skilled in needlework, pious and learned in the writings of the great doctors, a discreet wife and a careful mother."

The Alma Mater of the American girl might feel satisfied that its measure of responsibility was filled, if (not only from a thousand homes in the city of New York, but from the Atlantic coast to the Golden Gate, from Puget Sound to the Rio Grande) by beautiful and sensible girls and young wives and mothers rejoicing in health and happiness, performing with intelligence and devotion their duties to family, society, and the Christian church, its name was spoken with reverence and affection. But its influence is not limited by this broad continent.

American women are wielding a great influence in foreign lands, either for better or for worse. Not only in England and France in places of responsibility, but near the throne in Germany, Italy, and other countries they fill positions of highest dignity. For many years there has been no time when some pupils of my own were not residing in honorable positions at foreign courts, or discharging with discretion and grace duties and obligations which have no place in the simpler social system of our Republic.

It has been my ambition that a private school should be justified in its claim as one of the chief agents in developing whatever is true and faithful in the home, whatever is pure and dignified in society, whatever is holy and exalted in religious life, whatever impels the people of all nations to bow with an instinct of respect to the name of an American woman.



THE POINT OF VIEW.

A REPRESENTATIVE of that "contemporaneous posterity," with whose criticism we are benevolently supplied by foreign nations, has visited us during the past year in the person of M. Pierre de Coubertin—a Frenchman whom from intrinsic evidence it is certainly no error to describe as young, in spite of the gravity to be presumed from the title of his earlier work "*L'Éducation en Angleterre*," and of his selection by the French Minister of Public Instruction to visit for a special purpose "the educational institutions of the New World." To M. de Coubertin the New World is new indeed; "*quel n'est pas votre étonnement*," he says, "*d'y trouver une civilisation établie, une société solidement assise, et surtout des traditions puissantes!*" Yet he faces his surprises with unshaken confidence and the friendliest spirit, and does not allow them to interfere with the exercise of his critical acumen; and in the book, "*Universités transatlantiques*," in which he has fulfilled his task, if he has occasionally contributed a little to the gayety of the American teachers and students who may read it, he has also now and then furnished a text for thought more serious than he has himself worked out.

It must not be supposed from the very general title of M. de Coubertin's book that his mission was to report upon American education generally; but in the relation of that title to his actual subject there will lurk an unconscious irony in support of certain cynics, who will ask where the cisatlantic university is to be looked for if not in its gymnasium, playing-field, and

boat-house? What M. de Coubertin came for was "to visit the universities and colleges, and study there the organization and working of the athletic associations founded by the youth" of the United States and Canada—in other words, to report upon school and college athletics, with the view of seeing whether, in what way, and how far it was well to inoculate the French student with the virus that has "taken" so fiercely in America.

It would be amusing to follow M. de Coubertin in his several visits of inspection: To Princeton, where (this being his first sight of a body of American students) he is struck by the lack of a race-type, and where he is put in charge of "*le football-captain*" ("*un grand fort garçon, aux cheveux noirs frisés, l'air un peu brutal, revêtu d'une espèce de houppelande jaunâtre, sous laquelle on devine un déshabillé sans gêne*"), who shows him much of which he generally approves, but of which he has less to say in detail than elsewhere; to Harvard, where he will none of Dr. Sargent and his anthropometry, speaking indeed very disrespectfully of his "normal man" and of the registers of measurements in the college gymnasium (which he says will probably take the place of family portraits in the future—so that a descendant may turn to one and say, "*Voici mon arrière-grand-oncle! What a biceps he had!*"); to Yale, where the rowing-tank filled him with admiration; to Cornell, Johns Hopkins, Amherst, Ann Arbor, and so on; to Wellesley, an important study surely; and even to the preparatory schools—Groton, Lawrence-

ville, the Berkeley, and the rest. But it is clearly impossible thus to follow his experiences; and what remains is to gather up a few of his general utterances and wonder whether they really represent the verdict of contemporary posterity after all, and wherein they are sound.

M. de Coubertin says: "It is certain that after the close of the war of secession the United States, having emerged intact from a terrible fratricidal struggle, gathered confidence in themselves; they had proved that they formed a solid nation, and the fear of letting themselves be tamed by the adoption of foreign ideas and customs gradually disappeared. Thus foot-ball, rowing, and, in a general way, all open-air exercises, came thronging into the New World; and at the same time teachers turned their eyes toward Great Britain to draw thence the principles of reorganization—principles which would have produced still better results by far if German ideas had not come athwart them to introduce disorder and sow seeds of evil. American education is a battle-field where German and English pedagogics contend for the mastery;" and the ideas of Arnold and the English public schools, he thinks, struggle with the rigid discipline and over-regulation of the German system—the latter helped by the fact that so many graduates of American colleges go to Germany to complete their studies. To be sure, he seems to apply this criticism to preparatory schools more than to the universities and colleges themselves; but he returns more than once to this idea, and especially in his own field constantly contrasts free athletic sports (*jeux libres*) with the systematic gymnastics to which he attributes a German origin—those which only recognize "*mouvements d'ensemble, discipline rigide et réglementation perpétuelle.*"

His special *bête noire* seems to be the careful examination and measurement of individuals, as he saw it practised by Dr. Sargent at Harvard; and the regulation of their exercise toward local development. "It was the triumph of local gymnastics," he says, as he pictures with fine irony the efforts of a student to restore the equilibrium between his little fingers, or to regulate a variation of his left thigh, in his struggle to approach the "normal man."

And the whole extent to which the systematizing and organizing of athletics are carried at Harvard seems to him pedantic and repellent: "*Mais comme c'est réglementé, tout cela!*" How it is all regulated! "These sports are in the hands of *directors*, who organize them despotically;" and *à propos* of the preparation of the "teams:"—"one would say, it was a racing-stable; that a breeder was turning over fine animals to the trainer." And more generally he finds that even into the "free sports," the games, etc., which have been adopted from England, "the Americans brought that excessive ardor which characterizes them, and exaggeration was the speedy outcome." In the training of representative "teams" the extent to which the gymnastic apparatus and facilities are often monopolized by them (surely an error of fact, this last), and the immense importance given to their action and victories, he sees serious dangers to the maintenance of a general, healthy, normal standard of athletics; and in his final letter to his chief he warns him against admitting these perils to any system of physical education that may be established in France.

M. de Coubertin gives us no opportunity to apply the proverb as to the wisdom of learning from an enemy, for his book is generally friendly, sometimes enthusiastic, always appreciative in spirit even when not remarkably profound. Good results will be hoped for from his mission by everyone who knows the past condition of French schools and colleges in this regard; and his analysis of some of the notes in our eyes is of interest enough to let us overlook any beam that may be in his own.

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THERE is a proverb of Solomon's which prophesies financial wreck or ultimate misfortune of some sort to people who make gifts to the rich. Though not expressly stated, it is somehow implied that the proverb is intended not as warning to the rich themselves, who may doubtless exchange presents with impunity, but for persons whose incomes rank somewhere between "moderate circumstances" and destitution. That such persons should need to be warned not to spend their substance on the rich seems odd, but when Solomon was busied with precept he could usually be trusted

not to waste either words or wisdom. Poor people *are* constantly spending themselves upon the rich, not only because they like them, but often from an instinctive conviction that such expenditure is well invested. I wonder sometimes whether this is true.

To associate with the rich seems pleasant and profitable. They are apt to be agreeable and well informed, and it is good to play with them and enjoy the usufruct of all their pleasant apparatus; but, of course, you can neither hope nor wish to get anything for nothing. Of the cost of the practice, the expenditure of time still seems to be the item that is most serious. It takes a great deal of time to cultivate the rich successfully. If they are working people their time is so much more valuable than yours that when you visit with them it is apt to be your time that is sacrificed. If they are not working people it is worse yet. Their special outings, when they want your company, always come when you cannot get away from work except at some great sacrifice, which, under the stress of temptation, you are too apt to make. Their pleasuring is on so large a scale that you cannot make it fit your times or necessities. You can't go yachting for half a day, nor will fifty dollars take you far on the way to shoot big game in Manitoba. You simply cannot play with them when they play, because you cannot *reach*; and when they work you cannot play with them because their time then is worth so much a minute that you cannot bear to waste it. And you cannot play with them when you are working yourself and they are inactive at leisure, because, cheap as your time is, you can't spare it.

Charming and likeable as they are, it must be admitted that there is a superior convenience about associating with people who want to do about what we want to do at about the same time, and whose abilities to do what they wish approximate to ours. It is not so much a matter of persons as of times and means. You cannot make your opportunities concur with the opportunities of people whose incomes are ten times greater than yours. When you play together it is at a sacrifice, and one which you have to make. Solomon was right. To associate with very rich people involves sacrifices. You cannot be rich either with-

out expense, and you may just as well give over trying. Count it, then, among the costs of a considerable income that in enlarging the range of your sports it inevitably contracts the circle of those who will find it profitable to share them.

It has happened to me within a year or two to look on at the partition of several considerable estates, and to observe in a general way what the heirs seemed to be doing with their money. They were an assorted lot of heirs, with such differences in tastes as people usually have, and I have been surprised at the similarity in their methods of primary expenditure. A reasonable outbreak in clothes was one of the early symptoms of those that came under my notice; followed in several cases by investments in horses, carriages, and hired men, in houses and domiciliary improvements, and less immediately by the purchase of increased leisure. Following the leisure came travel. Out of a score or so of these new heirs not less than a dozen reported in the early spring, without any general previous understanding, at an expensive and delightful watering-place in Florida. They have since gone to Europe with a unanimity which brought to some of them the embarrassment of finding themselves on the same steamer with co-heirs with whom those exasperating differences which are so apt to be incident to the distribution of property had left them on politely antagonistic terms.

It is an interesting deduction from the behavior of these heirs, that if you distribute a certain number of millions among a certain number of intelligent, adult Americans, you can forecast the general lines of their expenditure for a year or two ahead, and even mark upon the map the places at which they may be confidently expected to appear within a certain time. Of course your forecast will not be verified in all cases, but if you are reasonably intelligent about it the accordance between what you expect and what you observe will be close enough to give you a new idea about the smallness of the world, and the influence of circumstances and personal example on human action. You will find that people newly entrusted with about the same amount of money, in the same country, at

the same time, go through for a time about the same set of motions. But of course they get different degrees of enjoyment out of them. For anyone who can pay can go and do, but the capacity to enjoy is strictly personal. That is why, after heirs have had their money awhile, and tried the amusements that everyone is bound to try, they cease to fit your generalities. They find out presently what they like and what they do not enjoy, and then their individuality reasserts itself, and they go their several ways again with tastes and purposes modified indeed by money, but not obliterated by it.

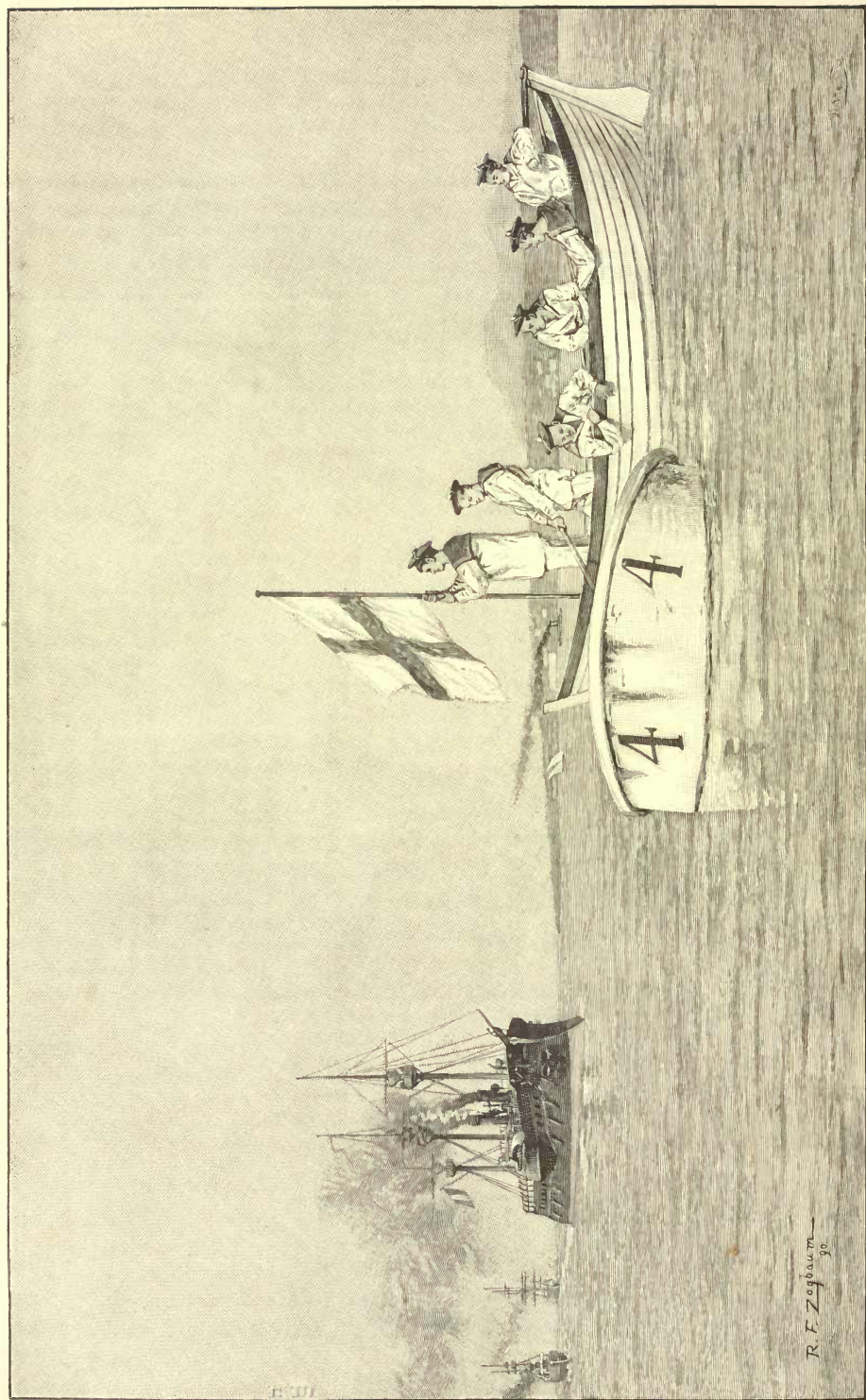
Few of those who do not write are likely to be aware of the strange perplexities and despairs which sometimes assail the writer, which Henri Murger chronicles repeatedly in his immortal "*Vie de Bohème*." "Nothing is more terrible," he says, "than this solitary struggle between the stubborn artist and his rebellious art. . . . The sharpest human anguish, the deepest wounds in the heart's core cause no pain approaching that of those hours of impatience and of doubt, so frequent with all who are given over to the perilous employment of the imagination." Even the proudest and most self-reliant man has his day of trial, when he turns instinctively to a friend for help; and the author, whose laboring hours must of necessity be passed alone, feels the want of such counsel oftener than he is able to obtain it. As life goes on we grow naturally more and more absorbed in ourselves; our own interests and prejudices and convictions become barriers that are harder and harder to break down. The man who appeals to us discovers this, and

seeks elsewhere for encouragement, or goes without it. Could we but learn to answer his appeal wisely, generously, and hopefully, his gain would be great, while ours would be greater still.

The late John Boyle O'Reilly, whose soul "is but a little way above our heads," was never found wanting when this friendly service was demanded of him. He had no petty jealousies to overcome, no envious anxieties for personal success to set aside. He gave himself freely and fully, hailing with delight the good in another's work as though it were his own. His sympathies were perfect, his expression of them was considerate to a rare degree. He listened eagerly and patiently, ever ready to speak the stimulating word of approval; or, if fault was to be found, finding it in a way that had no power to wound. His skill at detecting a flaw was unerring, but not content with marking down the error he would suggest one remedy after another, and never rest until the cure had been effected. "Your work rings true; but I wish you had more purpose," he said once. His own purpose, as many know, was always heroically high.

This is but one small view of a many-sided character that had the fire of genius in it. Yet the glimpse is significant and may afford opportunity for reflection, showing as it does how his influence worked good in younger writers. His intention, expressed a few hours before his sudden death, was to devote more time in the coming years than ever before to the higher forms of literature. In his loss there has been lost not only the product of his own mature mind, that would have gained him wider fame, but also all that he would unselfishly have aided other men to do.





R. F. Zogbaum
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DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.

SIGNALLING TO MOORINGS.

ENGRAVED BY WITTE.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.

NOVEMBER, 1890.

No. 5.



Ivory at Home.

THE TALE OF A TUSK OF IVORY.

By Herbert Ward.

COULD we faithfully follow an ordinary tusk of ivory from the time it bows the head of its ponderous owner as he crashes his way through the wild primeval regions of the upper Congo, until it is sold in an English ivory auction room, to be carved into billiard balls, toilet-sets and so forth, we should obtain a wonderful insight into savage nature, and an ample record of the many phases of African barbarism.

From time immemorial, the smooth shining tusks of elephants have been acknowledged as currency by the savage tribes of the far interior of Equatorial Africa; and even in these days countless

numbers of human lives are sacrificed in the bloody fights which are constantly waged, both between the tribes themselves, and the armed bands of half-caste Arab freebooters, solely for the sake of gaining possession of these tusks of ivory, which by a series of novel exchange and bartering transactions, gradually reach the little stations of the white trader on the surf-bound coast.

It is the story of such a tusk, based upon facts that either came to my knowledge or were part of my own observation during my experience in Africa, that I have brought together here.

One morning at sunrise, during the rainy season, of the year 1872, some five years before the advent of the white man in the interior of western Equatorial Africa, there was an unusual commotion in the populous village of Yabuli, situated on the banks of the Aruwimi River, which flows into the Congo, about fifteen hundred miles from the Atlantic coast. As a rule, the villages in these districts were always in a more or less disturbed condition owing to the wild, unrestrained savagery of the inhabitants whose tastes had a decided tendency to blood-thirstiness; but upon this particular occasion, the angry voices of the men, and the plaintive wailing of the women, were caused by a domestic affliction which appealed to young and old alike.

duties, and all, with one accord, had thought of nothing else but gaining shelter in their grass-roofed huts from the inclement weather.

As is so frequently the case in these tropical latitudes, the night's rain was followed by a radiant sunrise, and there was not a semblance of a cloud in the clear blue sky. Nature seemed all smiling and bright, and the foliage looked refreshed after the rain. Numbers of brilliantly plumed little sun-birds flew from the dark, dripping forests to the trees in the open village streets, where they flitted from bough to bough and plumed themselves, while large zephyr-winged butterflies soared silently and gracefully over the village in the early morning sunshine. The village

scene presented a striking contrast to the beauties of Nature around it, for the huts were sodden and bowed down by the weight of the wet grass roofs. There were large puddles of dirty water in the paths, littered here and there with palm-fronds, sticks, and grass-stalks, which had been blown, during the storm, from the dilapidated huts.

In the midst of an angry throng of naked savages, who were all talking at once in excited tones, sat one of the village headmen. He was powerfully built, his countenance bore the impress of every form of brutal indulgence, and indicated plainly an unrestrained and evil disposition. His arms and legs were ornamented with highly-polished iron and copper rings; around his neck he wore a string of human teeth. His name was Ioko, and his position as headman had been gained by individual prowess and domineering character.

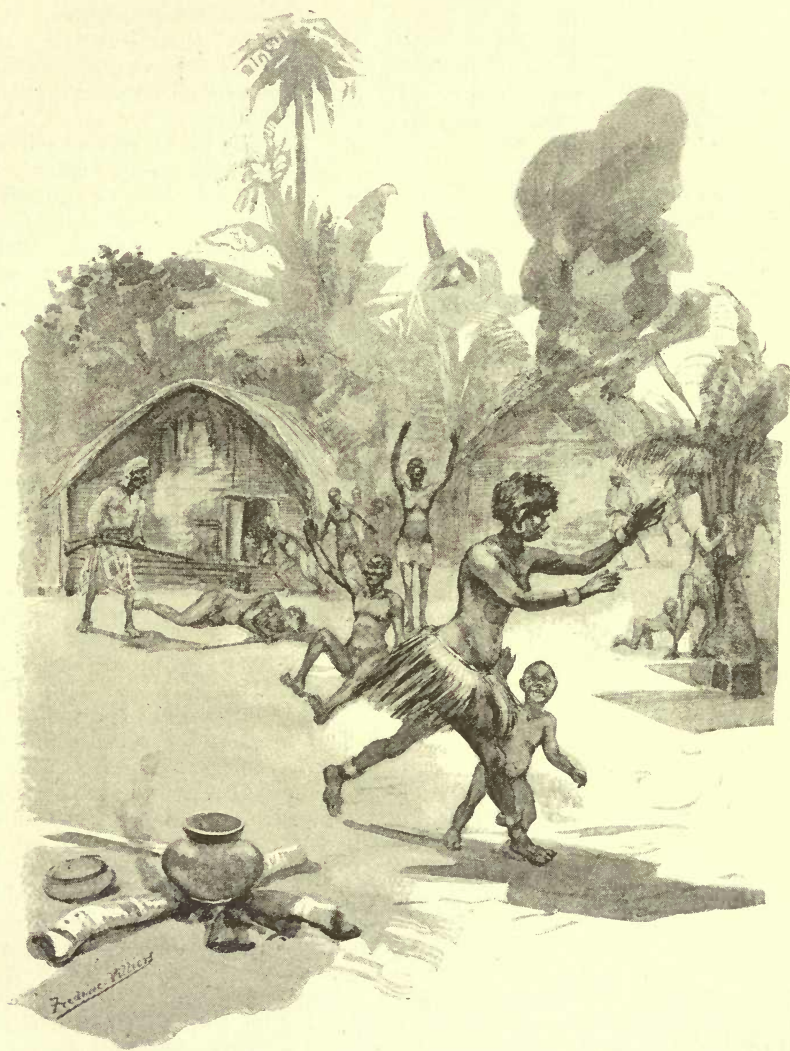
He sat upon a small, carved stool, listening for some time to the uproar, until losing patience, he arose, and with a wave of his arm commanded comparative silence.



The Elephant Trap—Death of Litoi Linene.

Their plantations had been destroyed during the night by a herd of elephants, such a heavy rain had fallen that even the old women, whose vigilance is proverbial, had neglected their watchful

"You men of Yabuli! Listen! Last night in the darkness the elephants robbed us of our food. Two moons in another voice, "but we ought to be glad that neither the elephants, nor the hippopotami, nor the leopards eat our



Village Attacked by Arab Traders.

ago we were treated in the same way by hippopotami who, like big pigs that they are, not only trampled our cassava and sugar-cane, but ate the roots. This is an unhappy time for us, for not only are our gardens ruined, but our goats and fowls, our only live-stock, are always being stolen by leopards. Men of Yabuli, the evil spirit is at work against us."

"You speak good words, Ioko," chimed

fish, for if they robbed us of our fish we should be hungry, indeed."

"Yes, yes, that is true," was yelled in chorus.

Then for several minutes a general hubbub followed, until interrupted by a shrill female voice from a group of huts, some distance off.

"I know why the elephants came to us last night. You remember that old

monster elephant with big ears and only one tusk, the one we all call Litoi Linene—it was he that led the others to the

all the most likely places in the forest. The women were also absent, endeavoring to repair their damaged plantations.

The village was deserted until sunset, when everybody returned to eat their evening meal of boiled cassava and plantains, after which they soon settled down to sleep.

The night was very dark, and there was every evidence of the near approach of another storm of wind and rain equal to that of the previous night. The only persons who were not comfortably sleeping in their grass huts were two or three women who were sitting with crying babies in their arms, outside their doors, in front of the log-fires upon which their supper had been cooked. Soon even they retired for the night, and gusts of wind blew sparks from the fires that were burning low. Sometimes a gaunt and bony pariah dog sneaked from one fire to another

in a vain search for food, but soon even they were overcome with sleep and curled themselves up in the hot ashes of the fires. In the depths of the forest the only sounds were the hoarse croaking of frogs and the occasional fluttering of horn-bills and other large birds, roosting in the tree-tops. As the night advanced and the darkness became more dense, the air grew hot and heavy, and fierce gusts of wind whistled through the branches overhead, snapping off dead twigs which fell to the ground already bestrewn with decaying vegetation.

Here silent, and almost motionless, quite hidden in the darkness, stood the huge form of an old bull elephant, one of whose tusks had been damaged in his youth and had become totally decayed. His head was bent forward in order to rest his one monster tusk upon the ground, his trunk loosely coiled between his fore-legs, was also resting on the ground, and his great ragged ears flapped spasmodically in vain endeavors to shake off the myriads of mosquitoes that persistently hovered around his head. Suddenly the forest was lit up by a most vivid flash of lightning, followed an in-



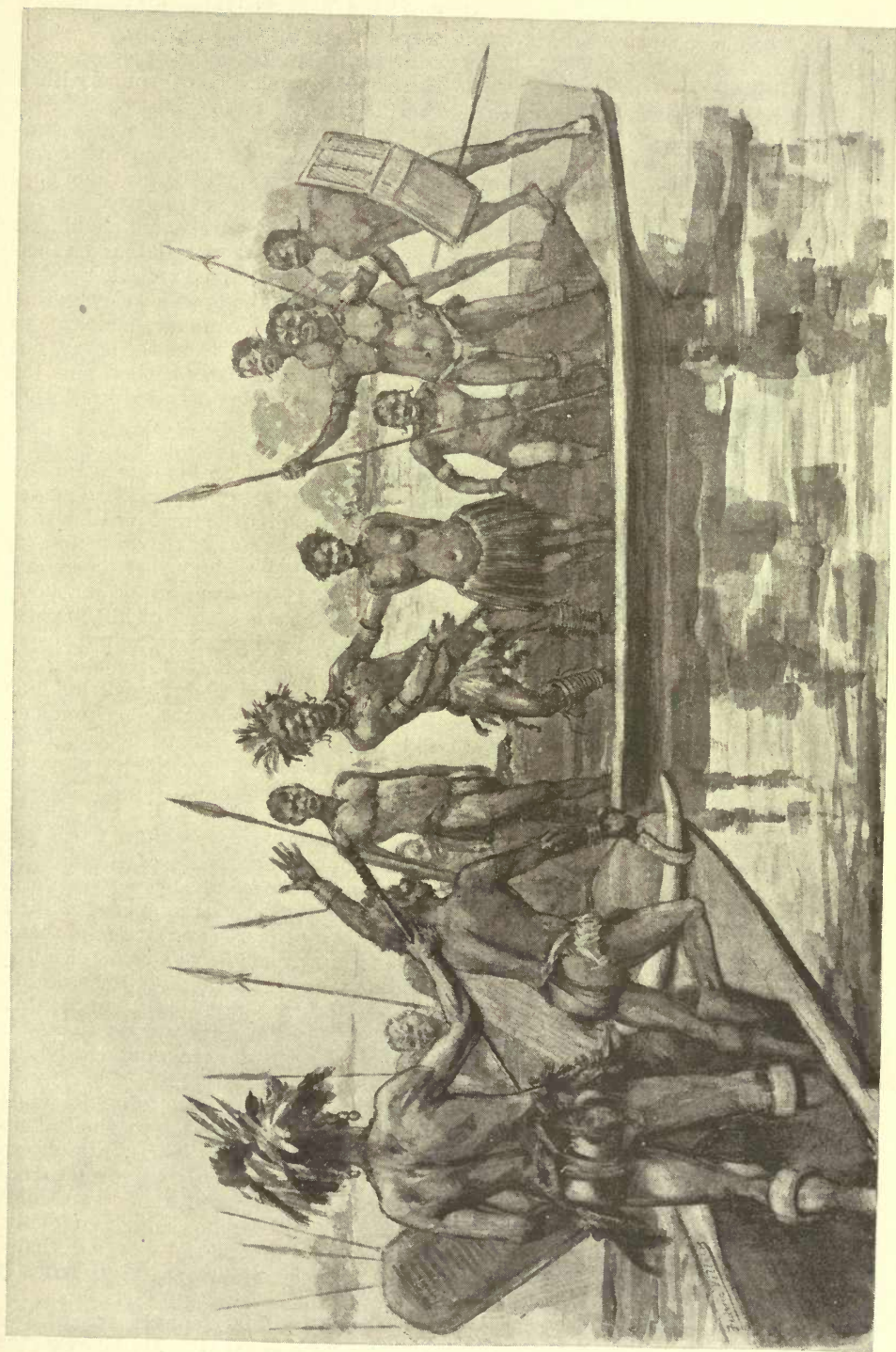
The Search for the Hidden Tusk.

plantation, for the evil spirit is in his heart, and it has been there ever since Ioko tried to spear him in the forest. We shall never enjoy quietness until Litoi Linene is killed.”

Several voices shouted in favor of this last speech, and after about an hour's excited talk it was agreed that several traps should be arranged forthwith in order, if possible, to put an end to the evil-spirited elephant Litoi Linene, who was credited with having worked so much ill to the tribe.

Soon after this village conclave, most of the men started off in different directions far into the forest, which surrounded the village, to set snares with keen-bladed spears which they firmly fastened in heavy spars of wood and deftly suspended from branches overhead by an ingenious arrangement of small creepers, so that when an unsuspecting elephant wandered beneath and unwittingly broke the light creepers which held the trap in its place, the weighted spear would fall and inflict a wound in the back or shoulder, that would often prove fatal.

All the male portion of the tribe were busy at this task until the sun went down, arranging the elephant snares in



Buying Back the Prisoners of War.

stant afterward by a crashing peal of thunder. The elephant raised his head with a startled jerk, his huge limbs shaking with fear.

Almost before the rumbling echoes of

and head bent low, blindly smashing a way through the dense woods.

Suddenly, in the midst of a mad rush, the elephant sank to the ground with a sharp squeal of pain. The poor brute had severed the vines that supported one of the traps that had been arranged the previous day, and a heavily weighted spear was plunged between his shoulders. For some moments the wounded animal remained motionless, then the great body rolled slowly from side to side in vain endeavor to free himself from the spear, but the weapon was barbed and the points had penetrated too deeply to be shaken off.

After many efforts the animal at last got on his legs again and staggered a short distance through the forest until, growing rapidly weaker from loss of blood, he stopped to rest and leaned the weight of his body against a large ant-hill, breathing heavily and groaning deeply in agony. Here he remained, exhausted, until daybreak, his hide covered with patches of mud and deep red smears of blood. Gradually the rain ceased, and the wind died away. With the first glimpse of dawn in the village, there was creaking from the

small square cane doors of the huts, as they were removed one by one, and dark, manly figures, with long spears in their hands, stepped forth and stretched themselves, after their night's heavy sleep.

After hastily arranging their scanty loin-cloths of beaten bark, the men all started into the dark woods to see if any elephant had been wounded by the traps.

The party entered the forest in single file, but soon divided into small companies and set off in different directions. Ioko took an entirely different route from the others, and when about two miles from the village he halted suddenly, snapped his fingers, and placed his hand over his open mouth, saying to himself in a low tone :

"Look at this elephant track! See what a path is here!" He followed the trail for some time, until within view



Release of the Headman's Wife and Child.

the thunder had died away, the rain, that had been threatening for so many hours, fell in torrents. Flashes of lightning succeeded each other so rapidly that the attendant peals of thunder were converted into one continuous roar, and the violence of the wind soon increased to a veritable tornada—a tropical hurricane.

Trees were blown down and uprooted on all sides of the terrified elephant, who remained for some time motionless with fear, but as the tempest continued, the monster became suddenly panic-stricken, and charged madly through the dense forest, stumbling and falling over the trunks of uprooted trees in his endeavors to gain some open patch where there would be no danger of being crushed by the falling timber.

The lurid flashes of lightning revealed the frightened animal with coiled trunk

of the trap he had set the previous day, when his excitement became intense, for he found the spear was gone, and the grass and leaves beneath the snare were covered with blood. Without hesitation, he followed the blood-stained tracks, until he approached the great ant-hill, near which he stopped a moment to extract a thorn from his foot. He was startled by a deep groan, and, cautiously stepping forward, he saw his prey leaning its unwieldy form against the mound.

"Lo-o-o! It is the evil one, Litoi Linene!" (Big Ears) gasped Ioko to himself, excitedly.

Silently watching the animal, to decide in his own mind upon the best mode of spearing him in a vital part, he firmly gripped his heavy spear, the haft of which was fully eight feet long, and stepped softly forward until within reach of the left shoulder of the unconscious animal. With steady nerve he poised his weapon, and with a mighty plunge drove the keen-bladed spear deep into the elephant's heart, and sprang away among the trees. With a shrill, trumpeting cry of pain, Litoi Linene staggered to his feet, swayed forward, quivered, and fell to the ground lifeless.

Ioko, after waiting a few moments to satisfy himself that the animal was dead, calmly stepped forth and raised a cry that echoed through the woods, and which soon brought several of his companions to the spot. Without any further sign of excitement he quietly busied himself in cutting his barbed spear from the carcass. He then examined the one large tusk and the decayed stump of its fellow, remarking to his companions, who were now arriving:

"Now the evil spirit is dead. Litoi Linene will lead no more devilish elephants to our plantations."

In a very short time the scene became indescribable. Excited men with sharp knives commenced cutting lumps of meat from the still warm carcass, and throwing them to the eager women and children, who crowded around with baskets, quarrelling like wild animals over the possession of each piece of flesh that was thrown among them. The savages' hearts were filled with joy at the prospect of a huge feast.

That night, under cover of the darkness, Ioko, all alone, buried the one heavy tusk of Litoi Linene in a swamp far from the village, so that only he himself knew of the place of concealment. He hid the tusk according to the tribal custom, for in the Aruwimi districts the people of neighboring villages are seldom good friends, and they all have a habit of attacking each other at odd times in order to capture men, women, and children for cannibal purposes. As tusks of ivory have an acknowledged value, equal to that of a human being, it is customary for the members of each village to conceal in the forests as many tusks as they can obtain, so that they may be in a position to redeem, if permitted, any of their companions who may be unfortunate enough

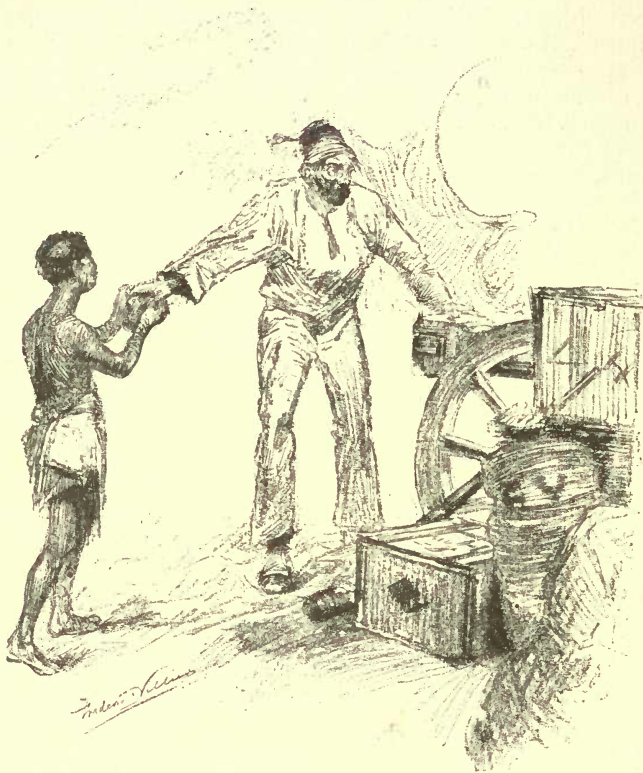


Carrying Ivory Down Country.

to fall into the hands of their hostile neighbors.

For five years the tusk lay hidden

oped the swamp every evening after sunset, and hung over the tall reeds like a silken canopy, until long after sunrise.



Captain Deane Defending the Stanley Falls Station.

beneath the foul mud and long grass in the dismal swamp. No human foot ever ventured into the treacherous quagmire, and only at rare intervals small parties of natives, darting among the forest trees in search of wild honey, or in an exciting chase of bush-buck, broke the silence.

In the oppressive heat at midday a solitary buffalo, in search of a cool bath, would sometimes flounder in the mud, or a small herd of elephants, strolling idly through the forest in single file, led by the father of the party, an irritable old bull elephant, would occasionally wade clumsily through the deepest part, splashing the black mud over each other, and flapping their great ears to drive away the swarms of flies that hovered around their heads.

A dense, white, miasmatic fog envel-

During the five years that the tusk lay hidden in the swamp, but little change had taken place in the village of Yabuli. The direction of the paths had been somewhat altered, as many of the huts had been rebuilt; for, being composed of light materials, such as fine grass and leaves, with the lighter framework of cornstalks, they soon become rotten, and it is necessary to repair them after every rainy season, and to rebuild the huts every few years.

It is a noteworthy feature that throughout central Africa, the savages erect no permanent buildings. Stones are never used except to support their earthenware cooking-pots over the fire. Nothing is lasting, and when a village is deserted, either on account of an epidemic of small-pox, or perhaps by a defeat in warfare, the only evidences of

its ever having existed a few years afterward, are a few tall palm-trees, and a few cassava plants, which, from neglect, have grown into small trees. There are no mounds of earth to mark any event in their history. They have no tribal records, like the New Zealand Maoris, for instance. They live in complete ignorance of the outside world, not even understanding the language of the tribe in the very adjoining country. Their doctrine is the survival of the fittest. Strength and cunning are qualities that command the most respect among these poor, heathenish creatures. Every man's hand is against his neighbor, and throughout the country man's worst enemy is man.

It happened one day that the occupants of a fishing canoe returned to Yabuli in a great state of excitement. They had been down the river fishing, near the village of Basoko, which is situated at the confluence of the Aruwimi and the Congo, and they had heard wonderful accounts of a fight that had taken place a few days before, between the fierce men of Basoko and a party of strangers, who were drifting down the Congo River in war canoes. The story of this remarkable adventure had been greatly embellished, according to African custom, by the friendly Basoko, who related it to the Yabuli fishermen, and they, in their turn, quite naturally, ren-

come! come!) which the fishermen called out long before their canoe reached the bank.

"The chief of the strangers was covered with cloth, and his face was white, and it shone like sun-light on the river," said they.

"Ekh! what strange things," the crowd exclaimed.

"The stranger-chief had only one eye."

"Lo-o-o!"

"It was in the middle of his forehead."

"A-yah! a-yah," roared the crowd, clapping their hands. "When the Basoko went out on the river in their war canoes to fight and capture the strangers, they cried 'Meat! meat!' for they intended eating their bodies, but they were not to be captured, and they killed many of the Basoko with sticks, which sent forth thunder and lightning. They spoke words in a strange tongue. They wore red cloth, and blue cloth, and their heads were covered with white cloth. They have drifted on down the river and passed the brave Basoko with jeers."

At the end of each of the fishermen's sentences, the crowd uttered exclamations of wonder. The old women, always superstitious, raised their voices and said that the evil spirit was at the bottom of it all, and that a day of trouble was coming to all the country. Whole days were spent in excited talk



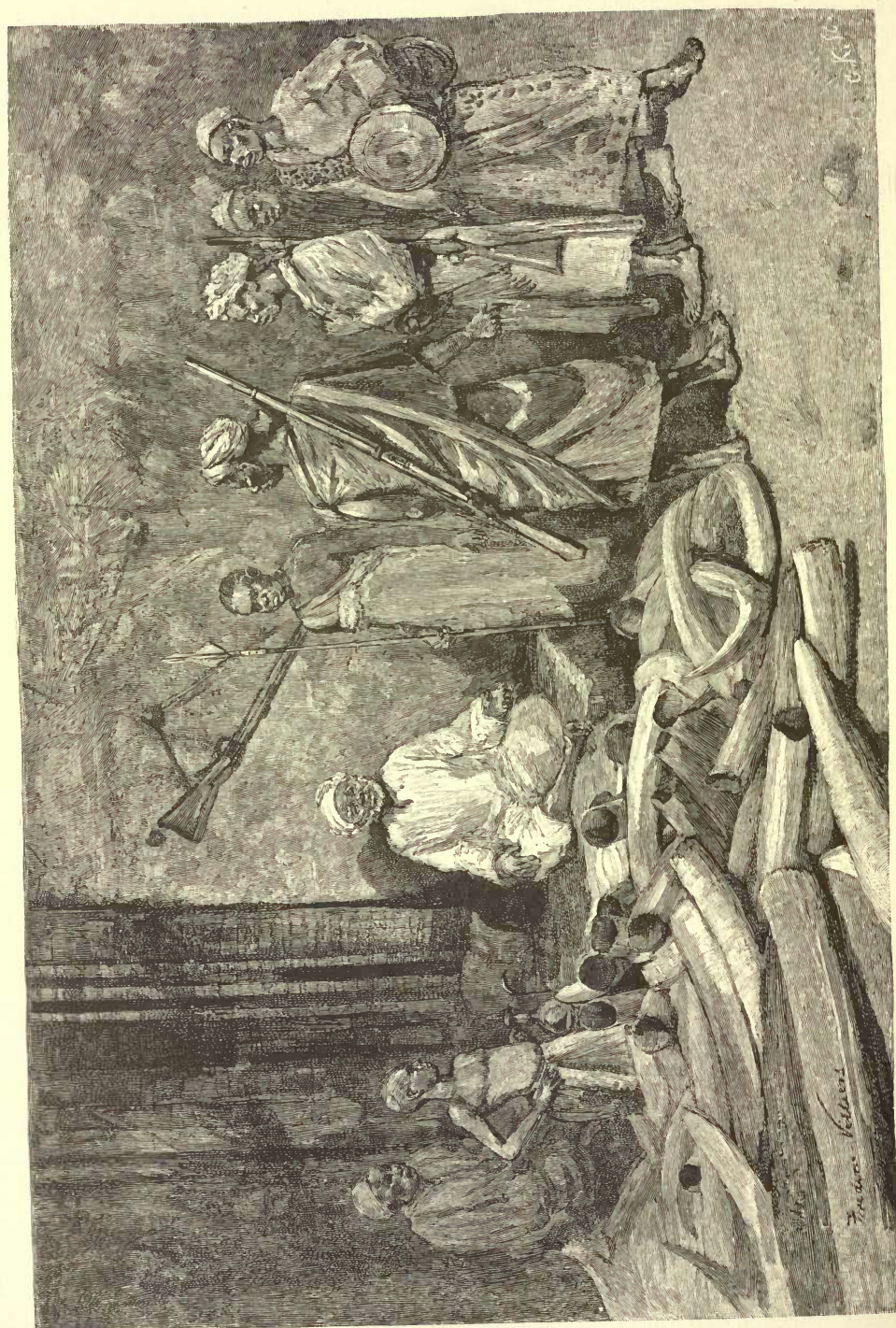
Down the Congo to the Coast.

dered the recital still more grotesque, when they repeated it to the crowd of eager listeners who thronged the river bank, attracted by the cries of

"Uku-uku-u, uku-uku-u, u-u" (come!

about the strangers, for never in their recollection had they heard of such people before.

Now this man, this chief of the strangers, whose white face they said shone



Tippu Tib and Manyema with Ivory.

like "sunlight on the river" was none other than Stanley, with his gallant little band of Zanzibar men. At the time of his passing Basoko, he had spent upward of two years travelling in central Africa, engaged in solving the great geographical problems which had hitherto puzzled the world, and to which the brave-hearted Livingstone had devoted so many years of his valuable life, dying in harness when upon the threshold of success.

At this time there was established at Nyangwé the advance post of the Arab slave raiders from the East Coast, under the leadership of the famous Tippo Tib, who, soon after Stanley's departure down the Congo, persuaded his companions to set out on the same journey. They recruited a large number of fighting men from different parts of the Manyema country, and fought their way down the river as far as the cataract, which is now familiarly known as Stanley Falls, where Tippo Tib established himself as chief of the Arabs. Large bands of these Manyema were despatched from Stanley Falls in different directions, after the fashion of blood-hounds, to obtain tusks of ivory from the natives by whatever means they chose.

Bands of marauders are still carrying on their barbarous business, armed with old "Tower" muskets purchased by their Arab chiefs at Zanzibar in exchange for ivory, before measures were taken by England to prevent the traffic in arms and gunpowder. These bandit parties usually consist of two or three hundred armed men under the leadership of Waswahili cutthroats from Zanzibar. As a rule, each of these parties is divided into sections, different Arabs contributing ten or twenty armed men, each with one man of higher caste elected as leader. Tippo Tib usually contributes the largest number of men and appoints the leader himself.

After an absence of many months, when one of these companies returns to headquarters with slaves and ivory, the booty is divided among the Arabs according to the number of men contributed by each. The ivory was, until quite recently, sent up-river to Nyangwé in canoes, and thence it was carried overland to the East Coast by large slave

caravans, the journey occupying between six months and a year.

During all these eventful days in the history of central Africa, Litoi Linene's tusk lay unheeded in the swamp. With the new generation all recollection of the elephant Litoi Linene had died away, and his massive bones had long since become hidden in the long grass and brushwood that had rapidly grown up from the soil that his carcass had enriched. Even the existence of his tusk, the only substantial relic of his former greatness, had almost been forgotten by everybody except Ioko.

While the chief topic of conversation with the large majority of the villagers was still about the powerful whiteman's daring journey past the dreaded Basoko, yet a few men, including Ioko, often spoke of the evil elephant. Although since its death several elephants had been killed by means of spear-snares and pit-falls cunningly concealed with light brushwood, yet no one had ever obtained such a large tusk of ivory from any of the other elephants as from Litoi Linene, and another reason for attaching such importance to the death of this animal was the belief that Ioko had exterminated the power to effect evil that Litoi Linene had been credited with possessing. Since his death their planations had been comparatively undisturbed by big game, and this fact alone went far to encourage the belief that they had disposed of an evil spirit.

Soon after Tippo Tib's occupation of Stanley Falls in 1879, rumors reached Yabuli and the neighboring villages of oppression and persecution by the Manyema. Chiefs met together to enquire of each other the reason of this invasion. Less than three years after Stanley's fight with the Basoko at the mouth of the Aruwimi, the Manyema mercenaries of the Arabs attacked and destroyed several villages higher up the same river, having travelled overland from the Congo through the dense forests below Stanley Falls; and descending the Aruwimi River in canoes they laid waste all the villages by the way, capturing men and women and imposing fines of ivory for their redemption upon those of the natives who were fortunate

enough to escape to the woods. Although every precaution was taken by the people of Yabuli to guard against surprise, they instinctively felt impending evil and a gloom settled over the village affecting young and old alike. They all appeared to realize their isolated position, escape being impossible as their neighbors were at enmity with them and with each other, and the poor wretches lived in a condition of fear bordering upon panic.

At last the evil day arrived. Early one morning, just before daybreak, they were suddenly startled by the loud reports of the Manyema guns. The forest around the village appeared alive with armed men who rushed among their dwellings from all sides, firing recklessly, sometimes in the air, into the doors of the huts, and at the panic-stricken savages, who rushed toward the woods for shelter. A few of the braver natives stood their ground, and hurled spears and knives at their assailants, but one by one they dropped, shot by their brutal enemy. After firing their muzzle-loading muskets many of the Manyema rushed upon the natives and clubbed them with the butt end of their guns. The women encumbered with their children, whom they were bravely trying to carry off to the shelter of the woods, were soon overtaken by the Manyema, who roughly threw them to the ground and bound their arms and legs. Nearly two-thirds of the women and children were captured, including the favorite wife of Ioko; but many of the men and a few women managed to escape to the woods. Ioko, although wounded by a slug of copper from a Manyema musket, had escaped. During the day the fugitives in the forest gradually congregated, and by nightfall they had formed a few rough huts with light brushwood and broad leaves which, when fastened together in rows by the stalks, each row overlapping the other, formed a sufficient shelter from the rain and the heavy dews which fall at night. This primitive encampment in the forest was a considerable distance from their village, now completely in the possession of the Manyema.

The leader of the Arab buccaneers, Muini Khamici, had taken up his quar-

ters in the largest hut, which happened to be the property of poor Ioko; and a rough stockade of brushwood was placed around the huts, in order to guard against a night attack from the natives who had escaped.

The bodies of the slain had been thrown into the river, and the captured women, naked, and trembling with fear, many of them with their arms tied behind them, were grouped together, and placed in charge of Manyema head men. Others of the marauding band proceeded from hut to hut collecting the trifles of domestic furniture used by the natives, consisting chiefly of small wooden stools, mats, cooking-pots, and ivory pestles, used for pounding cassava.

A few days after the Manyema had attacked Yabuli, they released two of the captive women to convey a message to the fugitives in the forest. These women were selected as being of little value, for they were old and feeble. Women are very lightly esteemed by the natives, and are mere slaves, whose duty is to bear children, cultivate the soil, and prepare food for their masters.

"Go to your men, who have sought refuge in the forest," said Muini Khamici, the bandit leader. "Tell them their women are alive, and that we will set them free when they bring us the tusks of ivory that they have hidden in the woods; we will surrender a woman for each tusk. If they do not come to us with ivory before the fifth day from now, we shall take the women to another country and sell them to people who will kill and eat them. Kwenda!"

When the two poor old women fully realized they were free, they darted into the woods, one after the other, displaying wonderful agility in picking their way through the dense undergrowth, and they finally halted, breathless, and trembling with excitement.

"Oh, ma-ma—ma-a-a!" they cried, in a wailing monotone, as they cowered on the ground, until, recovering strength and courage, they resumed their way, now calling loudly, now listening for a response from their friends, who were camped in the forest. At last, hearing an answer in the distance to their echoing calls, they started off in that direction, and were soon in the midst of an

eager crowd. It was a pitiful picture, the meeting of these poor women with the fugitives, who were all excited, and fearful of every sound in the woods around them.

The women were too bewildered to answer all their questions at first; but they finally managed to explain their message; and then the men, in anger, snapped their fingers and ground their teeth. Ioko sat apart from his noisy companions, in moody silence, for his favorite wife, Kaolenge (the Strong One), with her baby, had been captured by the Manyema; and his heart ached at being separated from the only being for whom he had ever felt the slightest sentiment. The African savage is apparently incapable of any constant affection, but occasionally he does possess a tender, though rugged, regard for a favorite wife. Ioko had almost given up hope of recovering his Strong One; but now, that he knew by what means he could redeem her, his spirits revived, and he determined to offer the Manyema his most valuable possession, the tusk of Litoi Linene.

In the dead of night, with a fire-brand to light him through the forest, Ioko wended his way to the swamp, where the tusk had been so long buried. After prodding the soft mud with his spear, until striking a hard substance, he discovered the object of his search; and with considerable labor he succeeded in unearthing his tusk. Lifting the burden upon his powerful shoulders, and picking up his spear and fire-brand, which he blew into a glow, he returned to the camp and lay for the remainder of the night by the side of his treasure, his heart beating fast with excitement at the prospect of dealing with the treacherous Manyema on the morrow.

At the first ray of dawn he wakened his companions to tell them of his intention of testing the truth of the Manyema's message by offering the tusk of Litoi Linene in exchange for his wife and child; and they all agreed, if Ioko's undertaking proved successful, they would unearth their hidden tusks to redeem their own women and children. When Ioko drew near the Manyema stockade, his companions, who had followed to see the result of his errand, hid themselves behind the trees at the

edge of the forest, in order to escape, if necessary. It was daylight by this time, and the Manyema were moving about among the huts.

"Naonga!" (I say) called Ioko from the woods. "Is it true that our women are alive?"

"It is indeed true," replied Muini Khamici, who was well acquainted with the Aruwimi dialects.

Ioko called again from the woods: "I bring an elephant's tusk for Kaolenge and her child; but first let me hear her voice, that I may know you speak truly." After a short consultation a woman's voice called from the village:

"I am Kaolenge. Oh, Ioko, I am your Kaolenge."

Ioko then stepped boldly forward, and laying the tusk upon the ground, he retreated again behind the trees. Several of the Manyema pointed their guns to the forest to protect themselves from any treachery on the part of the natives, whilst others rushed for the tusk, which they carried to Muini Khamici, who stood by the entrance to the stockade.

Orders were then given to free Kaolenge, and when the bonds were cut from the poor woman's arms, she caught up her baby, fled like a deer to the forest, crying piteously. Ioko seized her by the wrist and led her farther into the forest, when she fell cowering upon the ground at his feet, sobbing deeply, as she clasped her baby tightly to her breast.

During the next few days, many other women were ransomed by their masters, and when there was no longer any prospect of obtaining more ivory from Yabuli, Muini Khamici and his gang evacuated the village, taking with them the remaining slaves — men, women, and children. They were now bound for Stanley Falls, having obtained the amount of ivory expected of them by the Arabs.

Crossing the Aruwimi River in native canoes, the caravan, which now numbered about three hundred people, two-thirds of whom were slaves, started on an overland march to the Congo River, which was reached at a place called Yangambi. This journey occupied five days, and the forests through which they traversed were dark and gloomy, the undergrowth being so thick in some

places that they frequently had to follow the beds of small streams, and elephant paths whenever they found them leading in a south easterly direction.

The tusk of Litoi Linene, being too heavy for one man to carry, was lashed to a pole and borne by two slaves. The captive women carried the lighter tusks and a large collection of native utensils, consisting principally of small wooden stools, ivory pestles, cooking pots and grass mats, all of which were the recognized perquisites of the Manyema, who themselves carried only their guns and ammunition, and acted as guards to the caravan, while their wives, who were also from the Manyema country, carried fowls, baskets of maize, long stalks of sugar-cane, and other provisions, all stolen from the native villages.

When they reached Yangambi, the whole company embarked in native canoes and were paddled up to Stanley Falls, four days' journey, by natives who were on friendly terms with the Arabs. At Stanley Falls the slaves were distributed among certain Arabs' plantations, and the ivory was piled up in a hut where Tippoo Tib divided the spoil between the Arabs who had a share in the expedition. Tippoo Tib selected his own share with his customary shrewdness, and included the tusk of Litoi Linene, which he presented to a favorite wife of his harem, who concealed it in one of the dark rooms of his mud tembe, where for nearly six years it lay, covered with mats and rubbish, and was apparently forgotten.

During these years many memorable events took place, the most noteworthy being the fight of Captain Deane, the representative of the Congo Free State and his little garrison against the Arabs. Tippoo Tib, was at that time absent from Stanley Falls, and Rachid bin Mohammed, the son of Bwana Nzige, Tippoo Tib's partner, took this opportunity to declare open hostilities against Captain Deane, who had plainly manifested his intention of doing all in his power to prevent their brutal treatment of slaves there, and a four-days' battle was the consequence. Deane, himself, fired his Krupp guns, and had it not been for the defective cartridges for the Snyder rifles of his men, which caused them to desert

down the Congo in canoes, Deane and his brave companion, Lieutenant Dubois, would have held the position, but on the fourth days' fighting they, with five faithfuls, were forced to fire the station and escape to the forests. Dubois was drowned in wading across a branch of the Congo, and Deane, with his five faithful followers suffered terrible privations in the forests, until gallantly rescued by Captain Coquilhart.

A few months after Deane's fight with the Arabs, Tippoo Tib was appointed Governor of Stanley Falls district in the service of the Congo Free State, and in 1888, a year afterward, European traders from the lower Congo first visited Stanley Falls in their steam launches, and with cotton cloth, brass wire, and various other bartering goods, are still buying from the Arabs large quantities of ivory, every tusk of which is wrung from the unprotected savages by persecution, intimidation, and bloodshed.

Tippoo Tib had in the meantime discarded his once-favorite wife, and Litoi Linene's tusk was confiscated and was among the first that were sold to the white trader, and soon it was stowed away with the others in the hold of the little river steamer which travelled down the Congo to Stanley Pool at the rate of seventy miles a day, past the riverside villages of thousands upon thousands of savages, stopping each evening at sunset alongside the forest bank, where, by the flickering light of camp-fires, the crew of the steamer cut dry wood into short lengths to provide fuel for the engine's furnace, and all night long merry songs of men and sounds of axes echoed through the dark silent forest.

Five hundred miles separates Stanley Falls from Bangala, and although there are several very populous districts on either side of the river, yet there is no real trade carried on by the natives, except an occasional traffic in slaves and ivory. Below Bangala, however, for six hundred miles as far as Stanley Pool, there is quite an organized trade in ivory between the tribes living along the river banks and the Batéké middlemen of Stanley Pool, who sell the ivory to the lower Congo caravans that travel overland to the European trading-stations on the coast.

After sixteen days' journey down the Congo, the little steamer dropped anchor in Stanley Pool, and the tusks of ivory that had been all that time stowed in the dark hold were taken ashore and placed under guard in a rude structure that served for a store-house; for up to the present the European traders have not been able to erect any permanent buildings for want of the necessary materials. The ivory did not remain here long, for as soon as natives could be engaged to carry it down country, the tusks were brought out, marked, and placed in a row. At a given signal the carriers, who had been keenly watching these proceedings, rushed wildly forward in order to select the lightest tusks, and soon all were appropriated, except the tusk of Litoi Linene, which no one volunteered to carry on account of its weight. The trader tried in vain to persuade different men to take it, but they emphatically shook their open hands and one man said:

"Ve, ve, yae wzito bene mundili, kulenda kwami ko, sea mona mpassi nyingi kuna ngila."

(No, no, it is very heavy, whiteman; I cannot carry it, I should see too much trouble on the path.)

Eventually it was arranged that this tusk should be lashed on a pole and carried by two men, each being paid the same amount of cotton cloth as if carrying a full load. The caravan consisted of fifty men and boys, all belonging to the Bakongo tribe, under a headman or Kapitá.

From Stanley Pool the series of caravats, which extend a distance of two hundred miles to Matadi, render it necessary to transport merchandise, ivory, and all other loads, overland, and small companies of men are recruited from different parts of the lower Congo country, under a responsible headman, to carry the burdens on their heads and shoulders. This journey is divided into stages of a hundred miles each, and a transfer is made at Manyanga, as the people above and below this place are not always on good terms with each other, although they are apparently of the same tribe and speak the same language. The first stage of this overland journey from Stanley Pool to Manyanga occupied six days, and the

little caravan wended its way up and down hills which afford beautiful views of the distant country and the mighty Congo surging and eddying between its precipitous banks. But scenic magnificence is unnoticed and unappreciated by the Bakongo carrier, whose sensual tastes are more influenced by a gaudy colored loin cloth, or a feast of elephant beef.

At sunset each day, the little party halted by a stream, and after collecting a few dry sticks for their camp-fires, they sat around with the tusks of ivory beside them, roasting peanuts and cones of maize which, with a draught of water from the stream, constituted their supper. Then, as darkness crept on, they covered themselves with their flimsy loin cloths and wearily stretched out on the ground to sleep.

During the night, as gusts of cold wind or a shower of rain awakened them, they would stir up their fires and crouch beside them, shivering with chattering teeth. At dawn they awoke, stretched themselves, yawned, arranged their loin cloths, and shouldering their tusks of ivory and arranging under their arms their little bags containing provisions and tobacco pipe, they started on the march again.

At Manyanga the ivory was transferred to another caravan, which journeyed seven days over steep hills, through deep swamps, and across numerous small rivers, until Matadi was reached. The ivory was then placed on board a river steamer, which conveyed it in two days to Banana, the trading depot at the mouth of the Congo. Here Litoi Linene's tusk was stored away with hundreds of others that had previously been sent down from the far interior, until the arrival of an ocean steamer, which conveyed the whole accumulation to Liverpool, where it was shortly afterward sold by auction. Litoi Linene's tusk, which had passed through so many strange phases of life, was now consigned to an ivory carver and turner, who ingeniously converted its hard substance into billiard balls, paper-knives, and various articles for the toilet table. And when the turner's work was finished, a little mound of ivory dust beneath his lathe was all that remained there of the tusk of the evil-spirited elephant Litoi Linene.

THE DEATH-DAY OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

By Aubrey de Vere.

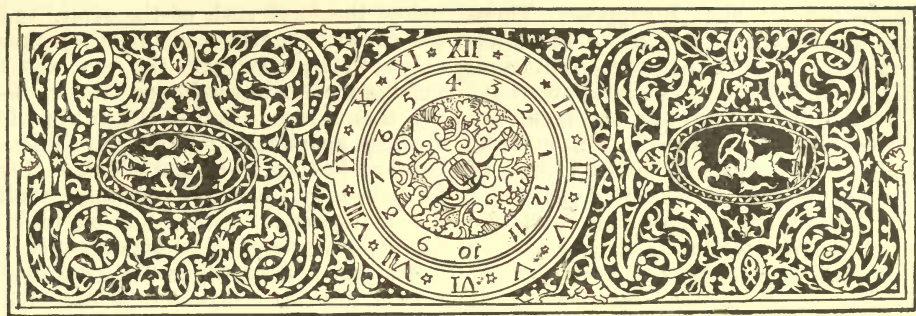
THY ninety years on earth have passed away:
At last thou restest 'mid that heavenly clime
Where Act is Rest, and Age perpetual prime:
Thy noblest, holiest work begins this day,
Begins, not ends! Best Work is Prayer; and they
Who plead, absolved from bonds of Space and Time,
With lordliest labor work that work sublime,
Order our planet with benignest sway.
So work, great Spirit! Thy toils foregone each year
Meantime bear fruit! Thousands but hymn thee now!
Thy laureates soon will bend a brightening brow
O'er tomes of thine; on each may drop a tear
For friends that o'er blind oceans pushed their prow
Self-cheated of a guiding light so clear.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

By Inigo Deane.

LOUDER than roar her own reverberant seas
Around the white sea-cliffs—more full than they
Of tumult and harsh discord—night and day
Uprising, England's voice for centuries
Has smitten the ear of God; but melodies,
Strong ones and true, have still not failed her; they
Up through the din wind still their silvery way
And God for earth's marred harmonies appease.

Of such, sweet-springing from a blameless heart,
And perfect grown with length of many days,
The music that we ceased but now to hear;
That fuller swelled and sweeter year on year
Until it rose a marvellous hymn of praise
And with the nine-choired choral strain found part.



DR. MATERIALISMUS.

By F. J. Stimson.



I WAS born and lived, until I came to this university, in a small town in Maine. My father was a graduate of — College, and had never wholly dissolved his connection with that place; probably because he was there not unfavorably known to more acquaintances, and better people, than he elsewhere found. The town is one of those gentlemanly, ferocious-minded, white wood-villages common to Maine; with two churches, a brick town-hall, a stucco lyceum, a narrow railway station, and a spacious burying-ground. It is divided into two classes of society: one which institutes church-sociables, church-dances, church-sleighing parties; which twice a week, and critically, listens to a long and ultra-Protestant, almost mundane, essay-sermon; and which comes to town with, and takes social position from, pastoral letters of introduction, that are dated in other places and exhibited like marriage certificates. I have known the husbands at times get their business employments on the strength of such encyclicals (but the ventures of these were not rarely attended with financial disaster, so passports only hinder honest travellers); the other class falling rather into Shakespeare clubs, intensely free-thinking, but calling Sabbath Sunday, and pretending to the slightly higher social position of the two. This is Maine, as I knew it; it may have changed since. Both classes

were in general Prohibitionists, but the latter had wine to drink at home.

In this town were many girls with pretty faces; there, under that cold, concise sky of the North, they grew up; their intellects preternaturally acute, their nervous systems strung to breaking pitch, their physical growth so backward that at twenty their figures would be flat. We were intimate with them in a mental fellowship. Not that we boys of twenty did not have our preferences, but they were preferences of mere companionship; so that the magnanimous confidence of English America was justified; and anyone of us could be alone with her he preferred from morn to midnight, if he chose, and no one be the wiser or the worse. But there was one exceptional girl in B—, Althea Hardy. Her father was a rich ship-builder; and his father, a sea-captain, had married her grandmother in Catania, island of Sicily. With Althea Hardy, I think, I was in love.

In the winter of my second year at college there came to town a certain Dr. Materialismus—a German professor, scientist, socialist—ostensibly seeking employment as a German instructor at the college; practising hypnotism, magnetism, mesmerism, and mysticism; giving lectures on Hegel, believing in Hartmann, and in the indestructibility of matter and the destructibility of the soul; and his soul was a damned one, and he cared not for the loss of it.

Not that I knew this, then; I also was

fascinated by him, I suppose. There was something so bold about his intellectuality, that excited my admiration. Althea and I used to dispute about it; she said she did not like the man. In my enthusiasm, I raved to her of him; and then, I suppose, I talked to him of her more than I should have done. Mind you, I had no thought of marriage then; nor, of course, of love. Althea was my most intimate friend—as a boy might have been. Sex differences were fused in the clear flame of the intellect. And B—— College itself was a co-educational institution.

The first time they met was at a coasting party; on a night of glittering cold, when the sky was dusty azure and the stars burned like blue fires. I had a double-runner, with Althea; and I asked the professor to come with us, as he was unused to the sport, and I feared lest he should be laughed at. I, of course, sat in front and steered the sled; then came Althea; then he; and it was his duty to steady her, his hands upon her waist.

We went down three times with no word spoken. The girls upon the other sleds would cry with exultation as they sped down the long hill; but Althea was silent. On the long walk up—it was nearly a mile—the professor and I talked; but I remember only one thing he said. Pointing to a singularly red star, he told us that two worlds were burning there, with people in them; they had lately rushed together, and, from planets, had become one burning sun. I asked him how he knew; it was all chemistry, he said. Althea said, how terrible it was to think of such a day of judgment on that quiet night; and he laughed a little, in his silent way, and said she was rather too late with her pity, for it had all happened some eighty years ago. "I don't see that you cry for Marie Antoinette," he said; "but that red ray you see left the star in 1789."

We left Althea at her home, and the professor asked me down to his. He lived in a strange place; the upper floor of a warehouse, upon a business street, low down in the town, above the Kennebec. He told me that he had hired it for the power; and I remembered to have noticed there a sign "To Let—One Floor, with Power." And sure enough,

below the loud rush of the river, and the crushing noise made by the cakes of ice that passed over the falls, was a pulsing tremor in the house, more striking than a noise; and in the loft of his strange apartment rushed an endless band of leather, swift and silent. "It's furnished by the river," he said, "and not by steam. I thought it might be useful for some physical experiments."

The upper floor, which the doctor had rented, consisted mainly of a long loft for manufacturing, and a square room beyond it, formerly the counting-room. We had passed through the loft first (through which ran the spinning leather band), and I had noticed a forest of glass rods along the wall, but massed together like the pipes of an organ, and opposite them a row of steel bars like levers. "A mere physical experiment," said the doctor, as we sank into couches covered with white fur, in his inner apartment. Strangely disguised, the room in the old factory loft, hung with silk and furs, glittering with glass and gilding; there was no mirror, however, but, in front of me, one large picture. It represented a fainting anchorite, wan and yellow beneath his single sheepskin cloak, his eyes closing, the crucifix he was bearing just fallen in the desert sand; supporting him, the arms of a beautiful woman, roseate with perfect health, with laughing, clear eyes resting on his wearied lids. I never had seen such a room; it realized what I had fancied of those sensuous, evil Trianons of the older and corrupt world.

"You admire the picture?" said Materialismus. "I painted it; she was my model." I am conscious to-day that I looked at him with a jealous envy, like some hungry beast. I had never seen such a woman. He laughed silently, and going to the wall touched what I supposed to be a bell. Suddenly my feelings changed.

"Your Althea Hardy," went on the doctor, "who is she?"

"She is not my Althea Hardy," I replied, with an indignation that I then supposed unreasoning. "She is the daughter of a retired sea-captain, and I see her because she alone can rank me in the class. Our minds are sympathetic. And Miss Hardy has a noble soul."

"She has a fair body," answered he ;
 "of that much we are sure."

I cast a fierce look upon the man ; my eye followed his to that picture on the wall ; and some false shame kept me foolishly silent. I should have spoken then. . . . But many such fair car-carrion must strew the path of so lordly a vulture as this doctor was ; unlucky if they thought (as he knew better) that aught of soul they bore entangled in their flesh.

"You do not strain a morbid consciousness about a chemical reaction," said he. "Two atoms rush together to make a world, or burn one, as we saw last night ; it may be pleasure or it may be pain ; conscious organs choose the former."

My distaste for the man was such that I hurried away, and went to sleep with a strange sadness, in the mood in which, as I suppose, believers pray ; but that I was none. Dr. Materialismus had had a plum-colored velvet smoking-jacket on, with a red fez (he was a sort of beau), and I dreamed of it all night, and of the rushing leather band, and of the grinding of the ice in the river. Something made me keep my visit secret from Althea ; an evil something, as I think it now.

The following day we had a lecture on light. It was one in a course in physics, or natural philosophy, as it was called in B—— College ; just as they called Scotch psychology "Mental Philosophy," with capital letters : it was an archaic little place, and it was the first course that the German doctor had prevailed upon the college government to assign to him. The students sat at desks, ranged around the lecture platform, the floor of the hall being a concentric inclined plane ; and Althea Hardy's desk was next to mine. Materialismus began with a brief sketch of the theory of sound ; how it consisted in vibrations of the air, the coarsest medium of space, but could not dwell in ether ; and how slow beats—blows of a hammer, for instance—had no more complex intellectual effect, but were mere consecutive noises ; how the human organism ceased to detect these consecutive noises at about eight per second, until they reappeared at sixteen per second, the low-

est tone which can be heard ; and how, at something like thirty-two thousand per second these vibrations ceased to be heard, and were supposed unintelligible to humanity, being neither sound nor light—despite their rapid movement, dark and silent. But was all this energy wasted to mankind ? Adverting one moment to the molecular, or rather mathematical, theory—first propounded by Democritus, re-established by Leibnitz, and never since denied—that the universe, both of mind and matter, body and soul, was made merely by innumerable, infinitesimal points of motion, endlessly gyrating among themselves—mere points, devoid of materiality, devoid also of soul, but each a centre of a certain force, which scientists entitle *gravitation*, philosophers deem *will*, and poets name *love*—he went on to Light. Light is a subtler emotion (he remarked here that he used the word *emotion* advisedly, as all emotions were, in substance, alike the subjective result of merely material motion). Light is a subtler emotion, dwelling in ether, but still nothing but a regular continuity of motion or molecular impact ; to speak more plainly, successive beats or vibrations reappear intelligible to humanity as light, at something like 483,000,000,000 beats per second in the red ray. More exactly still, they appear first as *heat* ; then as red, orange, yellow, all the colors of the spectrum, until they disappear again, through the violet ray, at something like 727,000,000,000 beats per second in the so-called chemical rays. "After that," he closed, "they are supposed unknown. The higher vibrations are supposed unintelligible to man, just as he fancies there is no more subtle medium than his (already hypothetical) ether. It is possible," said Materialismus, speaking in italics and looking at Althea, "*that these higher, almost infinitely rapid vibrations may be what are called the higher emotions or passions—like religion, love, and hate—dwelling in a still more subtle, but yet material, medium, that poets and churches have picturesquely termed heart, conscience, soul.*" As he said this I too looked at Althea. I saw her bosom heaving ; her lips were parted, and a faint rose was in her face. How womanly she was growing !

From that time I felt a certain fierceness against this German doctor. He had a way of patronizing me, of treating me as a man might treat some promising schoolboy, while his manner to Althea was that of an equal—or a man of the world's to a favored lady. It was customary for the professors in B—— College to give little entertainments to their classes once in the winter; these usually took the form of tea-parties; but when it came to the doctor's turn, he gave a sleighing party to the neighboring city of A——, where we had an elaborate banquet at the principal hotel, with champagne to drink; and returned driving down the frozen river, the ice of which Dr. Mismus (for so we called him for short) had had tested for the occasion. The probable expense of this entertainment was discussed in the little town for many weeks after, and was by some estimated as high as two hundred dollars. The professor had hired, besides the large boat-sleigh, many single sleighs, in one of which he had returned, leading the way, and driving with Althea Hardy. It was then I determined to speak to her about her growing intimacy with this man.

I had to wait many weeks for an opportunity. Our winter sports at B—— used to end with a grand evening skating party on the Kennebec. Bonfires were built on the river, the safe mile or two above the falls was roped in with lines of Chinese lanterns, and a supper of hot oysters and coffee was provided at the big central fire. It was the fixed law of the place that the companion invited by any boy was to remain indisputably his for the evening. No second man would ever venture to join himself to a couple who were skating together on that night. I had asked Althea many weeks ahead to skate with me, and she had consented. The Doctor Materialismus knew this.

I, too, saw him nearly every day. He seemed to be fond of my company; of playing chess with me, or discussing metaphysics. Sometimes Althea was present at these arguments, in which I always took the idealistic side. But the little college had only armed me with Bain and Locke and Mill; and it may be imagined what a poor defence I could

make with these against the German doctor, with his volumes of metaphysical realism and his knowledge of what Spinoza, Kant, Schopenhauer, and other defenders of us from the flesh could say. Nevertheless, I sometimes appeared to have my victories. Althea was judge; and one day I well remember, when we were discussing the localization of emotion or of volition in the brain:

"Prove to me, if you may, even that every thought and hope and feeling of mankind is accompanied always by the same change in the same part of the cerebral tissue!" cried I. "Yet that physical change *is* not the soul-passion, but the effect of it upon the body; the mere trace in the brain of its passage, like the furrow of a ship upon the sea." And I looked at Althea, who smiled upon me.

"But if," said the doctor, "by the physical movement I produce the psychological passion? by the change of the brain-atoms *cause* the act of will? by a mere bit of glass-and-iron mechanism set *first* in motion, I make the prayer, or thought, or love *follow*, in plain succession, to the machine's movement, on every soul that comes within its sphere, will you then say that the metaphor of ship and wake is a good one, when it is the wake that *precedes* the ship?"

"No," said I, smiling.

"Then come to my house to-night," said the doctor; "unless," he added with a sneer, "you are afraid to take such risks before your skating party." And then I saw Althea's lips grow bloodless, and my heart swelled within me.

"I will come," I muttered, without a smile.

"When?" said the professor.

"Now."

Althea suddenly ran between us. "You will not hurt him?" she said, appealingly to him. "Remember, oh, remember what he has before him!" And here Althea burst into a passion of weeping, and I looked in wild bewilderment from her to him.

"I will go," said the doctor to me. "I will leave you to console her." He spoke in his stronger German accent, and as he went out he beckoned me to the door. His sneer was now a leer, and he said:

"I would kiss her there, if I vere you."

I slammed the door in his face, and when I turned back to Althea her passion of tears had not ceased, and her beautiful bright hair lay in masses over the poor, shabby desk. I did kiss her, on her soft face where the tears were. I did not dare to kiss her lips, though I think I could have done it before I had known this doctor. She checked her tears at once.

"Now I must go to the doctor's," I said. "Don't be afraid; he can do me or my soul no harm; and remember to-morrow night." I saw Althea's lips blanch again at this; but she looked at me with dry eyes, and I left her.

The winter evening was already dark, and as I went down the streets toward the river I heard the crushing of the ice over the falls. The old street where the doctor lived was quite deserted. Trade had been there in the old days, but now was nothing. Yet in the silence, coming along, I heard the whirr of steam, or, at least, the clanking of machinery and whirling wheels.

I toiled up the crazy staircase. The doctor was already in his room—in the same purple velvet he had worn before. On his study table was a smoking supper.

"I hope," he said, "you have not supped on the way?"

"I have not," I said. Our supper at our college table consisted of tea and cold meat and pie. The doctor's was of oysters, sweetbreads, and wine. After it he gave me an imported cigar, and I sat in his reclining-chair and listened to him.

I remember that this chair reminded me, as I sat there, of a dentist's chair; and I good-naturedly wondered what operations he might perform on me—I helpless, passive with his tobacco and his wine.

"Now I am ready," said he. And he opened the door that led from his study into the old warehouse-room, and I saw him touch one of the steel levers opposite the rows of glass rods. "You see," he said, "my mechanism is a simple one. With all these rods, of different lengths, and the almost infinite speed of revolution that I am able to give them with the power that comes from the river applied through a chain of belted

wheels, is a rosined leather tongue, like that of a music-box or the bow of a violin, touching each one; and so I get any number of beats per second that I will." (He always said *will*, this man, and never *wish*.)

"Now, listen," he whispered; and I saw him bend down another lever in the laboratory, and there came a grand bass note—a tone I have heard since only in 32-foot organ pipes. "Now, you see, it is sound." And he placed his hand, as he spoke, upon a small crank or governor; and, as he turned it slowly, note by note the sound grew higher. In the other room I could see one immense wheel, revolving in an endless leather band, with the power that was furnished by the Kennebec, and as each sound rose clear, I saw the wheel turn faster.

Note by note the tones increased in pitch, clear and elemental. I listened, recumbent. There was a marvellous fascination in the strong production of those simple tones.

"You see I have no overtones," I heard the doctor say. "All is simple, because it is mechanism. It is the exact reproduction of the requisite mathematical number. I have many hundreds of rods of glass, and then the leather band can go so fast as I will, and the tongue acts upon them like the bow upon the violin."

I listened, I was still at peace; all this I could understand, though the notes came strangely clear. Undoubtedly, to get a definite finite number of beats per second was a mere question of mathematics. Empirically, we have always done it, with tuning-forks, organ-pipes, bells.

He was in the middle of the scale already; faster whirled that distant wheel, and the intense tone struck C in alt. I felt a yearning for some harmony, that terrible, simple, single tone was so elemental, so savage; it racked my nerves and strained them to unison, like the rosined bow drawn close against the violin-string itself. It grew intensely shrill; fearfully, piercingly shrill; shrill to the rending-point of the tympanum; and then came silence.

I looked. In the dusk of the adjoining warehouse the huge wheel was whirling more rapidly than ever.

The German professor gazed into my

eyes, his own were bright with triumph, on his lips a curl of cynicism. "Now," he said, "you will have what you call emotions. But, first, I must bind you close."

I shrugged my shoulders amiably, smiling with what at the time I thought contempt, while he deftly took a soft white rope and bound me many times to his chair. But the rope was very strong, and I now saw that the framework of the chair was of iron. And even while he bound me, I started as if from a sleep, and became conscious of the dull whirring caused by the powerful machinery that abode within the house, and suddenly a great rage came over me.

I, fool, and this man! I swelled and strained at the soft white ropes that bound me, but in vain. . . . By God, I could have killed him then and there! And he looked at me and grinned, twisting his face to fit his crooked soul. I strained at the ropes, and I think one of them slipped a bit, for his face blanched; and then I saw him go into that other room and press the last lever back a little, and it seemed to me the wheel revolved more slowly.

Then, in a moment, all was peace again, and it was as if I heard a low, sweet sound, only that there was no sound, but something like what you might dream the music of the spheres to be. He came to my chair again and unbound me.

My momentary passion had vanished. "Light your cigar," he said, "it has gone out." I did so. I had a strange, restless feeling, as of being at one with the world, a sense of peace, between the peace of death and that of sleep.

"This," he said, "is the pulse of the world; and it is Sleep. You remember, in the Nibelung-saga, when Erda, the Earth spirit, is invoked, unwillingly she appears, and then she says, *Lass mich schlafen*—let me sleep on—to Wotan, king of the gods? Some of the old myths are true enough, though not the Christian ones, most always. . . . This pulse of the earth seems to you dead science, yet the beats are pulsing thousands a second faster than the highest sound. . . . For emotions are subtler things than sound, as you sentiment-

tal ones would say; you poets that talk of 'heart' and 'soul.' We men of science say it this way: That those bodily organs that answer to your myth of a soul are but more widely framed, more nicely textured, so as to respond to the impact of a greater number of movements in the second."

While he was speaking he had gone into the other room, and was bending the lever down once more; I flew at his throat. But even before I reached him my motive changed; seizing a Spanish knife that was on the table, I sought to plunge it in my breast. But, with a quick stroke of the elbow, as if he had been prepared for the attempt, he dashed the knife from my hand to the floor, and I sank in despair back into his arm-chair.

"Yes-s," said he, with a sort of hiss of content like a long-drawn sigh of relief. "Yes-s-s—I haf put my mechanik quickly through the Murder-motif without binding you again, after I had put it back to sleep."

"What do you mean?" I said, languidly. How could I ever hope to win Althea away from this man's wiles?

"When man's consciousness awakes from the sleep of the world, its first motive is Murder," said he; "you remember the Hebrew myth of Cain?" and he laughed silently. "Its next is Suicide; its third, Despair. This time I have put my mechanism quickly through the murder movement, so your wish to kill me was just now but momentary."

There was an evil gleam in his eye as he said this.

"I leave a dagger on the table, because, if I left a pistol the subject would fire it, and that makes noise. Then, at the motion of Suicide you tried to kill yourself: the suicide is one grade higher than the murderer. And now, you are in Despair."

He bent the lever further down and touched a smaller glass rod.

"And now, I will give to you—I alone—all the emotions of which humanity is capable."

How much time followed, I know not; nor whether it was not all a dream, only that a dream can hardly be more vivid—as this was—than my life itself. First, a nightmare came of evil passions; after

murder and suicide and despair came revenge, envy, hatred, greed of money, greed of power, lust. I say "came," for each one came on me with all the force the worst of men can feel. Had I been free, in some other place, I should inexorably have committed the crimes these evil passions breed, and there was always some pretext of a cause. Now it was revenge on Materialismus himself for his winning of Althea Hardy; now it was envy of his powers, or greed of his possessions; and then my roving eye fell on that strange picture of his I mentioned before; the face of the woman now seemed to be Althea's. In a glance all the poetry, all the sympathy of my mind or soul that I thought bound me to her had vanished, and in their place I only knew desire. The doctor's leer seemed to read my thoughts; he let the lever stay long at this speed, and then he put it back again to that strange rhythm of Sleep.

"So—I must rest you a little between times," he said. "Is my fine poet convinced?"

But I was silent, and he turned another wheel.

"All these are only evil passions," said I, "there may well be something physical in them."

"Poh—I can gife you just so well the others," he sneered. "I tell you why I do not gife you all at once——"

"You can produce passion," I answered, "but not love."

"Poh—it takes but a little greater speed. What you call love is but the multiple of passion and cosmic love, that is, gravitation."

I stared at the man.

"It is quite as I say. About two hundred thousand vibrations make in man's cerebrum what you call passion; about four billion per second, that is gravitation, what the philosophers call will, the poets, cosmic love; this comes just after light, white light, which is the sum of all the lights. And their multiple again, of love and light, makes many sextillions, and that is love of God, what the priests name religion." . . . I think I grew faint, for he said, "You must hafe some refreshments, or you cannot bear it."

He broke some raw eggs in a glass, in

some sherry, and placed it by my side, and I saw him bend the lever much farther.

"Perhaps," I spoke out, then, "you can create the emotion, or the mental existence—whatever you call it—of God himself." I spoke with scorn, for my mind was clearer than ever.

"I can—almost," he muttered. "Just now I have turned the rhythm to the thought millions, which lie above what you call evil passions, between them and what you call the good ones. It is all a mere question of degree. In the eye of science all are the same; morally, one is alike so good as the other. Only motion—that is life; and slower, slower, that is nearer death; and life is good, and death is evil."

"But I can have these thoughts without your machinery," said I.

"Yes," said he, "and I can cause them with it; that proves they are mechanical. Now, the rhythm is on the intellectual-process movement; hence you argue."

Millions of thoughts, fancies, inspirations, flashed through my brain as he left me to busy himself with other levers. How long this time lasted I again knew not; but it seemed that I passed through all the experience of human life. Then suddenly my thinking ceased, and I became conscious only of a bad odor by my side. This was followed in a moment by an intense scarlet light.

"Just so," he said, as if he had noted my expression; "it is the eggs in your glass, they altered when we passed through the chemical rays; they will now be rotten." And he took the glass and threw it out the window. "It was altered as we passed through the spectrum by no other process than the brain thinks."

He had darkened the room, but the light changed from red through orange, yellow, green, blue, violet; then, after a moment's darkness, it began again, more glorious than before. White, white it was now, most glorious; it flooded the old warehouse, and the shadows rolled from the dark places in my soul. And close on the light followed hope again; hope of life, of myself, of the world, of Althea.

"It is the first of the motions you

call virtuous," came his sibilant voice, but I heeded him not. For even as he spoke my soul was lifted unto faith, and I knew that this man lied.

"I can do but one thing more," said he, "and that is—love."

"I thought," said I, "you could make communion with the Deity."

"And so I could," he cried, angrily, "so I could; but I must first give my glass rod an infinite rotation; the number of vibrations in a second must be a number which is a multiple of *all* other numbers, however great; for that even my great fly-wheel must have an infinite speed. Ah, your 'loft with power' does not give me that. . . . But it would be only an idea if I could do that too, nothing but a rhythmic motion in your brain." . . .

Then my faith rose well above this idle chatter. But I kept silence; for again my soul had passed out of the ken of this German doctor. Althea I saw; Althea in the dark room before me; Althea, and I had communion with her soul. Then I knew indeed that I did love her.

The ecstasy of that moment knew no time; it may have been a minute or an hour, as we mortals measure it; it was but an eternity of bliss to me. . . . Then followed again faith and hope, and then I awoke and saw the room all radiant with the calm of that white light—the light that Dante saw so near to God.

But it changed again to violet, like the glacier's cave, blue like the heavens, yellow like the day; then faded through the scarlet into night.

Again I was in a sea of thoughts and phantasies; the inspiration of a Shakespeare, the fancy of a Mozart or a Titian, the study of a Newton, all in turn were mine. And then my evil dreams began. Through lust to greed of power, then to avarice, hatred, envy, and revenge, my soul was driven like a leaf before the autumn wind.

Then I rose and flew at his throat once more. "Thou liest!" I cried. "Heed not the rabble's cry—God lies NOT in a rotting egg!"

I remember no more.

When I regained consciousness it was a winter twilight, and the room was

cold. I was alone in the doctor's study and the machinery in the house was stilled. . . . I went to the eastern window and saw that the twilight was not the twilight of the dawn. I must have slept all day. . . . As I turned back I saw a folded paper on the table, and read, in the doctor's hand:

"In six hours you have passed through all the thoughts, all the wills, and all the passions known to devils, men, or angels. You must now sleep deeply or you die. I have put the lever on the rhythm of the world, which is Sleep.

"In twelve hours I shall stop it and you will wake.

"Then you had better go home and seek your finite sleep, or I have known men lose their mind."

I staggered out into the street and sought my room. My head was still dizzy, my brain felt tired, and my soul was sore. I felt like an old man; and yet my heart was still half-drunk with sleep, and enamoured with it, entranced with that profound slumber of the world to which all consciousness comes as a sorrow.

The night was intensely cold; the stars were like blue fires; a heavy ox-sledge went by me, creaking in the snow. It was a fine night for the river. I suddenly remembered that it must be the night for the skating party, and my engagement with Althea. And with her there came a memory of that love that I had felt for her, sublimated, as it had been, beyond all earthly love.

I hurried back to my room; and as I lit the lamp I saw a note addressed to me, in her handwriting, lying on my study table. I opened it; all it contained was in two phrases:

"Good-by; forgive me.

"ALTHEA."

I knew not what to think; but my heart worked quicker than my brain. It led me to Althea's house; the old lady with whom she lived told me that she had already started for the skating party. Already? I did not dare to ask with whom. It was a breach of custom that augured darkly, her not waiting for me, her escort.

On my way to the river I took the street by the house of Materialismus.

They were not there. The old warehouse was dark in all its windows. I went in; the crazy wooden building was trembling with the Power; but all was dark and silent but the slow beating of the Power on the Murder pulse.

I snatched up the Spanish dagger where it still lay on the table, and rushed out of that devil's workshop and along the silent street to the river. Far up the stream I could already make out a rosy glow, the fires and lanterns of the skating party. I had no skates, but ran out upon the river in a straight line, just skirting the brink of the falls where the full flood maned itself and arched downward, steady, to its dissolution in the mist. I came to the place of pleasure, marked out by gay lines of paper lanterns; the people spoke to me, and some laughed, as I threaded my way through them; but I heeded not; they swerving and darting about me, like so many butterflies, I keeping to my line. By the time I had traversed the illuminated inclosure I had seen all who were in it. Althea was not among them.

I reached the farthest lantern, and looked out. The white river stretched broad away under the black sky, faintly mirroring large, solemn stars. It took a moment for my eyes, dazzled by the tawdry light, to get used to the quiet starlight; but then I fancied that I saw two figures, skating side by side, far up the river. They were well over to the eastern shore, skating up stream; a mile or more above them the road to A—— crossed the river, in a long, covered bridge.

I knew that they were making for that road, where the doctor doubtless had a sleigh in waiting. By crossing diagonally, I could, perhaps, cut them off.

"Lend me your skates," I said to a friend who had come up and stood looking at me curiously. Before he well understood, I had torn them off his feet and fitted them to my own; and I remember that to save time I cut his ankle-strap off with the Spanish knife. A moment more and I was speeding up the silent river, with no light but the stars, and no guide but the two figures that were slowly creeping up in the

shadow of the shore. I laughed aloud; I knew this German beau was no match for me in speed or strength. I did not throw the knife away, for I meant more silent and more certain punishment than a naked blow could give. The murder motive still was in my brain.

I do not know when they first knew that I was coming. But I soon saw them hurrying, as if from fear; at least her strokes were feeble, and he seemed to be urging, or dragging, her on. By the side of the river, hitched to the last post of the bridge, I could see a single horse and sleigh.

But I shouted with delight, for I was already almost even with them, and could easily dash across to the shore while they were landing. I kept to my straight line; I was now below the last pier of the bridge; and then I heard a laugh from him, answering my shout. Between me and the bank was a long, open channel of rippling dark water, leading up and down, many miles, from beneath the last section of the bridge.

They had reached the shore, and he was dragging her, half reluctant, up the bank. In a minute, and he would have reached his horse.

I put the knife between my teeth and plunged in. In a few strokes of swimming I was across; but the ice was shelving on the other side, and brittle; and the strong stream had a tendency to drag me under. I got my elbows on the edge of ice, and it broke. Again I got my arms upon the shelving ice; it broke again. I heard a wild cry from Althea—I cursed him—and I knew no more.

When I next knew life, it was spring; and I saw the lilac buds leafing by my window in the garden. I had been saved by the others—some of them had followed me up the river—unconscious, they told me, the dagger still clinched in my hand.

Althea I have never seen again. First I heard that she had married him; but then, after some years, came a rumor that she had not married him. Her father lost his fortune in a vain search for her, and died. After many years, she returned, alone. She lives, her beauty faded, in the old place.



LIFE AND NATURE.

By Archibald Lampman.

I PASSED through the gates of the city,
The streets were strange and still,
Through the doors of the open churches
The organs were moaning shrill.

Through the doors and the great high windows
I heard the murmur of prayer,
And the sound of their solemn singing
Streamed out on the sunlit air.

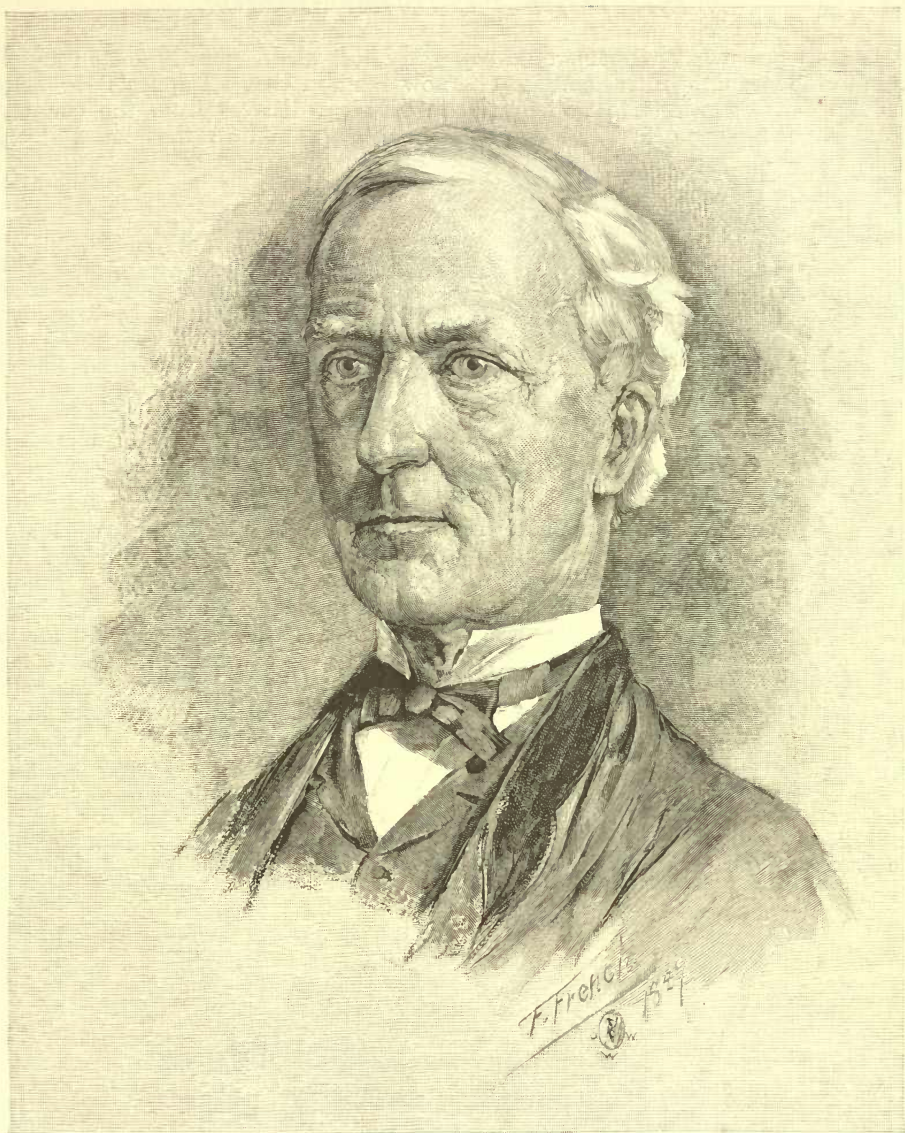
A sound of some great burden
That lay on the world's dark breast,
Of the old, and the sick, and the lonely,
And the weary that cried for rest.

I strayed through the midst of the city
Like one distracted or mad.
"Oh, Life! Oh, Life!" I kept saying,
And the very word seemed sad.

I passed through the gates of the city,
And I heard the small birds sing,
I laid me adown in the meadows
Afar from the bell-ringing.

In the depth and the bloom of the meadows
I lay on the earth's quiet breast,
The ilex fanned me with shadows,
And the cuckoo sang me to rest.

Blue, blue was the heaven above me,
And the earth green at my feet;
"Oh, Life! Oh, Life!" I kept saying,
And the very word seemed sweet.



The Doctor.

A DAY WITH A COUNTRY DOCTOR.

WRITTEN, DRAWN, AND ENGRAVED

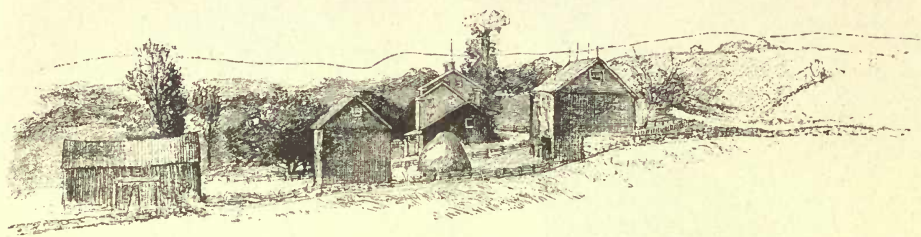
By Frank French.

CLANG! clang! rang out the double stroke of the front-door gong, with that startling exaggeration of sound which the stillness of midnight lends to unexpected clamor. I was instantly aroused to complete wakefulness, and lay staring blindly into the velvety darkness which was distinctly palpable about me. The room was an unfamiliar one. I could not remember upon which side of the bed I had got in, and in the panicky condition which the harshness of my sudden awakening had induced, I lay longing to fix my eyes upon some familiar object which would aid me in locating myself. Meanwhile I strained

my ears to hear what answer would be given to the midnight intrusion.

I had but an instant to wait. The sound of the raising of a window upon

My host was a country doctor, and I now realized that all appeals for help in physical distress from the country round converged at that front door,



The Village Street.

the floor below me was heard, and almost simultaneously the clear and decisive tones of a voice: "Well—who's there, and what do you want?"

The answer to this peremptory challenge came in earnest but subdued tones, the purport of which I could not make out.

"I'll go," said the first voice, and the window fell abruptly.

The wind, which seemed to be rising, suddenly drove a volley of raindrops, rattling like hail, upon the tin roof of the piazza under my window, solving

and were liable to be heard at any moment. Heavens, what a night for one to venture out over those rough mountain-roads! The doctor must have got into his clothes very quickly, for it seemed but a few moments before his firm footstep was heard in the hall. The door opened and closed after him. His heels smote upon the stone walk confidently, as a circular spot of light from his lantern came in view, crossed and recrossed fantastically by black shadows from his legs, as he walked in the direction of the barn. Another



The Old Furnace Chimney

for me the problem of locality. I hastily rose, and groping my way to the window stood peering blindly out.

short interval followed, and I caught, above the noise of the wind and rain, the sharp rattle of a wagon-wheel as it

dashed against some ledge or boulder; then all was oppressively quiet again, save the ticking of the clock and the noise of the elements without.

In a previous hasty visit to this mountain-country I had seen something of the dangerous character of the roads, which straggle, with many abrupt and unexpected turns, down precipitous hills, over bridges, and through dense, dark woods. Huge boulders contract the wheel-way here and there to such narrow limits that good and careful horsemanship is needed, even in the light of day, to pass them without accident. Half-asleep and half-awake I lay filled with apprehension lest the good luck which had so long attended the doctor should desert him on that dark and dreary night, and that we should have the horror of finding him on the morrow, wounded and bleeding—perhaps dead—with the splintered wreck of his buggy strewn about him. Should he escape the dangers of the road, I thought, he will have to face the black-winged messenger on some mountain threshold, and wrestle with all the strength which forty years of training have given him, if happily he may vanquish the unwelcome guest, and so sprinkle the lintel of the cottage-door with potent drugs that even the relentless Angel of Death shall see the sign and pass over.

When I woke a flood of rosy light enveloped me, and before I opened my eyes I could feel that the storm had passed. My room was charmingly pretty, in the white and pale-green enamelled furniture, ornamented with circular panels upon which were painted the most radiant little landscapes, flanked on either side by the gayest of flowers. At the windows, curtains of thin lace, with large floral designs, undulated gracefully as the morning air stole fresh and sweet through the half-open slats of the win-



Uncle Amos.

dow-blind. Outside, the musical voice of a young girl called "Chick, chick, c-h-i-c-k, chick, chick, chick, c-h-i-c-k," and the chickens could be heard rushing madly, and with great squall and clatter, tumbling over each other in the race. The sheep-churn kept up an intermittent thumping as it went round—sometimes fast, sometimes slow—now stopping altogether till the lazy animal in the treadmill was stirred to renewed activity by the little housemaid. The robins and the orioles sang gayly from above, and a mother-sparrow came at short intervals to feed her noisy little ones in the quince-tree just under my window.

Throwing open my window-blind, there was revealed a scene of dazzling beauty. Each wet and glistening leaf in the garden below was a mirror to reflect the sunlight, while a noble sugar-maple stretched her shapely arms above me.

At the breakfast-table the doctor, clad in an old green dressing-gown, appeared, looking as fresh and radiant as if his

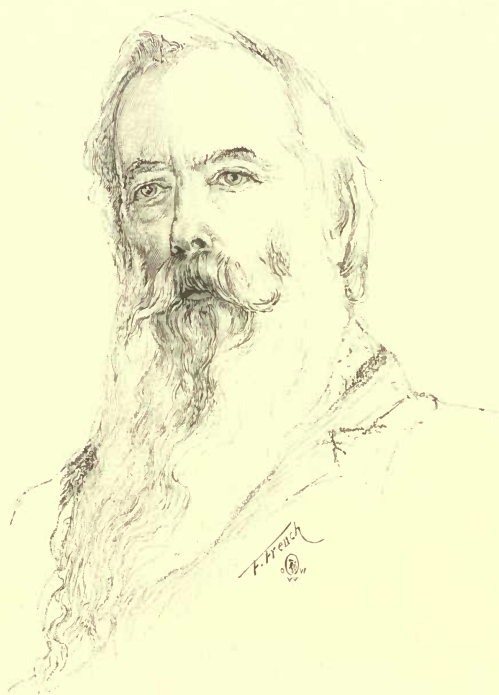
slumber had not been disturbed. He was upward of sixty years old, with thoroughly well-knit frame, his carriage as straight as an arrow; face florid, smooth-shaven, and furrowed with wrinkles,

nity to buy out a country practice. And with the good common-sense which was his birthright, he reasoned: "If I hang out my shingle here in the city, with no influential friends to aid me, I may have

to sit and wait for my hair to turn gray before anyone will have confidence enough in me to send for me; on the other hand, if I go up there, they will *have* to send for me and take what I give them, or go without." Then, too, he loved the country life. Memories from childhood filled his heart with longing, and he left the city with its confining walls with but slight misgiving. He established himself in a little building, ten feet by twelve. The first floor had two rooms, one of which served as office and the other as dining-room and kitchen. Here, in solitude, he began his professional life. The first day of his practice found him in the saddle from sunrise to sunset; and in the middle of the night he was called out to travel an unfamiliar mountain-road, with no guide but the footprints of the messenger who had summoned him, in the otherwise trackless snow. In those days the spice of danger was not wanting to season his daily rounds, as savage beasts

still roamed about those forests. As he was attending a patient late at night over by Green Pond, a big wild-cat was brought into the house by a man who said it was one of a pair which he had encountered in a tree down the road under which the doctor drove, unarmed, on his homeward way.

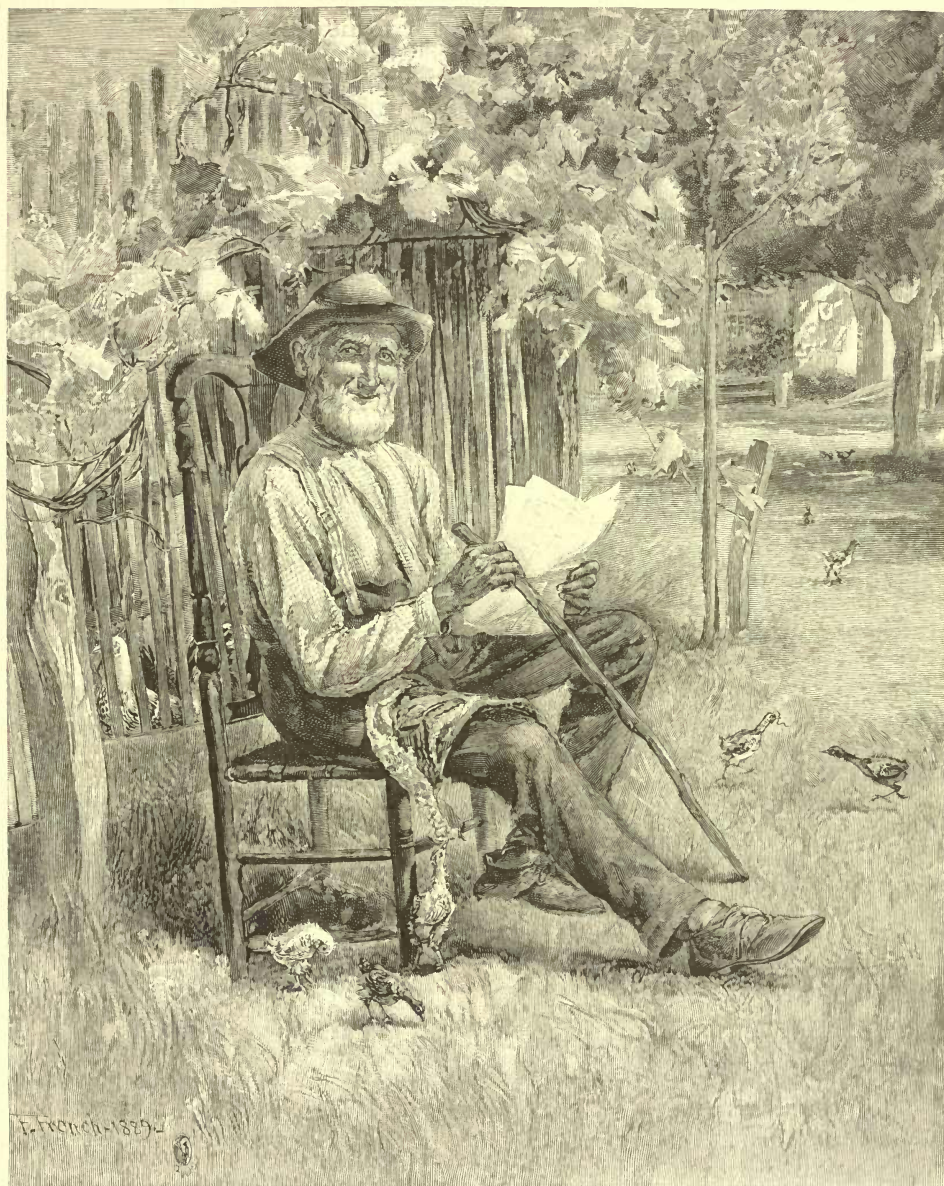
One night, after a hard day's ride, he came home through a blinding snow-storm, and as he passed the farm-houses with their cheerful lights, he longed to bury his chilled limbs beneath the warm comforters of his attic bed. With some trepidation he dismounted at his office-door, to find upon the slate an urgent call to a house back over the hills a half-mile beyond that from which he had just returned. Weary and cold, he retraced his way. The snow had been gaining steadily, and soon his horse's recent footprints were obliterated. The



The Dominie.

which gave wonderful firmness and sprightliness to the expression; clear, large, bright gray eyes; neatly brushed silvery hair; a voice clear, crisp, electric; all of him so compact, thoroughly well-seasoned, and active, that his very presence was a tonic.

The doctor was reared in the industrious out-of-door life of a country lad, and thus was laid the foundation of a vigorous and sturdy constitution. His active mind refused to be content with the simple cares and thoughts of a purely rural occupation. The voice of science had for him an alluring charm, and resulted in his choosing the healing art as a profession. At the close of a creditable career as a student in New York, he was rewarded with a "sheepskin," and immediately asked himself, "How shall I get to work?" Up among the hills of his native New Jersey was an opportu-



Mr. Cobb.

lights in the farm-houses had been extinguished, the snow was drifting badly, and he was often obliged to dismount and lead his unwilling horse through the snow-banks. What was his disgust on finding the house to which he had been summoned dark like the rest, and, after much ineffectual shouting and angry hammering with whipstock upon

the door, he came to the conclusion that "they had got well and gone to sleep;" he had that long and painful journey to remember without even the consolation of charging a fee for it.

Some of the more intelligent of his neighbors encouraged him with helpful kindness, but many felt that a beardless boy could not fill the place of the wise

old physician who had left them ; others still, openly said, "they would not have

cessor] had been here, my child would not have died." He went back to his lonely office cut to the heart—and then he realized, as never before, that the life of a country doctor was one of profound self-sacrifice.



George Kimball.

him to doctor a cat." The first of these he eagerly counted as friends, the second he hoped to win over in time ; but with the last, the mischief-makers, who openly traduced him, he had no patience.

Alas for them, when compelled by necessity to send for the doctor. He treated them with the same conscientious skill which always characterized his professional work, but the mustard-plasters and the Spanish flies he used were not mixed "with relish suited to the sinner's taste." Isolated as he was from experienced physicians, and obliged to rely wholly upon himself, he suffered keenly. He found that the cases he was called on to treat scarcely ever proved to be the exact counterpart of those recorded in the books. Often he found himself at his wit's end to meet the symptoms with the proper drug ; and yet conscious that he must not betray the slightest confusion or want of faith in himself or his remedies. After the death of a little child, whose case he had followed with the most patient care and the most determined effort to save it, he was told : "If old Dr. R—— [his prede-

cessor] had been here, my child would not have died." He went back to his lonely office cut to the heart—and then he realized, as never before, that the life of a country doctor was one of profound self-sacrifice.

It was many years after the incidents here recorded that we sat down together to a tempting breakfast. The doctor ate sparingly, but to my astonishment his repast consisted largely of a cup of coffee and a cucumber, cut longitudinally in quarters and dipped in salt, which gave evidence of a digestion equal to any emergency. The little office, with its collections of bones, and its mysterious jars with their dreadful contents preserved in alcohol ; its round, musty boxes, big and little ; and its dusty bottles of all sizes, was long ago deserted for a comfortable and cheery home across the road, at whose hospitable board presides a refined and gentle-bred lady—no longer young, but bearing in her face and figure the unmistakable traces of youthful grace and beauty not yet faded away. Broad acres of farm and woodland have gradually been acquired ; and, though the doctor takes no active part in the farm-work, he keeps thoroughly posted upon all mat-



The Snake-bite Doctor.

ters pertaining to it ; and his life has a rural and agricultural, as well as a

professional, side. After breakfast I strolled out into the dewy garden, and, passing the entrance to the cellar, caught a glimpse of the doctor's wife, with sleeves tucked up, taking golden-hued butter out of the churn; then wandered to the barn to take a look at the horses, and from Charlie, the stable-man, learned

break his neck; but he only laughed at me, and said he could see all right, and I believe he could. I swan I think doctor can see in the night, like a cat. He's foolish, though, to risk himself that way, and he won't git no pay for it neither. Another mouth to feed, and them Paisleys as poor now as Job's turkey."



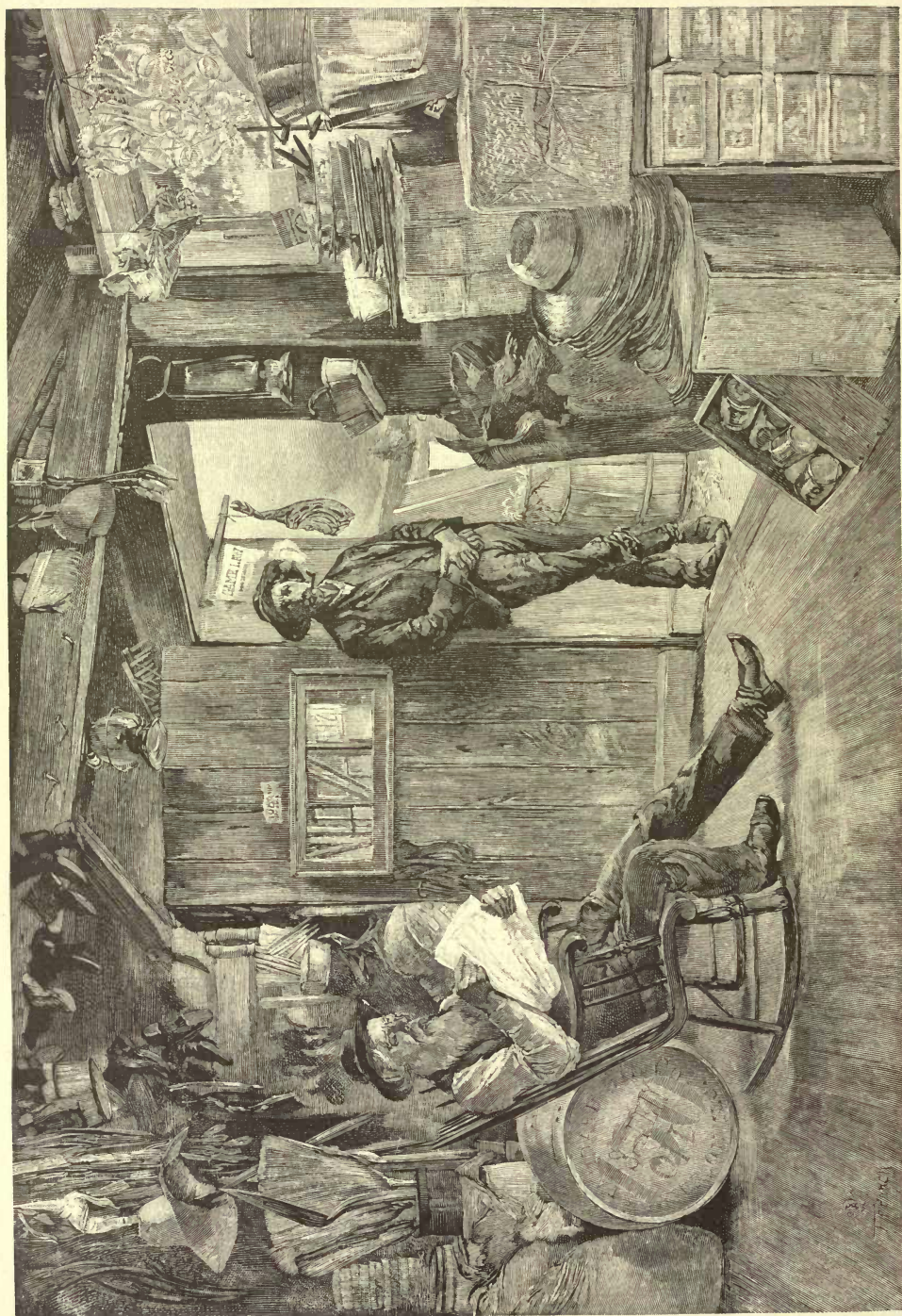
Cobb's Meadow.

the history of the night, and was rejoiced to know that, instead of the Angel of Death, the Spirit of Life had been abroad in the storm, and had left a rosy baby in care of a rough cottager among the hills.

But it was evident that the poetic side of the affair did not appeal to Charlie. "The doctor spoils his horses for driving," said he, as he stood in the stable-door glancing over his shoulder at the animals as they munched their grain. "Sometimes he lets them jog along just as they like; then again he drives in quite some hurry. Now last night he drove that Frank horse out over the road toward the mountain as if the Old Harry was after him, and it was so dark you couldn't see your hand before your face. I hollered after him that he'd

Presently the doctor appeared, walking with a quick, elastic step—puffing a cigar, and carrying in his hand his chest of medicines—equipped for the road in wide straw-hat and linen duster.

"Which way this morning?" On my assuring him that I had no especial programme, he said: "If you've nothing better to do, come along with me. I'm going to take a long ride this morning. You can take your sketching traps along, and I'll put you down anywhere you like and take you up again when I come back. But, of course, you know there is some uncertainty as to when that will be, for I never know when I start out what time I'll get home again." I assured the doctor that I did not mind a few miles' walk in the country, and that I would take my chances about getting



The Country Store.

home again. He stowed his kit and mine away under the buggy-seat, glanced sharply at the hold-back straps, and smilingly beckoned me to get in. I put my arm behind the doctor, on the top of the cushions at the back, so as to give him elbow-room for driving, and we jogged along, very comfortable and very happy, down steep hills crossed by abrupt and jerky "thank-you-mams," through little dells, up, up again over steep and precipitous hills, while upon either side, stretching away like great waves, were the blue mountains, and nearer, the rocky farms, divided by massive stone-walls, buried out of sight in many places by wild roses in full bloom. The daisies which fringed the roadway were bowing in the breeze, the sunlight gleamed upon the buckles of the harness, and rippled upon John's sorrel mane and forelock. The moisture still lay heavily upon the foliage, and as we dipped down a slope into a cool, shady nook, an overhanging branch whisked against the buggy-top, throwing in our faces a sparkling shower of dew. Harvesters, busy in the fields, greeted the doctor familiarly as we passed.

Presently a woman in a sun-bonnet hailed the doctor from the doorway of a cottage, where she evidently had been watching for him.

"I want you to stop, doctor, and pull Addie's tooth; she's had the toothache ever since you was by here last Friday." The doctor pulled up suddenly, cranked the wheel, handed the lines to me, drew off his gloves, and alighted. Pulling his chest from beneath the seat he selected a forceps, which he carried openly in his hand as he stepped quickly up the foot-path. Addie was called out, and at the doctor's direction seated herself on the edge of the stoop, with her feet upon the ground. The mother stood with her hands upon her hips, looking calmly on, while the doctor took the patient's head between his knees, adjusted the instrument, and with a hasty wrench the offending tooth was out. "Not much time lost about that," said the doctor, as he shook the tooth from the forceps.

The woman followed him to the buggy, and asked if Mrs. Fineman would like a nice chicken; the doctor said he thought

she would. "I'll bring her down a nice fat one the next time I go to the ridge. I'm a little short of money now." "All right," said the doctor, as we drove away. At the next house the butcher's cart was drawn up, its white canvas top with long hood extending backward to shield Joe Beach from the sun while cutting up his meat. A tidy little woman stood in a dainty attitude holding back her freshly starched print skirts, as if afraid of soiling them, as she bargained with the vender. She came forward with a hearty, "How de do, doctor—ah! a friend of doctor's," as she shook my hand with the cordiality of an old acquaintance. "That's a good recommend. Any friend of doctor's is a friend of ours. Like to have you come in, but don't s'pose it's any use to ask doctor; you can't never get him in unless you're sick. We did get him here once last winter to supper, after Jennie got well, and such a jolly time we had! we kep' him all the evenin' play'n' euchre. Jennie made the milk-punch, and she said she was going to give him as strong a dose as any he ever give her, but it didn't bother him any."

A soft flutter of feminine attire, accompanied in cooing tones by "*N-i-c-e o-l-d J-o-h-n*," called my attention to a delightful apparition. John stood with outstretched neck, his bony face clasped by girlish hands, and a dimpled cheek lay caressingly against the white blaze in his forehead, while blond ringlets strayed gracefully about. The mischievous and laughing eyes of an overgrown child of thirteen shot timid glances from ambush behind the straps and blinds of the headstall, decked by her on either side with wild daisies.

Meanwhile the doctor was visibly fidgeting under the woman's running fire of compliments. "Get away from my horse's head there, Jennie, or I shall run over you," he said, testily, as he raised his whip. "I can't sit here all day."

The doctor's frown burst into a laugh as Jennie sprang lightly from the road. Swish went the whip, the buggy gave a jerk and whirled quickly past her; while she, with the boldness engendered by the sudden flight of the enemy, threw a kiss in our direction.

Farther on we passed a comfortable little farm-house. The doctor drew his head back into the shade of the buggy-top as if to hide, but without avail, for when we were opposite the house the window was raised and a voice called out:

"Ain't you comin' in to-day, doctor?"

"Can't stop to-day, Louis. You've got pills enough to last a few days yet. I'll call next time." A shade of disappointment overspread the shrunken face as we moved away. The doctor explained to me that the man was incurably ill with a malady beyond the reach of drugs, but hope still lingered that he would be a well man again. "I can do nothing for him, but he thinks I can, and insists upon my calling every time I pass, and I have to listen to his hopeful account of the good my pills are doing him—he does not know that they are made of bread."

I ventured to ask if this did not savor just a trifle of humbug.

"Of course it's humbug, but would you have me strip this poor man of his only pleasure and deprive him of hope? Day after day he looks for my visit, and dreams of the cure which he expects will follow."

We emerged from a beautiful bit of shady roadway into a little clearing in a mountain gorge, and found ourselves flanked on either side by a deserted house. "This spot," said the doctor, "was some fifty years and more ago, the scene of busy activities." A huge stone chimney, with a beautiful arched opening, came into view—a most picturesque ruin.

"There," said the doctor, "you see the remains of the old iron forge, the last relic of a dead industry. Before my time this glen was alive with men and mule-teams carting iron ore to be smelted here. Immense fires roared up through the throat of that old chimney, where now the swallows build their nests."

We turned in to the door-yard of a dilapidated house, which bore in its lines something of the grace of early colonial architecture, and still held, in spite of its desolation and neglect, a flavor of old-time dignity. George Kimball stood in

the doorway waiting to inquire about a sick friend over in Cannisteer; tall, lank, with heavy black mustache, eyes like an eagle, and with slouched hat pushed back from his forehead, he looked the hardy woodsman that he was; and in spite of the roughness of his dress his face was alight with good-nature and intelligence. I asked him how he managed to get a living up in that wilderness. "Oh," said he, "where a man is born and brung up in a place he can knock a livin' out of 'most anything."

After agreeing upon a signal to be used on his return, the doctor left me to enjoy a happy hour clambering over the rocks down by the mad stream, and gazing up at milky-white cascades, as undisturbed and lonely as if in the heart of the White Mountains, while, in reality, only a little more than two hours' travel from New York. Just above the ruin of the forge is a silvery fall, surrounded by massive rocks which have been worn by the action of the water into the semblance of gigantic human skulls. Curving over in its rapid descent it flashes in the sun, then plunges with a crash into the "dark hole," eighty feet below, where it turns around in the eddy, then rushes gleefully on, laughing at the crumbling remains of oak and hickory logs, the remnants of a dam which was able to restrain its resistless energy for a brief time only.

When we entered the house, on our return, the doctor examined the slate in the front hall to see if there were any calls. With a happy expression, he said: "Not much sickness now; we have to give them a rest once in a while." After dinner, the doctor lighted his pipe and sat himself comfortably in his easy-chair to look over the papers and medical journals which lay on the sitting-room table. He was just calmly settled when the pestering bell rang. The interview that followed was a very short one, and the doctor came back slamming the door in high dudgeon.

"There is a man whose family I have attended ever since he came to this town, some ten years, going to them at all hours of day and night, and furnishing medicines, as we country doctors have to do, and I can't get a cent out of him, though he is *well able* to pay. Where a

man *can't* pay, I am never hard on him. I have poor men here who come around once in a while and offer to do a day's work on the farm, or bring a little produce—butter, eggs, honey, or something of the sort—and in that way show a disposition to meet their obligations, and so long as a man does the best he can, that is all I ask. But this scalawag probably has the money in his pocket *now*. I'll let them all die before I go into his house again! I've told him that lots of times, and it don't do any good; but I must draw the line somewhere."

In the meantime he was bustling about the room, and going to the little medicine-closet to replenish phials from his case. Then picking up his hat and gloves he walked quickly out, with the remark: "But it's the children this time. It isn't their fault, and I can't let them suffer if I can help it."

As the doctor drove away, I strolled with my sketch-box to the meadow, and on my return passed neighbor Cobb, seated under "his own vine and fig-tree," reading the newspaper. "Wall," said he, looking keenly at me, "didn't I see you with doctor this mornin'? You peddlin' pills with him? What have you been lookin' at so much down in my medder? Makin' a sketch of the willers and the reflections in the brook—eh? Comin' around, by'm by, with a map of my farm to sell, I s'pose. Wall, if I'd only knowed you's comin' I'd a had them willers cut down and the medder all cleaned up for ye."

Of course I protested against the cutting of the willows.

"Oh, yes, I must cut them willers. I can't have no medder o' mine all cluttered up like that."

After tea came the evening rest upon the piazza. The doctor, tilted back in his comfortable arm-chair, enjoyed his pipe, and as he sent curling rings of smoke upward, he remarked: "I like a cigar when I am riding, but when I get home and can take a good smoke, I like a pipe, and good strong tobacco, too—the strongest I can get. How pleasant Saturday night must be for a hard-working farmer. It's a hard life, this toiling all day in the harvest-field, and they get very poorly paid for it." In his

sympathy for his neighbors, the good doctor forgot that in all the forty years that he has practised among them he had not one hour that he could call his own.

Uncle Amos came along and seated himself somewhat timidly upon the porch. He had a troubled look, which he vainly tried to conceal. I imagined that he wanted the doctor's sympathy and advice on some subject entirely apart from the province of medicine, and discreetly walked away. As I passed the little church the sexton was brooming the walk in preparation for the Sabbath. The valley below rested in a calm, cool shadow, broken only here and there by glints of light reflected from the glassy surface of the little Pequannock River, which, in its sinuous course through the meadow, appeared and disappeared. Over across the meadow, on the other side of the river, Will Maver was cradling rye. It was late, but he kept at his task; the windrows faded out of sight in the gloom and distance—the mower's white shirt only was visible by the time his work was done. He gave a merry shout as the last stroke was delivered, and went singing homeward.

As I retraced my steps and came near the house I saw a horse and wagon in front of the door, and a group of men lifting a comrade, who was apparently helpless, from the vehicle. There was much suppressed excitement in the little knot of men—the doctor was in the midst—grave and calm. All eyes were centred upon the young man, who was being carried tenderly to a seat upon the piazza. He was a handsome, muscular young farmer, his face was livid, and to the doctor's words of encouragement his only answer was, "I know I shall die." The young man had been entertaining some friends at his farmhouse, back on the mountain, and to rest his tired feet after the labor of the day had put on a pair of low slippers, and as his friends started to go, he, with his little daughter, walked a few rods across lots with them, and stood saying their adieus, when he saw gliding through the grass, directly toward his little Ethel, one of the dreaded and deadly pilot-

snakes. Without a moment's hesitation he jumped upon the reptile, aiming at its head; but not calculating correctly the speed of the serpent he missed the head, and as his foot fell some inches beyond, upon the body, the snake threw its head backward, burying both fangs deep in the flesh on top of the foot. The puncture of the flesh was accompanied by a sharp, stinging sensation, and he felt that he had received his death-wound; but the natural desire to "bruise the serpent's head" overcame every other consideration, and, lifting a stone, he crushed his enemy. His friends realized his danger, and after giving him immense draughts of whiskey they took him in the wagon to the doctor. The only accredited rival the doctor has in this region is old Pete Foss, the snake-bite doctor. He is a blacksmith, in a little hamlet called Foss-ville, about three miles distant. His father's kindness to an Indian, many years ago, was rewarded with the secret of an unfailing remedy for poisonous snake-bites, and on the death-bed of the father this secret had been intrusted to the son, with the earnest injunction to keep it inviolate, as, if known to another, its virtue would depart. The country people thereabout put implicit faith and confidence in the snake-bite doctor. My host, the *regular* practitioner, knew that if any patient of his should die of snake-bite he would never be forgiven for not sending for Pete Foss, and immediately advised that he be called. When he came it was evident, from his consequential manner, that he felt the importance of his secret. He immediately bound a white-oak with tightly about the young man's knee, saying that the swelling would never go above it, but it was of great importance that the ligature should be of *white oak*. He did not approve of the whiskey treatment that had preceded, but applied his ointment to the wounds, and assured the patient that if the white-oak with was allowed to remain, and the ointment used as directed, he would come out all right, and the young man was taken home. During the night the

doctor was sent for in haste, and the young man was reported dying. He found the leg below the knee terribly swollen, and immediately cut the white-oak with, which allowed the swelling to spread upward, and the young man recovered, the honor of the cure being shared between the snake-bite doctor and the regular practitioner, with the former, as usual, decidedly in the lead.

Sunday is a busy day for the doctor. A good many people put off being sick till Sunday, especially in haying-time, and the calls began to come in early. So the narrow buggy went down the road, and did not return till late. Sunday-school was in session, and the children sang:

"Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest."

A group of young women in white came out into the little burying-ground, and through my open window I could hear gossip and laughter, as they picked their way among the gleaming white headstones. Then a party of ladies dressed in deep mourning appeared. Standing apart was a young couple chatting in a sheepish way. A small girl, with curiosity abnormally developed, pretended to read the inscription on a tombstone near by, while she absorbed the conversation. The cabinet organ was played again, and the children, with the older people in the church, sang, "He will carry you through." The voice of good Dominie Thompson rolled out in stirring tones as he sought Divine guidance and blessing for the beloved children of his flock.

As I bade my friend good-by on the morrow I invited him to try and arrange to visit me for a few days during the winter, when I hoped to entertain him in the city, urging that it would be a change which, in duty to himself, he ought to take. Whether my invitation held any allurements for him thus briefly to leave his patients I do not know, but he answered: "Old boy, that would never do; (*sotto voce*) they'd all get well."



JERRY.

PART SECOND (CONTINUED).

CHAPTER XIII.

"O we live, O we live—
And this life we would survive
Is a gloomy thing and brief,
Which, consummated in grief,
Leaveth ashes for all gain :
Is it not *all* in vain ?"



OW strangely the way
had been opened !

Jerry could not account for it ; could not understand Joe's action in the matter. Since the beginning of his enterprise he had been wearying himself over the problem of how to get an engineer and assayer, and have the mine opened before the railway and the general rush of immigrants should come.

The new "finds" which had been made had been sufficient to give work to those who had come already ; who had toiled down the long stretch of plain that lay between the rival towns and the place where the railway was crossing the mountains ; they had drifted slowly down with the circulars of the Durden's Commune in their hands, and had passed Eureka by !

Durden's had smiled over this ; and Jerry had gotten a post-office list and mailed his circulars to every postmaster in the East ; and looking back he had laughed at the demoralization caused by the first notice he had had of emigrants coming to him. Now he saw the advantage to be reaped from his notoriety,

and put aside his fears. Only he must be prepared : the mine must be opened ; the railway must be extended to Durden's, and timber and tools must be ready for the building of houses. And how was all this to be accomplished ?

He had grown thin and worn thinking it over by day and by night, and seeing no solution. Suddenly, the way had opened before him plain and straight, with not one difficulty to perplex him.

It was yet three months to the day on which the railway had promised to reach Eureka ; and though railway promises were seldom kept, yet even four months, if they took so long, was a short time. Still, going immediately, he might accomplish all his work and get back in time to meet the incoming tide of people. Another thing that he had worked for and had gained was the defection of one of the doctor's imported land-surveyors, a young fellow named Greg, whom Jerry had discovered to be the son of one of the Eureka syndicate. After identifying Greg, Jerry worked hard for him, and at last won him from Eureka to Durden's by the fair method of showing him the new "finds," and by allowing him to look over the Durden's land that lay up the long, dark gorge.

So Greg had come over ; had bought a lot, and had built a little house for himself ; telling the doctor that as he had come to seek his fortune, he must go where he saw the best opportunity of making it.

This was a serious blow to Eureka,

and more of the inhabitants sold their little lots and brought their houses over to Durden's.

And now Greg was the very man Jerry needed; he could vouch for the promise of Durden's, and for Jerry's honesty of purpose and success. Greg was the very man!

Already he had written a letter to a leading paper in the East, telling them the truth about Jerry and Durden's. Telling how that Jerry had been driven into the position he had taken; telling of his honest aversion to the land speculation; telling of the wonderful success of the little colony he had undertaken to care for and protect—the little colony that had left Eureka because it had felt itself wronged.

Greg was young himself, scarcely so old as Jerry; and all his youthful enthusiasm had gone out to Jerry when he heard from Jerry's lips the story of Jerry's venture. It was after he had agreed to buy land in Durden's that this history was told him, for Jerry would not, however much he needed Greg, win him on any but practical grounds.

But now Greg was heart and soul a "Durdenite," and wrote his letters with all the fervor of a new adherent.

Jerry was a hero; Jerry was a genius; Jerry was quixotically honest and strong. And the greedy-pocketed old men of the Eureka syndicate looked in each other's eyes with solemn doubt as they read the ardent letter. Could it be that they had made a mistake—and been deceived?

And a communication of serious import began its journey out to the doctor.

And now when the way seemed so clear for Jerry to go East, Greg rose to still greater importance. He could give Jerry letters to his father, who was president of the railway, and so could secure him a hearing in the Board; also he could introduce him and his enterprise to numbers of fabulously rich men.

Durden's was enthusiastic, and Greg was elected to the town committee immediately, and was appointed also one of three commissioners who were to regulate things during Jerry's absence. Dan Burk, Dave Morris, and Greg were the

three; and Jerry felt sincerely thankful that Greg was there, for could he have trusted either of the others? But to Jerry, Joe's action was a mystery still, for immediately on Burk's making the suggestion that Jerry should go East, Joe had volunteered the money.

"What little I've got is agoin' to be yourn, Jerry," he said, "an' youuns mise well tuck it now if youuns wants it."

The old man was smoking in his regular place near the fire, and did not turn his face toward the two who were talking near the table.

Dan came to the fire quickly.

"What's that, pard?" he asked.

"I say as I've got the money fur Jerry to go," Joe answered slowly, taking his pipe out of his mouth and looking up into Dan's face. "I ain't got much," he went on, looking into Dan's eyes steadily, as if defying some accusation he saw there, "but it's all to be Jerry's when I've gone, an' he kin hev it now if he hes a min' to it; thet's what I says?"

Jerry sat quite still, suffering more acutely than ever before in his life. His conduct seemed to blacken to the darkness of sin as he listened to Joe's words. He had thought himself so true, and Joe so false; himself so magnanimous, and Joe so avaricious as to hold back a whole community for his own gain when he refused to give the name of the owner of the mine.

And now; now after he had cut the old man off from all interest or knowledge of his plans or hopes;—after this he had come forward and had given all his hardly won savings that the venture might not fail and that Jerry's fortunes might be secured.

What could Jerry say?

He sat still with one hand shading his eyes from the light: and Dan Burk, standing silent by the fire, looked anxiously from one to the other. There was a long silence while Jerry repented and Joe smoked; then Jerry rose and stood behind Joe's chair.

"I thank you very much, Joe," he said, and the two practical minds, listening, wondered why his voice trembled so, "and if ever the Community succeeds," he went on, "they will have you to thank."

"Orl right," and Joe moved his pipe to the other side of his mouth.

Even Dan was embarrassed in the silence that followed Joe's words, and shuffled his feet uneasily for a moment, until Jerry suggested that he should call a meeting of the town committee for the next morning in order that these plans should be laid before them.

"An' say thet he pays hisn's own way," Joe put in; "an' don't name Joe Gilliam's title, 'cause Durden's ain't nothin' to me, an' I ain't nothin' to Durden's."

"All right, pard," Dan answered, "an' the day after thet, Mr. Wilkerson, you kin start;" then more slowly, "an' you kin have my nag to ride to the pass." Then Dan said good-night and went away, and Joe and Jerry were left alone together.

It was a painful moment to the young man: he could not change the fact that Joe had told a lie about the ownership of the mine; he could not blame himself for not ignoring or not condoning the falsehood, and without implying some such action what would he say?

"An' if youuns'll stay thar awhile, an' spen' orl the money I'll gie youuns," Joe said, breaking the silence so suddenly and unexpectedly that Jerry started, "an' spen' it on seein' orl that is to be sawn; an' on gittin' orl the books an' good cloze like Paul; if youuns'll do as I say 'bout this, I'll show youuns' engynar orl thar is in Durden's Mine; an' I'll do it, sure."

Jerry listened with a growing wonder in his mind; what could be Joe's motive? But he promised, and at the meeting next day made a speech in which he announced his plans with such clearness and precision, and showed such a firm conviction of their success, that Mr. Titcomb, the editor of the *Eureka Star*, who had been invited to attend the meeting, rose and declared his intention of moving his whole business to Durden's if the committee would permit; and of changing the name of his paper from the *Eureka Star* to the *Durden's Banner*! And the permission being given instantly, the meeting broke up with cheers and a general congratulation of all parties.

The news was all through both towns

before the sun set; the news that Mr. Wilkerson was going East with letters to Mr. Greg's father; that he was to ask for an extension of the railway to Durden's, and to bring back an engineer to reopen Durden's Mine. Further, that the *Star*, the pride and glory of Eureka, was going to desert them for Durden's, and be called the *Durden's Banner*!

Even the doctor looked grave when this news reached him, but he said no word. Large sums had been spent in buying the land about Eureka, and in laying it out; large sums had been spent in extending the Eureka Mine—in improving the machinery and in raising the wages of miners; and larger sums still in bringing lumber from long distances that the emigrants might have it for building.

And now must all this fail—could it fail? Was it possible that he was to be thwarted by Jerry's venture, that at first had seemed so small and so wild as to be ridiculous?

At first he had watched with some amusement what he thought to be the vagaries of a very young man's course; withdrawing all counsel and sympathy that the course might be untrammelled. Later, he watched with interest, and a growing appreciation of Jerry's power over men; but now there was some wonder, and a little anxiety mixed with his opinion of his protégé. Would the little waif he had trained and educated succeed at his expense, and at Paul's?

He rose from his chair and marched up and down the room as in the old days when Jerry came to learn his letters.

Strange results had come from that long day's watch up on the mountain-side, when he had waited to save the boy's life; strange results, with stranger things yet to come; and the doctor felt a growing irritation within him, and a determination not to be conquered. He must go East and fight the battle there.

But Eureka was almost discouraged.

The land-agents had bought in at very high prices all the lots the departing inhabitants would sell; had built houses, and fences, and laid out garden plots and small fields; had improved the one street, and re-established a shop

on a more decent footing than Dave Morris's shop had ever occupied; finally, had white-washed the whole town until it shone and gleamed far across the plain. All this was very well: and all about Eureka's outskirts was the doctor's vast tract, staked off in streets and lots that were all neatly numbered with white numbers on little black boards, giving it the appearance of a Government graveyard. But in spite of all these advantages Eureka was standing still. The land-agents, shaken in their belief of her future success, watched with great anxiety the few scattered emigrants coming up the plain from where, to the south of them, the railway was crossing the mountains; watched them solicitously; even went out to meet them, but only to find the Durden's circular in their hands, and a Durden's man guiding them on to the daring little town.

When Greg left, Eureka there was a general failing in spirits; but when the news came of the defection of the *Star*, their hopes followed their spirits, and the people began one by one to go to the doctor, where he lived in the midst of Durden's prosperity, to ask his opinion.

"Things look dark," he answered them gravely, "but I think I can right them by going East; and I shall go as soon as I can put things in a condition to be left."

And Paul, fuming and fretting, cursing his fate and Jerry's impudence, grew thin, and white, and worn with hatred. It was the first time in his life that he had ever been thwarted except in the doctor's training; the first time that he had been unable to dictate terms save in that one never-to-be-forgotten battle when he and Jerry met, and Jerry conquered. Was this greater battle of later life to have this same termination?

It should not, if he died in the struggle! And one of them would have to die, for it was a struggle that could end only with life.

Meanwhile, he declared that he could not live in Durden's without the doctor, and during his absence would go over to Eureka and stay with Engineer Mills.

So the old place was shut up for the

first time in more than twenty years; for it was as long ago as that that an unknown man had ridden into the town, and bought old Durden's house, paying cash for it; a fact that had raised him to a great height in the estimation of the people, and also had put hope in their desponding hearts: for the mine was closed, and they were out of work, and without a leading spirit among them.

For more than twenty years the doctor had lived there, lost to his former life and friends; lost to all the world save the little circle about him. And now he was going back to his old haunts, to look in eyes that would scarcely know him; to clasp hands whose touch he had almost forgotten; to hear voices whose tones would bring back to him times and things he had striven through all these years to bury!

After he had given his word that he would go he walked the library back and forth the live night long—back and forth—back and forth: and open on the table the picture of the fair face Jerry had seen. The face he loved to look on—the face that had wrecked his life—but not the face that haunted him. The face that haunted him was the face of one whom he had deserted—whose sad eyes had looked at him last from behind convent bars.

And now he was going back, he would see her again, the woman he had loved to his ruin—he would hear her voice—would touch her hands—once more would have to say farewell and come away—once more would have to fight to the death the remorse and the longing that had darkened all his days!

Would the battle be as hard—would it hurt him now as it had done once?

Still, he must go.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? . . .
Thus much of this will make black, white;
foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods? Why this
Will lug your priests and servants from your
sides;

Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads :

This yellow slave . . .

Will knit and break religions ; bless the accursed ;

Make the hoar leprosy ador'd ; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench."

It was a bewildering scene that lay spread before Jerry's eyes ; and nothing that he had ever read or imagined had prepared him for it.

He had seen many strange things since he had left Durden's in the early dawn of a cloudy day, with a valise borrowed from Greg strapped on behind his saddle, and all the gold Joe had given him converted into a check on Greg's father. It was safer than to travel with so much loose gold, Greg said.

"An' jest youuns tell youuns' par, Mr. Greg, to gie Jerry jest as much money as he hes a min' to spen'," Joe had said, when at last he had been brought to trust the check, "an' what he gies Jerry over thar I'll gie youuns over har ; 'cause Jerry's my boy, jest like youuns is hisn."

And Greg had promised, while Jerry protested, until Joe came near enough to whisper :

"If youuns don't spen' the money, I ain't agoin' to show no way to the mine ; and don't youuns furgit it."

So Jerry said no more, and Greg added a postscript to his letter of introduction, saying that Jerry was to have unlimited credit, himself standing security for the money.

More than this, Greg had written to his father to take Jerry to his own house during his stay in the city. The letters had gone the day before, immediately after the meeting of the committee ; and also a telegram to Greg's brother to meet Jerry on his arrival.

So Jerry had started on his journey with a feeling that he would meet friends at the other end ; but even with this assurance he had many more doubts and difficulties in his mind than he had had long ago, when he set forth, a poor, friendless, half-starved little creature, on the one journey of his life.

The first car he travelled in from the Pass to the first station on the other side, where the regular trains came in,

was a battered box-car that seemed strangely like an old friend ; and if only it had been full of loose hay he would have imagined himself back in his old trousers and ragged shirt, with his little bundle under his arm. Poor little wretch !

At the end of the journey, when he was transferred to a ferry-boat, and felt the shiver and the thud of the engine—heard the clang of the bell, and watched the water slipping by—he remembered, with a pity that was pain, the deadly terror of the friendless child. And how wonderful his escapes had been !—surely he had been spared for something.

Then in the rush on the docks he had seen a face so like Greg's that he felt as if a piece of Durden's had reached this great centre of life before him.

He was sure it was Greg's brother, and introducing himself was warmly welcomed, and then stowed away in a carriage that seemed to run on velvet wheels.

"Of course you know you are to stay with us," the young man said ; "my father and mother are very anxious to meet you, and to hear about Charlie ; indeed, my mother wanted to come down after you herself."

"Your mother !" Jerry repeated, "how very kind !" Then he fell to wondering how a civilized mother and children behaved to each other.

It all had been very strange to him ; the grand house that seemed so deadly still after the din of the street ; the stately woman with kind brown eyes like her boy's, and soft gray hair, who came forward to meet him with both hands held out in welcome ; and soft lace and ribbons and silk floating about her almost like a cloud.

Then afterward the tailor had been a strange experience ; and his new clothes a still stranger one ; and he laughed as he looked at himself, and wondered if Joe would know him.

It had been stranger than any fiction he had ever read ; but this sight that stretched before his eyes now was the strangest of all !

The glittering horseshoe of lights and brilliant colors ; the soft rustle of silken garments ; the shimmer of jewels ; the delicate faces that seemed to beam

and smile from every side, and that all seemed beautiful; the graceful courtesy of the men, who bowed or rose or sat as some fair woman willed; it was marvelous to him!

And this was what education and civilization did for the human race; this was what gold wrought?

He sat silent and observant; watching from his place in a silken-lined box, with a jewelled fan in his hand, that he had been taught laughingly by the fair girl at his side to wave gracefully; watching while his heart sank within him, as he wondered how his daily life would seem when this dream was ended. Ended, and he had gone back to live with those creatures among whom he had grown up: those creatures who yet were men and women with the same hearts, and souls, and humanity as these people; those dirty drunkards and bedraggled drudges out in Durden's and Eureka were free and equal; had rights and votes; had everything except money!

No wonder the world worshipped money; no wonder there was magic in the gleam of gold; no wonder men toiled and slaved for it. What were life worth lived as those poor creatures lived it out where he had come from? Who would not rather die striving for the glittering power, than sink to such degradation? He had read and thought about life as he was living it now; he had watched the doctor and Paul, and the differences between them and the people about them; and now he was among people who were as they were—people with soft voices and gentle ways: and he longed with a bitter longing to have been born one of them.

"Honest toil," and "self-made men," and all the other cries built up to comfort those who could not do better, rang very false in his ears. Good things and to be commended, of course; and he hated himself and cursed his low blood that must be the cause of these weak longings.

Yet he knew that many of those about him were newly risen to this grade of life; that to them he looked as they did; and, successful, he would command, to all appearances, a station equal to theirs: this was all true—and yet?

He watched Mrs. Greg as she sat, an exquisitely finished picture of what a woman should be; if he had had such a mother!

The thought died in its birth—his mother? His face burned; no love could have been truer than hers—none could do more than she had done for the one she loved—she had died for him.

Suddenly the lights about him were darkened; the hum of voices was hushed, and from some unseen place he heard the sweetest sounds that ever had come to his ears. The cries of the wild creatures that he used to hear in the white winter nights when the snow lay all over the dead land; the wail of the wind as it swept up and down the gorges, whispering humanly among the black pines; the blackness of the mine and the water that dropped forever; and the stream that fell from the far sun-lightened heights into the blackness of the gorge, its voice was there too, and its white hands thrown up in despair! He heard it all in the music that stole about him; rising, sweeping over the silent host of people; falling, sighing down to a far-off whisper.

And all his longings were there; and all his fears and hopes; and all the tumult of his soul seemed to thicken and darken, until he longed to hold up his hands like the falling stream, and cry aloud! What was it that made him find in that music a tone that told all the loneliness of his life; all the pathetic pain, and hunger, and fear of his childhood; the love of his mother, and her wild cry as she caught him from his death; the wistful look he remembered in her eyes; it was all there in that music played for the rich, and the happy, and the beautiful; and what right had he to find his poor ragged life there?

Slowly the beautiful picture that hung before him rolled silently away; the music faded from about him; and the people on the stage began a mimic representation of life. It was well put on the stage, the critics said, and all the parts were well sustained. Jerry could not tell; but he heard every word, and to him it was all real; real joy, real sorrow, and at the end real failure and despair. He lived through it all, and when

the curtain rolled down again, he was sorry that the people about him spoke to him.

"We will wait for the farce," they said, "the play was too sad to finish the evening with." So they waited, and the music floated about them once more.

Something drew his eyes—caused him to look up—he never knew what the power was; but opposite him, looking down on him, was a face that surely he knew; a face that was neither old nor young; but it held his eyes.

How was it he knew it so well? how was it that, like the music, it mingled with all his memories, so that it seemed a part of them?

"Who is she?" he asked of Miss Greg.

"I do not know," she answered. "We have lived here only a little while, and do not know many people."

Through all the silly farce, that only provoked him, he watched the face that haunted him so strangely, and mixed itself in with his past. He had no eyes for the girl who sat with this almost phantom woman; he had no eyes for anything but the exquisitely sad eyes that now and then looked at him so earnestly.

Who was she?—how and where had he ever seen her? And while he puzzled the evening wore away, and they drove home through the glittering streets to an entertainment given in his honor.

"You are a lion, Mr. Wilkerson," Mrs. Greg said, kindly, "so many have read of you in connection with the gold fever in Eureka, and with the new railway; and since you have founded a rival town and mine, the interest in you has doubled."

"And Paul Henley, do you know him?" Jerry asked, while his heart beat a little faster for her words. She shook her head.

"Only through my son's letters," she answered, "and Charles does not seem very favorably impressed," she went on in a lower tone; "he says that Mr. Henley's temper was never very pleasant, but since your success he has been unbearable; because, I suppose, you have outwitted him and his guardian so entirely."

Then the people began to arrive, and

Jerry was introduced to numbers of portly gentlemen and slim dandies—to anxious mammas and pretty daughters, and discovered that all he said was listened to with the most marked attention, so marked that almost it embarrassed him.

The older men plied him with questions as to what he had done, and what were his intentions for the future; but here his natural reticence helped him. What he had done he told frankly enough; what the plans for the future were, he told them, was not his secret.

But as the evening wore on Jerry found himself more and more the attraction. Bewilderingly the truth began to dawn on him that he was a success; that in the eyes of these people he was a rising man; that these men who had millions at their command looked on him with confidence, because in their estimation he had proved himself clever enough to outwit their trusted agent, and so undermine a plan that was supported by all these millions. Could all this be true?—had he done it, and how?

"And the railway, will I be granted an extension of that?" he asked.

Then they shook their heads and rubbed their fat chins, and said that this question was now before the Board; and they would give Mr. Wilkerson a hearing just as soon as their man should be on the ground to state the case for Eureka. And it would not be long now, as he had telegraphed that he would be with them shortly.

The doctor was coming!

Jerry passed his hand over his eyes as if to clear them.

At last they were to meet face to face, and tell their stories openly; at last he would hear an explanation from this man he loved so well; this man for whom he would so readily give his life!

Then the evening was over, and the people went away, and Mrs. Greg said an especially gentle, kind good-night to him.

"How proud your mother would have been!" she said, with her jewelled hand on his arm, and in her soft eyes bright tears of sympathy.

His mother.

And he looked into her face with a

strange pain tugging at his heart ; he had forgotten his mother, and this stranger remembered her.

"She is dead," he said, slowly, "dead long ago."

Dead long ago—poor, weary mother ; poor, wornout drudge, that this fine lady would not have looked at—dead in his place !

And turning away he went to his room, while all the pride and triumph faded from him.

CHAPTER XV.

"Who calleth on thee, Heart ? World's Strife,
With a golden heft to his knife ;
World's Mirth, with a finger fine
That draws on a board in wine

Her blood-red plans of life ;
World's Gain, with a brow knit down ;
World's Fame, with a laurel crown,
Which rustles most as the leaves turn brown—
Heart, wilt thou go ? "

Day after day passed for Jerry in sight-seeing ; in dinners and lunches ; suppers and operas ; plays and drives. Each director of the railway entertained him, and many people besides who had children to place well in life. And Mr. Greg gave him careful instructions and advice as to the tone to take with each important person he met ; and Jerry heeded with rare wisdom, and being possessed of much natural tact, was winning day by day more and more favor and influence.

In company he found himself remembering and copying the doctor in his ways and words, and Paul too ; almost it seemed to him that he was a different person ; he could not be the same Jerry who fed the pigs, and chopped the wood, and cooked Joe's supper. With money slipping like water through his fingers ; going for all sorts of things of which he had not known until now, but that now seemed necessities ; with each day brimful of change, and pleasure, and luxury—he wondered how he had lived the narrow life of the past ; and he wondered how much money Joe had.

For now, at any cost, he must have money. The thought had grown into a desire ; the desire had spread into a longing—a longing that pervaded every moment of his life. A thirst he had called it once, when speaking to the

half-starved creatures in Eureka. Hard words for those poor wretches who had no greater longing for gold than these grand people. And now, as if in judgment, the thirst for gold was on him ; the fatal plague-spot had appeared, and had spread until to him success meant life—failure meant death !

And so many chances against him still. At last one day they said that the doctor had come. Two weeks, that had seemed like two years, had passed by him in this new life ; and now came the climax—and Jerry wondered as to the results.

He had never lived before ; he knew this now when he felt the fever in his blood that made him long to face and conquer the world ! He longed for the hearing that would be given him before the Board ; he longed to tell his story, and watch that grave, severe face, whose calm he had never seen broken.

Long ago he had been chilled by this calm, and had learned to keep his dreams in the quiet of his own heart.

"You are a dreamer, Jerry," the doctor had once said, "and dreamers are never practical."

Now he would have a chance to prove himself ; now the doctor would find that he had made standing-room for himself among these worldly men, who were nothing if not practical money-gatherers.

More practical in their winning and hoarding than poor old Joe was, who toiled day by day in the bowels of the earth ; closer in their transactions than stingy Burk ; more anxious about their gains than besotted Morris ! Yes, even among these he had made himself a success ; and the doctor would see it, and feel it, and hear it on all hands. It was worth ten years of life, this success that was as much social as it was financial.

The music was more beautiful, if that were possible, than it had been since the first evening he heard it : and the scene, though more familiar, was equally bright. Jerry leaned against the side of the box, with a gay party all around him, who were impatient that the play should be over and leave them free for the ball that was to follow.

But to Jerry the music came as of old it came to Saul ; and he listened thankfully, while the burning spirit within him was laid to rest. Yet the music

seemed in some sort to take its keynote from the thoughts that held him ; seemed to vibrate and quiver with the struggle that would fill the next day. For on the following day he was to plead his cause—to stand or fall before the man for whose commendation he would have done anything. Would he be able to rouse him ; once to shake him from that calm ; once to make him break his self-control ?

He looked up to the box opposite, where he had always looked for the face he had not seen since the first night, but that nevertheless had haunted him ; he looked up now—

Now, and almost a story was told him—almost a mystery was revealed. She was there, looking up into the doctor's eyes.

Jerry drew a long breath ; he knew now where he had seen her face ; he remembered even the shape of the case, and the red of the morocco ; he remembered the trick of the little catch, and the face that had met his eyes.

"There is your friend up there with Henley's mother," Mr. Greg said, bending over Jerry ; "it was strange her husband should give away his boy Paul, give him away so that his own mother should never see him again ;" then Mr. Greg turned away to answer some remark.

Paul's mother ?

Jerry could not account for the involuntary shudder that had thrilled him at Mr. Greg's words. Why should he object to this woman being Paul's mother ; why should he feel as if for her sake he must hate Paul ? The fact of her being Paul's mother would account for the doctor's interest in Paul ; for one glance as they stood together told Jerry that the doctor loved her. If so, why should not they finish their story now that she was free ? And could it be this that had silenced the life of this man—that had driven him out from his place in the world ? Just for the love of this woman who had meanwhile loved and married another ? Jerry shook his head.

This could not be all ; there was something deeper than this, something no mortal eye could see—some overwhelming sorrow to warp so strong a life.

And Jerry seemed to see the long, low

house, without fence or garden, with the black mountains for a background, and the wide plains stretching shadowless in front. He could see the dim library ; he could see the flickering of the fire-light, and hear the clanking of the doctor's spurs as he strode up and down. Which was real, that lonely home on the plain, or this life, that seemed to have caught the glamour from the "Golden Age ?"

And this man, so perfectly dressed, standing with such easy grace, so at home amid all this richness, was this the real man, or was the reality the one he had known out yonder in his rough hunting-suit ?

Which was the real man—which was the real life ? And Jerry's mind wandered during the play ; and the music mingled and wove its way through all his thoughts and questions.

But the next day would tell all ; the next day, that would stand a mark forever in his life !

And a cold, dreary day it was, with the rain falling down persistently on the drenched world. Trickling in little streams from the omnibus drivers' hats, and from their thin horses ; falling mercilessly on the poor scraps of humanity hunting greedily in the garbage barrels ; making hasty little runlets around the corners of the pavements ; and seeming as if striving with its thousand little tones to drown the noises of humanity.

Jerry stood watching the passers-by—watching the omnibus men and horses—watching the drenched barrel-pickers. They were very pitiful, the blurred pictures he saw between the rain-drops that trickled slowly down the shining plate-glass windows. This was the wrong side of the gilded picture of city life, the wrong side of which he had read, but as yet had not seen. These figures were some of the poor creatures who were crowded out of life ; who were pushed to the wall to die ; who were looked on as surplus population that had no right in the world ; who should never have been born, and for whom disease and starvation were the only remedies.

These were the people he had planned to help ; these were the people for whom he wanted the land saved, the people no one cared for, who had no chance in life. Had he stood to his purpose ?

He moved his hand across his eyes slowly.

In all these weeks he had had but one thought—the success of his venture as a speculation; and now he was pledged almost to have no other thought.

Having accepted favors from these rich people, he was under bond, almost, to succeed; had promised almost that money should be made for them from Durden's. If the railway went there his plan would succeed; if the railway went there it would be to make money for these rich people.

As a looker-on how he would have despised such a state of things, how he would have launched all his power against such seeming injustice! Yet as an actor he was bound and held down, a slave to the money of these people, to the money that had become a necessity to him.

More and more gloomy his thoughts became as he stood in the rich, warm room, looking out on the falling rain that seemed to sing a requiem for the darker side of life.

How would the day end—how would he stand to-morrow at this hour? It was in vain that he made an effort to arrange the words he would say—they slipped away from him hopelessly; he could trust only that when the time came his excitement would help him. But through all one thought haunted him—one thought that he was afraid would take all his strength away and leave him without a case—the thought that he had not been true to his earlier purpose. He had begun to work for the good of his own class; now he was working only for the success of his venture. Its success *might* mean the good of the people, but he knew that if it did not mean this, he would pursue the success just as eagerly. He had not been true.

So he brooded gloomily, looking out on the falling rain, and behind him the women near the fire conversed in their soft tones, and worked their useless embroideries.

He had no right as yet to such a place as this in the world; he had not been born to it, nor as yet had reached it through any work of his own. Joe and the doctor had brought him up and

educated him through a pure sense of "mercy and loving-kindness;" he was now spending Joe's money, and by its power holding an undeserved position in society. He felt that he was an impostor, and the feeling had driven him into telling his story to these kind women. He had tried to tell it truly; he had tried not to soften any of the roughness, nor to lessen any of his obligations; and yet, when he finished, they gave him the gentlest sympathy; and Mrs. Greg's eyes had filled with tears over the poor little ragged waif!

"Think if my boys had suffered so," she said.

Was this a woman's natural way, Jerry wondered, to take the pathetic part of a life and spread it over all the sins and wickednesses; were women always so merciful? He did not know enough of women to draw any conclusion; but he felt sorry that he had said anything, it made him feel weak and pitiful, as if he had been complaining, or asking for sympathy. Among men it would have been different: how he had arrived at his present position, to whom he was indebted, would make no difference to men; all they would want to hear would be how he intended to make a success of his town. It would be no concern of theirs whose lives or teachings served as his steps to success; their only question would be, Is he successful, and how much advancement can we count on from this man's success? If he ruined the doctor in this struggle, if he took from old Joe the one occupation and joy of his life, it would be nothing to these men—nothing to the greedy crowd watching out in Durden's, following close on his heels with hungry eyes fixed on his every movement, ready with grasping hands to tear him down if he but seemed to fail them for a moment!

He looked out at an old, bent, ragged creature stirring in a refuse barrel; hooking out scraps of meat, mouldy bones, decayed vegetables; fishing in the dust-barrel of the Gregs; and Mrs. Greg's eyes were still wet with tears over the story of his life.

Suppose Joe had wept only?

He turned from the window and walked hurriedly down the room; he was becoming more and more vile every

moment. How could he think of anything except the kindness of these people; and that if he failed he would have no better place in the world than the beggar he had been watching. Never! never while he had life and strength; never while he had a mind to conceive and guide would he yield one inch of this position he had stormed. He must lead—he would lead; he would have this money that made the world so beautiful to those who gained it; that left all bleak and cold to those who were worsted in the fray. And some must fall in this wild, grinding conflict; a man could take care only of himself; and with all their efforts some could not accomplish even this. This was the new lesson he had learned from the civilized and educated.

Then Fred came to tell him that the carriage was ready, and it was time to go; and Mrs. Greg insisted on his buttoning his overcoat more securely, and Isabel pinned a pansy in his button-hole. "You must succeed," she said, while Fred laughed at them for having any doubt.

"The old gentleman has had a fresh letter from Charlie," he said, by way of comfort, "and he intends reading it to the Board before Wilkerson begins his speech.

"Then I will not fail," Jerry answered, while a new light came into his eyes; his eyes that had never lost the wistful look that had won him so much in his life; "it will seem like a piece of the old life come to urge me on to better it and to help it up;" then he and Fred went away, and Isabel waved a farewell from the window.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Be strong,
Take courage; now you're on our level—now!
The next step saves you!" I was flushed with praise,

But, pausing just a moment to draw breath,
I could not choose but murmur to myself

'Is this all? all that's done, and all that's
gained?

If this then be success, 'tis dismaller
Than any failure."

It was a handsome room in which the Board met; richly furnished and warm, and with plenty of light and space. But

this day it was a little crowded, for many of the stockholders were there to hear and vote on the road being extended to Durden's.

They were a little late, Fred and Jerry, and Mr. Greg, who was chairman, was impatient over the delay.

"Do not look anxious," Fred said, as they mounted the stairs, "else they will think it a personal matter."

Jerry started a little, the advice was so good, and mentally he thanked Fred for it. Aloud he said: "Our being late does not look like too great anxiety."

And truly, as he entered the great room, with a smile on his lips and a pansy in his button-hole, he did not look troubled. The doctor watched him curiously as he came in—tall, well-made, easy in his movements, meeting all with an air of quiet equality; being cordially welcomed by the great bankers and stockbrokers and railway men, and seeming to think nothing of it.

Could this be Jerry? His clothes fitting him perfectly; with even an air of distinction about him; and, stranger than all, come to meet him on equal ground—come to cross swords with him!

Things had changed marvellously.

Then their eyes met, and Jerry felt the hot color creep slowly up into his face as he remembered the day that now seemed so far away—the day when this man had shaken him off so coldly. But he had a clew to the secret now; he had found it the night before in that woman's face. She had absorbed the doctor's heart and life; and he, Jerry, was only a part of the missionary work he had done either to fill up his life or as atonement for something in his past.

This last was a new thought, and flashed like a stream of light on Jerry's mind; and he turned to look again on this man who puzzled him so. What was hidden in that life; hidden behind the inscrutable sadness of that grave, cold face?

A bow was all their greeting, and they took their seats the width of the room apart. Only a moment; then the meeting was called to order, and Mr. Greg rose to say that, before introducing his young friend Mr. Wilkerson, he

wished to read a letter he had received that morning from his son, who being in Durden's could give the latest news.

Then he read a letter telling of the success of everything that had been touched ; that the new lodes increased in richness as they went deeper ; that even if the old mine were not reopened, and even if the road was refused them, it would pay to transport by wagon all that the town needed, and all that she would have to export. That it was an ascertained fact that much of the gold-dust purporting to come from the Eureka Mine had been gathered in Durden's Gorge and sold to Engineer Mills. Then the young man added : "Never shall I cease to thank Mr. Wilkerson for the opening he has given me, and for the way in which he showed me my best advantage. He used no persuasions, he asked me only to look for myself and decide on the truth of his representations. Now, I consider myself a rich man in owning the land I at present hold in Durden's Gorge."

There was a little murmur when Mr. Greg finished ; and it was moved that Mr. Wilkerson should now state his case and his wants.

It was a tremulous, exciting moment for Jerry ; he had never made a speech in his life save to the people in Eureka, and how would he do it ? One moment he paused, and in that moment heard an inimical stockholder say in an aside :

"I suppose his talent lies in addressing mobs."

The blood sprang into Jerry's face as he laid aside his overcoat and mounted the platform where Mr. Greg sat. The aside had made him angry ; they should not scoff at him ; he would make his speech and carry his point.

He shook himself a little, as if his clothes were not quite in their usual place ; then drawing himself up, he put his hands in his pockets and looked out quietly over his audience.

He knew nothing of the usual etiquette of bowing first to the chairman and then to his hearers ; he knew nothing of beginning, "Mr. President, and gentlemen of the Board ;" he knew nothing of gestures ; he knew only that he had something to say, and must say

it convincingly or fail ; and that these people were willing that he should fail.

"I heard a gentleman say a moment ago," he began, and his voice rang clear and fresh, and a little angry, "that he supposed my talent lay in addressing mobs ; it may, or it may not ; but I can say truly that in all my life I never have made a speech save to what this quiet company would call a mob. I saw them called a mob in your newspapers, where I had the honor of being called their leader ; and both about me and about them a great mistake was made. They were poor, and they were ignorant, if that constitutes a mob ; and they were human creatures who had been wronged ; and, rightly, this should have converted them into a mob," the color in his face deepening, and his eyes flashing as he looked over the upturned faces. "Those poor people had lived in that far-off, lonely region for more than twenty-five years ; a region that had ceased to have even the excitement of being on the frontier or near an agency ; had lived there on scanty wages, contented with the thought that if any good days ever came, they would have their share in them. The good days came, and they were pushed aside ! They had been improvident, had been wasteful, had been ungrateful to one who had spent much money and time in helping them ; and they deserved to be pushed aside ?

"Perhaps, but remember that they were as ignorant as beasts—mentally and morally they were blind !

"Long before this issue I had determined to help them ; determined, if such a thing were possible, to raise the whole class, because it is the class I spring from," and he looked straight across at the doctor, who was watching him intently. "So these people believed me, that I was their friend ; believed I meant to work for them, and yet I had to abuse them roundly—had to knock one man down before I could make them see things as they should see them for their own good"—and a hearty "Good enough !" that sounded strangely like a Eureka comment, came from some one in the audience. "Maybe all this made them a mob," he went on, "but they are quiet enough now. They followed the advice given them,

and held their lands in Eureka until the price offered was as high as it could be forced ; they then sold, and bought the land held for them in Durden's Gorge ; and they got it, good gold-land, for half the price which had been paid them for their lots in Eureka.

"We then elected a town committee, printed circulars which we sent to every post-office in the East, opened three new finds within a quarter of a mile of each other ; and we stopped the sale of liquor.

"This is what we have done without capital ; the money to buy the land and the old mine was advanced by a man who made it selling gold-dust to the Eureka Mine ; he has been selling them gold-dust ever since the Eureka Mine was first opened," he paused a moment, arrested by the intent look on the doctor's face ; "this man's name is Daniel Burk," he added, while the interest faded from the doctor's eyes. "For the future we need an engineer to open the old mine, which has been closed for all these years only because the people were superstitious. The original owner disappeared in the mine, and the people deserted it.

"If we can secure an engineer, I and others have pledged ourselves to go with him to the end of the tunnel in order to reassure the Durden's people ; the new miners who come in will not heed the old story. But we need machinery, and a competent man to direct us. You have spent millions in sending your railway out to this gold region, and already you have made millions from the speculation : this is well, but it is better still to know that a little farther on there are as many more millions waiting for you : extend your railway to Durden's, and take stock in Durden's Mine.

"If you will not help us," and he paused a moment, "we can wait, and grow slowly ; we can save money until we have enough to open the mine without outside help ; then the tide of immigration will flow in on us, and we will succeed in spite of all odds, and dictate terms to Eureka and to you."

Now they applauded him, and he felt his heart rise up within him.

"For or against Eureka," he went on,

"I have nothing to say ; and most unintentionally was I led into making the towns rivals. I heard of the railway and I warned the people against the land-sharpers ; I warned them, and explained to them that simply holding the land they had would bring them money in the end. I persuaded them that to buy land as speculation only, so depriving the poor, who were coming out to find room enough to live, of all hope of new homes, was a sin. Suddenly, enough land was secured to make a new town, and their little lots seemed valueless ! It was hard, and I did not blame them that they turned on me. Then I had to seek something for them, and like a revelation it came to me to build up Durden's again—and I will do it," proudly, "for when failure means death—success will be fought for hardly ! These people have put all they own in Durden's, and cannot hope to make another venture if this fails them.

"If you will help us, it will be the best investment you ever made. If you turn from us, we will be patient."

Then he sat down, amid a clapping of hands and words of commendation, and waited with a sick heart to hear what the doctor would say.

Would he undo him ? Were there any points kept in abeyance that would pull down his whole venture ? His speech had not been as good as the words he had said to the poor people out in Eureka ; he was not as angry, he was not as earnest, he felt trammelled and bound ; the people and the occasion seemed unreal, and the life about him was a sham ! They had enough, these people ; and should be compelled, not begged, to help those who needed. Something, surely, was very wrong with humanity !

"Mr. President, and gentlemen of the Board," the doctor began, standing in his place, "all that Mr. Wilkerson has said is true, perfectly true. But all that I have written you of the Eureka Mine is true also. That Engineer Mills has bought gold from outsiders is no wrong ; and it was not to be expected that he should label each little lot. The land that was bought around Eureka is my private affair ; and if it fails I shall be the only loser. As to extending the

road to Durden's, I can see no objection to it; and as I have at heart also the greatest good of the greatest number, I hope it will be done. The work of Mr. Wilkerson needs no word from me; his plans have been well conceived, well executed, and surprisingly successful. You cannot lose anything by investing in Durden's Mine; nor will you lose anything that you have invested in Eureka.

"I have come here at the request of the land-agents who have invested in Eureka. They have been very much disheartened by Mr. Wilkerson's success.

"They have not capital enough to enable them to hold the land they have bought. If they sell at a loss it will injure the reputation of the town, and for a time the mining interests. I came to advise for their good, and for your good, that the company buy the lots the agents now hold, and hold them as private property. The two towns will be one eventually and their interests be merged into each other: one cannot grow without helping the other; and for the sake of the money which already you have invested in Eureka, I strongly advise that the land values be not allowed to decline.

"I have with me a map of the town and of the number of lots that will have to be bought in, also their values. I can vouch that no higher price has been put on the lots than the agents paid for them."

Then he sat down, amid a surprised silence.

Where was the expected struggle between these rival towns and leaders? Where was the great excitement that had possessed the company when they met? Where was Jerry's enthusiasm?

He sat quite still through it all; listened while the short, quiet sentences fell so coolly and calmly; felt that he had made a fool of himself, and discovered a slow, dull anger creeping through him.

The two towns to be made one; their interests to be identified; only that Durden's was allowed to grow first!

Where was the opposition? What could he do? Whom could he antagonize? And he had not injured Paul;

but only a private venture of the doctor's, about which he knew as little now as at the very first.

No explanation had been made; no light had been thrown on anything, save on the one fact that his attack on the doctor had served only to strengthen Paul's fortunes; for, of course, it was more safe that the company should own the town of Eureka than that chance adventurers should hold the land. Of course the company would see that the town succeeded; and if they extended the railway to Durden's, and put their money in the Durden's Mine, there could be but the one issue for the whole matter—the towns would be made one, and their fortunes rise and fall together. And from the first the doctor had intended this—had foreseen it.

He longed to be alone; he longed to walk for miles and miles; maybe he so could still this throbbing anger that was increasing every moment; he wished that the people in front of him had been the poor Eureka mob that he might abuse them!

How had this thing happened; how had he been such a blind fool?

All about him there was a hubbub of voices; a group gathered about the doctor; a group about Mr. Greg, and close packed about himself Jerry found the mass of the company.

Congratulating him—shaking hands with him—telling him that his success had brought Eureka and the Directors to terms, and that now his fortune was secure.

So it was; and he talked and laughed and shook hands, and understood that his point was gained, although no official action had been taken as yet.

Then he and Fred found themselves outside in the pitiless rain that still fell; but a liveried servant held an umbrella over them, and the carriage waited with open door.

The ladies were enchanted, and at lunch Mr. Greg rubbed his fat white hands over the morning's work.

"And you can go to the ball to-night, my boy," he said, patting Jerry gently on the shoulder, "feeling yourself rich because of the land you own in Durden's."

Rich because of the land he owned!

A new and dreadful realization came to Jerry—he owned no land. Durden's might make millions, and not one cent would come to him!

The room and all its beautiful furniture seemed to waver for a moment.

Dan Burk—Dave Morris—Charles Greg—indeed, every man in Durden's was secure in his possessions, secure in the protection of the Commune.

He only had been left out.

Blind to everything except the success of his venture and the triumph over Paul Henley and the doctor, he had forgotten himself until now—now when all the best land had been sold, and not one foot of it his.

And even if it were still there, he had no money to buy it with. He was spending money fast enough now, but it was Joe's money, which he had bargained to spend that the old man might be persuaded to show the safe way into the mine. Once back in Durden's he would not have a cent.

He dressed for the ball with a heavy heart. How could he rectify this mistake?

He was still more of a lion in the glittering assembly where he was taken at the end of the exhausting day; for besides the wit and wisdom he had made evident, it was said that he possessed acres of undug gold!

So, of course, he was courted and smiled on, and Isabel Greg was looked on as the young woman most likely to capture the prize. Even beautiful Edith Henley looked with interested eyes on this "ruffian" and "wretched ragamuffin" of her brother's letters. He was a success, and surely looked like a gentleman; and the next day she wrote Paul a letter that roused every evil passion of his nature—an innocent letter, save that it was full of Jerry's success and the doctor's compromise.

And under all these admiring eyes poor Jerry stood, longing for one moment's quiet where he could collect his thoughts, and look his situation in the face. To betray his position or his anxiety by word or look would be ruin; for after such an acknowledgment who would believe anything but that the whole scheme was a fraud. It was not usual for men so to leave themselves

out of reckoning; and these people would not believe him.

Poor Jerry! he longed to be back in the wilds where a man could look as he felt, and where every man carried law and redress in his belt. There one was free, here one was bound by a thousand little fetters that galled at every turn.

At last his chance came; for a moment he stood alone, and in that moment he stepped, through a long window near which he stood, into a conservatory.

All about him beautiful flowers, and at great distances the dim lights—inside, the throb and swell of the music; outside, the stony street, the cold wind, and the rain falling ceaselessly.

He sat alone in a dark corner with his face down in his hands, trying to still the tumult within him—saying over and over to himself that he must be calm and strong, for now a great question lay before him.

"The land you own makes you a rich man"—these words had never left him, nor the knowledge that had come with them—the knowledge that he was as destitute now as when Joe had picked him up.

His head sank lower.

More destitute: then he had been conscious of cold and hunger only; now he was filled with knowledge, and knowledge revealed a thousand wants that served to make his poverty infinite—a thousand wants that all centred in money.

His thoughts paused for a moment, and a calm, clear light seemed to shine within him. Let all succeed; let the prosperity and the good he had instituted live and bloom about him—live and multiply a hundred-fold, yet not touch him save through the peace within his soul! Go back to his old ideal—realize his first high calling—show the world a man higher than these paltry ends of fortune!

Sink out of men's minds—go back to nothingness? And what would the world say—"A wild dreamer—a fool!" Suddenly he lifted his head, for voices approached him, and one voice was so familiar.

"Things have not changed, Judith," the voice said, "and you are as far from

me now as then; for the wrong I did lives still, even if within convent walls; she lives and I am not free"—and a little way in front of him Jerry saw the doctor standing, holding in his hands the hands of the woman whose face had so haunted him.

"I am not free," the deep voice went on, "and my life is now too near its close for me to hope for freedom, even if that hope were righteous."

"And must your whole life be one great sacrifice, Paul?" and the voice was so low and sweet that Jerry listened to it as he had done to the first music he had heard, "one long self-annihilation?"

"One great expiation, rather, even as hers has been," and the doctor put the two hands he held together, folding his own about them; "and I must say good-by, dear, and this good-by will mean forever!"

Then they passed on; and the dim lights made broken shadows; and the flowers cast out their sweetness recklessly; and the distant music rose and fell for the glittering throng to dance to!

Good-by forever!

The young heart listened with a dim sense of the infinite sadness that lived in the words; and in the music that was meant to be gay—in that pulsing, throbbing waltz with a minor cry through all its chords!

This practical, money-getting, soul-crushing age—is this the music it dances to?—this proud, hard Nineteenth Century that vaunts itself that it neither fears nor loves—that glories in tearing the veil from the "Holy of Holies" that the mob might be as free to touch and see as the "anointed of the Lord;" that analyzes every throb of brain and heart; that laughs faith and hope to scorn, holding only certainty; that shuts charity into hospital wards; that teaches the "survival of the fittest;" that tests prayer and crowds down the weak and the poor to death and annihilation; hailing "labor-saving" inventions with a shout of triumph, and trusting to disease and death to clear the overcrowded garrets and cellars!

Clamoring and battling for gold, and legislating on the crowded prisons and

lunatic asylums—this great "Iron Age" that has no heart save the thud of machinery—is this the music it dances to?

Do the eliminated foolish heart and soul find their refuge here? Sobbing through all the songs and dances—crying out to the throb of beating feet!

Do we hear the heart of the Nineteenth Century pulsing in its music—the saddest music the world has ever heard?

CHAPTER XVII.

"Oh, Soul!

To stand there all alone

And without hope!

To watch the years come one by one,

Sad faces from the old days gone—

Eyes full of memories pale and wan—

And hands that grope

About thy weary heartstrings, without hope!

Waking old chords, and long-hushed cries,

And loving tones—

And warning words, and patient sighs,

And pleading prayers from long dead eyes,

And trampled hopes, and broken ties,

And sins and joys that restless rise

With smothered groan—

And tears that weigh like lead! Ay, writhe, thou Soul!"

THE excitement was all over now, and the reaction was a most painful thing to Jerry.

The day before had been one bewildering whirl of astonishing events: the success of his appeal; the revelation of the condition of Eureka; the realization of his own position; and at the ball the little scene that had passed before him like a dream.

There was a weariness over his body and a dull pain in his head when the daylight stole through the window, finding him still awake; turning over and over in his mind the chances for his future.

All was accomplished now that he had come to arrange: a company had been formed called "The Durden's Mining Company," the railway was to be extended, and a mining engineer and assayer to be sent out.

All this had been decided the day before, and there was nothing left to do now but for Jerry to go home and put things in motion there.

For Durden's he had been entirely

successful ; but for himself what had he done ?

He dressed very slowly, for he dreaded the time when he must appear as the successful man, and longed to go away and hide from all whom he knew. The rain was still falling, but the scene within was bright enough when Jerry entered the breakfast-room, humming softly one of the waltzes that had been woven into his thoughts the night before.

The table with its shining silver and glass, and delicate china, and flowers that made all sweet ; the fair women ; the successful old man reading his paper by the fire. Jerry paused a moment to take it all in—if he had had such a home. And yet young Greg left it all to gather gold ? He must gather, too, for years he must gather, then he could have all these fair possessions about him as this old man had.

A pleasant "Good-morning !" greeted him as he sat down ; and a "By the way, Wilkerson," from Mr. Greg as he laid his paper across his knees.

Jerry looked up quickly.

"You had better let me take stock for you to-day in your mine," laughing ; "you are bound to take it, you know, in order to give us confidence."

"Of course," Jerry answered, while there flashed through his mind the memory that he had nothing.

"Your credit with me is unlimited," Mr. Greg went on, "those were Mr. Gilliam's instructions."

"I know," and the cup that Jerry took from Isabel's hands trembled as he put it down.

"How much shall I put you down for ?"

The point-blank question was startling, and Jerry paused a moment : it seemed hard that Joe's savings should have to go to buy shares in a mine that for more than twenty years he had worked alone.

"Of course the stock is bound to rise," Mr. Greg went on, "for we can make it rise : in two weeks it shall have doubled its value ; after that, much will depend on how you manage things in Durden's ; but now——"

"I will take as much as I can get," Jerry said, quietly.

"As much as you can carry ?" Mr. Greg suggested, doubtfully.

Jerry shook his head.

"As much as I can get," he repeated, with a smile ; "I know Durden's, and I should like to own the whole thing."

Mr. Greg rose and stood before the fire, brushing his hair back with a quick, nervous motion, while a new expression seemed to change and sharpen the whole shape of his face.

"Are you in earnest ?" he asked, slowly.

Jerry stirred his coffee quietly.

"I am," he answered. "I know Durden's."

Mr. Greg walked the length of the room and back again. Was this young man trying to play the game on the company that the company intended playing on Wall Street ?

"Do you know how these things are worked up in the market ?" he asked, pausing near Jerry's chair.

"No," Jerry answered, while he wondered if they could hear the thumping of his heart, "no, I know nothing of such things ; but I know Durden's, and I know that Gorge cannot be exhausted. You can gather gold forever, and never find the last," with a laugh ; "almost one drinks it in the water," and the eyes that looked up into Mr. Greg's glittered with a new light—and the old man turned away.

"I shall come out there myself," Fred put in ; "you and Charlie shall not have it all your own way."

Mrs. Greg shook her head.

"One is enough out there, Fred," she said ; "put your venture somewhere else."

"I shall make a fortune and then draw out," Fred answered.

"And I shall stand to it and make millions!" and there was an exultant ring in Jerry's voice that gave Mr. Greg more confidence in the venture than the visible gold would have done. "I will gather in piles and piles of gold," the young man went on, while the color crept up his dark face, and the light in his eyes gleamed brighter, "I will pile it up as I used to pile the chips when I cut wood," the old simile coming back to him that had been in his mind when he stood alone in the midnight, high up among the rocks—the old simile that had been with him when the thirst for

gold first seized him—"and if I get so much it will not be worth any more to me than the chips," he added, with a sadder tone creeping into his voice.

"Hurrah for you!" and Fred put back his head with a hearty laugh. "Mr. Western Millionaire growing melancholy because he is apt to have money scattered about him like chips—very good!" and he laughed again.

Jerry looked up slowly.

"What will be left for me to do when I have enough?" he asked.

Mr. Greg shook his head slowly, folding up the paper. "We never get enough," he said, "it is a want that is never satisfied." Then to Jerry, "Will you come down to the office later?"

"Yes, Mr. Greg, by twelve," and the door closed on the old man, grown more thoughtful over the Durden's venture; and the young people and Mrs. Greg were left alone.

"Remember the *matinée* at two," Isabel suggested.

"I will," Jerry answered, slowly, "as it is my last."

"Your last!" came in three different voices.

Jerry nodded.

"I must get back now as quickly as possible," he said, "to gather in all those millions Fred laughs at"—they had grown very friendly in the time they had been together, and had fallen into the way of saying "Fred" and "Jerry," for Jerry, somehow, seemed to be one of them—"and you must have all your packages for Charlie ready to-day, for I shall leave in the morning." And he walked to the fire.

"We shall miss you so much," Mrs. Greg said, kindly, while Isabel looked into her cup pensively. "You have come to seem like one of my own boys," she added.

"And you have been so kind to me," Jerry answered, coming and standing close at her side, "you have shown me what a home and a mother can be."

And strangely across his memory there drifted the vision of a humble grave built round with rails, and covered in with brush!

Then he went down among the crowded offices; up and down the narrow streets; in and out the great Exchange

where lives and souls are bought and sold; in and out, learning the way in which great ventures are put on the market: signing away hundreds, and running up the value of Durden's even in the mind of Mr. Greg.

Then to the luxurious lunch and glittering theatre, where the music throbbed, and humanity imitated its own sorrows and joys; pictured misery for happy people; and made false mirth for the weary and heavy-laden. And Jerry listened as to a dear voice that he would never hear again—it was the last time!

And out in the far-off blackness of Durden's Mine an old man struggled vainly almost. It was very dark—"a darkness that could be felt"—he had heard that read from the Bible once; and he put out his long arms vaguely.

He was very weary and weak, for his food had given out long ago; he did not know how long; and his light had gone too! He put his hand over his face as if he needed more darkness, and a little groan broke from his lips.

Had old Durden died in this way? Some one had said that he had set out to hunt for the Indian way into the cave, and never had come back. Maybe he had died just here, and had not fallen into the hole: and maybe his bones, grown white and dry, were close beside him!

A great shudder went over the crouching form, and the long arms felt about on the ground hurriedly; but all was smooth and cold.

If he sat here he would starve; he must go on or die!

Die! die, shut up in this black darkness without a voice to comfort him or a hand to give him strength; without a soul to breathe a prayer or tell him God was good!

He flung his arms up, and clasped his toil-worn hands together.

"My God—my God!" he cried, and the hoarse, deep voice rolled back and forth through the black rents and chasms. "Good God, cuss the damned gale—cuss it—cuss it!" and the wild prayer faded away in a faint whisper.

Once more he sat quiet, with his head down in his hands. If he sat still he would starve; he would die here in this

darkness; anything would be better than that! And he crawled on slowly on his hands and knees. He was afraid to walk—afraid he would step off some awful chasm and for days lie maimed and dying. So he moved cautiously, and the movement gave him hope. Why should not this long passage, that seemed so endless, be that lost entrance to the cave?

It always tended upward; this was what made him so weary; it was always going up and up; it had not dipped for a long time now, he could not say for how long.

But he had prayed, too, earnestly; God could not let him die here.

"An' Nan, her prayed fur me too," he whispered, then crawled more slowly as the thought came to him that it made no difference that he had hidden safely such store of gold; and again his whisper fell on the silence, "Orl fur gole, an' it can't he'p me now, not now—an' it can't he'p me when I'se dead an' gone—notter cent!"

On and on through the darkness, slowly, painfully.

"An' I'se done sent Jerry to larn to love gole! Oh, God, I never knowed—I never knowed!" sobbing as he crawled, with the penitent tears dropping on the hard, smooth floor. Tears that were too hopeless for such old eyes to shed.

On and on, muttering to himself; praying aloud; stopping to feel about nervously for the bones of the dead man that he might find anywhere—the poor old man who had died for gold, as he might die if his strength gave out before he reached the end.

Was there any end?

He had heard the doctor say that all through these mountains there were long caves and cracks that often had no openings. It was strange how everything he had ever known or heard came back to him now; he remembered even things his mother had told him when he was a little boy. He remembered the first furrow he ever ploughed, and how across it the sunshine slanted up the hillside to the door where his sisters fed the chickens; and the spring where all the washing was done. He could remember the wooden trough his father had placed there, and the gourd that

was always near. And the tubs were blue, he remembered that distinctly; and the soft lye-soap was kept always in an open gourd. And Jim Mabry had given 'Liza Jane a ring, and she took it off always before she washed the clothes because it turned her finger black. Yes, he could remember it all as if it were yesterday; remembered it as he crawled, and prayed for his life in the awful darkness.

A poor old man who had nothing to show for his days save a hoard of gold!

Poor little Nan, she used to come there, too, to wash clothes at the spring, and had "given her word" there, and Preacher Rowls had married them; poor little Nan!

And again in the bitterness of his memories he cast himself down on the rocks.

"My God—my God, I never knowed!"

Would God help him now? It had been so long since he had prayed. Yes, and he gathered himself together once more, and urged his much-tired strength to its utmost limits.

He was old, and he was weary and weak from hunger; and an awful thirst burned in his throat. That was what made him think of the old spring and the dry, brown gourd. Ah, that was the sweetest, freshest water he had ever tasted.

Oh, for only a mouthful! Then the awful memory came to him of the rich man down in hell crying for a drop of water. He had heard a preacher read that once. All his money could not help him then—burning up with thirst and fire, and praying for one drop of water.

Had many people died for gold? Judas—yes, that was the name—Judas sold his God for money; Judas, he remembered that now. He had heard the doctor read that once to poor 'Lije Milton when he was sick; and 'Lije had died for gold! 'Lije? A deeper groan broke from him, and he cast himself down on the floor.

"An I he'pped to skeer 'Lije!" he cried, beating on the rocks with his clenched hands. "Oh, God, it were the gole done it—the gole done it!" writhing in his remorse. "I never knowed as it would a-killed him—I never knowed!"

Then he lay quite still; he had thought of 'Lije before, and the thought had driven him on and on until he had come too far to turn back; and now, if he thought of him again, he would be too weak to go on; he would lie where he was and die. And if he died in here the doctor would give Jerry the paper that told where to find all his money; and Jerry would take it and love it, and he would not be there to tell him of the awful curse that came with the love of gold. He must get out if he could, to warn Jerry; and he raised himself and crawled on.

Little Nan had said that God did not make gold; that the devil made it and put it in all the cracks of the earth to buy men's souls with; and it was true. How many dug through days and nights down under the earth, bringing up gold, and yet men never had enough.

Little Nan was right; God did not make gold.

Poor little Nan! But God would help him, because she had prayed for him so often. Yes, God would set him free from this black hole—this cursed mine that had murdered all who entered it—God would surely set him free.

His breath seemed to leave him—his lifted hands touched a wall in front of him!

Was it so? Had he not turned in some way and touched the side wall?

He was afraid to feel and make sure; for suppose the passage stopped here! He could not go back, he had not the strength; besides, after he had left the cave a long distance he had come to a place where the way was very narrow, and hung over a stream that roared until it confused him, and now he was so weak he would fall in.

Must he feel all about him, and find that cold stone wall? He drew himself together and put his face down between his knees.

"Oh, God! she were good—she were good," he pleaded, "an' she prayed fur me; Oh, God! she prayed fur me." What else could he pray? what else did he know? One had prayed for him long ago, when life was fresh and strong, and he knew she was good, and God must have heard her prayers—surely.

He put his hands out cautiously—the poor, work-hardened hands that had done many kindly deeds, which the terrified heart did not seem to remember now, when in his dire distress all his mistakes and sins loomed up before him.

Poor old weary, trembling hands; surely God would set them free!

Carefully he felt over the wall on one side, across the low roof, down the other side, then again up to the roof. He knew which side he had come from; he knew that behind him stretched that endless black passage; but in front?

He paused with his hands above him, touching the roof—

"She were good, God, and she prayed fur me," he said.

Then slowly down in front of him he moved his hands—slowly—slowly—and the wall was there! A moment he paused—one moment when all his life seemed to rise and sweep before him; all his life, and all the faith he had had that for her sake, the one creature who had loved and prayed for him—for her sake God would save him—her sake who had been good!

All came over him now, and he was shut in here to die by inches—to die!

"Oh, God! A long, wild cry—a last supreme appeal in his agony, and he fell forward against the wall—the wall that shut him in from life and hope!

The sinking sun shone clear and red, wrapping the plain in a rose-stained cloud of light, and sending long rays of gold up to the highest peaks, tinting and glorifying all the scarred, storm-beaten mountain-side. It beautified Eureka, lying still and white on the plain, and Durden's, climbing bravely up the gorge; and far up among the cliffs it touched a thin slab of rock that had been pushed from its place, and in its fall tearing from their hardly-won homes all the lichens and little vines that had grown about its edges. The sun touched all this very gently, making silver lights in the gray hair of the old man lying face down across the fallen slab, with his long arms stretched out above his head.

Was he dead, lying there half in and half out the black hole; had he died in his search for the way that was lost so long ago? But at last he had found it:

high up among the cliffs overlooking the wide plains and busy towns, overlooking his own little home, and in touching distance, almost, of the place where he had buried his little Nan!

In a dip in the rocks, where the earth had so gathered and deepened that even some trees could grow there—there she had chosen to be buried; and now very near the old man was the rough headstone he had put up, with her name clumsily chipped on the surface.

The sun touched that, too, and the little shadowy pines.

Had Joe made his last find right there by her grave?

CHAPTER XVIII.

“The past rolls forward on the sun
And makes all night.”

“HAS the doctor come?” and young Greg looked anxiously in Paul’s face as he opened the door of the doctor’s house in answer to Greg’s knock.

“Yes,” and the door was opened wide enough for Greg to enter.

Down the long hall he went, and into the library, where the glowing fire was grateful after the keen November winds that swept across the plain.

The doctor rose, holding out his hand to Greg.

“How are you?” he said; then, “I left your family quite well.”

“Thank you,” Greg answered; “I heard from home to-day; but it is a greater satisfaction to hear of them from one who has seen them face to face.”

“Won’t you stay and dine with us?” the doctor went on, when they were seated.

Greg shook his head.

“I cannot this evening, thank you,” he said; “I have come to you on very anxious business. Old Gilliam”—the doctor looked up quickly—“is in a very precarious state, I think.”

“Fever?”

“No, nor can I satisfy myself at all as to what ails him,” Greg answered. “He was missing for two or three days. I know this, because Wilkerson begged me to go up and see him every evening, and I did until a little while ago he was

missing for four consecutive evenings. I felt uneasy, but I did not like to make inquiries, for he is such a peculiar old man; so I waited until four days ago, when I went up and found him in this strange condition. He eats very little, and refuses to leave his house or to give any account of his health. His only admission is that he wants to see you, and he wants Wilkerson. Can you come?”

“Of course;” and the doctor gave orders for his horse. “Wilkerson ought to be here this evening,” he went on, “for he was to leave New York twelve hours after I did.”

“That is fortunate,” Greg said, in a relieved voice, “for the old man will not last much longer.”

“Is it so bad as that?” and the doctor paused in his preparations; “you really think the old man is going?”

Greg nodded, and the doctor made more haste.

“Perhaps you had better go back to him,” he said to Greg, “and I will follow; have you brandy?”

“Plenty,” rising; “I have kept him alive on it.” Then he went away, and Paul, leaning gloomily against the mantelpiece, asked if the doctor would be gone all night.

“Probably,” was answered, shortly; then he gave orders to a servant to take a horse to Eureka for Jerry; to make a point of meeting the wagon that came in, and to tell Mr. Wilkerson to make great haste. Then he was gone in the falling evening, gone as swiftly as might be up the lone trail.

Was the old man going out on the “lonely road” to-night, he wondered; the old man who was only a gray-headed child; the old man who had come to seem a part of the place, almost like one of the storm-battered rocks, so gray and quiet was he. He had known him so many years, he would miss him.

It was strange how things fell out in this life; the old man going just when Jerry, the pride of his heart, was beginning his career.

“And Jerry will be successful,” he said to himself, buttoning his coat more closely against the cold wind; “he knows how to manage men; but he stands in a dangerous place.”

The lamp was burning brightly, and the fire was flashing brilliantly into every corner of Joe's house when the doctor entered. The clock ticked busily; the dog breathed heavily in his corner; Greg sat still near the fire; and on his bed, fully dressed, old Joe lay with his eyes closed, and his hands crossed on his breast.

"Well, Joe," and the doctor laid aside his coat and hat as he stood by the bed, then put his slim white hand on the old man's hand, grown so thin and tremulous; "how is it you are sick?" he asked.

"I ain't sick, doctor," and the dim eyes opened slowly, "I'm jest called, I am."

"When, Joe?" looking down sadly.

"It ain't a-been long sence; but I've done sawn orl my sins, I hev, an' God's done sawn 'em too," panting wearily, "an' I'm jest a-waitin' to see Jerry; jest a-waitin' fur thet, 'cause I've got a word fur Jerry, I hev."

"Will you drink this?" and the doctor held some brandy to the white lips.

"I'll drink it for youuns, doctor; but I ain't a-goin' to say nothin' tell Jerry gits har," drinking slowly; "he's a-com-in', I kin feel it, he ain't fur;" then he lay down again with a long, tremulous sigh.

"Kin youuns read to me, doctor?" he asked, after a little; "Jerry's gotter leetle Bible sommers—sommers roun' on the shelf."

And the doctor found it, the little black Bible he had given Jerry to teach him the way to the "Golding Gates"—poor little child.

The deep voice read on and on; the fire-light flickered over the rough walls; the young man sat still and listening, and the old man on the bed breathed heavily. At last, far off, the clang of a horse's hoofs on the rocky path, and a silence fell in the house—all were listening. Again the sound came sharply on the wind, and the old man rose on his elbow.

"It's Jerry," he said; "I knowed I were a-feelin' of him; I knowed he warn't much fur; I knowed as I were called fur to-night, an' he'd come," and the deep-set eyes lighted up strangely; "gie me

a leetle dram, doctor, 'cause I hes sumpen to say;" then he lay quiet again until the doctor poured out the brandy and raised him to drink it.

"An' I reckon Jerry's powerful honggry," the hoarse voice went on, "powerful honggry, an' thar's bread thar, but thar ain't nary time to eat now, I mus' talk fust; I've got sumpen to say."

Nearer came the ringing of the horse's hoofs, nearer and nearer; as fast as any horse could come on such a night up such a path; at last it stopped at the door that Greg held open, and Jerry stood among them.

"Lord!" and Joe passed his hand slowly over Jerry's face, then down over his shoulder and arm—"Jerry," he muttered, "leetle Jerry a gentleman—a rale gentleman;" then he closed his eyes, and Jerry looked anxiously from one to the other of the watchers.

The doctor shook his head; and Jerry bent low over his old friend, with a dull pain growing up in his heart—how had this happened—had he had anything to do with it?

"How did you get sick, Joe?" he asked, softly.

Joe shook his head slowly.

"I ain't agoin' to tell youuns thet, Jerry, ner nobody; nobody ain't agoin' thar no mo'—no mo'—" Then he opened his eyes slowly, "Youuns is got the paper, doctor?" he asked.

"Yes, Joe."

"Gie it to Jerry when I'm done buried; an' bury me up yonder by my Nancy Ann—leetle Nan, I calls her; thar ain't no gole thar whar she's a-layin'; an' hev it writ on the stone as this is Joe Gilliams's las' find—hev it writ jest thet away." Then rousing up suddenly he grasped Jerry's hands, his eyes burning brightly, and his breath coming thick and fast: "Thar's damnation in the gole, Jerry, and death in the mine! Don't go thar—don't go thar. An', Jerry, I done sent youuns over yander to larn to love money, an' to see what it could buy, an' to larn to love it; but don't youuns do it, Jerry, don't," with pitiful entreaty in his eyes and voice; "my soul'll never res' if youuns gits honggry fur gole; an' I ain't agoin' to tell youuns whar I got mine; I ain't agoin' to tell!" taking his hands from Jerry's and wringing them

together as he sat propped up against the doctor's shoulder ; "an' I'm rale glad youuns is done gotter lot of folks in the mine to shar' an' shar' alike—I'm glad," his voice falling lower, "an' the way is mighty easy to find if youuns never tu'ns to the lef'—never to the lef' ; thet's death—death !" closing his eyes.

The doctor put some brandy to his lips and he swallowed it with difficulty.

"I were honggry fur gole," he muttered, "honggry ; an' leetle Nan 'ud cry when I were gone orl day—pore leetle Nan ! I sees her a heaper times a-layin' thar buried in the gole-dust—an' it's a-chokin' her an' the leetle 'un !" starting wildly, "a-chokin' her an' her can't git it out—it's in her eyes, an' in her mouth—her mouth !" struggling and wringing his hands. "Leetle Nan, I'll bresh it out—bresh it out." Slowly the voice faded.

(To be continued.)

Greg covered his face with his hands ; the doctor prayed, with his lips close to the old man's ear ; and Jerry stood white and still as a stone.

Slowly the death-dimmed eyes opened ; the words of the prayer had reached the darkened mind — "Fur Jesus' sake ?" Slowly, "Leetle Nan usen to say thet ; I hearn her in the night-time—fur Jesus' sake"—then he lay quite still, listening to the low voice. The breath came slower and slower—the chest heaved laboriously—the hard, brown hands twitched nervously. One more breath—was it the last ?

The old face looked gaunt and gray—the sunken eyelids quivered ; again a long, tremulous breath ; the eyelids lifted slowly, and a whisper swept past them :

"Thar's death in the mine, Jerry ;" then all was still.

THROUGH THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO.

By Robert Brewster Stanton.

FROM the mountain peaks above, many have looked down into the almost unknown depths of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River of the West, and while wrapt in admiration and amazement at the picture spread out before them, have longed for a nearer view of the foaming waters and roaring cataracts of what appeared to them as but a silver thread winding its silent way among the caverns, so many thousands of feet below.

It has, however, been the good fortune of but few to be able to journey at the bottom of these cañons, along the only path that is yet open to man—the raging waters of the river itself—and to look up at the beauties and wonders that nature has formed, piled one upon the other, seemingly to the blue of the sky above ; or to live among the stupendous gorges and caverns that have been cut out of the very bowels of the earth, as this mightiest of rivers has carved for itself a pathway from the Rocky Mountains to the sea.

When, in the spring of 1889, I took charge of the survey for a railway line along this river, from Grand Junction, Col., to the Gulf of California, I considered myself favored. Previous to this time no party had traversed these cañons, except that of Major J. W. Powell, in 1869, and no one had ever made a continuous trip along the waters of this river from its head to its mouth.

With a naturally sanguine disposition, I had no conception of the dangers and hardships to be encountered in a journey by boat down a river that has a descent of over four thousand two hundred feet, and in a distance of less than five hundred miles contains five hundred and twenty rapids, falls, and cataracts.

In order to intelligently understand the subject, we shall, for a moment, glance at the map on page 593. It will be seen that the Colorado River is formed by the junction of the Grand and the Green Rivers. After running through the territories of Utah and Arizona, it

forms the boundary between Arizona on the east, and Nevada and California on the west, and empties into the Gulf of California in the Mexican State of Sonora. The distance from Grand Junction to the Gulf, by water, is about one thousand two hundred miles. The mountain portion of the Colorado is arbitrarily divided into various cañons. Commencing at its head, Cataract Cañon is forty-one miles long, Narrow Cañon nine miles, Glen Cañon one hundred and fifty-five miles, Marble Cañon sixty-five miles, and the Grand Cañon two hundred and eighteen miles.

What is meant when we call the gorges and valleys through which this river runs by the name of cañons? Captain C. E. Dutton, and there is no better authority, in his report on the physical geography of the Grand Cañon district, says:

The common notion of a cañon is that of a deep, narrow gash in the earth, with nearly vertical walls, like a great and neatly-cut trench. There are hundreds of chasms in the plateau country which answer very well to this notion. It is, perhaps, in some respects, unfortunate that the stupendous pathway of the Colorado River through the Kaibabs was ever called a *cañon*, for the name identifies it with the baser conception. From the end of Point Sublime the distance across the chasm to the nearest point in the summit of the opposite walls is about seven miles. A more correct statement of the general width would be from eleven to twelve miles. It is somewhat unfortunate that there is a prevalent idea that, in some way, an essential part of the grandeur of the Grand Cañon is the narrowness of its defile.

Who can measure the force or comprehend the power that has cut these chasms, many miles long, many miles wide, and from a few hundred to six thousand two hundred feet deep?

Cataract and Narrow Cañons are wonderful, Glen Cañon is beautiful, Marble Cañon is mighty; but it is left for the Grand Cañon, where the river has cut its way down through the sandstones, the marbles, and the granites of the Kaibab Mountains, to form those beautiful and awe-inspiring pictures that are seen from the bottom of the black granite gorge, where above us rise great wondrous mountains of bright red sandstone, capped with cathedral domes and spires of white, with pinacles, and turrets, and towers, in such

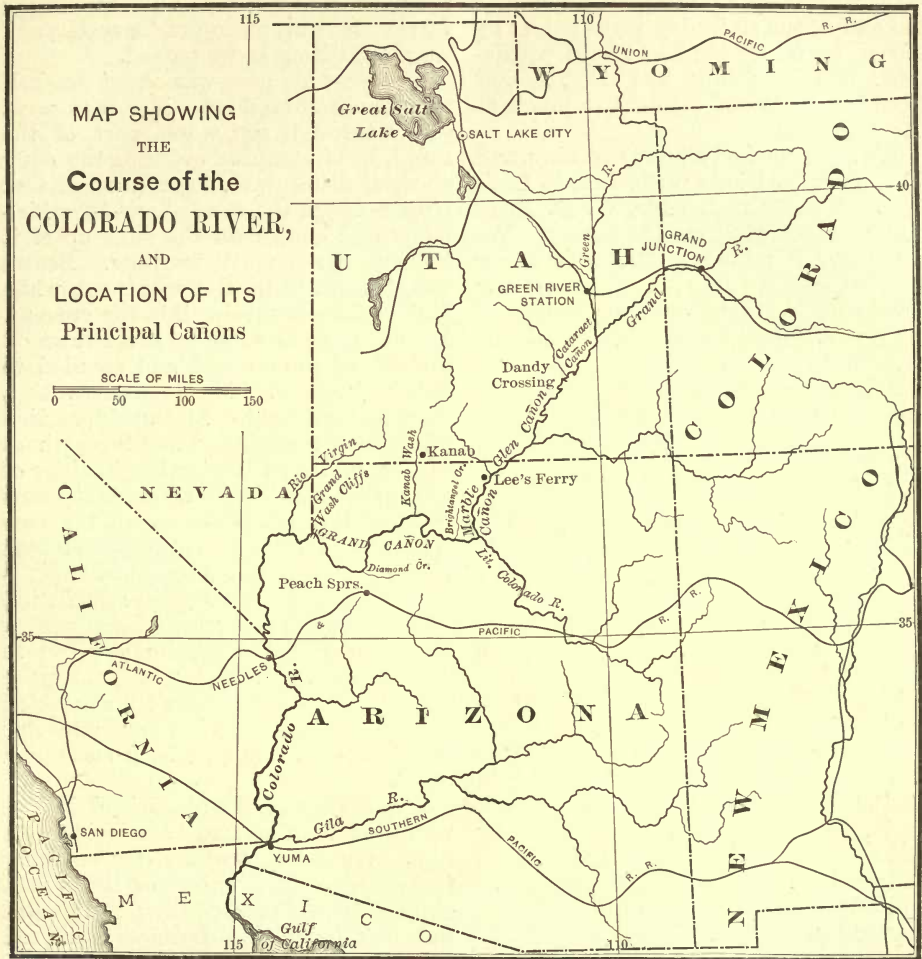
intricate forms and flaming colors that words fail to convey any idea of their beauty and sublimity.

Our first expedition was organized by, and under the immediate charge of, Mr. Frank M. Brown, the President of the Railroad Company. When I took charge of the engineering work, the preparations were all complete, the boats bought and shipped to the river. We started from Green River Station, Utah, May 25th, with a party of sixteen men and six boats. The story of our journey as far as Lee's Ferry has been told, and I shall not repeat it.

Cataract Cañon, in its 41 miles, has 75 rapids and cataracts, and 57 of these are crowded into 19 miles, with falls in places of 16 to 20 feet. Being thrown into the water bodily almost every day, and working in water almost up to one's armpits for weeks at a time, guiding the boats through whirlpools and eddies, and when not thus engaged, carrying sacks of flour and greasy bacon on one's back over boulders half as high as a house, is not the most pleasant class of engineering work to contemplate—except as a "backsight."

We had lost much of our store of provisions by the upsetting of our boats while running the rapids, boats that were too light and too frail to stand the rough usage of such waters. It was necessary to go upon short rations. With a party of five I was ahead, pushing on the survey, while the rest of the men brought on the boats and supplies. On the evening of June 15th, we reached a portion of the river where it was impossible for us to run our line without the assistance of the boats, and we turned back to meet them. That very afternoon another accident had sunk to the bottom of the river all our provisions, except a sack and a half of flour, a little coffee, sugar, and condensed milk.

The flour was immediately baked into bread, without either salt or yeast of any kind, and the whole of the food divided equally among the men. Arrangements were made for one boat's crew to go with President Brown down to the placer mines at Dandy Crossing, some thirty-five miles, for supplies.



The scarcity of food, and the separating of the party, alarmed the men, and nearly all of them wished to abandon the work at once. Knowing that if we abandoned the survey then, we could not return to it, and feeling sure that we could carry on the work to Dandy Crossing with what we had, I determined not to leave without an effort to complete the survey, if enough men would remain to assist me. My first assistant engineer, John Hislop, and C. W. Potter, together with our colored cook, G. W. Gibson, and colored steward, H. C. Richards, volunteered to remain.

The next morning eleven of the party started down river, leaving five of us and one boat. For six days we toiled

on, continuing the survey at the rate of four miles per day, with one small piece of bread, a little coffee and milk for our morning and evening meal, and three lumps of sugar and as much river water as we wished at noon. Under such circumstances the true nobleness of men's characters comes out. The men worked on without a murmur, carrying the survey over the rocks and cliffs, on the side of the cañon, and handling the boat through the rapids of the river. At night, when they laid down on the sand to sleep, after a meal that was nine-tenths water and hope, and one-tenth bread and coffee, it was without a complaint. Those who could stand the privations best divided their scanty

store with those who suffered most. At the end of the sixth day we were met by a boat, towed up the river, with provisions. Our suffering was over, except from the effects of eating too much at the first meal.

We soon reached Dandy Crossing, and with new provisions pushed on to Lee's Ferry, a party under Mr. W. H. Bush being left to bring on the survey. We reached Lee's Ferry, 150 miles below Dandy Crossing, July 2d. The next day President Brown started on horseback for Kanab, Utah, for supplies to take us through the remainder of the trip; for it was decided that Mr. Brown and myself, together with six others, Hislop, McDonald, Hausbrough, Richards, Gibson, and Photographer Nims, should go on and make an examination of the lower cañons, take notes and photographs, but without an instrumental survey.

On the morning of July 9th, Mr. Brown and the supplies having arrived, we started into the unknown depths of Marble Cañon, with three boats and our little party of eight.

The first day's run of ten miles was made without danger, making two heavy portages around the rapids at Badger and Soap Creeks. That night we camped at the lower end of the Soap Creek rapid. President Brown seemed lonely and troubled, and asked me to sit by his bed and talk. We sat there late, smoking and talking of our homes and our journey on the morrow. When I awoke in the morning Mr. Brown was up, and as soon as he saw me said, "Stanton, I dreamed of the rapids last night, the first time since we started." After breakfast we were again on the river in very swift water. Mr. Brown's boat, with himself and McDonald, was ahead, my boat, getting out from shore with some difficulty, was a little distance behind. In two minutes we were at the next rapid. Just as we dashed into the head of it, I saw McDonald running up the bank waving both arms. We had, for a few moments, all we could do to manage our own boat. It was but a moment. We were through the rapid, and turning out into the eddy. I heard McDonald shout, "Mr. Brown is in there." I looked to the right, but saw nothing. As our boat turned around the whirlpool on the left,

the note-book which Mr. Brown always carried shot up on top of the water, and we picked it up as we passed.

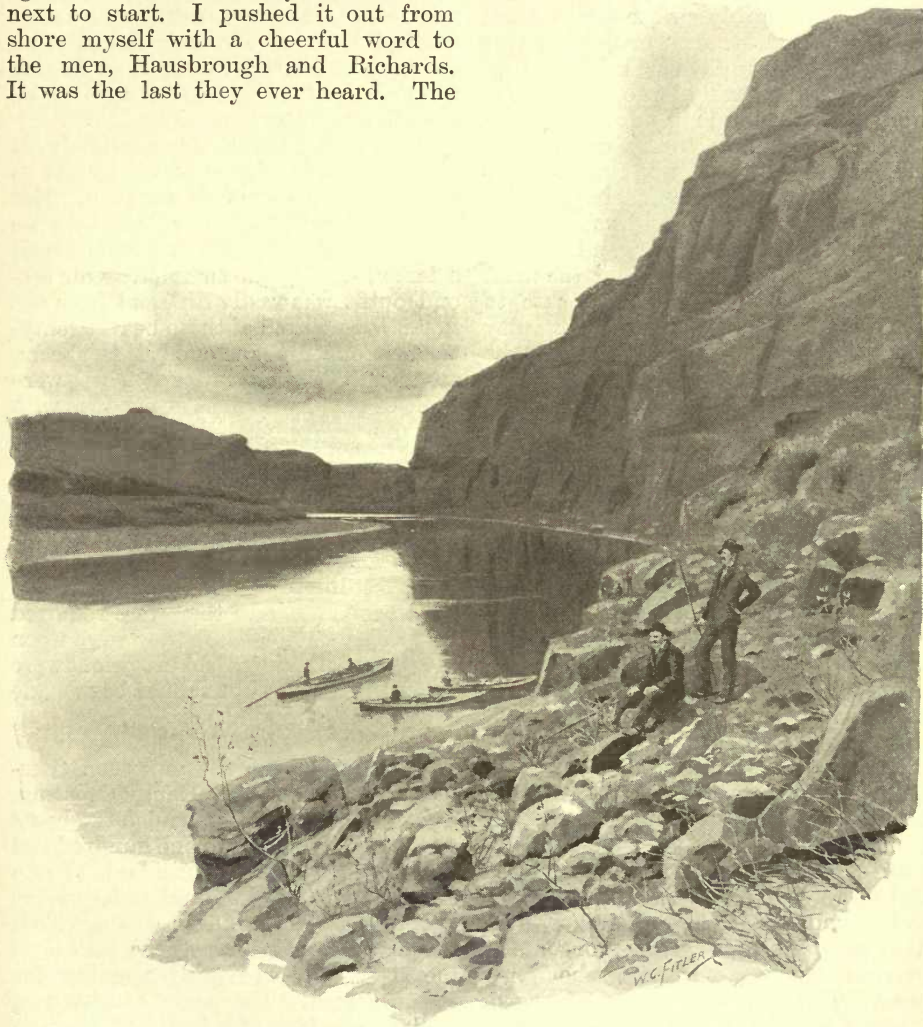
Mr. Brown's boat was about one-half minute ahead of mine. His boat went safely through the worst part of the rapid, but in turning out into the eddy an upshooting wave, so common in that river between the current and the whirlpools and eddies on the side, upset it without a moment's warning. Brown was thrown into the whirlpool, while McDonald was thrown into the current. McDonald as he came up saw Brown on the side of the current, and shouted to him, "Come on." He answered with a cheerful "All right." McDonald, carried down by the stream, "was three times thrown under by the terrific tossings of the mad waters," and with great effort reached the left bank, where the current rushed upon the shore at a sudden turn to the right. As soon as he recovered himself he saw Brown still in the whirlpool, swimming round and round. Rushing up the bank he shouted to us for help. In that whirlpool poor Brown battled for his life, till exhausted in the fight he sank, a hero and a martyr to what some day will be a successful cause.

A noble man, and a true friend, he had won the love of everyone associated with him. We sat that whole day watching the ever-changing waters of that rapid—its whirlpools and eddies; but we did not realize, till the darkness gathered around us and we turned away to go to our camp, that we should never again see the face of our noble-hearted leader.

In this world we are left but little time to mourn. We had work to do, and I determined if possible to complete the whole of that work. With this intention we started out next morning. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday we pushed on with our usual work, shooting through or portaging round twenty-four bad rapids, getting deeper and deeper between the marble walls. After a quiet rest on Sunday, Monday morning found us at the head of two very rough and rocky rapids. We portaged both of them. While the photographer and myself took our notes and pictures, the boats were to go on through the lower end of the second

rapid to a sand-bar, a half-mile below. It was easy walking for us along the bank. The first boat got down with difficulty, as the current beat hard against the left cliff. My boat was the next to start. I pushed it out from shore myself with a cheerful word to the men, Hausbrough and Richards. It was the last they ever heard. The

loss, our force too small to portage our boats, and our boats entirely unfit for such work, I decided to abandon the trip, with then and there a determina-



The Quiet Waters of Glen Cañon.

current drove them against the cliff, under an overhanging shelf. In trying to push away from the cliff the boat was upset. Hausbrough was never seen to rise. Richards, a powerful man, swam some distance down stream. The first boat started out to the rescue, but he sank before it reached him.

Two more faithful and good men gone! Astonished and crushed by their

tion, as soon as a new outfit could be secured, to return and complete our journey to the Gulf.

From then our only object was to reach a side cañon leading to the north, through which to make our retreat.

Just above Vassey's Paradise, in the deepest part we had seen, we camped for our last night in the cañon. The sad thoughts of the past few days

crowded in upon us. A great storm was gathering over our heads. The rain was falling in a steady shower. No shelter below ; not a dry blanket or a coat. About forty feet up on the side of the marble cliff I saw a small cave, with a marble shelf projecting over it. With some difficulty I climbed up to it. It was hardly large enough for my body, and not long enough for me to stretch fully out ; but I crawled in, and, worn out by the work and excitement of the day, soon fell asleep.

About midnight I was awakened by a terrific peal of thunder, and around me and over me raged one of the most awful storms it has been my fate to witness. I have seen the lightning play and heard the thunder roll among the summit peaks of the Rocky Mountains, as I have stood on some rocky point far above the clouds, but nowhere has the awful grandeur equalled that night in the lonesome depths of what was to us death's cañon.

The lightning's flash lit up the dark recesses of the gorge, and cast ghastly shadows upon cliffs and sloping hill-sides ; and again all was shut in by darkness thicker than that of Egypt. The stillness was only broken by the roar of the river as it rushed along beneath me. Suddenly, as if the mighty cliffs above were rolling down against each other, there was peal after peal of thunder striking against the marble cliffs below, and, mingling with their echoes, bounding from cliff to cliff. Thunder with echo, echo with thunder, crossed and recrossed from wall to wall of the cañon, and rising higher and higher, died away among the side gorges and caverns thousands of feet above my head. For hours the tempest raged. Tucked away as a little worm in a cleft in the rock, the grandeur of the storm spoke as to the Psalmist of old ; and out of the stillness came a voice mightier than the tempest, and said, "Be still and know that I am God."

On the 18th of July we took up our retreat. Preparing even then for our return, we cached our large stock of provisions and supplies in a marble cave. By 2 P.M. we were out of the cañon, and on the plateau 2,500 feet above.

That night, favored by the rains of the past few days, we camped by a pool of water on what is usually a dry waste. Next day we came to a cattle ranch. With a team from there, and the kindness of the Mormon settlers, we soon reached Kanab. Through the extreme courtesy of Bishop Mariger, of Kanab, we were enabled in a few days to be once more at our homes.

On reaching Denver I immediately set about preparing for a new expedition to complete our survey to the Gulf. But it was not till November 25th that we again started for the river. I had learned a lesson during the summer. Our second outfit was vastly different from the first. It consisted of three boats twenty-two feet long, four and one-half feet beam, and twenty-two inches deep. These were built of oak, from plans of my own, with ribs one and one-half by three-quarters of an inch, placed four inches apart, and planked with one-half inch oak, all riveted together with copper rivets. Each boat had ten separate air-tight compartments running all round the sides. The best cork life-preservers were provided for all the men, and they were required to wear them whenever they were upon the water. All stores and provisions were packed in water-tight rubber bags made expressly for the purpose.

We started from the mouth of Crescent Creek, just above Dandy Crossing, December 10th, having hauled the boats and supplies by wagon one hundred and twenty miles from the railroad. From there we had two hundred miles of the old journey to go over again. That through Glen Cañon was the easiest of the river, and was good training for the new men. The party consisted of twelve men, four of whom had been on the first expedition. My boat, No. 1, the Bonnie Jean, had for crew Harry McDonald, Langdon Gibson, and Elmer Kane ; No. 2, the Lillie, Assistant Engineer John Hislop, Photographer Nims, Reginald Travers, and W. H. Edwards ; No. 3, the Marie, A. B. Twining, H. G. Ballard, L. G. Brown, and James Hogue, the cook.

Our trip through Glen Cañon was like a pleasure trip on a smooth river in autumn, with beautiful wild flowers and

ferns at every camp. At Lee's Ferry we ate our Christmas dinner, with the table decorated with wild flowers picked that day.

On December 28th we started to trav-

portable as possible till the next day, when we loaded one of the boats to make him a level bed, and constructing a stretcher of two oars and a piece of canvas, put him on board and floated



A New Outfit for a Corps of Railroad Engineers.

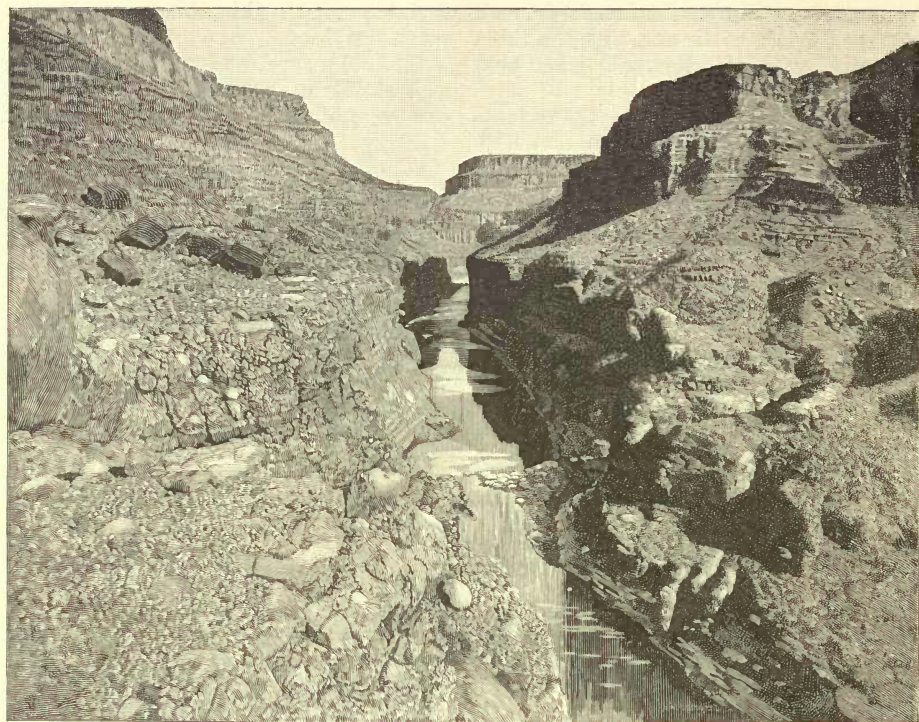
erse once more that portion of Marble Cañon made tragic by the death of three of our companions the summer before. On the next Tuesday we reached the spot where President Brown lost his life. What a change in the waters! What was then a roaring torrent, now, with the water some nine feet lower, seemed from the shore like the gentle ripple upon a quiet lake. We found, however, in going through it with our boats, there was the same swift current, the same huge eddy, and between them the same whirlpool, with its ever-changing circles.

Marble Cañon seemed destined to give us trouble. On January 1st our photographer, Mr. Nims, fell from a bench of the cliff, some twenty-two feet, on to the sand beach below, receiving a severe jar, and breaking one of his legs just above the ankle. Having plenty of bandages and medicine, we made Nims as com-

down river a couple of miles—running two small rapids—to a side cañon which led out to the Lee's Ferry road.

The next day, after finding a way out on top, I walked thirty-five miles back to Lee's Ferry for a wagon to take Nims where he could be cared for. But then came the tug of war—the getting of Nims up from the river, one thousand seven hundred feet to the mesa above. Eight of the strongest men of the party started with him early Saturday morning, and reached the top at 3.30 p.m., having carried him four miles in distance and one thousand seven hundred feet up hill, the last half-mile being at an angle of forty-five degrees up a loose rock slide.

In two places the stretcher had to be hung by ropes from above, while the men slid it along a sloping cliff too steep to stand upon, and in two places



The Depths of Marble Cañon—Looking up River.

it was lifted up with ropes over perpendicular cliffs ten and fifteen feet high. The party reached the top, however, without the least injury to themselves or the sick man.

Late on Sunday we bade Nims goodbye, leaving him in charge of Mr. W. M. Johnson, of Lee's Ferry, and we returned to our camp in the cañon below. Nims's departure was a great loss to the expedition. His work fell to me, and the remainder of the photographic work (some seven hundred and fifty views) was done without preparation or previous experience.

We continued our journey over the same part of the river that we had travelled last summer, till January 13th, when we reached Point Retreat, where we left the cañon on our homeward march just six months before. We found our supplies, blankets, flour, sugar, coffee, etc., which we had cached in the marble cave, all in good condition. From the head of the Colorado to Point Retreat we had encountered one hun-

dred and forty-four rapids, not counting small draws, in a distance of two hundred and forty miles. From Lee's Ferry to Point Retreat there are forty-four rapids, in a distance of thirty miles. With our new boats we ran nearly all of these, and portaged but few; over many of them our boats had danced and jumped at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and over some, by actual measurement, at the rate of twenty miles per hour. To stand in the bow of one of these boats as she dashes through a great rapid, with first the bow and then the stern jumping into the air, and the spray of the breakers splashing over one's head, is an excitement the fascination of which can only be understood through experience.

We stopped two days to complete our railway survey around a very difficult point, and on January 15th our boats were repacked, and we were ready to start down into the "Great Unknown."

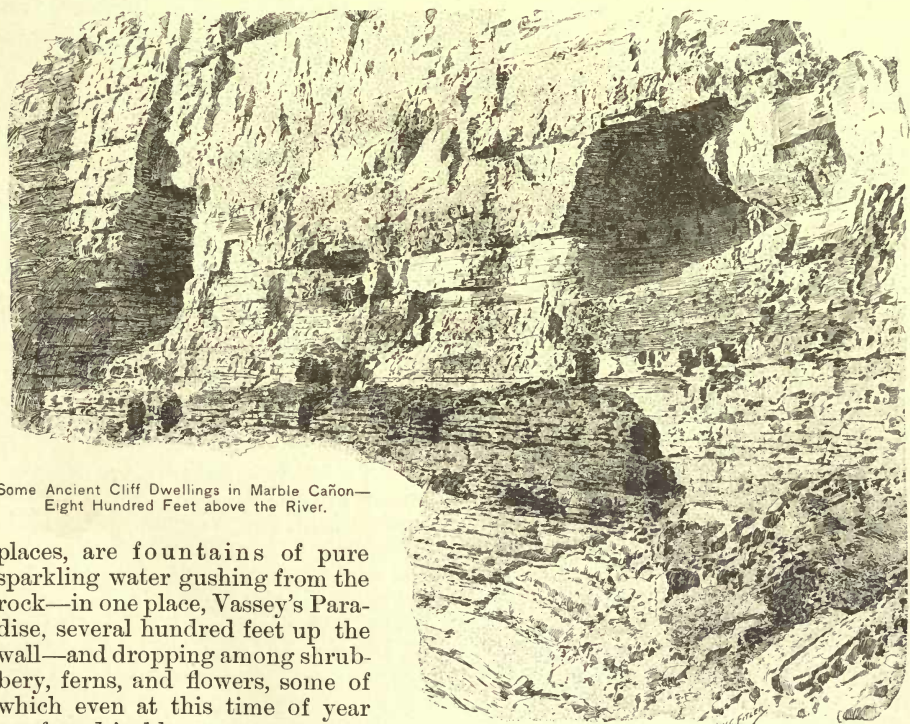
This part of Marble Cañon, from Point Retreat for thirty-five miles down to the Little Colorado, is by far the most

beautiful and interesting cañon we have yet passed through. At Point Retreat the marble walls stand perpendicularly 300 feet from the water's edge, while the sandstone above benches back in slopes and cliffs to 2,500 feet high. Just below this the cañon is narrowest, being but a little over 300 feet from wall to wall. As we go on, the marble rapidly rises till it stands in perpendicular cliffs 700 to 800 feet high, colored with all the tints of the rainbow, but mostly red. In many places toward the top it is honey-combed with caves, arches, and grottoes, with here and there a natural bridge left from one crag to another over some side-wash, making a grotesque and wonderful picture as our little boats glide along this quiet portion of the river, so many hundred feet below.

At the foot of these cliffs, in many

still on them. The next morning we buried them under an overhanging cliff. The burial service was brief and simple. We stood around the grave while one short prayer was offered, and we left him with a shaft of pure marble for his headstone, seven hundred feet high, with his name cut upon the base; and in honor of his memory we named a magnificent point opposite—Point Hausbrough.

From Point Hausbrough to the Little Colorado the cañon widens, the marble benches retreat, new strata of limestone, quartzite, and sandstone come up from the river, and the débris forms a talus equal to a mountain slope. Here the bottoms widen into little farms covered with green grass and groves of mesquite, making a most charming summer picture, in strong contrast with the dismal nar-



Some Ancient Cliff Dwellings in Marble Cañon—
Eight Hundred Feet above the River.

places, are fountains of pure sparkling water gushing from the rock—in one place, Vassey's Paradise, several hundred feet up the wall—and dropping among shrubbery, ferns, and flowers, some of which even at this time of year are found in bloom.

Ten miles below Point Retreat, as we went into camp one evening, we discovered the body of Peter M. Hausbrough, one of the boatmen drowned on our trip last summer. His remains were easily recognized from the clothing that was

row cañons above. And as we pass the valleys of the Nan-co-weap and the Kwagunt the contrast is more strongly brought out. Here, among green grass and summer flowers, yonder, far up the valley on the lofty mountains covered

with their winter mantle of pure white snow for a background, stand out sharp points of scarlet sandstone, and the darker green of the cedar and pine is heightened in color by the rose-tinted light which the morning sun flashes over the eastern walls of the cañon.

We reached the end of Marble Cañon, at the mouth of the Little Colorado, January 20th, and slept that night in the Grand Cañon.

This first section of the Grand Cañon, from the Little Colorado to the beginning of the Granite Gorge, some 18 miles in distance, is one of great interest. The whole section seems to have been upturned, tumbled over, and mixed in every imaginable shape, some of the oldest and newest formations standing side by side, showing most gorgeous coloring of mineralized matter, from dark purple and green to bright red and yellow. The river runs through quite a wide valley, with bottom lands and groves of mesquite. The top walls of the cañon are miles and miles apart, and hills and knobs rise between the river and the walls beyond, these being separated by deep washes and gulches running in every direction.

At this point we met one lone prospector and his dog—the only human being we found in any of the cañons for a distance of 300 miles.

We soon reached the Granite Gorge of the Grand Cañon. This has a peculiar form of its own. Unlike the towering masses of granite of some of the cañons of the Rocky Mountains, its walls start from the water's edge with generally a few feet—10 to 50—of vertical cliff, and then slope back in a ragged irregular slope, 800 to 1,200 feet, at an angle varying from a few degrees to forty-five degrees from vertical, with some small patches jutting out boldly into the river, and towering hundreds of feet high, forming almost perpendicular cliffs; or rather, more accurately speaking, they form buttresses and towers to the generally sloping walls.

On top of this granite, some little way back from the crest of the slope, is a dark-brown and black stratum of hard sandstone standing generally vertical, fifty to one hundred feet high. Cut up into small points, and black rounded

knobs, it has the appearance of a black beaded fringe running the whole length of the granite, and in keeping, both in form and color, with the gloomy depths of the narrow gorge below.

Above this formation the various strata of limestone, quartzite, marble, and bright red and white sandstone pile up on each other in receding steps, cut into every imaginable shape by side-washes and cañons, till the whole main cañon is from six to twelve miles wide at the top.

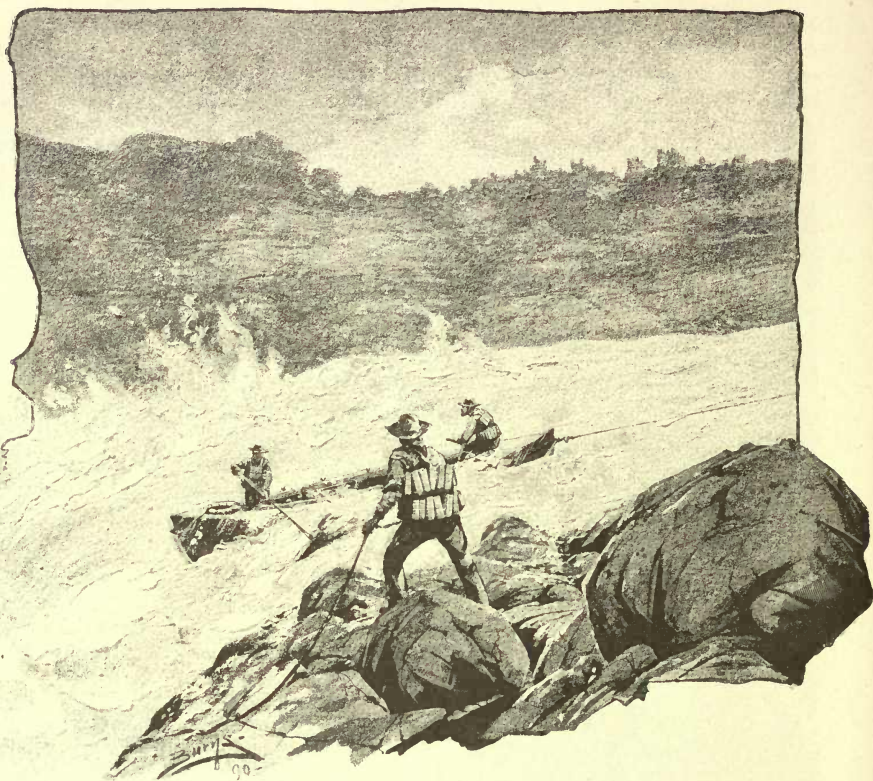
Into this narrow granite gorge, on January 24th, we rowed our boats with caution. The fall of the river for the first ten miles averages twenty-one feet per mile (the greatest average fall, except in a portion of Cataract Cañon), and this is contracted into individual falls and rapids of greater depth and more powerful in the concentrated strength of their raging waters, than any upon the whole river, with the exception of two at the extreme lower end of the cañon.

With this same care we worked on slowly and cautiously, making but short distances each day, running such rapids as were considered safe, letting our loaded boats down by lines from rock to rock over some, and portaging our whole stock of supplies, and lifting our boats over the rocks in others. We moved on thus till January 29th, when we came to the greatest fall in the river—put down in government reports as eighty feet in one-third of a mile. Over the upper end of this rapid we let all three boats down by lines in safety, but as we started to repeat this for a further distance, the Marie was caught by a cross current, swept in against the rock, turned half on her side, filled with water, and was jammed tight between two sunken boulders.

With a line tied around their waists and two men holding it on shore, first one man and then another (for the water is so cold one can stay in it but a few minutes) went out upon the boat, waist-deep in the rushing waters, and with grappling-hook and line secured nearly all the load of provisions, blankets, etc. Only two sacks of provisions were swept away by the current. But the boat, though we worked hard at her



The Narrow Gorge below Kanab Wash, Grand Cañon.



Getting an Unloaded Boat down a Rapid with Lines.

till dark, we gave up as lost, and lay down to sleep, if possible, literally upon the sharp edges of the broken granite rocks.

That night the river rose two feet, and lifted the boat loose, so that early the next morning by a little hard work we got her out. But such a boat! one side half gone, and the other smashed in, yet her keel not broken. We pulled her upon the rocks and at once set to work. We cut four feet out of her centre, drew the two ends together, and with five days hard work we had a new boat. In those five days we were not a moment without the awful roar of that mighty torrent in our ears, with hardly wood enough to cook our meals (the last two days cooking done with the shavings from the broken boat), and the ever-returning question which boat would go next?

On the fourth of February we were on the river again. The lower part of the rapid was run in safety (and many

others). February 5th, we passed Bright Angel Creek, and on the 6th came to the most powerful and unmanageable rapid we had met on the river. We portaged our supplies, and followed our usual method of swinging the empty boats down by lines. My boat was to go first. The 250 foot line was strung out ahead, and the boat was swung into the stream. She rode the huge waves with ease, and went below the rapid without injury. The men and the line worked well and payed out smoothly; but when the boat reached the foot of the fall, she acted like a young colt eager for a play.

She turned her nose out toward the current, and as it struck her, she started like a shot for the other side of the river. The men held to her doggedly. After crossing the current she turned and came back into the eddy, and for a few moments stood still, just as a colt ready for another prance. The men rushed down along the rocks to get the

line ahead, but before they could get far enough, she turned her head again to the stream. The men put their wills into their arms, and held her once more; she did not cross the current, but on reaching the centre dipped her nose under as if trying her strength, came up at once, rose on a wave, and then, as if for a final effort to gain her liberty, dived her head under, filled with water, and went completely out of sight. In a few moments she rose to the surface, and slowly and leisurely floated side-wise across the eddy toward shore, and quietly stopped alongside a shelving rock.

To prevent another such experience we adopted Major Powell's plan in such cases, of shooting the boat through and catching it below.

against the cliff, sank in the worst part of the rapid, and came up in pieces about the size of tooth-picks—our five days' labor and our boat gone together!

The next morning we carried our other boat, the *Lillie*, over the rocks, and got her down in safety. We started once more, eleven men and two boats. We had good water for two days, and went into camp for our Sunday rest, after a week of most trying labor.

Monday morning McDonald, our first boatman, left us, starting up a little creek for Kanab, Utah, which place he reached after a number of days of severe tramping through the heavy snow on the plateau above. The rest of the party seemed to take on a more determined feeling that the exploration should go on to a final success. Special



Rebuilding the *Marie* in the Granite Gorge, Grand Cañon.

The *Marie*, the rebuilt boat, was started first. She rode gracefully the high waves at the head of the rapid, but in the middle she turned, partially filled with water, shot to one side, struck

praise is due to Mr. John Hislop and Mr. Reginald Travers, for the determined and manly spirit with which they stepped into new and trying duties, and the perseverance with which they car-

ried them through. Hislop, Kane, and I spent two days in climbing to the top of the cañon, and examining the formations we had passed through, before continuing down the river.

The great Granite Gorge is about forty miles in length. That portion from its head to the Bright Angel Creek, some fifteen miles, is narrow, dark, and gloomy. It stands at the upper gateway of the great cañon as if by its very frown to keep back the intruder, and guard from vulgar eyes and sordid greed the grandeur, the beauty, and hidden treasure of the lower cañon. At the Bright Angel Creek everything changes—the granite slopes are flatter, they are of a softer black granite, cut into sharp pinnacles and crags, and seem

beautiful hillsides, of variegated black, gray, and green.

At the side cañons, and from the bends of the river, the upper portions of the whole gorge are brought into view, showing the great marble and sandstone cliffs, benched back far away from the river, while mountains jut in close between the side cañons and washes nearly a mile and a quarter in height. As we sail along the smooth stretches between the rapids, each turn brings some wonderful picture more beautiful than the last. As we look down the river, or up a low side cañon, with the placid water between its polished walls of black, and gray, and green, for a foreground, there rise above the dark sandstone, tier upon tier, bench upon bench, terrace upon

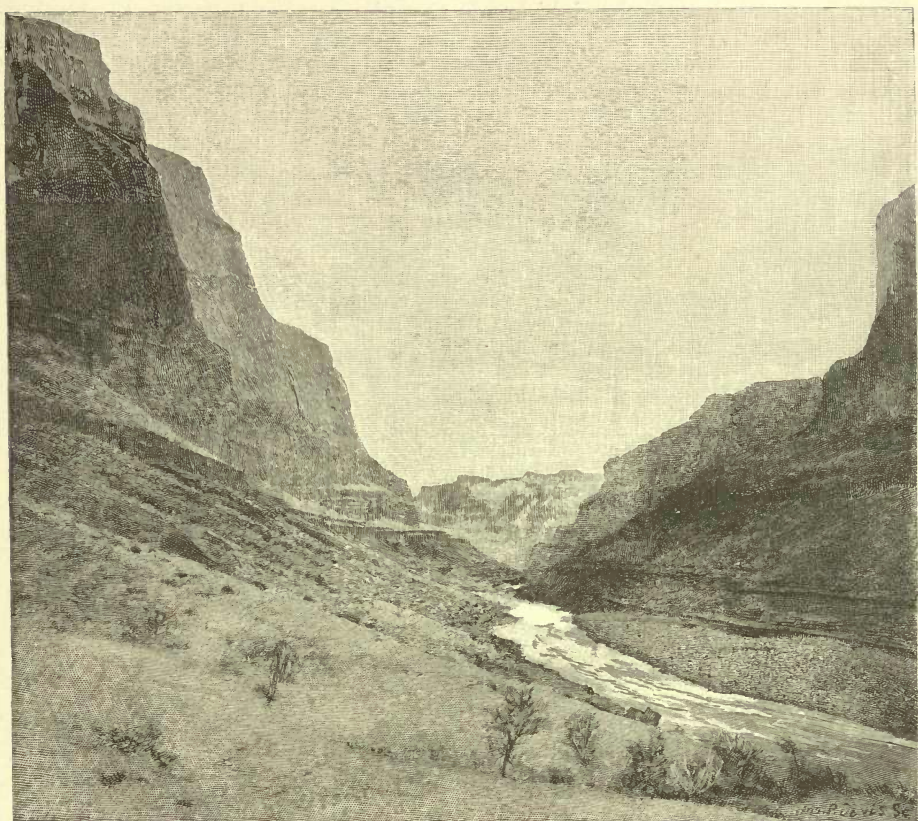


A Waterfall from First Bench, Grand Cañon.

more as if formed of very coarsely stratified slate.

The cañon grows more and more picturesque and beautiful the farther we proceed. The granite has lost its awful and threatening look, and slopes back in

terrace, stepping back farther and farther, and higher and higher, and in immensity of height and proportion seeming to tower almost over our heads. First above the dark sandstone come the flattened slopes of the lime and mineralized



After the Storm in Grand Cañon.

matter, in horizontal layers of yellow, brown, white, red, and green.

Then rise sheer walls of stained marble one thousand feet or more, the lower portions yellow, brown, and red, the coloring of red growing brighter as it nears the top. Above this, smaller benches of marble, at the top of each a little mesa covered with green bunch grass and bushes, and above these a dozen or more terraces of scarlet and flame-colored sandstone, stained on their outer points with black, and the little benches between them relieved by the bright green of the greasewood and bunch grass, the whole crowned with perhaps a couple of thousand feet of the lighter gray, yellow, and white sandstone ledges, capped by pinnacles and spires, turrets and domes, in every imaginable shape, size, and proportion. With all their slopes covered, and their tops fringed with pine, cedar, and pinion trees, whose

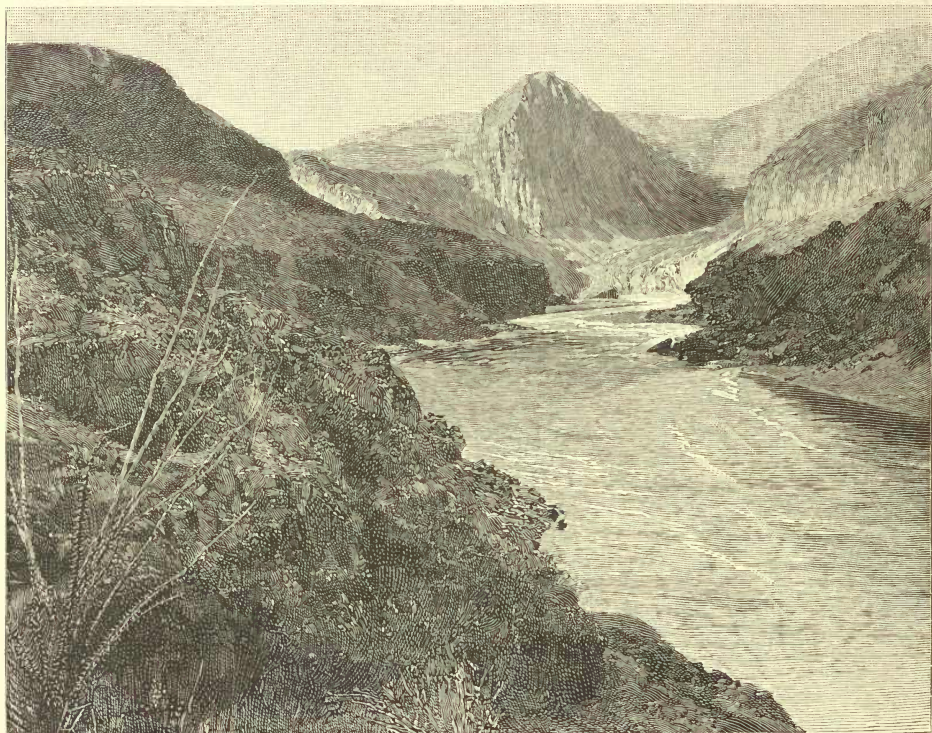
dark green stands out in bold relief against the banks of pure white snow that cover the top and have run down into the many gulches along the sides.

After our climb up the sides of the cañon, where we spent thirty hours without water, we were glad to get back to the river. On Wednesday, February 12th, we again took up our journey with our little fleet of two boats, each with a new helmsman. We portaged by two long, rocky rapids, and late in the afternoon reached rapids Nos. 261 and 262, one close following the other.

We climbed over a high point of the cliff to examine them. The first has immense waves, but is clear of rocks; but in the centre of the second are a number of boulders above water, and below them one large rock fifty feet wide, sloping down into the water on the upstream side. Up this slope the waters roll as they divide into the channels on

either side. We believe the right-hand channel to be the best, and decide to run both rapids. We start into the first in good shape, the men pulling with all their might to give us steerage-way.

the quieter waters below, we turn to look for our other boat. It is nowhere in sight. We pull quick to the shore. As we jump out, we see the cook on top of the great rock in the centre of the



Below the Great Volcano.

The waves prove higher than any we have tried with our loaded boats. Standing in the bow of the first boat the excitement is wild. On to the first wave we go, and, impelled by the speed of the oarsmen, added to a twenty-mile-an-hour current, as our boat rises over it she shoots fairly out into the air, and drops on the top of the next smooth wave with a loud report, and the straining of every timber in her frame. The third wave is breaking high in the air. Our boat, dropping into the trough, dips her head, and we go clean through the solid part of the breaker, and come up on the other side half filled with water. In a moment we are shot by the great rock in the centre of the channel, so close that only the rebounding waters keep us from striking. As we glide into

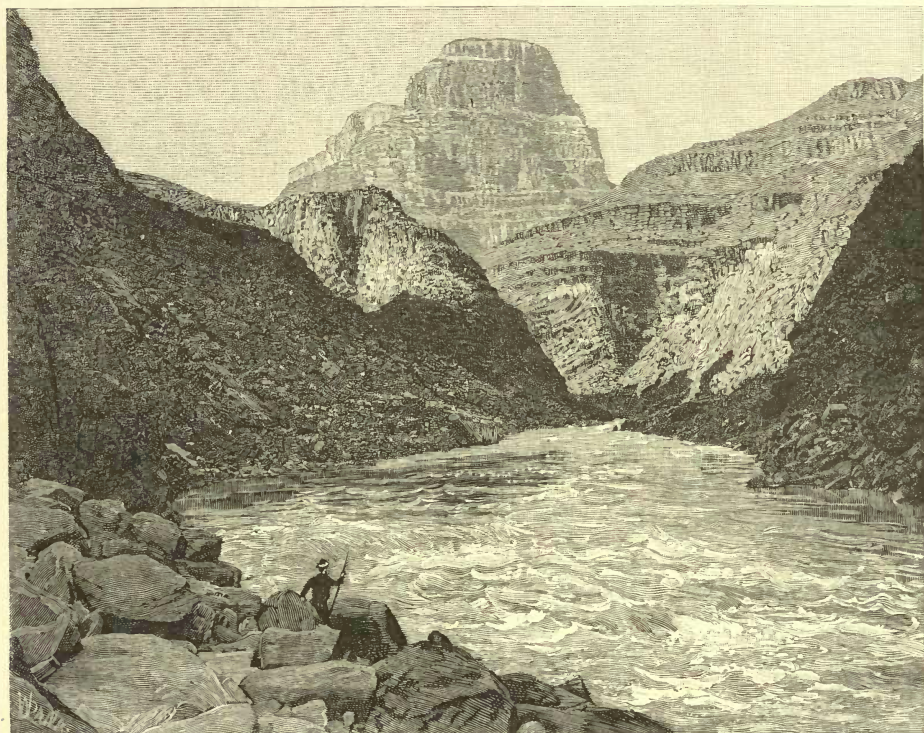
stream, frantically waving his hat. We jump back into the boat, and pull out into the stream, ready to pick up the other four men as they float down; but in a moment they all appear on top of the rock. We pull up into the eddy behind the rock to help them. Their boat, turned broadside in trying to make the right channel, has been caught by the main current and landed high and dry on the sloping side of the rock, and the men step out without injury.

With some difficulty we got the boat off, with no other damage than being full of water. We were soon bailed out, and went into camp in a pretty well soaked condition.

From the southern portion of Powell's plateau to the mouth of the Kanab

Wash, the cañon assumes an entirely new form. The granite, except in a few patches, has sunk under the river, and the softer strata of sand and limestone, which formed the great slopes above the

2,000 and 3,000 feet overhead, and those beyond reaching to a height of over 6,000 feet, and its long swinging green slopes, with the quiet waters sparkling in the sun at their foot; for the rapids



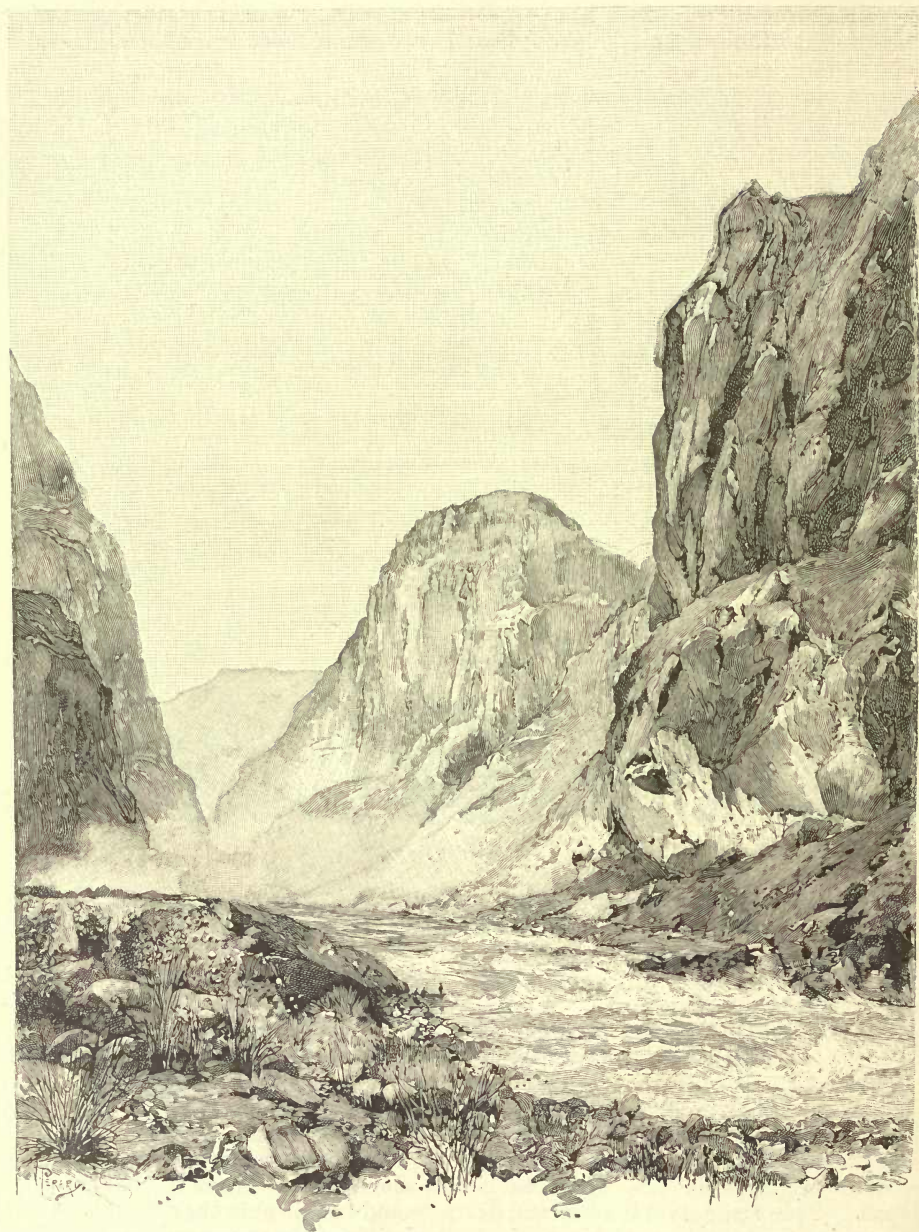
Below Diamond Creek, Grand Cañon.

granite, have come down next to the river, and rise from the water's edge in great talus slopes, from 300 to 600 feet high, at a general angle of forty degrees from vertical. The high cliffs of marble and red sandstone bench back from the tops of these slopes. Although these outer peaks and cliffs have drawn in close upon the river, the cañon itself—that is, the inner gorge—is much wider than above, the width being measured between the tops of the great talus slopes. The river is broader, and it sweeps in gentle curves at the foot of the talus, which is covered with bushes, bunch grass, and large mesquite groves.

On many of the long stretches where the river can be seen for several miles, the picture is one of charming beauty—with the walls of bright colors towering

are much less frequent and the stretches of still water are growing longer and longer.

In this section, for a few days, we had almost all the rainy weather we experienced during the whole winter. As the clouds gathered thick, they hung down low in the gorge, shutting out from view all the upper cliffs. The rain poured down in torrents, but it seemed lost in the immensity of the chasm. As the clouds rose we were treated to scenes rare and beautiful in the extreme. Over the brink of the upper walls came—first one and then another—hundreds of little streams, shooting far out into the air, and dropping hundreds and hundreds of feet over the cliffs, breaking up into sparkling spray before they struck the bench below. These formed



Under the Shadow of the Great Volcano, Grand Cañon.

thousands of smaller rivulets as they dropped farther and farther down, till the whole of the bright scarlet walls seemed hung with a tapestry of silver threads, the border fringed with white fleecy clouds which clung to the tops of the walls, and through which the points of the upper cliffs shone as scarlet tassels. As the sun broke through some side gorge, the cañon was spanned from side to side, as the clouds shifted their position, with rainbow after rainbow, vying to outdo in brilliancy of color the walls of the cañon themselves.

From the Kanab Wash, for about twenty miles down, is perhaps the narrowest and deepest part of the great inner gorge. The sandstones and limestones have sunk under the river, and the marble and upper sandstones have come close into the water. At the bottom, the gorge is from 150 to 200 feet wide, and the river runs between vertical walls—vertical, however, for only about eighty feet up—and fills the whole space from wall to wall.

The walls of this portion of the cañon (and it comes nearer being a true cañon than any other part of the river) rise above the water 3,000 feet, and they are *almost* vertical. The benches are narrower, and the vertical cliffs between the benches higher, than in any other section. And yet, strange to relate, from one end of this section to the other, there is a bench about thirty feet above high water, running almost parallel with the grade of the river, of solid marble, and wide enough to build a four-track railroad upon.

The night before we reached Kanab Wash, the river rose four feet; it continued to rise for two days and two nights. How much the total rise was is not certain, but somewhere from ten to twelve feet. Just below Kanab Wash there is a rapid, a mile and a half long. On Tuesday morning we started down this rapid. We made the mile and a half in just four and a half minutes. We then had for some time few rapids, but a rushing, singing current, forming eddies, whirlpools, and back currents, fearful to contemplate, much more to ride upon.

About 2.30 p.m. we heard a deep, loud roar, and saw the breakers ahead in

white foam. With a great effort we stopped upon a pile of broken rock that had rolled into the river. When we went ahead to look, much to our surprise, the whole terrible rapid that we had expected to see had disappeared, and there was only a rushing current in its stead. While we stood wondering, there rose right at our feet those same great waves, twelve to fifteen feet in height and from one hundred to one hundred and fifty long across the river, rolling down stream like great sea waves, and breaking in white foam with a terrible noise. We watched and wondered, and at last concluded that this was the forefront of a great body of water rolling down this narrow trough from some great cloud-burst above.* Believing that discretion was the better part of valor, we camped right there on that pile of rocks, fearing that, although our boats would ride the waves in safety, we might be caught in one of these rolls just at the head of a rapid, and, unable to stop, be carried over the rapid with the additional force of the rushing breakers.

The next morning, to our surprise, we found the flood had begun to recede. After an early breakfast we started on what proved afterward to be the wildest, most daring, and exciting ride we had on the river—the cañon so narrow, the turns quick and sharp, the current rushing first on one side and then on the other, forming whirlpools, eddies, and chutes. Our boats caught first in one, then in the other; now spun round like leaves in the wind, then shot far to the right or left almost against the wall; now caught by a mighty roll, and first carried to the top of the great waves, and then dropped into the trough of the sea with a force almost sufficient to take away one's breath. Many times we narrowly escaped being carried over the rapids before we could examine them, making exciting and sudden landings by pulling close to shore, and with bow up stream rowing hard to partially check our speed, while one man jumped with a line to a ledge of rocks, and held on for his life, and ours too. At last we round a sharp turn and see a

* The cloud-burst had occurred on the head-waters of the Little Colorado, as we learned some weeks later.

roaring, foaming rapid below, and as we come in full view of it we are caught in a mighty roll of flood waves. We try to pull out to an eddy—it is all in vain, we cannot cross such a current. We must go down over the rapid. In trying to pull out our boats are turned quartering with the current, and in this position we go over the rollers and through the breakers up to the head of the rapid.

When we find we must go over the rapid, with great effort we straighten the boats round and enter in good shape, bow on. It lasts but a moment. The cross-current strikes us, and we go broadside over the worst part of the rapid. Crouched down in the bottom, it is as much as we can do to keep from being tossed out as the boats roll from wave to wave. They are entirely unmanageable, and as we strike the whirlpools below we are spun round like a top; but finally, at the end of the rapid our little boats float into an eddy as quietly and gracefully as swans.

About eleven o'clock we reached more open country. For about ten miles, down to the great volcano, the cañon with its wide river, and broad, high talus slopes, and receding benched walls, is identical with that above the Kanab.

Wednesday night we camped under the shadow of what remains of that wonderful and awful volcano. It is dark and gloomy now. As I lay in my bed, I looked up through the moonlight at its now silent crater frowning down upon us, and tried to picture to myself the scenes of centuries ago, when it first belched forth its molten rock and poured it down for miles and miles through the valley, and into the surging torrents of this wild river. Who saw it? Who heard it? Did any but the eye of God look down upon the seething, boiling terrors of that time, as that upper river of molten fire ran down into that lower river of melted snow?

The appearance of the whole country changes a short distance above the volcano. From there for a distance of some thirty-five miles, everything has been torn and rended. The solid cliffs of marble which have stood up so grandly are now in shreds. The former pinnacles and spires have tumbled and gone.

Great vaults are seen where mountains have dropped into the bowels of the earth, and toppled over as they fell. The whole upper country looks but the sad and awful reminder of its former greatness.

We had now been on our journey over three months, and our provisions were getting low. We had had no meat or sugar for two weeks. The greatest privation of all—we had smoked up all our tobacco. We were all anxious to reach Diamond Creek, where we expected to get new supplies from the railroad at Peach Springs. We were up early and worked late. Rapids were thick and some of them heavy; but we dashed on and into the breakers without stopping, for the water was still high, and the channels clear, and all we could suffer was to get a wetting, and this we did at almost every run.

The weather was colder than any we had experienced during the winter. In the early morning, when covered completely by the spray of the breakers as we shot through them, we became encased in a thin sheet of ice. Photographing under such circumstances was a little out of the regular order, for the first operation before exposure was to build a fire and thaw the ice off the instruments. However, we made rapid progress the last two days—portaged one great rapid and ran fifty-five others, and landed at the mouth of Diamond Creek late on the evening of March 1st.

We remained at Diamond Creek ten days, replenishing our supplies and completing our survey up and down the river. Here the party was reduced to eight by the departure—except of Ballard—of the crew of the lost boat.

About two miles above Diamond Creek begins the second Granite Gorge. It extends for some twenty-five or thirty miles, and is almost identical with that at the upper end of the cañon, except that the buttresses on the sloping walls are higher and more bold, and the short, perpendicular granite cliffs are more frequent.

On the morning of March 12th we were again on the river to complete the remaining fifty-three miles of the Grand Cañon. This granite section, like that

above, proved the most difficult to navigate. The water, though not having so much fall for miles as that above, is in places confined between such narrow walls, is concentrated into such steep and powerful rapids and falls, its dashing current is torn up by so many more and more powerful whirlpools, sucks, and eddies, that it seemed, although we had escaped the dangers of the upper river, as though these few remaining rapids would vanquish our little fleet and our whole party. For there were rapids and falls where there was no choice left but to shoot through them. It was physically impossible to go around them without abandoning the river.

On the first day's run, boat No. 2 narrowly escaped complete wreck against the cliff at the side of the rapid we were running. That day and the morning of the next were passed in running a succession of sharp and heavy rapids, with many lighter ones interspersed. All of these, though clear of rocks, were full of heavy waves, which seemed to take delight in dashing their foaming crests over us, keeping us wet from morning till night. About three o'clock in the afternoon of the second day we came to rapid No. 465 in a part of the gorge where two streams enter directly opposite each other. The bowlders have washed into and down the river, forming three dams across it. These make three drops or falls in the one great rapid, that in all has a fall of perhaps thirty feet. On the right side is a perpendicular cliff, fifty to one hundred feet high, extending two-thirds of the length of the rapid. On the left side is a perpendicular cliff of one thousand feet or more in height, and extending the whole length of the rapid. The current, turned from the right side by the large number of bowlders from that creek, dashes, after passing over the first fall, against the left cliff, just at the head of the second fall, and is thrown back with awful force, and, as it meets the current from the right, curls up in angry waves fifteen to twenty feet high, first from one side and then from the other. From this the whole current is thrown against the right wall, as it curves out into the stream, just at the head of the third fall.

We climbed up on the right or lower cliff, and carefully looked it over. It took but a few moments to see that there was no way to get our boats or supplies around this rapid. It must be run. There was not a moment's hesitation. Every man went back to the boats and jumped in. They were soon ready for the plunge. For the first time on the expedition I took my note-book from my pocket and put it inside my inner shirt, and buttoned it up tight, and retied my cork jacket.

In a moment we were at the head of the first fall, and over or through a half dozen huge waves, and approaching the second fall. As I looked down into that pit of fury, I wondered if it were possible for our boats to go through it and come out whole, and right side up. I had no time for a second thought. We were in the midst of the breakers. They lashed us first one side and then the other, breaking far above our heads, and half filled our boat. For a second we were blinded with the dashing, muddy waters. In another second we were through and out, and right side up. I turned to look to see if all the men were safe. They were all in their places; but our boat, though right side up, had been turned quartering with the current, and we were being carried with fearful force toward the right cliff. Every instant I expected to be dashed against the cliff ahead, where the whole current of water was piled up in one boiling mass against the solid granite; but just as I thought the last moment had come, our sturdy Scotch helmsman, Hislop, gave the boat a sudden turn, and, assisted by the rebounding wave, we went by the cliff, and I shouted to the men: "That's good! that's good! We are past!" But the words were hardly out of my mouth when, as we rounded the point into the third fall, our boat, thrown in by a huge wave, crashed into a rock that projected from the shore, and she stopped. We were all thrown forward. The boat filled with water, sank upon the rock, and stuck fast. Wave after wave in quick succession rolled over us. I tried to straighten myself up, when a great wave struck me in the back, and I was washed clean out of the boat into the whirlpool below the rock. For an instant I knew

nothing; but as I was drawn down my consciousness returned, and as I was carried by that whirlpool, down, down, down, I wondered if I should ever reach the bottom of the river. The time seemed an age. The river seemed bottomless. In a few moments I was caught as by two forces—one around my legs, and another around my back—and twisting in opposite directions; they sent me whirling away, and I was shot to the surface fifty feet (I am told) down the rapid from where I went in.

I caught my breath just in time to be carried under the next big wave—coming out again in the lighter waves at the lower end of the rapid. Thanks to my cork jacket I floated high above the water, but was carried along through the swiftest of the current.

The second boat fared better than ours. She came over the falls much in the same way, but not being turned round in the second fall, she kept her course better, and although she only missed our stranded boat about two feet as she passed, came through without a scratch. She was caught in the eddy at the foot of the third fall, but finally came down stern foremost and soon overtook me at the end of the rapid; and Edwards and the cook jerked me into the second boat as mercilessly as I was dashed from the first.

The damaged boat soon got off the rock, and, although she had a hole in her side eighteen by ten inches, she could not sink. The men rode down in her to where they could land. We hauled her out, and in an hour put on a temporary copper patch.

We started again, and in search of wood ran another roaring, tumbling rapid, and went into camp late with plenty of wood and a pile of granite boulders to sleep among.

Every man was wet from head to foot, almost every blanket soaked. We had a hot supper and sat around our camp fire and smoked many pipes of tobacco—they were comforting—and at last we wrapped ourselves in our wet blankets and lay down for the night.

From the end of the Granite to the Grand Wash Cliffs, the cañon is but a repetition of the lower end of Marble

Cañon. The granite and sandstones have sunk below the river, and the great talus slopes below the limestones, and marbles stretch down to the water's edge, with large flats covered with bushes and trees. In one point it differs: Numerous springs run down the sides at every possible position and height above the river. Some dropping over cliffs and precipices in pure white foaming cascades, others trickling down in little streams through acres of green moss and ferns, and a hundred varieties of wild flowers; while others, gushing out near the river's edge in torrents of boiling water, form a beautiful picture.

From the great volcano on down the cañon, for many miles, the bright flaming color of the upper sandstone is gone, and the whole coloring is of duller red and brown; but in this lowest section some little of the scarlet and flashing beauty has returned.

The noble marble cliffs, rising from the top of the talus slopes, are cut by many side cañons and streams, so that they stand up in mountains almost overhanging the river. The grandeur and beauty of this lower section is hardly surpassed by any other part of the river.

One would think that after travelling through six hundred miles of these cañons, one would be satiated with beauty and grandeur, but in this fact lies the charm. Of the six hundred miles no two miles are alike. The picture is ever changing from grandeur to beauty, from beauty to sublimity, from the dark and frowning greatness of its granite walls, to the dazzling colors of its upper cliffs. And I stood, in the last few miles of the Grand Cañon, spellbound in wonder and admiration as firmly as I was fixed in the first few miles in surprise and astonishment.

Our last Sunday in the cañon was truly a day of rest. After a week of the hardest and most exciting work, wet from morning till night, with well-soaked blankets every night for a bed, it certainly was a pleasure to spread our beds, our clothes, and ourselves out in the sun and do nothing.

At 9.15 A.M., Monday, March 17th, we merged from the Grand Cañon into

an open country, and on a peaceful and quiet river.

What a change! What a relief! What a joy! Our task virtually accomplished, our dangers all left behind, and now (humanly speaking) a certainty, which we never felt before, of once more seeing our families and dear ones at home! With our camp that night beside a quiet, gently-flowing river, with not a sound to disturb, it is no wonder that we went to sleep with thankful hearts, and overslept ourselves in the morning.

I had looked forward to the journey from the Grand Wash to the Gulf, a distance of some six hundred miles, as of quiet and uninteresting monotony. How I was mistaken! The broad and fertile valleys and sloping hill-sides, only awaiting the hand of man, the irrigating ditch, and a market, to turn them into lovely homes and rich-producing farms; the Bowlder, the Black, and the Mojave Cañons, rivalling in beauty some of the larger cañons above; the great Cottonwood, Mojave, and Colorado Valleys, with their miles upon miles of rich level plains and gently sloping hills, bounded

on every side by the curious and intricate fringe of the Opal, the Black, and the Dead Mountains, formed a panorama of beauty and surprise that was charming and instructive in the extreme.

We passed the Needles, Fort Mojave, and Yuma. With a clearance for our fleet from the custom-house at Yuma, we entered the Republic of Mexico, and on the 26th of April reached tide-water at the head of the Gulf of California. Here we left our boats, and to me it was a sad parting. Noble little craft, the Bonnie Jean and the Lillie! they had carried us and our stores now nearly twelve hundred miles, and had gracefully danced over the waves, the torrents, and cataracts of this wildest of rivers, and never once had been upset.

And their gallant crews! It is enough to say they never met a danger or difficulty but what they were as ready to enter it as they were quick to conquer.

We rested a day, and then, accepting the courtesy and four-mule teams of Señor Andrades, returned overland to Yuma, where, on April 30th, the party was disbanded.

THE TRAINING OF A NURSE.

By Mary Cadwalader Jones.

WITHIN the memory of most of us nearly every family boasted some member who was said to be a "born nurse," who came to the fore in times of sickness, and whose labor of love was sometimes shared by a paid outsider, usually a motherly body supposed to have a great deal of experience. But that time is past, and now no one who can afford a trained nurse thinks of taking a patient through an illness without one, any more than a captain willingly takes his ship through a dangerous channel without a pilot.

This means that a new trade or profession has been created for women,

and it may be told once more that they owe it to one of the noblest women of her time.

At the close of the Crimean War the passionate gratitude of the English people to Florence Nightingale found expression in a great public meeting, at which fifty thousand pounds was subscribed as a testimonial to her. She refused, however, to take it for herself, and at her request it was devoted to a foundation which was quaintly termed "An Institution for the Training, Sustentance, and Protection of Nurses and Hospital Attendants," in connection with St. Thomas's Hospital, London;

and thus the first English training school for nurses was started in June, 1860.

Accounts of this great reform, which spread in England from year to year, reached this country more or less vaguely, but were without result until, in 1872, the men and women belonging to that branch of the State Charities Aid Association which visited the sick in Bellevue Hospital felt that they could not do any good or lasting work until the existing system, or want of system, should be entirely changed. The nurses were too few in number, nearly all illiterate, some immoral, and others intemperate, and had sought their places simply as a means of livelihood, and not because they had any aptitude for, or knowledge of, their profession. The members of the Bellevue Association therefore applied to the Commissioners of Charities and Correction for permission to establish a school for nurses at Bellevue Hospital, pledging themselves to pay the additional salaries and all other expenses of a better class of women and to put two more nurses in each ward. The consent of the Medical Board of the hospital, to whom the Commissioners referred this appeal, having finally been given to what many physicians considered a doubtful experiment, the Bellevue Training School for Nurses was started on May 1, 1873, with a superintendent and five nurses, having five wards under their care.

In 1890 the school has 62 pupils and has graduated 345, while as a direct outgrowth of that modest beginning there are three other great schools in New York alone. These are the New York City, which has 64 pupils and has graduated 263; the New York Hospital, with 48 pupils and 192 graduates; and Mount Sinai, with 50 pupils and 111 graduates. There are also smaller schools in the city, but, great or small, Bellevue must always be honored as the pioneer. Her graduates are at the head of most of the important schools and hospitals in the country, and have even gone so far afield as England, Italy, and China.

The next school to be established was the New York City, which was started by the Commissioners of Charities and Correction in 1877, and is entirely sup-

ported by the City. Until last year it was known as the Charity Hospital School, because it began there, but as it grew its work spread until the old name was misleading and had to be changed. It is now the largest and in some respects the most important of all the schools, as it nurses five different hospitals—Charity and Maternity on Blackwell's Island, the Infants' Hospital on Randall's Island, Gouverneur at Gouverneur Slip, and Harlem, at the foot of East 120th Street, the two last being accident or emergency hospitals, while at Charity the cases are largely chronic. Besides the pupils of the school, there are thirty-two permanent trained nurses at Charity and Randall's Island, making nearly a hundred in all, for whom the superintendent is directly responsible, and over whom she has full authority. The other schools in the city are supported from the funds of the hospitals which they nurse.

I have said that nursing is a trade or profession, for it is really both—being a trade, in that it exacts manual skill and dexterity, and a profession because it requires mental ability, judgment, and progressive knowledge. The hospital is therefore at once a workshop and a college, with this essential difference, however, that its scholars exist because it has need of them, not they of it. So much talk has been made about nursing as a noble "vocation" that it is easy to lose sight of the fact that hospital training schools are run first of all because hospital patients must be taken care of. When Florence Nightingale led her little band of workers out of England it was not in order that women should have a new vocation, but because men were dying like flies in the hospitals at Scutari, and the women who started the Bellevue School did so because they found the hospital could be well nursed in no other way.

In most of the schools the nurses receive each \$10 a month during the first year of their service, and \$15 the second, and at the present time there is some discussion as to whether they should be paid at all, or should give their time in return for their professional training, as the house physicians do. This seems reasonable enough to

an outsider, but in the first place much of a nurse's work is of a routine kind, repeated far oftener than is necessary for her education, and such as a doctor is rarely called upon to do, and in the second, the most desirable pupils are those who could be self-supporting outside the schools, and will not be a burden on their families while in them. In this country there is a large class of conscientious and industrious women whose education and early associations lead them to look for some higher and more thoughtful labor than household service or work in shops, who have received the good education of our common schools, and who are dependent on their own exertions for support. These women can be trained to make the best possible nurses, and it is the unanimous opinion of the superintendents of the large schools that it would be false economy to seek to deprive such pupils of the small salary which now keeps them independent during two years of very hard work.

We will suppose that a woman of this kind has decided to go into one of the large schools, and has applied to the superintendent for information. She receives in return a circular giving the rules, requirements, and course of study, and in due time finds herself with other candidates waiting for examination in the superintendent's office. When her turn comes, and if her credentials are satisfactory, the superintendent usually talks to her a little while in order to find out what grade of nurse she is likely to make ; for candidates are admitted only on their own merits, and where there are more applicants than vacancies it is important to secure the best. A short examination in spelling, dictation, and simple arithmetic follows, and also in reading aloud, but this is often passed over if the candidate is evidently too nervous to do herself justice.

Various experiments have been tried as to Examining Boards, but the best result is always gained by choosing a good superintendent, and then leaving her free to select her own nurses, without fear or favor, from those who present themselves, as she must train, discipline, and live with them for two years, and has therefore every reason to take

only those who are likely to do her credit.

Apart from articles in professional journals, much that has been written about hospital life is apt to strike one familiar with it as somewhat vague and sentimental, and there may therefore be some interest in the following sketches, by pupils now in the New York City Training School. The first gives a general outline of the work.

"We each begin our duty in the hospital as probationers on a month's trial. That beginning is very new to most of us ; quite unlike anything in our previous lives. Before entering the school, some of us may have imagined that we had a peculiar fitness for nursing, even if we did not consider ourselves born nurses. We may have made up our minds that we knew how to make a poultice, and to care for the sick by being kind to them and ventilating their rooms. We may possibly have read Miss Nightingale's "Notes" and so are quite sure that we know something of nursing ; but that the hospital training will give us a sort of standing, and therefore it will be a desirable thing to have. As we proceed with our training we discover that we did *not* know how to make a poultice, nor how best to care for a sick person. Some of us, again, know nothing at all about nursing, but we are not required to know anything. A head nurse prefers to train the raw material, so to speak, in her own way. What is required is that the probationer be receptive, that she be intelligent and, above all, active ; and in case she has any knowledge of nursing, or ideas, or opinions, if she is discriminating she will keep them to herself.

We have no dreaming time ; there is no place for sentiment, and very little for sympathy in the ordinary sense of the word. Were we to sympathize with all the woes that we see we should be used up, we should die.

A probationer enters the ward for the first time, and is introduced to her head nurse. She is then probably set to do some simple piece of work, such as arranging a closet or folding clothes and the like. On the next day she will have her regular duties to learn. As

the afternoon goes on she may find herself looking at the clock watching for 5.30 p.m. to come so that she may go off duty, and she has, probably, a bad headache. There is a hospital atmosphere, produced by the smell of drugs and other unavoidable odors, perceptible to a fresh nose; there are strange sights and sounds which, combined, give a sort of shock for the first day. The new nurse may not be able to sleep that night, and by the end of the week she may find herself crying in bed, with pain in her feet and legs. These little ailments she keeps to herself. She is anxious to give satisfaction, and she has to do unquestioningly all that she is directed to do. A head nurse is nearly always considerate, if necessary helping her through with her work and encouraging her.

Time goes on and the probationer becomes a junior, a senior, and finally a head nurse, and as we proceed with our training, each day, if we will, we can learn something; we gain confidence in ourselves and others gain confidence in us.

I suppose we are rather an ordinary class of young women. We never talk of ideals; we may not even think of them; perhaps we have not any. We are essentially matter of fact; we have to deal with human beings and with facts. Our two years' service to most of us is a means to an end, and that a material one, viz.: the earning of money. Some one told us at our commencement that we had done well to have chosen a profession which would not go out of fashion and which could not be done by machinery. That is a good start anyway. I am speaking of us as a whole; in the school we are told we cease to be individuals. That does not mean that we become automatic, for, I suppose there is no calling for women which needs more personality, more individuality.

Whatever may have been the rush, monotony, or otherwise of our day (and there are some days in which everything seems out of joint), when our time to be relieved comes, we go away from the hospital, and if we choose we need not give it another thought for the next twelve hours. Out of the hospital we have not a care, unless it is for ourselves; we know how to appreciate our leisure;

we are cheerful and apparently happy, and sometimes frivolous; in fact, we are quite sisterly, as behooves all good nurses to be.

Our training is divided into what we call "services." We have so many months' training in the different services. They are medical, surgical, maternity, gynecological, eye, skin and throat, and the care of infants. About six months of our time is spent on night duty, spread over the two years in periods of about six weeks' duration. The large wards of Charity Hospital have each four nurses—two juniors, one senior, and a head nurse. In the emergency hospitals a nurse has usually the charge of a ward by herself, with a supervising nurse over all. There are also "special cases," the patient having a room to himself, and a day and a night nurse appointed in charge. We each have our preferences and our dislikes, which are of no account as far as the distribution of the services is concerned; it makes us something to talk of, but we are under discipline; we go where we are sent.

We begin our duties in a large ward of Charity Hospital. The probationer will have charge of one side of the ward, with the care of from ten to fifteen patients and all belonging to them. The head or senior nurse will go round with her and work in with her for the first time. She is shown how to make the beds, to change all soiled linen; how to remove a very sick patient from one bed to another; how to cover a patient and save her from fatigue while sitting up to have her bed made; the best way for her to get in and out of bed; to keep an eye on the beds that the patients are able to make themselves, and so on throughout the details of the morning's work. The latter part of the day is taken up with waiting on the patients and keeping her side in order all the time. The probation month is especially a time of learning something new; a good deal has to be got into that month; afterward things come more by degrees. Should the probationer be accepted, she becomes a junior nurse and has the same kind of work for about three months. She then goes on night duty; she is "on the landing" as we call it, that is, has charge of the two or

three of the wards opening on to that landing. The junior nurse is feeling somewhat independent and consequential by this time. She does not have to act by herself; there is always an experienced nurse on the top floor to whom she can refer in case of emergency or otherwise.

A nurse may never have been up all night in her life before, so the first night is rather exciting and anxious; she is very wide awake until about two or three o'clock in the morning when the effort to keep awake is really painful. A night nurse does not sleep, that goes without saying, and should she doze when all is quiet she has always one ear open. Imagine a rather young nurse peering around the large ward with the aid of an antiquated lantern. Shall I ever forget that lantern? It would throw all shadow and the least possible ray of light and anywhere but where it was wanted. Sometimes its miserable little light would go out and the wick have to be pricked up and relit, then it would spit and splutter as though it meant to burn well, but somehow it never would, and the gas burnt low on the landing. When I think of that lantern I can go all through my night duty over again. We have a helper to fetch and carry for us, and she can be very useful in many ways. She may be as "good as a nurse" or she may have a fancy for gossiping with her friends during the day and so prefer to sleep at night, and such a "lady" is rather a trial.

The patients have a way of dying at night, in spite of the very best efforts of the nurse to keep them alive until morning. Some helpers "never could go anigh a dead body," but they "don't mind fetching the things and standing outside of the screen." It requires considerable nerve on the part of the nurse to "lay out" a patient in the small hours of the morning; when the wards are silent and gloomy there is something uncanny about it; there is not much of the "beauty of death" in these cases, but we get used to it after a time.

When we become more experienced we have our emergency hospital night duty. We occasionally speak of this in rather strong language; we call it "that

awful night duty," "that dreadful night duty." Here is where a nurse's mettle comes in. She has long hours—fourteen, and besides the care of the patients she has the real "ward work" to get done before eight o'clock in the morning. The patients in this hospital are very sick; there are no "chronics," the nurse has critical cases to watch, and upon her devotion and judgment the life of the patient may depend. Here the doctors are hard worked both day and night, and the nurse, if she is considerate, is very reluctant to call the doctor, and so often has an anxious time. Some of the cases that come in during the night are truly heart-rending. The burnt cases are the worst; if they are not too badly hurt their sensibility is acute and they suffer dreadful agony. At about five o'clock the nurse begins to feel rather badly. She has to brace herself up and put on a big spurt to get through the morning's work, and perhaps at eight o'clock she will go to bed without her breakfast.

A senior nurse's duties are somewhat different from those of the juniors. To begin with, she feels herself of some importance; she has charge of linen closets; she sees to the giving out of the food and gives out the medicines; when the doctors make rounds, if there is time she accompanies the head nurse; she makes herself acquainted with the state of the patients, and often has to be in charge of the ward.

To anyone not initiated into the ways of medical men, "giving out the medicines" might mean a spoonful of something in a little water. A medicine list is an appalling undertaking at first: there may be thirty names on the list, some patients having as many as five or six different medicines; in fact, it practically amounts to one-dose prescriptions. Different quantities are given—drops, drachms, ounces, and so on. With some practice and with someone to take the medicines around quickly a nurse can get through the list accurately in a remarkably short time, say fifteen to twenty minutes, but this is not often done; we usually take our time. (A nurse has learnt something of the properties and doses of the medicines in her class.)

When a nurse has charge of a ward,

or becomes a head nurse, any notions she may have had of her importance as a senior disappear. She feels herself responsible, and is responsible for the condition of the ward, the care of the patients, the instruction of the nurses, in fact for whatever is done or neglected. The doctors rely upon her for the faithful carrying out of their orders, and altogether she needs a good deal of judgment and tact.

After receiving the notes of the night nurse and seeing that all the work is going on well, the head nurse goes round, note-book in hand, and inquires into the state of each patient; she questions them and listens to what they have to say; she also makes her own observations. In this way the nurse becomes acquainted with her patients, while she reports everything of note to the doctors.

There is an etiquette observed in the wards, but it is not very oppressive; the nurses on duty are subordinate to the doctors for the time being, and everything goes on with order and decorum. This may sound stiff and formal, but it is not so; it is only the fitness of things. We usually all work well together and there is seldom any friction.

The patients in Charity Hospital are the very poor of the city; some of them are only morally sick and needing a home; they puzzle the doctors to make a diagnosis. Most of their sickness, as we nurses know, has been brought on by over-work, poverty, drunkenness, laziness, and the like, but some are worthy and deserving persons.

Often when a patient comes into the hospital she enters a moral atmosphere which is new to her. She is cleaned and made fairly comfortable; she has to drop many of her old habits of speech, and be a decent member of the hospital for the time being. If she is not too degraded she can see what is expected of her at once. We seldom have any trouble with the patients and rarely hear an improper word. A nurse never need submit to insubordination; on her complaint the patient is dismissed, but a very sick patient is seldom beyond endurance.

They are often very witty, and if we are in the mood we can get lots of fun out of them. They are also very reli-

gious. They thank God for everything; everything is the will of God—their sickness, their troubles, their death; it never seems to occur to them that they might have a will of their own. In one way they have not much variety; they usually object to soap and water.

As a rule the nurses are as good to the patients as they can be. Many of them remain in the hospital for a long time, and a nurse has the opportunity of showing them small kindnesses, perhaps writing a letter or giving them a garment or a few cents to pay their car fare. In those tedious cases of phthisis where the treatment is only palliative a nurse can be much to the patient.

The patients in the emergency hospitals are somewhat different; they are mostly of the mechanic class, and usually quite sick. That means business and getting them well, and they pass on. They are not so poor; they can even offer us money, either by way of bribe or reward. I heard of a nurse having the handsome sum of ten dollars offered to her, and I once came near having a pair of diamond ear-rings, only the patient changed his mind and would not undergo the operation."

The "helpers" spoken of in this sketch are women sentenced to the workhouse on Blackwell's Island for terms varying from three days to six months, and for such offences as drunkenness, vagrancy, and fighting in the streets. From the workhouse they are sent to do the scrubbing, laundry work, etc., in the institutions controlled by the Commissioners of Charities and Correction, who are obliged by law to use their labor. Most of them are the sodden, frowsy creatures who huddle into the prison van after the laconic "ten days" of the police justice, but they are "all ages of bad eggs," as one of them once said to me, and taken together they form a curious class. They are most punctilious in always speaking of each other as "ladies," and the much-abused word is somewhat amusing when applied to a stout virago with a variegated eye.

Drunkenness, their common vice, and the cause of all their woe, is delicately alluded to as a "weakness" or a "failing," and some of them seem rather

proud of the number of times they have been "sent up," while others regard it as the inevitable. Once I had to pass a woman who was scrubbing in a doorway at Charity, and as she moved her pail I recognized her and said, "What, Mary, are you here again? I thought you weren't coming back." Her face fell as she answered, "Yis, m'm, I thought so too," and then she brightened up and said proudly, "But it was the iligantest wake you ever see."

Some of them again are decent and quiet enough when not possessed by the devil of drink, and it often happens that one of this better class will stay on as a helper after her sentence has expired, perhaps feeling that she is protected from herself while the river is between her and her boon companions, but sooner or later she is missing some day, she has "gone over," and if she comes back it is in the prison boat.

Here follows the journal of an ordinary day at Charity Hospital, by one of the head-nurses :

"Time : 7.30 A.M.

Scene : Ward 3, Medical. Beds all unmade, a few patients up—these have faces washed and hair combed—the majority in bed with this duty still to be performed for them. A part of the floor at the front of the ward has been scrubbed. Mary, one of my prison helpers, is washing dishes at the table, and Bridget, the other, is taking soiled clothes from a large can and sorting them for the wash.

The atmosphere contains none too much oxygen ; this can be explained by saying that the night-nurse is finishing her work in one of the other wards, and the patients in her absence have taken the precaution to close all of the windows for fear of taking cold. After giving an order for the windows to be let down, I take up the night notes and read :

Murphy—Died at 3 A.M.

Ryan—Temperature, 108° ; pulse, 120 ; respiration, 30. Antifebrine, grains iii., and other medicines given as ordered. Poultice applied last at 6 A.M.

Patient passed a very restless night.

And so on, through the other cases in the ward. These notes are signed by

the night nurse, who now comes in with the keys, looking pretty well fagged.

"Good-morning ; I am sorry I have kept you waiting for the keys, but I have been so busy I could not get down sooner. Had a death in Ward 4, as well as the one here, and a patient in Ward 6 suffering from delirium tremens, besides the ordinary work."

I now go over to where my assistants are putting on their caps and aprons and getting together the things necessary for work. Miss W. and Miss A. are here, but where is Miss H. ? Miss W. answers :

"She was called up last night to go on the maternity service. The superintendent missed you, and asked me to tell you that another nurse could not be spared to-day."

Oh, dear, thirty-two patients in the ward, and five of them so helpless that they have to be fed and cared for like babies, two pneumonia cases, and the usual number of phthisical and rheumatic subjects. Well, well, grumbling won't do the work, so we'll have to make the best of it.

Each of my assistants, armed with a pile of clean sheets and pillow-cases, proceeds to the lower end of the ward and commences the task of getting beds made, while I go to write the list of clothes for the laundry. Bridget counts the clothes while I stand by and take down the number of each of the different articles. This done, they are tied in large bundles and sent to the wash-house.

Now the medicines are to be given out. I measure and prepare them, while a convalescent patient carries them round to those in bed. My list is a long one, and it takes fully thirty-five minutes before they are all distributed, the bottles wiped off, and the medicine closet put in order. My next move is to take a list of medicines which need to be renewed, and leave it ready for the doctor's signature. It is now twenty-five minutes past eight, and Miss A. and Miss W. are making as good progress as possible at their respective sides ; for it must be remembered that a nurse has often to stop what she is doing to attend to the wants of some particular patient, or to carry out an order if the time is due.

The "railroad beds"* are still unmade. Occasionally we have a convalescent patient who can do this part of the work very well. We had one in this ward last week, but alas, for the frailty of human nature, she showed a disposition to quarrel with the other patients on very small pretexts, so she was dismissed. With a rueful thought of what might have been, I go to work at the beds. A patient goes ahead and strips them for me. We work with all our might, and they are finished at ten minutes past nine. The side beds, too, are nearly finished. This part of the work necessarily takes much longer, as sick patients have to be placed in chairs and wrapped up in blankets, or, if they are too weak, lifted into other beds, so that their own can be made.

My next work is to take morning temperatures; when I have finished this I see a large tin can standing near my table. It contains crackers, butter, eggs, and sugar. These have to be put away in their proper place, and the quantity noted. Now, I must write my diet-sheet, and order the supplies necessary for to-morrow. It is twenty-five minutes past nine, the beds are all made, the stands in order, the floor swept, and the table scrubbed. The junior nurses are about through with washing faces and combing heads, and it is now high time that I should make a round of the ward and find out if there is any change in the patients' condition to which the doctor's attention should be called.

While this has been going on the gruel and milk have been standing on the table, and the distribution of this falls to my share to-day also, as I have no senior nurse. Each bed-patient who cares for it is served with a portion on a tray; afterward the walking patients seat themselves at the table and take theirs. Now the doctors come in to make their morning visit, the house-doctor is told of any special complaints; he examines these patients, also any new ones who may not yet be under treatment, and leaves the new orders on my book.

* A "railroad bed" is one that is unoccupied during the day, and therefore, as it were, "shunted" and only rolled out at night. They stand close together in the middle of the ward.

While doing this work all morning, I have been trying to keep an eye on what my helpers are doing, and now take this time to make a thorough inspection of all parts of the ward, bath-room included. In the meantime the special diet has been divided among the patients needing it most. At eleven o'clock tonics are given out, afterward egg-nogs and milk-punches are made and distributed.

We now begin to breathe freely—the worst pressure is over if we get no new patients. Our hopes along that line are doomed to disappointment, for the helpers from the women's bath-room now announce the arrival of two new patients, and Miss W. disappears to superintend their bathing.

I am congratulating myself on not having a "stretcher case" at any rate, when two men come in with one. Miss A. quickly places screens round a bed, and a rubber sheet over the clean bed-clothes. The woman is lifted on the bed, and her temperature, pulse, etc., taken. Her own clothes are soon removed, and a warm sponge-bath given and hair combed. These operations have effected a wonderful change in her appearance, and she now looks a little more like a Caucasian, whereas, before the bath, she might have belonged to one of the darker races of mankind.

The doctor is notified that there are three new patients in the ward. It is twelve o'clock; Miss A. and I go to dinner, and leave Miss W. to superintend the patients' noonday meal, and give out medicines afterward. We return at one o'clock, and Miss W. goes, with the right to remain off duty till four o'clock.

The ward is now to be swept again and put in order for the afternoon. This is hardly accomplished when two huge bundles of clothes are carried in, and in ten minutes time two more. These have to be sorted and counted. Before we proceed to the folding of them the afternoon milk and other extras are given out. That done and the table cleared, we fold the clothes as quickly as we can. In due time this is finished, Miss A. is making a poultice in the bath-room, and I am putting the clothes in the closet, when someone calls "Nurse, nurse!" I turn to see

where the sound comes from, and notice several patients pointing to a bed in the far corner of the ward. I hurry down and find the patient's clothes saturated with blood—a hemorrhage from the lungs. Screens are immediately placed around the bed, cracked ice given, and the doctor summoned. He comes at once, the flow of blood seems to have ceased, medicine is ordered, and the doctor goes. The patient's clothes are now changed very carefully, and she is made as comfortable as possible. The screens are just put away when another stretcher is brought in, and Miss W., who has now returned, gives the usual treatment.

It is time for the afternoon tonics, and egg-nogs and punches are again distributed; after this I take advantage of a few spare minutes to enter the names and addresses of patients in a book kept for the purpose. Discharged patients are also marked off.

The patients have supper between half-past four and five. At half-past five Miss A. retires from the ward, the remaining time till half-past seven being hers to rest. In the meantime the doctor has been in and left a few orders.

The giving out of the evening medicines falls to me, while Miss W. attends to the patients' needs in other ways. If I had a fourth nurse I might be relieved from duty; but it cannot be thought of now. This is the evening for carbolicizing the side beds; the helpers do this, while we follow and restore things to order. The rest of the time till half-past seven is spent in making patients comfortable for the night, and writing down new orders and notes on the patients' condition for the night nurse. We are quite willing to deliver her the keys when she comes in, and bid her good-night, while we go home tired enough to sleep soundly."

Charity Hospital, as I have said, has chiefly chronic cases. The work in the accident or emergency hospitals is somewhat different, as will be seen by the following notes:

"Leaving the Island at 7 A.M., after three-quarters of an hour's ride in boat and car, I reach Gouverneur Hospital.

On my arrival I receive from the night nurse both a verbal and written account of all that has happened of importance during the night—arrival of new patients, serious symptoms which may have developed in certain cases, new orders which have been given by the doctor, or old ones which may have been countermanded, etc.

Then begins the work of the day. The ward is thoroughly scrutinized, to discover little things which the helpers are apt to do slightly, or not to do at all; stands are dusted, clean covers and curtains put on, if necessary; every patient and bed must undergo thorough inspection.

Everything is done as quickly as possible, for the "visiting" may be looked for at any time after 9 A.M., and it is the ambition of each nurse to have her ward spotlessly clean.

I have six pneumonia cases, who are poulticed regularly every three hours; they are also kept on milk diet, and, of course, require particular attention. I have just finished putting on my last poultice when the "visiting" comes in, followed by the house surgeons, senior and junior. I accompany them to the different beds, ready to receive all orders, and impart any information which may be required of me. During the rounds of the physicians, an ambulance call is given; in due time the man is carried in on a stretcher; I rush to prepare a bed, which consists in turning down the covers, and protecting the whole with a rubber sheet; with the assistance of one of the helpers the patient is placed in bed. It proves to be a poisoning case. As quick as possible I get ready pitchers of tepid water, a pail, and a stomach-pump. The doctor then begins his operations, and I stand near to assist him. If the patient is very weak, I administer stimulants hypodermically; an emetic is given. Fortunately, the case has been attended to in time, and is soon out of all immediate danger, although very weak. A little boy has been brought in with hand and wrist literally pulverized; the poor little fellow's cries are heartrending; an anæsthetic is administered, I carefully sponge the blood away from the injured parts, get ready the different solutions, gauzes,

bandages, splints, etc., and stand near to assist in any way that I can. (I took care of the little boy for six weeks after that, and he was sent home cured, having lost but two fingers.)

Standing by, awaiting his turn, is a stonecutter. He must have taken his thumb for a stone, for he has simply hammered it off. The compression of his lips and the pallor of his face give evidence of the pain he is suffering. A thin piece of skin on one side keeps the thumb from being entirely severed from the hand; the doctor replaces it and sews it on, but eventually, to save the hand, it had to be amputated.

Fortunately there are no more accident cases on hand, and I am free once more to attend to my other patients. I give out the three-hour medicines, renew my poultices, and take the temperature, pulse, and respiration of a patient who came in about an hour ago; but, finding his temperature normal, I let him remain seated until the doctor comes in.

After dinner I give out the noon medicines, examine the beds of the helpless patients, and find out from them if there is anything I can do to add to their comfort. After attending to their wants, and performing numberless duties which it would be impossible to relate, I finally feel satisfied that every patient has been made comfortable; then I tear up bandages, which are given to the convalescent patients to roll; prepare solutions and different kinds of gauzes to be used during operations; in the meantime keeping a watchful eye on all around, so that no patient shall suffer from want of attention.

About 4 P.M. I have to take the temperature, pulse, and respiration of each patient, which, in a ward where there are twenty, takes quite a length of time. After the temperatures are taken, I see that each patient has his supper, then write an account of all the orders I have received, which are to be continued during the night, renew the poultices, give out the medicines, see that the ward is in perfect order, and am relieved at 6 P.M. by the night nurse."

The following is an account of the routine of a night at Gouverneur Hospital:

"The night nurse of Gouverneur does not often arise with bright face and laughing eye, feeling as fresh and happy as a lark, at half-past four in the afternoon of a hot July day, but she scrambles out of bed and dons the "stripes" * as quickly as possible, that she may not be late for the dinner at five o'clock. At six we get to the wards to relieve the day nurses from duty, and are often greeted with, "Well, I think you will have rather a hard night."

As I look around the ward I find the man in the first bed is a sunstroke case, with a temperature of 105°, and the orders are to keep ice-bags on head and abdomen, give ice-baths, and take temperature every fifteen minutes until the temperature falls below 102°. The child in the corner has pneumonia and has on a jacket poultice of linseed-meal, which must be changed as often as it becomes cold, and the child watched very closely. The delirious patient in the other corner is to have an ice-cap on his head, which must be kept well filled with cracked ice. He has a fracture of the base of the skull, and he raves and shouts most of the night.

We have two patients more than we have beds, consequently we must prepare four patients to be transferred to Bellevue, in order to have beds for the patients who will come in during the night.

At nine o'clock the doctors make their rounds, and oftentimes there are dressings that the doctor has had no time to do during the day, and the nurse must always be ready to wait upon the doctor the moment he enters the ward.

At eleven o'clock there is an ambulance call and a man is brought in with three stab wounds. He is covered with blood, hands, face, and clothing, has a long wound on the face, a deep one in the shoulder, and a small one in the abdomen. The wounds are sewed and dressings put on. These dressings are scarcely finished, when there comes another call, and the ambulance brings in this time a fine-looking young man with a deep wound in the forearm. From his nervous tremor and restlessness I conclude he has been drinking heavily, and

* The uniform of the school is blue and white striped seersucker.

this is confirmed when the house surgeon gives the order for a "half-ounce of the D. T. mixture immediately." His wound is dressed, and he is launched into bed and tied down. Presently he begins to see snakes and all sorts of creeping things upon his bed, and he wants to get up and eat the man in the bed next him. He finally becomes so violent that he is put into handcuffs and taken to the "alcoholic cells" at Bellevue.

Then things quiet down for perhaps an hour, which time must be devoted to the man with sunstroke and the child with pneumonia. These, however, have not been wholly neglected, for there was time to make a poultice for the child, and the helper has attended to the bathing of the man, whose temperature has fallen only one and one-half degree.

Now it is time to begin the morning's work of the wards, for they must be all in order for the day nurse when she comes on duty at eight o'clock. The temperature, pulse, and respiration of each patient in the wards must be taken and noted upon the chart, also any new treatment ordered during the night, and anything noteworthy in the condition of the patient. Each bed is to be made, bed-linen and patient's clothing to be changed, if soiled, while the floors are swept and washed by the helpers.

The medicines are given out at various times through the night, as each becomes due. Then there is the patients' breakfast to look after, and to see that all are served who may eat the food, and that those who are on special diet may get nothing but that allowed them, whatever it may be."

It would certainly seem that these women earn ten or even fifteen dollars a month besides their board and lodging. Here is an account of a serious operation, from a nurse's point of view.

"The nurse is responsible for making antiseptic everything connected with an operation, except the surgical instruments. She prepares the room, has the floor and paint scrubbed, and every table and ledge (there is no superfluous furniture) washed with antiseptic solution. The dressings are most scrupulously

prepared, being boiled and soaked and wrapped in antiseptic towels, or kept until needed in large glass jars. The nurse is further responsible for having everything in the room which the surgeon may possibly want, such as hot water, ice, hot-water bottles, stimulants, etc., and must be prepared for every emergency which, during the operation, may possibly arise. The patient is prepared by the nurse, who gives a full bath, braids the hair, puts on clean and suitable clothing, and arranges her on the table, where she is always covered with a sheet or a single blanket if necessary. Another nurse helps the doctor give the anæsthetic, and in fact, there are usually three nurses at an operation of any importance, the head-nurse being in charge and the other two her aids. She herself keeps her best eye on the operator and stands in a certain place where she can readily hand him hot towels, sponges, bowls of solution, anything he may need. The second nurse watches the supply of hot towels, solutions, sponges, hot and cold water, etc., while the third helps the junior doctor who is etherizing the patient, and fetches and carries, *i.e.*, empties out water and puts it outside the door, where some patient is stationed to carry it away and fill up empty pitchers. In running an operation a nurse always aims at having it go off without a hitch, and sometimes it does, sometimes not. Occasionally an operator is unreasonable and asks for the moon, and occasionally he makes a mistake and loses his head, and then the nurses have a poor time of it, being blamed if they have no boiling-hot beef-tea or brandy when there is no means of heating it in the room, the operation having already lasted over an hour. A doctor, if he is a gentleman, usually thanks the nurse after a long operation, and then she feels like doing anything for him."

Their hard day over, the nurses go to the Home, which is the stone building at the south end of Blackwell's Island. There they have a comfortable sitting-room with books and magazines and a piano, and in summer they can play lawn tennis outside, or rest and watch the crowd of boats that is always

going up and down the great river. But all the evenings are not given to amusements, except during July and August. The school is divided into junior, senior, and graduating classes, and each has a "quiz" or lesson once a week, and sometimes oftener, which is usually taught by the Assistant Superintendent. A skeleton, some large colored diagrams, and a manikin who is represented as if he were skinned, which gives him an unpleasant likeness to Marsyas or St. Bartholomew, and who takes to pieces in a startling manner, are much used at these lessons, while some of the physicians and surgeons of the visiting staff give lectures to the classes from time to time. When at last the two years' course is over, a board of physicians hold the final examination which a nurse must pass before receiving her diploma.

At private nursing a woman receives from \$15 to \$25 a week, which would pay her well if she were always busy; but she is subject to be overworked for some months and idle for several more, and an excellent nurse said recently that she should be satisfied to be sure of making \$600 a year.

There are signs that the market is beginning to be overstocked. The four large schools which I have already spoken of have already 911 graduates, and every hospital of whatever size must now have its training-school, so that each year brings a new crop of certificated nurses, more or less trained, according to their capacity and opportunities. Some of the schools announce that they have many more applicants than they can take, from which outsiders have naturally been led to conclude that pu-

pils would be willing to come without pay, but the superintendents, who are already feeling the effects of competition, know well that any such move would be fatal to a really high standard. This competition between the schools has not been without good results, in that it has stimulated the different boards in charge of them to greater efforts in the direction of comfort in the Homes, and a distinct and attractive course of instruction; and it is to be hoped that something may be done toward shortening the long hours of work in the wards.

In regard to graduates, the time has come when the profession, if it is to be such, must be protected. This can best be done by the formation of a central committee or board, which shall recognize only graduates of standard schools, shall take the testimony of their superintendents as to the fitness and trustworthiness of such graduates, and after submitting them to an examination, shall give them a degree or diploma not obtainable in any other way.

The law sets the standard for physicians by recognizing only the degrees of certain colleges, which might be difficult in the case of training-schools, but something must be done to indicate and to protect the women who have earned the best right to live by their trade. It is not enough to let the stronger crowd out the weaker, as in the case of stenographers or telegraph operators, because doctors have learnt to expect intelligent help from a trained nurse, and if she fail them in a critical case, it may mean the difference between life and death.



WITH YANKEE CRUISERS IN FRENCH HARBORS.

By Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum.



Jack Equipped for
Landing as In-
fantry.

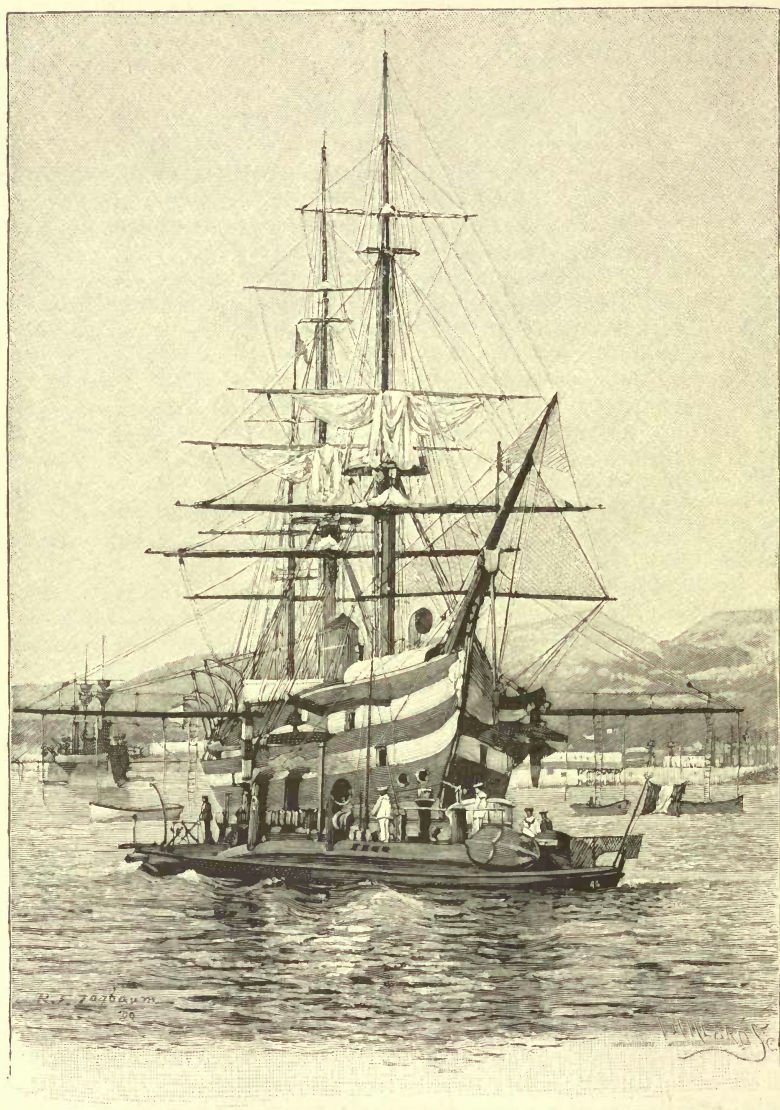
SHUT in by high, rocky hills, their bare peaks glistening white, almost as if covered with snow, under the rays of the morning sun shining through the light mist that covers the placid surface of the water, Toulon Harbor lies before us, as we steam in, under scarcely perceptible headway, past the ends of the long breakwaters, marking with their light-towers, and defending with their circular torpedo batteries, the entrance to the great French naval port.

The authorities have sent a pilot on board to guide us in, and his boat, with the white-clad crew seated on the thwarts and looking up at us, is towed along with the ship toward a great white buoy, to which she is soon securely moored near by our consorts of the squadron, and the gig is called away to take the captain to the flagship to make his report to the admiral.

Directly astern—grim, dark, majestic—a huge battle-ship, the *Admiral Duperré*—her murderous-looking, black-muzzled guns pointing outward from every available place in her towering sides and from the turrets on her broad decks—sits heavily on the water, the military masts, with the queer fort-like tops, from which machine-guns peep threateningly, reflected in the transparent depths below. Her crew is crowding the decks; I hear the bugle notes, and the whistling of the boatswain's pipes, and the roar of escaping steam, floating upward in a white cloud above her enormous funnels; while aft, drooping over the massive stern, the tricolored standard of France waves sluggishly in the soft morning breeze. Another ship, the *Forbin*—long, narrow, with great ram at the bow and raking masts

—is moored close by, between our ship and the land, and our officers note curiously the points of difference between her and the *Yorktown*, and calculate, with professional interest and impartiality, the chances for and against success in a fight between her and a craft like our own, both of them being intended for the same kind of service, and the *Forbin* being the first foreign vessel of a similar class to ours that we have met with. Ahead of us, her beautiful tapering masts rising high in air; the maze of rigging, of shroud, rope, and halliard taut and shipshape; her graceful hull with the double row of ports; her straight, long bowsprit pointing outward over the pretty figure-head at her bows, an old time "line-o'-battle" ship rests calmly on the water, looking in imposing majesty as if invincible, in contrast with the black, smoking, low-hulled, shark-like craft gliding so noiselessly and smoothly by her, but which could crush the great ship's sides like an eggshell, and send her and her crew to the bottom of the sea in an instant with one murderous blow of the terrible engines of warfare carried in the hold of the pigmy torpedo-boat.

Everywhere about us the military character of the harbor is at once apparent; not a merchantman anywhere, even the swift ferryboats, plying from the city to points in the bay, have a warlike air with their uniformed crews, their freights of soldiers and French man-of-war's-men. Forts and batteries show up amid the dark trees on shore, or stand out in bold outline against the sky on towering mountain-top, for Toulon is strongly fortified; those works commanding the approaches from the land being garrisoned by and under control of the army, while the sea-coast defences are confided to the care of the naval authorities. From the shore, on our starboard quarter, the dropping, scattering fire of soldiers at the rifle butts mingles with the rattling of drums and the occasional blare of a trumpet;



In the Harbor of Toulon.

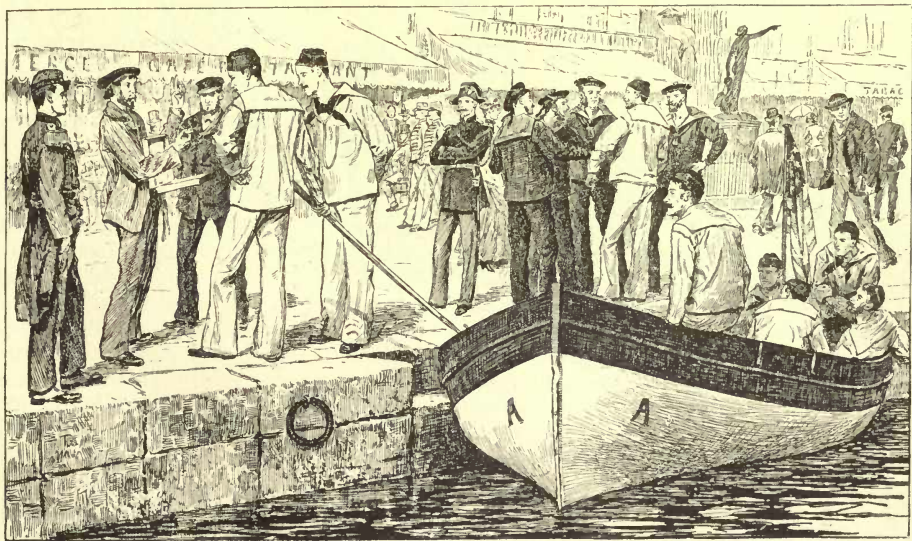
while, farther on, the tapping and banging of hundreds of hammers on steel and iron comes over the water toward us from under the huge sheds where ships are building, and where swarms of smaller craft—shore-boats, launches, cutters—dart about among the men-of-war moored in the bay in front. From an inner basin, the opening of which I can make out from the deck, boats pass in and out to the city; the houses, many-windowed and gray, showing against

the dark verdure of the foot-hills beyond. Sweeping around to the left the great buildings of the dock-yard raise their roofs above a massive dike, behind which a forest of masts, mostly without yards or rigging of much account, but topheavy in appearance with their turret-like military tops, indicate plainly enough the character of the vessels lying in the basins within.

"French flagship under way, sir!" reports the quartermaster on watch. The

marine guard hurriedly falls in and is paraded on the poop, where a group of our officers is standing, and our commander, who has returned to the ship meanwhile, points out the big man-of-war, as she is seen slowly moving out from the head of the harbor, near where the Chicago is lying. From the American ship the notes of the "Marseillaise" burst out, as the French iron-clad sweeps majestically onward; and as the smoke pours from her funnels, and she gradually turns her sharp ram seaward, slowly gaining headway as she passes near us, we recognize the *Triomphante*, the flagship of the China squadron, bound outward on a cruise to the antipodes. A famous ship the *Triomphante*, formerly flying the flag of the gallant Courbet, and in the fight on the Foo-Chow River, in the war between China and France, she rammed the Chinese flagship at full speed, sinking her. On each of our cruisers the marine guard presents arms as she passes, and, when gliding by near us, her band strikes up "Hail, Columbia," her officers, whom we see standing on the high bridge forward,

"drummers" from supply and wine-merchants, laundresses—and on the port side of the deck forward, the "blue-jackets" are making or renewing acquaintances, for American men-of-war seem to be welcome in French waters, and some of the older sailormen have found former friends among the shore people, and are laughingly exchanging salutations in most comical French and queer-sounding English on one side or the other. A pet monkey of the crew comes in, too, for his share in the general hilarity forward; some wag among the sailors has unchained him, and accustomed as he is to perfect freedom about the ship, he makes himself at home as usual, to the terror and dismay of one or two young laundresses, evidently unaccustomed to such free and easy ways. However, the fun is harmless enough, and Jackie's officer, often as much of a sailorman in his way as the veriest shell-back among the crew, rarely interferes with his amusements when he is not on duty, or does not let his love for a frolic carry him too far in a disregard for the order and discipline of the ship.



At the Landing Place, Toulon.

raise their caps to us in courteous recognition of our salute.

Our ship has already been boarded by people from shore—bumboatmen,

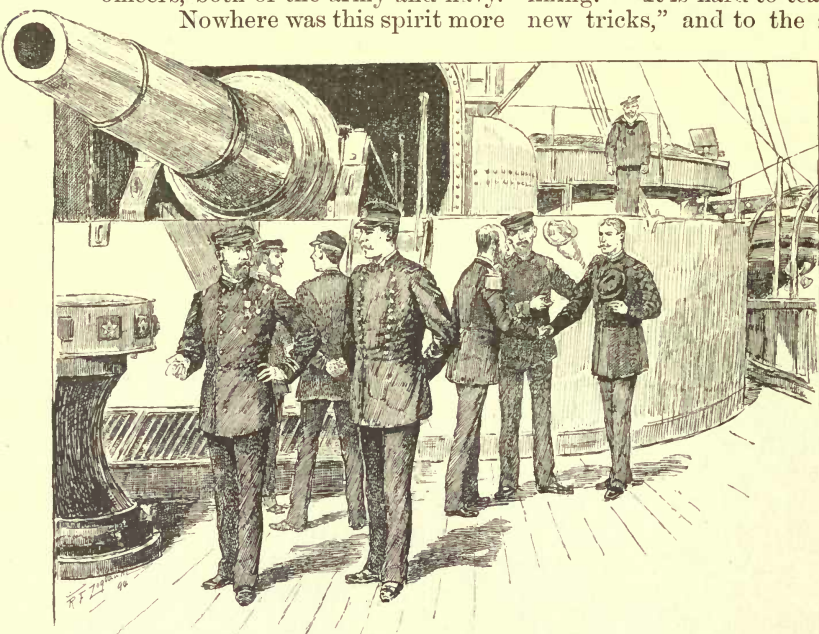
Order and discipline there must be under all circumstances—an army or a navy cannot exist without them—and the government of a ship must be admin-

istered with a strong hand ; and constant vigilance and firmness on the part of the officers in their intercourse with their men, the exaction of unquestioning obedience on their part, are absolutely necessary for the successful attainment of their efficiency as a fighting force, for the safety of their ship, and for the welfare and comfort of every man of the crew. It has been my good fortune to see much of the life of the military forces, both of foreign states and of our own country, and as far as my experience goes I have nowhere met with a class of men more conscientious in the discharge of their duties toward their subordinates, more solicitous of their welfare, more capable of the government of the men under their command in a wise and considerate manner, than American officers, both of the army and navy.

Nowhere was this spirit more

were it not for the false impression they are calculated to convey to the mind of the public. For instance, one account describes how the poor sailors are shivering in "white working clothes," while the officers are buttoned up to their chins in their ulsters. Now, as a matter of fact, the "white working clothes" are put on over the usual clothing of the sailorman, and the naval uniform regulations specially direct that in cool weather, whenever the working dress is used—which it habitually is at sea—it "shall be worn over a suit of blue," thus affording an additional protection against the cold. Consequent upon the new conditions of things in service on a modern warship, there is a change in the sailor's life—at no time an easy one—that perhaps is not altogether to his liking. "It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks," and to the seaman accus-

tomed to the life on board one of our antiquated wooden vessels—where there is nothing new for him to learn, and where the routine is so much a matter of habit with him that the fulfilment of his daily duties becomes a sort of second nature to him—the oft-recurring drilling at the new appliances of warfare and



A Social Visit Aboard the French Flag-ship.

evident than on the squadron of evolution, notwithstanding the reports of hardships endured by the men, and of undue severity of the discipline on board the ships, so industriously circulated for a time in the newspapers. To those cognizant of the true condition of affairs on the fleet some of these reports would be almost comical in their absurdity,

the complicated machinery of all kinds, absolutely necessary to familiarize him with the novel character of his work, may seem irksome. In getting the ship in fighting trim—clearing decks for action—in the fire-drill, in handling the new and improved ordnance, in a dozen different evolutions, the stations of the men, their duties, the tools—if the word may

be permitted—that they use are different from what they have been accustomed to ; and it must be said to their credit that they are speedily learning to do away with old habits, and that the improvement in the manœuvres, under their watchful and painstaking instruct-

been freely accorded, and large crowds of “liberty men” were to be seen at all the ports we visited. Even now a group of sailors and marines is gathered at the mast, and, neat and clean, in natty blue, one by one they respond to their names and tumble over



“The men are speedily embarked.”

ors, is manifest. The squadron of evolution was specially formed for the purpose of instructing officers and men in the performance of these duties, and to render them efficient and competent to man war vessels of the most modern types ; and, while all hands—from commanding officers to the “Jack o’ the dust”—have been held rigorously accountable for the proper performance of their work, at no time are the drills so severe as to be the cause of any real grievance. A healthier, finer lot of men than those forming the *personnel* of the squadron it would be difficult to get together under the present system of recruiting for the navy, and the comparatively small number of desertions—so insignificant in so large a body of men as to be scarcely noticeable—speaks volumes for the general well-being of the enlisted men of the fleet. With the sole exception of Gibraltar—where the “grippe” being at its height on the squadron, general liberty was not given, at the request, I was told, of the British authorities—permission to go ashore has

the side of the big boat waiting at the port gangway to take them to the city for a run on shore.

A busy, “lively” town is Toulon. From the great stone quay on the water front in the inner port, where the landing-place is, narrow and dark streets, bordered by high houses, run back to the wide boulevard and public squares and gardens of the newer part of the city. To the left of the quay, as one lands, the walls of the dock-yard rise and run out, forming one side of the basin, where, behind the barrier of booms floating on the water, row on row of torpedo-boats lie. Turn to the left, follow the quay to the wall, then turn to the right again until you come to the dock-yard gate, where, however, you must not enter without a permit from the “Préfecture de Marine.” This has been granted to the officers of the American squadron, and a number of them enter through the gate, under the guidance of one of the préfet’s aides, a polite, dapper lieutenant, who hurries the visitors through a maze of streets, docks, and

houses, like so many sightseers in a "personally conducted" tour. To their surprise and disappointment they are permitted to examine next to nothing, are conducted rapidly past any point of interest, any great ship lying in the basins or in the dry-docks, past the magnificent Spanish battle-ship *El Pelayo*, which has just been finished by the *Société des Forges de la Méditerranée* at La Seyne on the other side of the harbor, and which is lying at a dock on the outer edge of the yard, and the officers of which evidently expect a visit, as one or two of them advance half-way down the gangway, as if to receive the officers. But the French lieutenant, who is probably as much bored with the whole business as certainly are the Americans, hurries onward, and soon, having made the tour of the yard, parts from them at the main gate with much bowing and smiling, as if pleased at the completion of his task, and leaves a thoroughly disappointed and indignant party of Yankee sailors to make disgusted comments in more or less vigorous Anglo-Saxon on this not very hearty exhibition of official hospitality.

It would, however, be doing a great injustice to the representatives of France's great navy, to lay much stress on this solitary exception to the otherwise cordial and most flattering attentions paid to both officers and men of the American squadron by all classes of the French service, wherever French ships, French sailors, and French soldiers are met with on the cruise. Their courtesy under all circumstances is extreme, and every evidence of good-will toward the sister republic is shown to a remarkable degree. Crowds of French sailors and marines gather at the landing-stages at the quay where our liberty parties land, and it is no unfrequent sight to see French and Yankee "bluejackets" strolling, arm in arm, through the streets of the town, in high good-humor with one another, bent on a frolic, in spite of the difficulty of conversing with one another except through the medium of an improvised sign language.

A long row of high houses, the shops on the ground floor opening out on it, forms the background to the quay. In front the basin is covered with boats,

coming in or passing out of the narrow opening to the harbor outside, where the war-ships are lying, and the floating landing-stages are constantly beset with man-of-war boats of all kinds, French and American, taking in or discharging their passengers. A huge hulk—an old wooden frigate, mastless, and with deck roofed over—is moored to the shore. On it canvas-shirted sailors move about or lounge out of the open ports or in the doorways of the houses built on the deck. It is one of the receiving-ships, and a party of recruits in new uniforms, bulging canvas clothing-bags over their shoulders or lying on the ground beside their owners, are being mustered by a swarthy, pointed-bearded, ear-ringed "quartier maître," preparatory to marching on board a big launch lying by the gangway. Sailors and soldiers, officers, longshoremen, negroes, boatmen, men, women, and children, crowd the wide promenade, or go in and out of the shops and wine-rooms; all is bustle and noise, and a constant kaleidoscopic change is taking place in the moving throng. With clatter of swinging steel scabbards beating their heels as they walk, some dandified young officers—"infanterie de la marine"—stroll up and down, their enormous kepis well down on their ears, their handsome, dark, well-made uniforms contrasting strongly with the clumsy, badly cut, and ill-fitting clothing of their men, many of whom, hands deep in trousers' pockets, pushing back the flowing skirts of their great-coats, are standing about the shops or on the edge of the quay, looking idly out over the water. At the tables, under the wide-spread awning in front of the *Café du Commerce*, naval officers are sipping their coffee or liqueurs, chatting together and smoking, in uniform and bearing showing a marked difference between themselves and their comrades of the land service. Everywhere in the crowd French sailors—some in neat blue broad linen collars over their flannel shirts, some in white canvas fatigue suits—come and go; some carry bundles of all kinds of odds and ends, purchased at the shops, which display their wares under the many-colored awnings over their doors. Everything that a sailor can wear or

use may be bought here, everything necessary and everything unnecessary, from a bo's'n's silver whistle to a particolored cotton handkerchief, with the picture of some celebrated man-of-war printed on

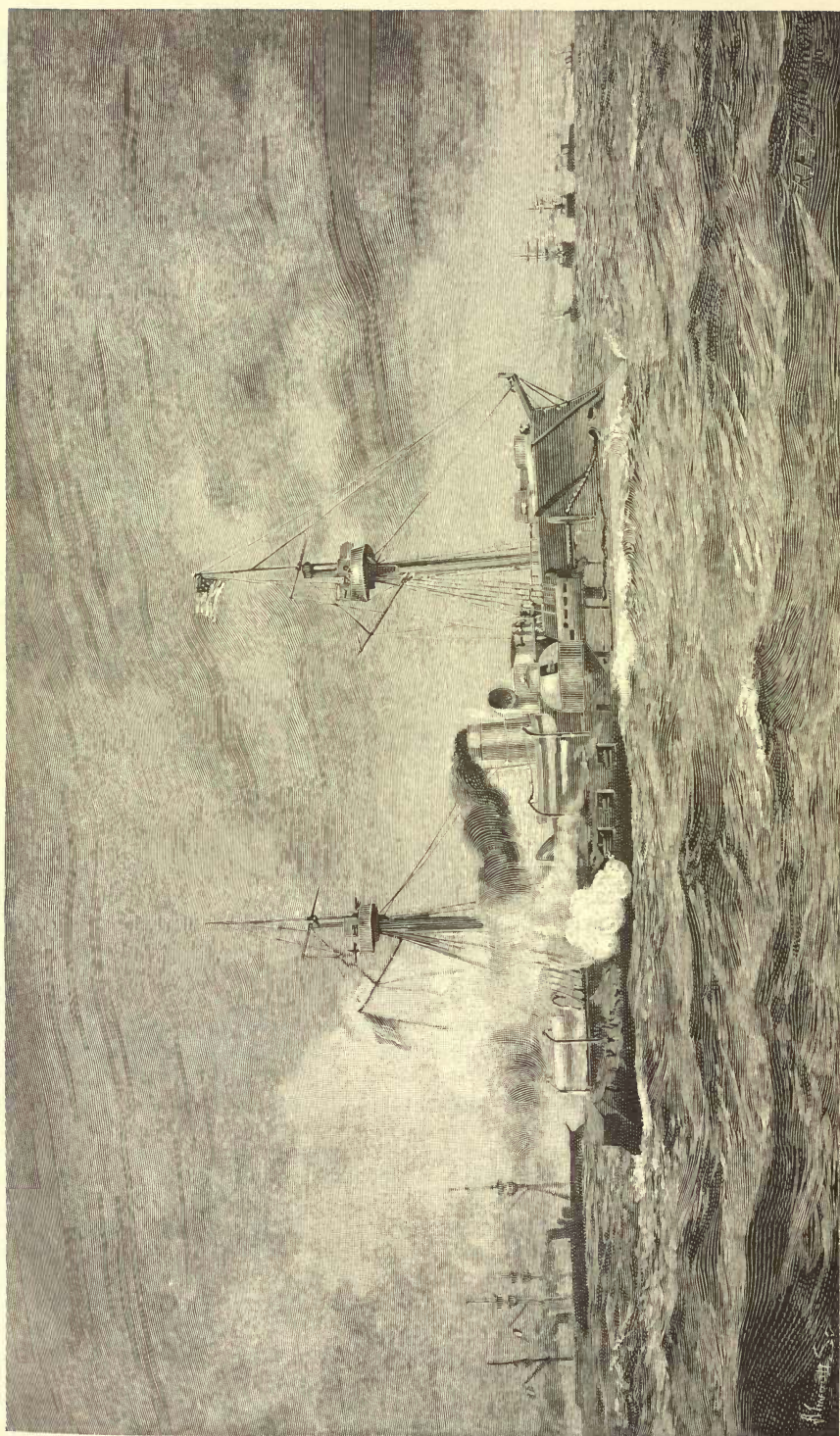
offer flowers with appealing glances, and Jackie, always warm-hearted and lavish with his money, is a frequent customer. Poor old women—white-capped or with kerchiefs bound around their



"Entente Cordiale."

it; from a pair of rain-boots or a sou'wester hat to a knife-lanyard. Book-stands, with bright-covered novels and more soberly bound professional works; tobacconists, with every variety of pipe and cigarholder that ever tempted sailor lad to part with his hard-earned cash; tailor shops, with gorgeous lithographs of every army or navy uniform of France offer their wares to the passer-by. Photographs of ships and prints of most bloody and fiery battles by sea and by land hang in the windows of the wine-shops; and at one dingy, shabby, shop-front the words "Sing House," scrawled on a piece of cardboard nailed on the wall, and the banging and clattering within of a piano, most outrageously out of tune and thrumming out a lugubrious imitation of Yankee Doodle, are evidently intended to lure our American blue-jackets to the questionable entertainment afforded by the vicious-looking and faded representatives of both sexes standing in front of the door. Pale-faced, dark-eyed little children—girls mostly—

heads—box and brush in hand, stand by chairs placed at intervals, ready to "shine your boots," and it is amusing to hear our sailors' sarcastic comments as they see some burly fellow, seated in a chair, while a gray-haired woman kneels on the ground before him, blacking his footwear. A line of shoreboats, bright little flags waving from the tops of their short masts, across which long lateen yards are hanging, push their high bows against the quay's edge beyond the landings for the warships, and their owners, weather-beaten, neatly clad fellows, politely offer their services. They are a sturdy, hardworking, willing lot—old man-of-war's-men many of them—and earn faithfully every penny they make in their sometimes arduous calling. Still farther along, where the crowd is thinning out a little, the ship-chandlers' and marine merchants' warehouses stand, until, with a bend forming one side of the square of the basin, the quay ends at the line of fortifications looking landward.



French Battle-ship Saluting.

It is nearly sunset. The trim young coxswain, standing with folded arms near the white gig, lying in the water alongside the quay, keeps a vigilant eye on his crew, lest some one of them—the attractions of the shops near by too strong for him—should wander too far away to be in his place in the boat at the commander's coming; while the bow-oarsman, boat-hook holding on to one of the many iron rings fastened in the masonry, rolls his quid from cheek to cheek, imperturbable and indifferent to the friendly sallies of the group of Frenchmen—soldiers, sailors, and civilians—gathered about the boat. One of the men lounges on the thwarts, while the others, heads together in a little bunch, are examining some queer-shaped pipes and fish-skin tobacco-bags, just purchased by one of their number at the tobacconist's hard by. The Chicago's steam launch puffs up to the landing and takes on board a party of officers, stewards, and others, that has been awaiting her approach, and with measured dip of long sweeps, the cutters from some of the other ships are pulling out harborward.

The gig's crew jump to their places as the captain takes his seat, and I step in beside him, and the pretty whaleboat, propelled by six pair of brawny young arms, is soon flying over the smooth, oily surface of the water in the inner port, bound once more for the ship. Quiet and smooth stretches the bay before us, as we dart out past the pier-heads, and the ships lying at anchor, seem floating in mid-air, and the headlands beyond, where sky and sea-line meet, are blue and hazy in the distance. Now comes a gentle breeze, just rippling the waters, and the sails of the three little felucca-rigged boats—their bows pointed for the town—that are coming toward us yonder, fill slowly and curve outward, sending the bright-colored little craft dancing onward. With strong, rhythmic, easy stroke, the boat's crew sends the gig along, lying on their oars a moment as the admiral's barge moves past and caps are raised in salute. Smoothly we glide along, past the big Chicago's white sides, past huge circular buoys, anchored to the bottom of the bay and serving for moorings for the

men-of-war. A French whaleboat lies by one of them, a man in the bow marking with great red-crossed signal-flag the moorings for the huge iron-clad slowly approaching from the sea yonder.

Smoothly we glide alongside our ship as the sun, a ball of red fire, gradually disappears, and all over the harbor trumpets are ringing out, and on the flagships the bands are playing, as the colors on the war-ships are lowered for the day.

And so a week passes. The wide harbor and fair weather afford an excellent opportunity for boat-drills of all kinds, and daily whole fleets of them are exercised under oar and sail. The regular routine on the squadron is uninterrupted, in spite of the attractions offered on shore, and officers and men are kept busy; the admiral always on the alert and watchful, and any carelessness, any failure to execute the various manœuvres thoroughly and effectually, are sure to be noticed and commented upon. It is interesting, also, to watch the French torpedo-boats, as they dart about the harbor, under command of young officers, and to observe the close attention paid by French naval men to this very important branch of modern marine warfare. Scores of these boats are kept in readiness for service, and new appliances and methods are constantly being experimented with.

Marseilles is but two or three hours' journey by rail from Toulon, and although the stay of the squadron here is limited, and the life in town and harbor so interesting to me, I resolve to take a "run" down to the great commercial seaport of France. With me in the compartment of a carriage in the morning express is a young Frenchman in naval uniform, and a right pleasant and entertaining fellow-traveller he turns out to be, as, after eying me for a few moments over the top of the book he holds in his hands, he throws it aside, and without further ceremony enters into conversation with me, inquiring whether I am not on the American squadron, and remarking that it would be stupid for two apparently decent sort of men to be shut up together in a railway car-

riage without attempting to pass the time agreeably together. I answer that I am accompanying the American ships and explain my status on the fleet, and he volunteers the information that he is on his way to Cherbourg to join the Naide of the North Atlantic squadron, and, our mutual introduction to one another thus being satisfactorily accomplished, we fall to smoking cigars and chatting pleasantly together on various subjects, and, when we finally enter the station at Marseilles, and my new-found friend suggests that—as he has business in the city which will keep him there until the departure of the night express—we meet later on, dine somewhere, and spend the evening together, I gladly accede to his proposal. He leaves me at the door of the hotel, a quiet hostelry in the rue Daubagne, to which he has accompanied me, and I start off for a stroll by myself.

What a crowd! What a going and coming of carts and wagons, street-cars and carriages, as I stand at the junction of the Cours Belsunce and the rue de Rome with the broad rue Cannebière, on my way to the Old Port at the bottom of the street there, where the masts of shipping rise up. How Parisian the houses look, with their high fronts, the mansards, the long lines of ornamental iron balconies, the signs, and the great plate-glass windows! But all resemblance to Paris ends with the houses. The crowds that fill the streets have a character peculiarly their own, and the sun shines far more brightly, and the sky has a far more brilliant hue than in the cold and misty north. People from all the countries bordering the Mediterranean swarm on the sidewalks in front of the immense cafés with their hundreds of little tables; Turk and Arab, Corsican and Greek, Spaniard and Sicilian, mingle in the crowd, and a dozen different languages may be heard in a distance of as many yards.

Where the Cannebière ends at the Quai de la Fraternité, I look out, over a line of little row and sail boats, on the long basin of the Vieux Port; to my right the wall of the broad Quai du Port is packed with sailing vessels, sterns or bows to the street, thronged with people, carts, and tram-cars, and encum-

bered with huge piles of merchandise, in barrels, bales, and boxes. The Quai de la Rive Neuve, to my left, presents a similar appearance, while in front of me the port opens to the sea, old Fort St. Nicolas on the east, Fort St. Jean on the west. The vessels are from every land under the sun that sends ships to sea. Great, high-decked Englishmen lie side by side with traders from distant Brazil; huge feluccas from the Levant—fierce, swarthy crews, lying under bright-banded awnings on the deck, orange-piled—crowd in between trim, light-sparred yachts; clumsy Hollanders, big Russian barks, round-bowed Germans, Italian tartanes, and Spanish schooners discharge or take on board their freight. From far Pacific islands ships are unloading cocoa-nuts, their shells in splintered fragments lying on the paved quay in huge piles, where they have been thrown by the 'longshoremen, who, walking out on long planks pushed from the ships' sterns, empty great bagfuls on the dock; while others, great hoe-like implements in hand, gather the stuff together into baskets. Near by a pair of great scales a *douanier*—customs officer—in his blue coat and military cap, notes the number of the packages as they are weighed and placed upon the huge drays with the long string of horses standing there to receive their loads. The workmen, half-naked, savage-looking fellows, chatter, whistle, and sing at their tasks; dirty children, in the veriest apologies for clothes, play in the gutters by the sidewalks back where the houses stand, and black-browed, unkempt women, with handsome faces, huge baskets of shell-fish or fruit on their heads, or lying on the curbstone before them, offer the contents for sale. A rope ferry at the end of the Quai du Port takes passengers to the other side, and I cross over to the drawbridge spanning the dirty waters of the Basin du Carénage, and walking along a wide street, leading past the high walls and wide square gates of the barracks of Fort St. Nicolas, I enter the well-kept grounds of the Château du Pharo, a fine palace of the time of Napoleon III., and passing its wide front to the terrace overlooking the water, enjoy the beautiful panorama stretched before me. At

my very feet is the entrance to the Old Port, and beyond rise the houses of Marseilles. To my right are the bastions of the fortress just passed, opposite to me the square tower and stone walls of Fort St. Jean; sweeping away to the west, the New Port shows its grand basins, its granite piers, and rows of massive warehouses, and the magnitude of the business interests, the immense commercial wealth of Marseilles is evident to the most careless observer. Close by the water-front the domes of the cathedral tower above the buildings, and the Quai de la Joliette runs, straight and broad, along one side of the basin of the same name. One after the other the great, square, masonry-walled basins—Basins de la Joliette, du Lazaret, d'Arène, de la Gare Maritime, the National, largest of all—are crowded with steamships, and the quays and warehouses are teeming with life, and the sound of voices, the clanking of heavy chains, the blowing of steam-whistles, the rumble of carts and trains, and all the noise of the life and bustle of a great seaport rise up to my ears, like the distant thunder of the ocean on surf-beaten shores. On a high hill to the south, the golden statue on the top shining through the mist of smoke and dust arising from the city, the tall tower of Notre Dame de la Garde is silhouetted against the sky; out to sea, islands lie—the Château d'If, the old fortress of Francis the First, and the Ile des Pendus, the island of the hanged men.

Promptly at the appointed hour I find my new acquaintance awaiting me at our rendezvous, spick and span in his dark blue uniform and gold braided cap, and showing his white teeth under his dark mustache in friendly smile, as he greets me with outstretched hand. He is in great good spirits, has finished all his business, has made his purchases for his outfit for his long cruise of three years, and ready for the dinner, which he has already ordered for us at a little table in the corner of the *salle à manger* of the Hôtel St. Louis. A regular Marseillaise dinner; *bouillabaisse*, some little pâtés as entrée, chicken with a hot sauce, in which peppers, tomatoes, and fragrant herbs form a savory compound; salad, fruit, and cheese, the whole washed

down with an excellent vin du Var. One of my friends was wont to remark that "a good dinner puts a man at peace with himself and the world," and never could this saying have been applied to better purpose than to the French lieutenant and myself, as, our intimacy having increased marvellously under the stimulus of the good fare we have enjoyed, we sally forth into the now lamp-lit streets in quest of a café to enjoy our demi-tasses and cigars. We have not far to go; there is an "embarrassment of choice," the Frenchman says, and we turn in at one of the many wide open doors of a resort on the Cannebière, filled to overflowing with a motley crowd, good-natured, laughing, and all talking at once at the top of their voices and with much gesticulation, shrugging of shoulders, and raising of eyebrows. However, everybody is polite and amiable, and as my companion and I chat together over our coffee I rather enjoy the din and movement after the quiet and order of life on shipboard.

The streets are literally packed with people as we stroll on the Cours Belsunce. All Marseilles appears to be out of doors, and every foreign seaman in the port seems to have come ashore to-night. On the broad, tree-covered space of the Cours Belsunce the walk is black with men, women, and children, itinerant vendors of nostrums, lemonade and chocolate merchants, gymnasts and mountebanks—all have customers or circles of admiring spectators by the light of the electric lamps, and the hurly-burly is like that of a country fair.

So the evening wears away, and we find ourselves at the railway station, my new sailor friend to take the train for the north, I to see him off and wish him God-speed on his journey. And good luck I certainly do wish for him, as he leans out of the window of his compartment and waves his hand in farewell as the long train drags its slow length out of the station, and if some day his ship drops anchor in American waters I hope I may see him again.

Day is just breaking one morning as—having joined the ship once more—I come out of the cabin and mount to the quarter-deck. All is quiet in the har-

bor of Toulon ; most of the ships that were lying here on the day of our arrival have gone to sea, and, save for one or two cruisers and the *stationnaires*, as the vessels permanently attached to the port are called, our own white beauties are the only men-of-war outside the sheltering walls of the dock-yard. The *Couronne*, the old line-of-battle ship, is preparing to get under way, and the steam escaping from her pipes is curling in white clouds through the maze of her rigging. On the bridge forward on our ship several of the officers are standing ; the crew has turned out, the hammocks are stowed away, and an occasional sound from the engine-room, and the brown haze floating off to leeward from the top of the smoke-stack, indicate that we, too, are preparing for sea. The *Chicago*, the *Boston*, the *Atlanta* also show signs of readiness for departure ; I can see men forward on the decks of all of them, and dark forms on the bridges, while the boats at the davits all hang inboard. The light grows stronger in the east ; to the northward heavy cloud-masses gather threateningly on the horizon, and, as the sun rises, casting its long glancing rays over the bay, the order to cast loose from our moorings and get under way is signalled from the flag-ship ; as she points her nose seaward and leads the way out of the harbor, the other vessels follow in her wake, all with colors flying, responded to immediately by the hoisting of the flags on all the French vessels in sight.

High, rocky, picturesque the land rises from the water ; Fort Coudon, on a rugged crag 2,300 feet above us, glowing red in the light of the rising sun ; gently heaving in long, smooth swells the blue Mediterranean stretches beyond. Astern of us the *Couronne* emerges from the harbor mouth, shaking out fold after fold of her enormous sails to catch the morning breeze. On we steam, out from the bay, soon losing sight of the houses and forts of Toulon, while the *Couronne*, standing out to sea on a course nearly across our sterns, drops her hull, with the double line of black and white ports, gradually below the horizon, until nothing is seen of her but the towering squares of her canvas,

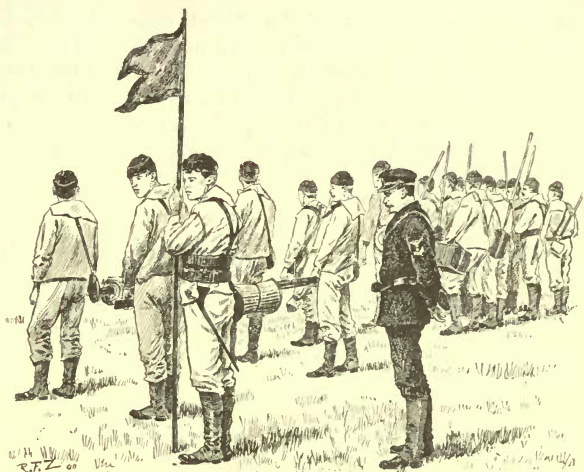
as the sails reflect the light from their smooth surfaces. On we speed in column, one white cruiser following the other, past *Presqu'île de Cien*, and into the passage between the high coast of the mainland and the *Iles d'Hyères*—*Porquerolles*, *Port Cros*, and *du Levant*—rising from the sea on our starboard beam. The air is chilly ; the clouds gather thicker and thicker, and the wind sighs and moans in the rigging, and, as we steam out past the islands the sea breaks in short choppy waves against the sides of our ships. Here and there small coasters, sails spread and showing their colors as they pass near us, pitch and roll, while seaward showers of rain chase one another across the heaving waters. The coast shows dimly through the gathering mists, here and there a rugged promontory pushes out into the sea, the surf breaking on the rocks at its base, while the headlands beyond loom through the constantly gathering vapor, appearing and disappearing as the squalls succeed one another. On we speed, the rain descending in torrents at intervals and the wind increasing, coming tearing over the water in sudden gusts, cold and penetrating. *Fréjus* shows for a moment, and *Ile Ste. Marguerite*, where were imprisoned the mysterious “man with the iron mask” and *Bazaine*, the brave but unfortunate marshal of the Second Empire.

Away ahead on the gray horizon dense smoke masses are rising, and the word is passed that the French fleet is in sight. Through the gusty rain-squalls we can see the ships approaching, their great dark hulls moving over the tossing waves, the thick black smoke from their funnels blown by the wind in rolling clouds seaward. Half-hidden in bursts of spray flying over her hull—lying low in the water—rakish masts waving to and fro as she pitches on the swells, a little torpedo despatch-boat pushes to the front, like a scout thrown out before an advancing column. In line, some distance astern of her, the leading division—three great ironclads, veritable monsters—steam grimly forward, their rear covered by a gunboat ; while following in column three more huge floating fortresses ride the waves,

pushing them aside with their mighty rams, their black sides now rising to the light, now falling in shadow, as they roll heavily and slowly on the seas. Nearer and nearer they come in silent grandeur, when, as the scout flashes by us, and the leading ship is abreast of the Chicago, a burst of flame darts from her iron sides, and the stars and stripes wave at her fore, as her guns give greeting to the American cruisers, and the blue powder smoke envelops her and her consorts in masses of drifting vapor. Promptly the answering thunder of the Chicago's ordnance fills the air, and as promptly the French flagship of the rear division sweeping by—as the five vessels in the van wheel to the left in column—booms out a salute to our admiral's flag.

On we speed, parting company with our French friends, rapidly steaming away from us. Antibes, Cannes, are passed, until rising boldly from the sea the headland behind which our harbor lies looms into view and the houses of Nice show up all gray and dismal in the drizzle of the rain. We round the point and enter slowly in between the tree-clad hills of Villefranche Bay, where, with hospitable courtesy, the French admiral in command of the ships lying here has sent boats out to meet our fleet and to conduct each vessel to her moorings. The French men-of-war in the harbor form the first division of the Mediterranean squadron of evolution, the other divisions of which we met on our run along the coast, and we have as our neighbor again the Amiral Duperré, the giant battle-ship encountered on our arrival at Toulon, which, with the other ships of this division, has remained in port to receive our fleet. Something like a "squadron of evolution," this magnificent fleet of French men-of-war—nine great battle-ships, two powerful cruisers, two despatch vessels carrying torpedoes, one torpedo cruiser, and three regular torpedo-boats. The battle-ships are the Amiral Baudin,

Formidable, Amiral Duperré, Courbet, Trident, Redoutable, Vauban, Bayard, and the Duguesclin—the three last-



A Detachment of Pioneers, and Hospital Corps.

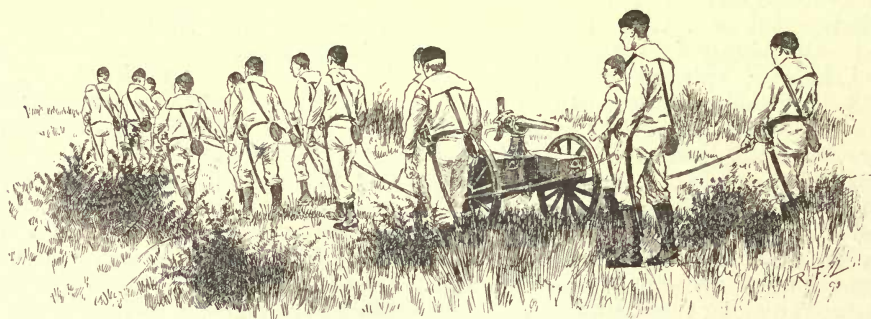
named being so-called cuirassés décroisières, or iron-clad cruisers, and are of the same class of ships as the Triomphante, whose departure for Asiatic waters we witnessed. The three first-named are among the largest and most powerful ships of the French navy. The total number of guns carried in both principal and secondary batteries on the vessels composing this squadron reaches three hundred and one pieces of artillery, from the enormous 37 cm. rifles of the Baudin and Formidable to the various rapid-fire and revolving cannon with which all the ships are armed. Besides this, sixty torpedo-tubes are distributed throughout the fleet. The speed attained by individual vessels runs from fourteen knots by the Bayard, to twenty knots by the Agile, one of the torpedo-boats, and the crews to man them all make up a force of five thousand seven hundred and fifty men. Note the Amiral Duperré, the Courbet, the great Formidable—well-named indeed—lying near where the Chicago is moored, graceful, white, and almost fragile in comparison with the black monster her neighbor; see the gray, long, narrow Milan, the only ship in port that any of our squadron would stand much chance in fighting with. Not that it is intend-

ed to cast any slur on our fine new ships ; splendid specimens of their class they are, equal to, if not better than, any others of their kind afloat, and commanded and manned by American seamen, who time and again have proved their valor and their skill, and who have upheld the honor of the flag in every quarter of the globe, by sea and by land, in the fire of battle and in dread tropic hurricane, ever since an American warship first floated on salt water.

While it will never be necessary, let us hope, for us to maintain anything like the enormous fleets of the great maritime powers of Europe, still a comparison of the actual naval strength of some of these powers with the two or three armored cruisers in process of construction, the battle-ships—not yet even planned—for which Congress has just voted an appropriation ; the handful of monitors—most of them out of repair ; the pitifully inadequate number of torpedo-boats ; the new cruisers, all splendid ships but few in number, and the twoscore of antiquated wooden vessels that go to make up the present naval force of the United States, may not be inappropriate at the present time, when the four cruisers that compose our

ers, and over one hundred gunboats ; France has ready for war forty-four battle-ships, coast-defence vessels, and the like, about one hundred cruisers of various classes, twenty-five iron-clad gunboats—very formidable vessels—thirty-nine other gunboats, fifteen torpedo cruisers and despatch boats, eighteen sea-going, and about one hundred and thirty other torpedo-boats ; Italy has thirty-four battle-ships and iron-clads, forty cruisers, one hundred and twenty torpedo-boats, forty-eight of which are now building ; the Russian eagle floats over about forty iron-clads, twenty or more cruisers, nearly two hundred torpedo and about thirty gunboats ; while Germany's young Emperor commands twenty-seven battle and coast-defence ships, about thirty cruisers, and one hundred and fifty torpedo boats in commission and in process of construction. In these figures only the fighting ships are given ; all the powers, notably Great Britain and France, which nations entertain large fleets of transports, have various other vessels, such as school-ships, yachts, tenders, and the like, to swell the grand total.

A more lovely spot of its kind than Villefranche Harbor it would be difficult



Field Artillery.

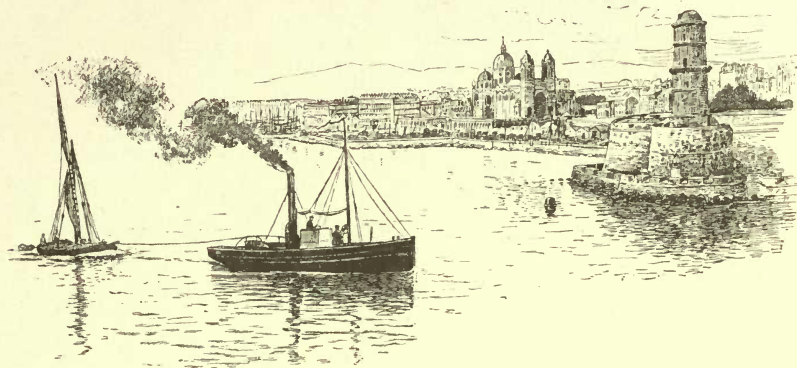
little squadron are the first ships of a new navy that we hope is to rise, phoenix-like, out of the ashes of the old, and should be considered but as the commencement of a fleet, greater, stronger, and more powerful than any our government has planned.

Great Britain maintains a fleet of sixty-eight great armored ships, about two hundred torpedo-boats, ninety cru-

to find. Nestling at the base of high hills, scarred with ravine and chasm, and dotted with groves of dark-leaved trees, the ancient town of Villafranca rises in gray embattled wall and tower from the very edge of the water. Old forts and defensive works line the bank, and narrow streets of steps climb the steep incline. A road, practicable for wheeled vehicles, winds up the height

from the stone pier to the broad highway running around the promontory westward to Nice on the one hand, and on the other eastward along the Riviera. Direct-

French flagship tinkle out simultaneously with the deep-toned voice of that on the *Chicago*, and are responded to by all the other ships; while the trum-



The New Port, Marseilles.

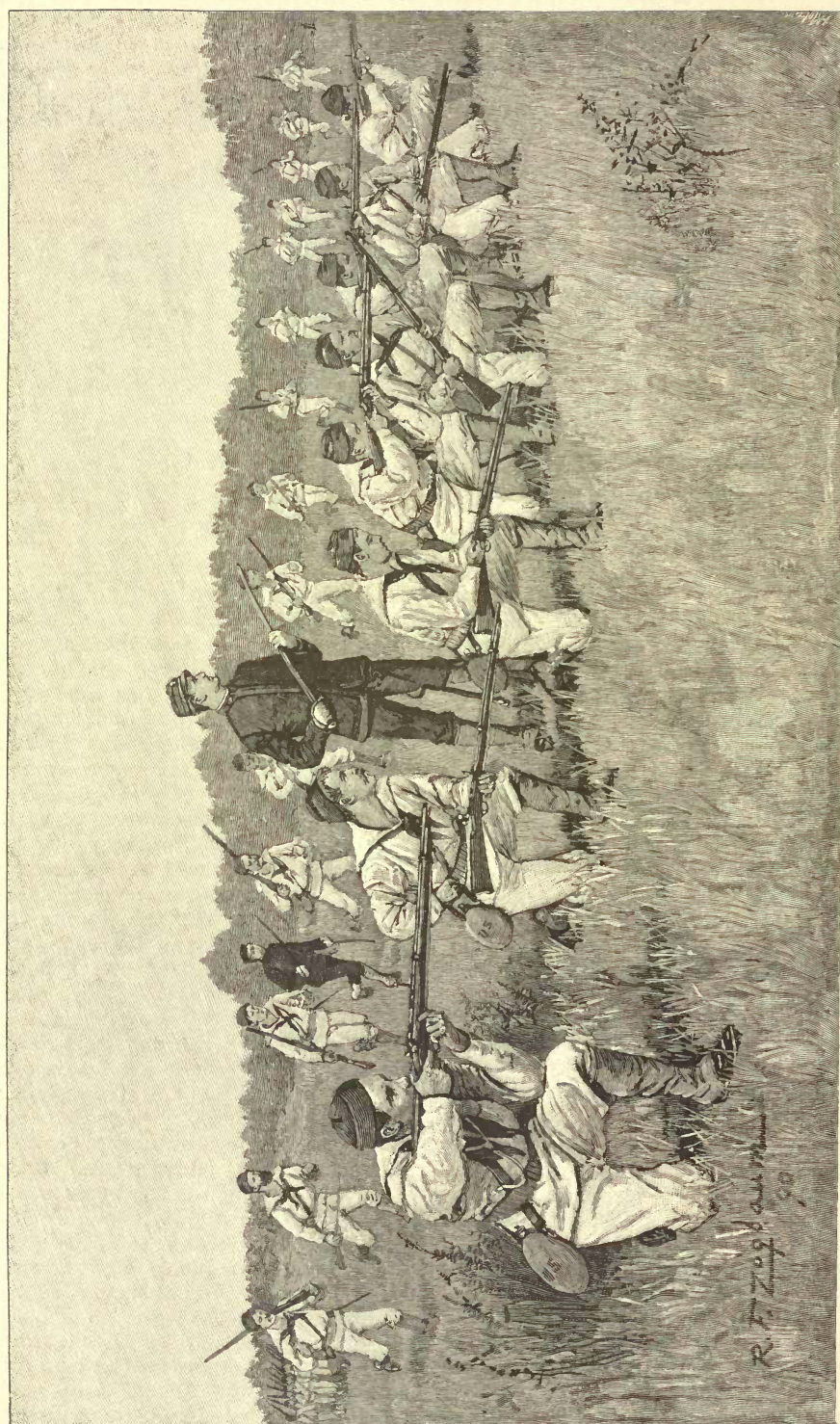
ly south the harbor opens, its waters of a brilliant yet soft blue, transparent and reflecting objects floating upon it with startling vividness. To the east the shore sweeps around in graceful curve to another headland—fortress-topped and with light-tower on its brink—forming a little peninsula, covered with tree and bush, green from the water's edge. The air is soft and balmy, the sky without a cloud, and the sea, out from the harbor's entrance, stretches, glassy and shining bright, save where the long swell casts purple shadows in the hollows, as it rolls directly into the bay, and the Yorktown rocks slowly from port to starboard and from starboard back to port again, gently and softly as a cradle. But a cable's-length or two away from us the *Atlanta's* sides shine silvery white in the sunlight; while between us and the head of the harbor, where the high masts of the flagship and the Boston point upward, the black iron hulls of the Frenchmen are mirrored in the limpid depths. One or two fishing boats—dark specks on the glittering waves in the offing—are moving out; and here and there among the olive-trees on the steep hillsides, where pretty villas and farm-houses peep out, blue smoke from early fires, thin and hazy, rises straight upward and melts into the clear air.

Eight strokes on the bell of the

pets sound, and, like so many firecrackers on the "glorious Fourth," rifles pop on the Frenchmen, as the flags are raised on both fleets.

The "first lieutenant" has his sword on as he stands by the hatch leading below, giving some directions to the ship's writer, and one or two of the other officers are coming up the ladder, buckling their belts or drawing on their white gloves. In duck working clothes and watchcaps the men are gathering forward; the bo's'n's-mate on the fore-castle is superintending the rigging up of a whip, while some of the men are taking apart the carriages of the field-pieces which stand on either side of the deck. The marines—belts on, rifles in hand—stand together near the port gangway; from the armory apprentices are bringing up firearms and equipments; some of the sailors are putting on their brown leggings or strapping their cartridge or cutlass belts around their waists; while in such of the boats as are still hanging from the davits one or two of the men of their crews are busied getting them ready for the day's work, and all hands are bustling about not to be behindhand when the signal to embark comes from the flagship—a brigade from our squadron being ordered to land for shore drill.

Soon the bugles sound, the whistles pipe, away go the boats' crews. The



Shore Drill.

"Pegging away at an imaginary enemy."

steam launch lies smoking at the star-board ladder; the guns—Hotchkiss and Gatling—hoisted up by the whip, are lowered into the boats in the water alongside, and in a jiffy the men, armed as infantry and artillery, have taken their places, and we are soon gliding along, one boat after the other, towed toward the shore by the little steamer. We pass the Atlanta, her crew swarming over the sides; and, coming from the Chicago and Boston, we see the long lines of cutter, launch, and whaleboat, flags flying, well-armed crews filling them, swiftly crossing the harbor to the landing-place on the eastern side, a lovely little cove, where an old stone pier juts out into the water, and where, by the courtesy of the French Government, our forces are permitted to land. As we come up to the pier, one after the other the boats discharge their loads. The cannon are lifted out, the long drag-ropes manned, and the batteries formed; the infantry companies “fall in” quickly and move off along the shore toward a winding path leading up the precipitous hillsides. Quite a respectable force it is, too, with the blue-coated marines and white-clad sailormen, making up a body of infantry several hundred strong, four batteries of artillery with the best and newest types of ordnance, and a detachment of pioneers and hospital corps.

Drums rattling, trumpets sounding, the infantry advances in long, solid columns, winding up the hillside between dark green hedges and stone walls, wheeling to the right on the hard macadam of the highway, until, out from under the overhanging branches of the trees by the high walls that surround the lovely gardens of a pretty villa, the troops debouch on to a breezy, brush-covered plateau that forms the top of the peninsula. The artillery follows close behind; Jackie is used to hauling, and the heavy little fieldpieces are jumped along up the steep hillsides like nothing at all.

What a glorious picture, as stretching in front of us, where the land beyond there stops abruptly, the sea sparkles and ripples in the sunshine, royally purple in hue, in glowing contrast with the sapphire sky, which, cloudless, rises

like a dome above. To the left and rear, sweeping in a bold curve eastward, the coast trends away; Beaulieu clusters in garden and olive groves, orange and rose trees, palms gracefully drooping feathery branches over green hedges; huge cliffs tower, naked and grand, from the white curving road on the strand, and high mountain-tops raise mighty crests heavenward. Down below, every stitch of canvas spread, “a bark is speeding over the sea,” and far on the distant horizon to the southward a hazy streak of smoke marks the passage of some steamer bound for Corsican harbors.

Off to the right and left of the road the batteries wheel. Away go lines of skirmishers, dotting the dark plain with spots of snowy white; bugle-calls ring out, commands are shouted, the artillery carriages rattle on the stony road. Jackie is “soldiering” with a vengeance, not in his signification of the term, by which he would imply that “soldiering” means shirking hard work, but in true military style scrambling over rock and bush in the advance or retreat, or prone upon the ground on the skirmish line, pegging away at an imaginary enemy, on the whole, it seems, rather enjoying the novelty of his work than otherwise. To be sure Jackie’s methods—his careless air, his loose movements, his flowing garments—contrast with the trim appearance and the precision and regularity with which the soldier does his work; but there is a devil-may-care recklessness about the man-of-war’s-man—an activity and vim in “getting there”—that is purely his own, and will probably serve its purpose, as far as the sailorman is concerned, fully as well as if he were compelled to observe every nicety of detail of the drill. Be that as it may, it is a fine lot of fighting material that composes this brigade, and the admiral may well be proud of his command—as no doubt he is—as he stands there by the roadside, taking no active part in the proceedings, but with his keen eyes closely observing the progress of the manœuvres and noting every movement for future blame or praise.

Drums rattling, trumpets sounding again, the brigade returns to the shore and the men are speedily embarked

once more, one detachment after the other entering the boats, quietly and in excellent order, and pulling back to the ships. Although there is no "let up" to the drills and duties on the squadron, carnival time has come, and every afternoon sees boatloads of liberty men leaving the war-vessels for the shore. The railway at the head of the bay, where the tunnel enters into the mountain's side, is alive all day long with trains, every carriage filled with passengers; on the road leading around the point to Nice equipages and wayfarers are moving. The streets of the city are crowded with people from all classes of society, rich and poor, with representatives of every civilized nation in Europe and beyond. The beautiful Promenade des Anglais, with its border of palms running between the roadway and the beach, is covered from end to end with a dense, slowly moving crowd. The windows of the hotels and clubs, gayly festooned and decorated stands by the walls of the gardens, are filled with fashionably dressed men and women in beautiful toilets, while in the throng on the sidewalks below, railed in from the drive, "all sorts and conditions" of men, women, and children vie with one another in enjoyment of the day. Long lines of carriages, flower-bedecked, move slowly up one side and down the other, the occupants exchanging volleys of flowers with the surrounding crowd, and the air is heavy with the perfume of roses, geraniums, and violets. To and fro the people surge; laughter and music from the military bands, stationed at intervals on the street, shouts and cries, song and applause, the clapping of hands at some dexterous hit or as some beautifully decorated carriage passes, rise in a confused roar from the multitude, while everywhere the utmost good-humor and hilarity prevail, as high and low, mistress and maid, master and man, prince and plebeian meet together for the nonce on a common footing of equality. Here and there in the crowd the broad blue collar and flat-topped caps of our sailors form conspicuous targets for fair flower-throwers, and Jackie, ever ready for fun, enters thoroughly into the spirit of the day, and throws his flowers and jokes

with his neighbors as happy and hilarious as any Frenchman in the crowd. Several honest fellows among our men, mounted on tricycles they have hired somewhere, and puffing at black cigars in long holders, ride calmly along with the carriages, totally unconscious of anything unusual or odd in their appearance, and oblivious of the attention they are attracting.

On the last days of King Carnival's reign fun and merrymaking run riot in the streets of Nice. The battle of the confetti rages, and from end to end of the Quai Massena and the Promenade des Anglais, on all the squares and the adjacent streets, the mob of maskers hold supreme sway. Woe to the luckless wight who, in his innocence mingles with the crowd in his ordinary everyday dress, and his head unprotected by the wire masks to be bought at every street corner. The confetti flies in showers, and, hard as stones and of the size of peas, sting mercilessly when they strike uncovered face and ears. It is all very well when the attacking party is some bright-eyed girl, muffled from head to foot in her domino; but when, as is too often the case, some ruffianly fellow in the crowd takes evil delight in sending a handful of miniature grape-shot straight into your face with all the force he is capable of, it must be confessed that to control one's temper is not always an easy matter, and I am not surprised to see one too obtrusive masker clutched by the powerful hand of an American from the squadron—a tall, big, quiet man—and shaken, as a Newfoundland dog would shake a rat, until his teeth rattled in his head. However, "do in Rome as Romans do," and if you will be tempted to mingle with the crowd on a "confetti" day at Nice, wear your oldest clothes, put a wire cage over your head, and keep your hands in your pockets; or else throw cold Anglo-Saxon reserve "to the winds," dress yourself in a ridiculous costume of some sort or other and join in the mad folly of the time.

And now one evening I stand on the shore looking over the water to the shapely cruisers floating there, and feel-

ing truly like "a stranger in a strange land" for the first time since leaving home ; for the time has come for me to part from the "White Squadron," and I wave regretful farewell to my sailor friends, taking with me kindly recollections of sailor ways and sailor hospitality, and leaving hearty good wishes for the welfare of one and all, fore and aft, from fo'c's'le to cabin.



IN BROCELIANDE.

MERLIN, Merlin, wizard Merlin,
Days are now like days of old :
I believe the spells they told
Cast by thee for Vivien, Merlin ;
Merlin, wizard, hear me now !

Tall the green oaks rise to heaven
In thy forest, Broceliande ;
Still they grow and whisper, Merlin,
In the summer Breton land :

Cast thy spell upon me, Merlin,
In the forest Broceliande ;
Bear me to thy couch of bracken,
Touch me with thy magic hand,

Where the million leaflets utter
Hidden secrets, mystic names,
And the tall oaks, where they flutter
Rise to heaven like green flames.

Like green flames they rise to heaven—
Circlewise the Druids stand :
Cast their spell upon me, Merlin,
In the forest Broceliande ;

With the tall trees ranged above me,
Standing sentry where I lie—
While I dream her soul could love me
I may not live, I would not die.

Then ten-hundred years pass o'er me ;
 (Oaks net shadows by my head)
 Then, a thousand years before me
 (When I wake), has she been dead.

Then, O Merlin, waken, waken,
 Loose mine eyes from thy deep spell ;
 As I waken, listen—listen—
 Hear what tale my lips shall tell :

If I look upon the dawning—
 Mark the bird upon the wing—
 Smile to sunlight, greet the morning,
 Hail like any youth the spring

If with joy I see the heavens,
 Where the tall oaks toss, 'tis well ;
 Then, O Merlin, wizard Merlin,
 Loose my heart the mystic spell !

But, O Merlin, wizard Merlin,
 If, when thou dost lift thy hand,
 If mine eyes turn down from heaven
 In thy forest Broceliande ;

Nor the magic oak-tree hideth
 Heaven from me, but a tear ;—
 If I ask thee where she bideth,
 She that's dead that thousandth year—

Then, O Merlin, wizard Merlin,
 Cast thy spell on me once more ;
 Net thy shadows oaken-woven
 Closer round me than before ;

Weave their branches with the sunlight
 Shadow of forgetfulness ;
 Weave with oak-leaves nor with moonlight
 Dreams, no dreams of happiness :

But, 'till earth shall pass in fire,
 Fire sink dying into night,
 Night shall brood no dawn-desire,
 Nor God say, Let there be light,—

Merlin, Merlin, never waken !
 Let thy death-oaks guard my head,—
 Lest, by life and by death unshaken,
 My love shall live and the world be dead !

Even now, for my love, Merlin
 Work this spell at my command,
 Where thy tall oaks rise to heaven
 Like green flames, in Broceliande.

NATURE AND MAN IN AMERICA.

THIRD (CONCLUDING) PAPER.

By N. S. Shaler.



E have now to consider the section of English North America which lies to the west of the Mississippi River, a region where the under-structure, the topography, and, to a great extent, the physiographic conditions which affect the advance of man, are determined by the Cordilleran system of mountains. First, let us note the fact that this western section of the continent, at least the part of it which is south of the Canadian region, is generally characterized by a scanty rainfall. Only on the Pacific coast, north of California, do we find anything like the annual share of moisture which comes to the earth in the regions east of the Mississippi. East of the Mississippi the annual supply of rain amounts on the average to about fifty inches, a share of precipitation probably unsurpassed in any equally extensive area in the same latitude, unless it be in China. Moreover, the seasonal distribution of rain in the part of North America east of the Mississippi is, on the whole, favorable to the interests of agriculture. The greater part of the annual fall, it is true, takes place in the winter half of the year, when it is of the least value to vegetation; still almost all the territory is entitled by the regimen of the air to receive abundant showers during the growing season.

West of the Mississippi the average rainfall, though not yet well determined, probably does not exceed twenty inches, and may in the end prove even less in quantity. Moreover, in this section the rain is ill distributed; nearly the whole falls in the time between the first of January and the first of May, the summer and autumn being, in a large part of the area, times of continued drought. From the Mississippi River westward this diminution of the rainfall goes on

rapidly as we approach the Rocky Mountains. The most arid section lies within the mountainous belt; on the western borders of that district we have a narrow strip of country extending from southern California, widening to the north, wherein the rainfall is sufficient for the needs of a vigorous vegetation. In the mountain districts local circumstances cause the rainfall to vary greatly in amount. There are considerable territories tolerably well provided with rain, but, as a whole, the region is arid.

The trans-Mississippian portion of North America is, from the point of view of economic interests, divided into several distinct sections. On the east we have a strip of country including eastern Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri, eastern Kansas, Arkansas, and eastern Texas. In this section the annual rainfall is sufficient to promote the development of grain and the other staples appropriate to the soil and temperature. Throughout this belt the surface is, except in the Ozark district of Arkansas and Missouri, substantially unaffected by mountain-building forces. The whole of the area affords excellent soils. This section is in the main fitted for agriculture. There are, however, at several points, as in the lead district of Iowa, the lead and zinc country of Missouri, the iron district of the Ozark, considerable sources of mineral wealth. Throughout this section of States bordering upon the Mississippi, but west of its line, the climatal conditions are apparently favorable to the development of our race; though the summers are, in the southern section of this district, extremely hot, the winter is sharp enough to maintain the physical energy of the people.

West of the country just considered, and thence to the eastern boundary of the Cordilleras, we have a section where the diminished rainfall renders ordinary agriculture unprofitable. Now and then

a season favors the tillage of grain over the most of this vast expanse ; but the annual supply of water varies too much to make agriculture trustworthy. Along the streams irrigation is possible, and a small portion of the land may be made fertile by this expedient. Still, after all such engineering works are constructed, at least nine-tenths of the surface will remain unsuited to ordinary husbandry. Its only use will be for the pasturage of herds.

A great portion of this Cordilleran Piedmont district is destitute of mountain ranges. The Black Hills form a curious outlier on the north, and one or two slight disturbances have affected other parts of the field. The result is that no important mineral resources are revealed in this country, except in the detached mountain mass of the Black Hills.

The facts above stated make it plain that this great section of the continent has a limited future, save by a change of climate which it is unreasonable to expect, and we fail to see, how it can ever be made to afford a dwelling-place for large bodies of people. The absence of fuel, of timber, and water powers excludes manufactures. The dryness renders extensive agriculture impossible, and there remains only the chance of the scanty industry which comes with a pastoral life.

North of the above-described section, within the limits of Canada, and in the drainage area where the waters flow the north pole toward, we have a large territory in the Saskatchewan, the Red River, and the other valleys, including an area of about 150,000 square miles, where the rainfall is considerably greater than it is in the Piedmont district of the southern Cordilleras of North America. In this section the surface of the country is more diversified ; it contains a great many lakes ; the larger rainfall is marked by the greater number and size of the rivers, and there is a brief season of growth in which the smaller grains and root-crops prosper exceedingly. Although the surface of the country is generally level, the rocks are sufficiently disturbed to reveal a considerable amount of mineral resources, the value of which is not yet known. There is no question that this Hudson Bay area,

as we may term it because its waters drain into that basin, is in many ways, of agricultural importance. As before remarked, it is exceedingly well fitted for the growth of certain staples, viz., the smaller grains. Unfortunately, the region is too far north for the extensive growth of Indian corn. Moreover, the length and severity of the winters make it too cold to profit by the rearing of horned cattle or of sheep. At present the cultivation of small grains secures this section a fair measure of prosperity. It is to be feared, however, that this is but a temporary success, for the reason that all the wheat fields in the central part of the continent are prone to rapid exhaustion from the rude tillage to which they are subjected. When the primary fertility of the ground is exhausted, it is necessary to have recourse to mixed farming, to artificial fertilizers, and other expedients which are not likely to prove profitable in this high northern realm, where the population must mainly depend on one class of crops.

As far as the matter of climate is concerned, this region appears suitable to the people derived from the more northern countries in Europe. Scotch, English, North Germans, and Scandinavians appear to be well accommodated by their bodily habits to the rigors of the climate. There remains, however, the fact, that for nearly one-half the year work in the fields of this district is impossible, and this with a purely agricultural country is a grave economic disadvantage. Therefore, despite the present success of this high northern settlement, it seems likely that it is in the end to become a country of the second order, in which, though the population may maintain itself and attain to a certain diversity, the fullest development of life will not be secured because of the unvaried nature of the industries.

We turn next to the territories contained within the vast area of the Rocky Mountains, extending from the Western pastoral lands to the border district, which lies upon the Pacific Ocean. For nearly two and a half centuries after the advent of the English settlers upon our shores the Cordilleran region remained a practically impassable barrier between

the settlements of the Atlantic coast and Mississippi Valley and the western sea. For two hundred years of this period the idea that this great natural barrier to commerce would ever be broken down does not seem to have entered into the minds of our people. Even after California was settled and the prospective importance of the group of States on the Pacific coast became evident, few dared to hope that the great American desert and the mysterious mountains which lay beyond it would ever be made as readily passable as the Alleghanies. Nothing shows so well the swift advance of man's control over terrestrial conditions within the lifetime of our generation as the speed with which these barriers have been overcome. The journey from New York or Boston to San Francisco is to us a much less serious undertaking than it was to our fathers to go from the sea-coast to the Ohio Valley.

In northern Mexico, and thence northward to the farthest point where the Cordilleras have been explored, the Cordilleran mountain district has an average width of about one thousand miles. The topography of this region differs considerably from that of most other important mountain ranges. In the first place, the mountains proper rest upon an elevated pedestal, so that the greater valleys and inclosed table-lands often have a height of six or eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. This feature causes the climat  of the region to be generally more rigorous than its latitude alone would cause it to be. The form of the mountains gives a curious type to the topography. The predominant ranges extend in a general north and south direction, as do those of the Appalachian system; but in the Rocky Mountains we have a feature unobserved in the Appalachian elevations, in that there are many subordinate ranges having a general east and west course. The consequence is that the Cordilleran district contains many extensive elevated valleys, great surfaces sometimes of tolerably level floors of many thousand square miles in extent. Striking examples of these inclosed areas are found in the well-known parks of Colorado.

In the last glacial period, when the rainfall of this country was far greater than at present, this range of mountains was by its condition calculated to afford a great number of isolated areas having a high order of fertility, as is shown by the fact that it had great lakes in many of its basins, water areas rivalling the Laurentian fresh-water seas in extent. The Rocky Mountains were probably at that time a verdant country, and would have been wonderfully well suited to the uses of man. At present, however, no considerable portion of this region is fitted for agriculture, save where it is artificially irrigated.

Although a large part of the Rocky Mountain section consists of mountainous peaks, probably nearly one-third the total area is well covered by soil which, owing to the fact that its resources have not been drained by vegetation, is of exceeding fertility. The researches of the United States Geological Survey have made it plain that over a hundred thousand square miles of this Cordilleran area can be won to tillage by storing the winter rains in convenient reservoirs and using the husbanded waters for irrigation. The Mormons have proved in a remarkable way the success which attends the application of water to the soil, and there is every reason to believe that in all the important valleys of this country there will be extensive areas of land in this way won to agriculture. The irrigated lands of the Rocky Mountains have a very great fertility, and are singularly enduring to tillage. We may fairly assume the arable value of these redeemable soils as at least three times as great as that afforded by the State of Illinois.

Owing to the great north and south range of this Cordilleran system, we have within it a vast range of climate, so that the products of the artificially watered fields may have a great diversity. Thus in Montana and Idaho the natural products are grains, grass, and the other ordinary tillage crops of this country; while in New Mexico and Arizona the finer fruits may be advantageously cultivated. There can be no question that the development of the irrigation system in the Rocky Moun-

tains is sure to give rise to a great many definitely limited agricultural populations, each separated from the other by broad fields of arid mountains, which here and there will afford employment to miners. When this condition of culture is instituted, we shall thus have a singular localization of life and industry, the like of which cannot exist in the other parts of the continent, where there are no barriers of a distinct sort between the several fertile districts.

The principal economic basis of the Cordilleran life must for many centuries rest upon the mining industry. The geological development of this section from the time the rocks were laid down on the old sea-floors, through the periods when they were deeply buried and finally uplifted by the mountain foldings, has served to prepare a vast range of mineral wealth by nature and position well suited to the needs of man. So far the mining industry of this section is in the main turned to the precious metals, and we have come to associate the idea of mining in this district with the winning of gold and silver. Although we as yet know comparatively little concerning the under-earth resources of this district, it is evident that it contains a wide range of mineral products, perhaps a greater variety than is known to exist in any other country, all of which will, with the progress of exploration and the cheapening of mining costs, become the bases of industries. Coal, iron, and various alkaline salts, the varieties of bitumen, quicksilver, lead, zinc, and a host of other substances which have a place in our industries, exist in profitable quantities in this region. The fact that a large part of the country can be made fertile by irrigation, will afford a basis for food-supply to the mining population without the distant carriage now required to bring it to this field.

Great as is the measure of man's dependence on the resources of the under-earth in the present condition of his development, there is every reason to believe that this dependence will be manifolded within a century from our day. We are evidently nowhere near the end of the growth in our mineral industries. The underground workers are evidently to be, in the century to

come, something like as numerous as the soil tillers. Therefore, in our forecast, we must reckon on the development of a body of population in the regions of the Cordilleras which cannot readily be imagined by the traveller who hastens through their apparently sterile wastes.

The general climatal conditions of this section give promise that it will afford an admirable field for the nurture of northern Europeans. Although newcomers in the highlands generally suffer from certain maladies attendant on the change of station, the children born in the region seem very vigorous, and the acclimatized man finds little in his surroundings to contend with. The generation of success which our race has secured in the Cordilleras is a matter of no small interest to the philosophical student of our country. Until the settlement of this district our Anglo-Saxon folk had never come to occupy a region of highlands. They were characteristically lowlanders in their origin and history, and it was an open question whether the blood would prosper in such countries. It might have been feared that it would have proved unfit for mountain life, as it has proved unfit for the conditions of the tropics. The sight of vigorous children, and young men and women of admirable physique, who have been bred in the Cordilleran highlands, is most satisfactory to those who have a keen interest in the future of our race.

On the Pacific slope we have three areas which are open to our race—the Californian, Oregonian, and Alaskan. The Californian section, extending from the peninsula of southern California to the northern borders of California proper, is a region of mountain valleys, lying in the foot-hill district of the Cordilleran province. In this section the rainfall is sufficient to make an extensive and varied agriculture possible; the climate is in general of an admirable quality, and the soil, which occupies perhaps one-half the total area, of a great fertility. Although such a long shore, the coast is poorly provided with harbors. The fishing-grounds are not very good, and the maritime life is likely to be less considerable than along any equally extended part of the American

coast. On the other hand, the mining districts are blended with the tillage grounds in such a manner that they complement each other. So far the under-earth resources which have been won have been mainly those of the precious metals; there is every reason to believe, however, that in the future the grosser earth products are to play a very large part in the economic success of the district and in the diversification of its industries. A high grade of agriculture, exceedingly varied mining, under a climate which is on the whole favorable in its effects on the human frame, give promise of admirable conditions for the development of a powerful people.

The district of Oregon, including the western portion of that State and the neighboring sections of the State of Washington, as well as a considerable part of the Frazer River district on the north, differs from California in its more humid climate, the proportionately wider extent of its tillage grounds, but most markedly in the great extent of its inland maritime waters, the abundance of its harbors and straits, the nurseries of seamen. Here, too, the fisheries attain a marked value, so that there is a great foundation for ocean industries.

The mining opportunities of the Oregonian district, though perhaps less considerable than those of the central Cordilleras or of California, are still great. In this section, from the Frazer River to the Columbia, extending back two or three hundred miles from the sea, we have the most varied opportunities for industries which are afforded by any portion of the American continent. Coal is probably abundant; there are numerous excellent water-powers, and the soil within the limits of the humid area is very fertile. The forests are of good quality and of great extent, and the maritime resources appear to have a value unequalled on any portion of the American continent. The region has been blessed by the character of its settlers, for they have been derived from the most vigorous portion of the race. Taking it for all and all, the physiographer is more disposed to foretell greatness for this section than for any other equally extensive area on the western border of the continent.

North of the Frazer River, and thence to the Yukon, we have a district which by its physiography is peculiarly suited for a maritime life. In general the character of the surface, soil, and climate of this region more clearly resembles the Scandinavian peninsula than any other part of the American continent; save that the area open to tillage is less considerable than in Sweden and Norway, the general conditions very closely reproduce those of our race's cradle-land. In this field, which is destined to have a peculiar place in the development of our race, agriculture can have but a small part in the activities of the people. Indeed, with the development of any considerable population, they must depend upon the Oregonian and Californian districts for their grain-supply. Mining and fishing are the natural occupations for the populations which are to be developed in this interesting region.

We have now completed our proposed rapid survey of the physiographic conditions which determine, in a general way, the development of our race on the continent of North America. It will be observed that we have excluded from consideration the whole of Mexico and Central America, the archipelago of the Antilles, as well as all the wide expanse of lands neighboring to the Arctic Ocean. The Arctic region does not interest us because in the present condition of its climate these territories are sterilized by cold, and are therefore without the province of our people. The southern parts of the continent, though offering regions of delightful climate and great fertility, are also unsuited to our race.

Much has been said concerning the change which the European population has undergone in the course of generations from life upon this continent. Many persons have maintained that the British portion of our population has been greatly altered by its experience on the continent of North America. There has been a good deal of talk about the American type of man. He is supposed to be a thinner and more angular creature than his cousins of the parent isle. It has been held that, though quicker witted, readier to fit himself to circumstances, he has less

solidity, less endurance than his ancestors from beyond the seas. There can be no question that our climate, as a whole, differs considerably from the conditions of northern Europe, whence our race came. It is generally drier, the alternating seasons cooler and hotter; it has, because of its relatively unclouded sky, more sunlight. There is a natural presumption that such variations would lead to considerable alteration of the race. It may be that a certain measure of physical change has taken place.

I propose at once to set forth the reasons which lead me to the opinion that the change, if it has occurred, has been small in amount, and that it has not injuriously affected the qualities of the people. It is worth while, at the outset of our inquiry, to note the evidence which serves to show that racial qualities are not always the playthings of climate. Fortunately for our argument we have in this country some striking bits of evidence on this point. A large part of our population is of African descent, mostly derived from the Guinea coast, from conditions of climate very different from those which prevail in the Southern States of North America—from a social as well as a physical environment differing vastly from what exists in this country. The African race has by its transplanting undergone a vast change in its conditions. The Africans have been, so to speak, on the average, upon this soil for nigh two hundred years—that is, they are as Americans about as ancient as the white population. So far as we can determine, the several generations of this race's life in a totally foreign climate has not affected any of their original peculiarities. The form, color of the skin, character of the hair, the mental qualities still remain, so far as we can determine, essentially unchanged, except so far as the blood has become mingled with that of the whites. This stubbornness of race characters is all too little appreciated. We commonly neglect it in our political considerations, but the naturalist cannot omit to consider it in his reckonings.

Although the history of British settlements in torrid regions shows that

the population of northern Europe is not suited to equatorial conditions, there is nothing in the experience of the race which would lead us to suppose that the measure of change undergone in passing from the parent country to the portion of the United States north of the region about the Mexican Gulf should produce any marked alteration in the racial qualities. It is a difficult matter to compare the condition of two bodies of people on opposite sides of the sea. We cannot trust to the impressions of travel, for no man can retain sufficiently accurate memories for such judgments. Here and there, however, we find certain data which serve as indices, and perhaps afford a sufficient basis for an opinion on this point. The most important of these facts are those pertaining to longevity, as determined by the experience of life insurance companies, those obtained by the measurements of soldiers and sailors, and the endurance which such men exhibit in their callings. The results of surgical operations serve also to indicate the vitality of the patient, and the success attained in games of a sort which demand a higher measure of mental and bodily vigor, shows something concerning the essential qualities of the men. It would be desirable to add to this list the measurement derived from the intellectual accomplishment of the two countries, the success in various walks of a learned and imaginative work. Unfortunately, this last measurement cannot be justly applied, for the reason that intellectual accomplishment depends not so much on native ability as on peculiar circumstances of scholarly environment, on education, and on the competence of the social conditions to stimulate the creative mind. . . . Shakespeares or Bacons possibly may remain with their genius unknown even to themselves, unless there is the stimulating air to quicken the native spark into a flame.

Taking the conditions which I have mentioned in the order in which they are presented, we note in the first place the conviction on the part of our actuaries, the computers who determine the measure of insurance risk on human life, that the longevity of people in America is at least as great as in Europe,

and this despite the fact that men's lives in this country are more seriously taxed than in the Old World. We are supposed to be dying of overwork, but the fact is that, witnessed by the duration of life in the case of men who have appeared on the records of insurance companies, there is no indication that the term allowed to man is growing less in this country than it is across the seas. On the contrary, the evidence seems to point to the conclusion that the American man lives longer than those of the same race in the Old World.

We have next to consider the endurance of American bodies to grave surgical operations. It is a well-known fact that in this country, during our civil war, there was a surprising percentage of recoveries from gunshot and other lesions incurred in battle. I believe it is a fact that in no European campaigns has the percentage of recoveries ever been as great as it was during our civil war. Although our surgeons were devoted, and the noble auxiliary corps of nurses untiring in their efforts to assuage the ills of battle, we cannot, it seems to me, attribute this remarkable percentage of recoveries to remedial measures alone. Our surgeons and physicians employed in the civil war were not in general so well instructed as those of Europe, and the means of succor on our battle-fields were probably no better than they are in modern days in the Old World. It seems to me that this fact of ready recovery from wounds cannot be explained save by the supposition that, on the whole, the American's body has more recuperative power than that of the European. It may possibly be that this advantage is due to better food, less average consumption of alcohol, and in part to the mental activity and courage in adversity which is bred in our men by their varied activities. Be this as it may, the rude experience of war seems to indicate that our men are as enduring as any from other countries. The probability that the survival from wounds is due in part to the innate condition of our people finds some support in the observations of Dr. Brown-Séquard, which were communicated to me personally some years ago. This gentleman, as is well known, is a distinguished

physician, as well as a physiologist of the foremost rank, having a place among the famous experts in this branch of science who are now the glory of France. Dr. Brown-Séquard had observed that American animals generally—not only men, but the lower mammals down to the level of the rabbit—are much more enduring to wounds than the kindred forms of the Old World. He regarded this peculiar endurance to lesions as the result of a difference in the nervous system, which made the creatures of this country feel the effect of shock much less considerably than those of Europe. He stated that, in order to produce a given amount of destructive effect in experimenting on a rabbit, he had to make the wounds of the nervous system much more severe than in the case of European animals upon which he was performing the same experiment. In his opinion the American man had something of the same element of resistance to injuries.

The next point of evidence is that which is afforded by the record of field sports in this country and of Europe. While the conditions of higher intellectual accomplishment differ so in the two countries as to make comparison impossible, the field sports, especially those which require at once, as most of them do, the effective co-operation of mind and body, afford an excellent test as to the general condition of our folk in comparison with our English kindred—a comparison which includes not only the human kind, but extends also to the companions of man. It is now pretty well established that the American horse is as good as any of his kindred in the world, as is proved not only by the race-course, but by the wonderful cavalry marches made during the civil war, marches in which the sorest part of the contest came upon the *mounts* of the soldiery. Our ordinary field sports have, except lacrosse, been derived from England. Even base-ball, which appears as a distinctively American game, is but a modification of an English form of sport, which is really of great antiquity. The field sports which we may compare in England and America are the games of ball, in which base-ball, because of our customs, must take the place of cricket,

and foot-ball, which is identical in the two countries; rifle shooting, rowing, and the ordinary group of athletic sports in which single contestants take part. We may add to this the amusement of sailing, wherein, however, the quality of the structure as well as the nerve and skill in management play an important part.

It is not worth while in this writing to make an accurate comparison between the success attained in the two countries in these several out-door amusements. It is now clear, however, that in them all the American is not a bit behind his trans-Atlantic cousins. The most of the people have the same spontaneous interest in sports as their forefathers, and they pursue them with equal success. It is unnecessary to do so, but we might fairly rest the conclusion as to the undecayed physical vigor of our population on that spontaneous activity of mind without which games are impossible. There are, however, two divisions of the proof to which we have yet to attend. Among its many beneficent deeds the United States Sanitary Commission, which did so much to relieve the miseries of our civil war, did a remarkable service to anthropology by measuring, in as careful a manner as the condition of our knowledge at the time permitted, about 250,000 soldiers of the Federal army.

The records of these measurements are contained in the admirable work of Dr. B. A. Gould, a distinguished astronomer, who collated the observations and presented them in a great volume. Similar measurements exist which present us with the physical status of something like an equally large number of European soldiers, particularly those of the British army. From Dr. Gould's careful discussion of these statistics, it appears that the American man is on the whole quite as well developed as those who fill the ranks of European armies. As Dr. Gould's book was printed in but a small edition, and is not ordinarily accessible to most readers, I venture to give some of the important conclusions which I derive from it. From these records it appears that there is a considerable difference in the men born in different parts of the United States. Unfortunately the results include only a

small part of the Southern troops, and for various reasons these measurements are less trustworthy in the case of troops from those fields. The measurements appear to show that the size of man increased, in a general way, as we go from the seaboard into the Mississippi Valley.

About fifty thousand men who were subjected to these measurements were from the States of West Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. It is a fact well known to those who are acquainted with the history of these commonwealths during the civil war, that the Federal army did not receive an even share of the most vigorous element of their population; those grown upon the richest soils of these commonwealths, men from the blue-grass district regions of Kentucky and Tennessee, regions where it only needs a little local observation to show to be most prolific in well-developed specimens of humanity, went in the main to the Confederate army, for the reason that these fertile lands were slaveholding districts. Despite this cause, which doubtless serves to lower somewhat the average measurements of the troops, these two States furnished about the best-developed native soldiers who appeared in the Federal army. This last point is of much importance, for the reason that the white population of this district derived almost all its blood from Britain, in perhaps somewhere nearly equal measure from the Scotch and the dwellers in the southern portion of that island. Moreover, it has been longer upon the soil than perhaps any other part of the American English. New England has been so far affected by the immigration of Irish and other Europeans, that it would be difficult to recruit 50,000 men in that region with as small an admixture of other than British blood as was secured in the troops of Kentucky, Tennessee, and the neighboring States. The admirable development of these soldiers has completely proved that something like two centuries of Americanizing does not debilitate the race.

Last of all, we have the test afforded by the trials of the struggle between North and South. War has ever been the rudest and the most effective gauge

of certain important qualities. The actual advance to which the living beings have attained has been in large part determined by the measure of resistance which creatures have been enabled to make against adverse circumstances, not the passive inertia of inanimate things, but the active and long-continued contest in which all the latent powers are applied in determined action. The military struggles of men are but an advanced and complicated form of the immemorial rivalry of lower creatures, out of which, through infinite pain, infinite good has been won. There is no more searching test of the moral and physical development of a people than that which is afforded by a great and long-continued civil war. That such a strife affords a measure of the physical endurance, the power which is in the people of maintaining determinations is manifest. The contact of armies in the field gives, moreover, an excellent measure as to the moral state of the people. Nothing so tests the firmness with which the motives of sympathy, of justice are rooted in men as the temptations which campaigns expose them to.

It is hard, in our ordinary well-regulated societies, to ascertain how far men are held to right doing by the machinery of the law, how far their relations to their fellows are fixed by their own motives. The ratio of compulsion to spontaneous motives becomes evident when the men of the State are marshalled into armies. This test was made thoroughgoing by the circumstances of our civil war. In the first place, the combatants fought for more ideal issues than men commonly do. It was not for the love of chieftains or for conquest, but for theories of institutions, of plans for States that they contended. No war was ever so humanely conducted as this. There were grievous things about it; all war is a succession of griefs; but the conduct of the armies in the field was more humane than in any other similar campaigns which the world has known. The interests of women and children were almost invariably considered. The soldiers born upon the soil generally carried the civic sense, the order of peaceful society, with them in march and battle. Good-nature and

sympathy were written on their banners. We have but to compare the struggles between the French and Spaniards in Florida, or the wars between the American colonies of the British and French, to see how humanized our armies were under circumstances which, in other lands and times, have awakened the devil in men. The issue of the combat, the perfect accord and loving humor which now marks the men who met on battle-fields, shows this in the clearest possible manner. I take it to be plain that the rebellion proves our people to have lost nothing in the moral gains which the race won in the Old World. If we compare the issue of the contest with the chronic conditions of dispute between Great Britain and Ireland, I think we may claim that we have gained in the moral qualities which appear in the conduct of public affairs.

The conduct of our armies in the field shows clearly that the combination of physical vigor and moral earnestness which make a good soldier exist in unsurpassed measure in the men whose ancestors dwelt long upon the American soil.

Some years ago I sought carefully to find a body of troops whose ancestors had been for many generations upon our soil, and whose ranks were essentially unmixed with foreigners, or those whose forefathers had been but a short time upon this continent. It proved difficult to find in the Northern armies any commands which served the needs of the inquiry which I desired to make. It seemed necessary to consider a force of at least five thousand men in order to avoid the risks which would come from imperfect data. In our Federal army it was the custom to put in the same brigade regiments from different districts, thus commingling commands of pure American blood with those which held a considerable percentage of foreigners, or men of foreign parents. I found in my limited inquiry but one command which satisfied the needs of the investigation, and this was the First Brigade of Kentucky troops in the rebel army. In the beginning of the war this brigade was recruited mostly in the slave-holding district of Kentucky, its ranks being filled mainly with farmers' sons. It is

possible to trace the origin of the men in this command with sufficient exactitude by the inspection of the muster-rolls. Almost every name upon them belongs to well-known families of English stock, mainly derived from Virginia. It is possible, in a similar way, to prove that, with few, unimportant exceptions, these soldiers were of ancient American lineage. Speaking generally, we may say that their blood had been upon the soil for a century and a half; that is, they were about five generations removed from the parent country.

When first recruited this brigade contained about five thousand men. From the beginning it proved as trustworthy a body of infantry as ever marched or stood in the line of battle. Its military record is too long, too varied, to be even summarized here. I will only note one hundred days of its history in the closing stages of its service. On May 7, 1864, this brigade, then in the army of General Joseph Johnston, marched out of Dalton 1,140 strong, at the beginning of the great retreat upon Atlanta before the army of Sherman. In the subsequent hundred days, or until September 1st, the brigade was almost continuously in action or on the march. In this period the men of the command received 1,860 death or hospital wounds, the dead counted as wounds, and but one wound being counted for each visitation of the hospital. At the end of this time there were less than fifty men who had not been wounded during the hundred days. There were 240 men left for duty, and less than ten men deserted.

A search into the history of warlike exploits has failed to show me any endurance to the worst trials of war surpassing this. We must remember that the men of this command were at each stage of their retreat going farther from their firesides. It is easy for men to bear great trials under circumstances of victory. Soldiers of ordinary goodness will stand several defeats, but to endure the despair which such adverse conditions bring for a hundred days demands a moral and physical patience which, so far as I have learned, has never been excelled in any other army. I doubt not that as satisfactory evidence can be obtained from the records of our Northern

troops; indeed my inquiries have clearly indicated that if our men from the districts settled with purely English blood could be made the subject of careful study, we would find that the best Federal soldiers were generally as good as these Confederates.

The foregoing considerations, as well as many other points which cannot be traced in this brief study concerning the effects of climatal and social conditions on the American man, have satisfied me—as I think they will satisfy any other unprejudiced inquirer—that our race is safe upon this continent; that we need have no apprehensions concerning the effect of the existing conditions upon its development.

We may safely presume that the climate and other conditions of our continent, with perhaps the exception of the district about the Gulf of Mexico and the Arctic country, are, on the whole, as well fitted for the uses of northern Europeans as any part of the mother-country. We may reasonably conclude that it suits the whole Teutonic branch of the Aryan race. As to the Latin peoples, the case is not so clear. The Canadian French are doubtless in the main descended from the people of northern France. It is likely that a large part of their blood is derived from the Northmen. There can be no question that, with certain limitations, this population has been thoroughly successful on American soil. The fact that they speak a foreign language, and have been deprived of education, may account for their failure to advance in the intellectual field. They are, however, people of vigorous minds and enduring bodies. They have developed a fecundity now unparalleled in France. They take naturally to laborious occupations, which is a proof of physical vigor. We may therefore consider the northern Frenchman as well fitted to the conditions of northern America. The Latin peoples about the Gulf of Mexico have not been equally successful. The upper class has maintained something of its pristine quality, but the peasant has not taken hold on the soil in a successful way. How much of this failure of the Spanish and French to attain a high development in the region about the Gulf of

Mexico and the Caribbean is due to climate, and how much to the institution of slavery, it is impossible to say.

There remains one important inquiry as to the effect of geographic conditions on the development of races from beyond the sea on the surface within the limits of North America, a question of the utmost importance to our political and social future. We have in this country a very large African population. Within the limits of the United States, the number of people of this blood probably exceeds that of any other stock, save that from the British Isles. As we have previously remarked, this race, on the whole, appears to have remained substantially unchanged by the conditions of the new field. Intellectual contact with the white has doubtless led to a certain development in the general status of the African, but except so far as his blood has been mingled with that of Aryan or Indian people, the bodily form, and in general the moral and mental characteristics, have remained substantially what they were on the parent continent of this people. There are two questions concerning this race which are of the utmost importance to the future of our nation—indeed, to that of all our own people in North America. The first concerns the natural fecundity of the population, their rate of increase from decade to decade; and the second, the limitations which climate may put upon the extension of the folk.

The rate of increase of the negro has not yet been ascertained. During the conditions of slavery, a satisfactory census was impossible. The slaves were subject to taxation, and the owners had a sinister interest in reducing the numbers which were given to the accounting officers. The census of 1870, the first taken after the overthrow of slavery, partly intentionally or by neglect, served to underestimate the total number of negroes. The next accounting, that of 1880, was careful, and doubtless gave us the first accurate knowledge as to the ratio of this element of our population to those of European blood. It will not be until we obtain returns of the census, which has just been taken, that we shall know whether the negro is more or less

prolific than the white. In case it should appear that in the extreme southern States the negro increases in a greater ratio than the whites, the regions in which this increase is marked have a doubtful future before them, for unless the black population can be quickly lifted to a higher intellectual and moral plane than now characterizes it, those parts of the South will be apt to relapse into barbarism. The advance of the negro to a satisfactory grade in development still depends upon his remaining in close contact with the superior race. If he increases in numbers more rapidly than the whites, he is sure to create massive communities of his own stock in which there can be no certainty as to the maintenance of our race motives.

As to the distribution of the African population in this country, though the evidence is not clear, it seems that the negro is not likely, in the immediate future at least, to extend for any considerable distance beyond the limits in which his race at present is fixed. There is now no distinct movement of the blacks toward the North. The scanty African population in the old non-slaveholding States has mainly accumulated in the cities, and would probably die out were it not for the occasional accessions it receives from the South. Unless the rate of increase of the negroes should be so great as to crowd them from the extreme southern States, we may be pretty sure that this population will remain in good part limited to a small part of our country, to a region which, though not unfitted for the occupation of our race, is the most undesirable part of the country for its development.

Our review of the physiographic conditions which environ our race on this continent makes it tolerably plain that North America is well suited for the development of northern Europeans. We may dismiss the fear that our race is to deteriorate in this country. We may further put aside the notion that we are to be a massive, unvaried people, destitute of those differences which by their reaction bring about the advance of man. It is true that the continent is not divided into the separate areas which have constituted the cradle-lands of the Old World, but it is evident that

the wide diversities in occupation will institute and maintain variations in the character of the people probably in time to be as great as those which in the more natural state of man depended on purely geographic conditions. At present, while the open structure of our social and economic life permits a rapid change in the occupations of men, the effect of industries dependent on physiographic conditions is not much felt; but with the increase and consolidation of our population, we may be sure that vocations will become more hereditary. Men will follow the occupations of the plough, the mine, or the mill from generation to generation, and so the communities will receive the individualized stamp which comes only through ancestral habit.

In the beginning mankind was dependent for culture and diffusion mainly upon geographic conditions. Each tribe was environed by rigid customs which fended off its neighbors. The movements were necessarily massive, for they were to result in displacements of pre-existing peoples. Therefore the first stages of man's development resemble, as regards the conditions of increase and diffusion, those of his lower-kindred in the ranks of life. The progress of intellectual capacity has given to certain races a larger measure of control over their circumstances. Still, even in our own centuries, the implantation

of our race in new lands already possessed by men has proved a task of exceeding difficulty. The would-be colonists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, on the eastern coast of America, found something of the difficulty in gaining their foothold which stray plants or animals from one flora or fauna find when they are cast within a foreign field. Even in the present state of their development the most advanced races of men are limited by the climate, and can only dwell where the larger nature permits.

For all that we can foresee of the future, this dependence of man upon the conditions of his environment is of an insuperable nature. The good he wins he secures by obedience to the commands of his mother-earth. Looking back over the history of life upon the earth's surface, the physiographer is forced to the conclusion that its highest estate embodied in the moral and intellectual qualities of man has been, in the main, secured by the geographic variations which have slowly developed through the geological ages. Thus our continents and seas cannot be considered as physical accidents in which, and on which, organic beings have found an ever-perilous resting-place, but as great engines operating in a determined way to secure the advance of life.

FUGITIVES.

By Graham R. Tomson.

THEY say our best illusions soonest fly—

Bright, many-tinted birds on rainbow wing,

Adown the dim dawn-valleys vanishing

Long ere our noon be white upon the sky:

Nay, never so, in sooth; ourselves go by,

Leaving the sun that shines, the birds that sing,

The hazy, golden glammers of the spring,

The summer dawning's clear obscurity.

O woven sorceries of sun and shade!

O bare brown downs by grasslands glad and green!

Deep, haunted woods, with shadows thick between;

Young leaves, with every year, new-born, remade;

Fair are ye still, and fair have ever been—

While we, ephemera, but fail and fade.



THE POINT OF VIEW.

THE immediate cause of these reflections will be an old story by the time they are in print; their primary cause is an old story already, so old that only men of a certain age will altogether understand it.

Whoever went for an August vacation to northern New England—and it is curious to see how large a proportion of the rest and pleasure-seekers the gaunt old *arida nutritrix* gathers home in the summer—met everywhere groups of men of fifty and beyond, almost always with faces of some character, and bearing marks of that indefinable something which is nevertheless the native American type, going to or from the meetings of the Grand Army of the Republic. Dressed in clothes as closely reminiscent of the old army blue as the current wardrobe would furnish, and wearing the black felt hat which is the last relic of that pre-æsthetic uniform; now and then with a wife and complement of well-grown children, but oftenest in squads of three or four, with cigars or brier-wood pipes, and a general aspect of temporarily unattached masculinity, they made knots at the country railway stations, breaking up, as their trains started in different directions, with deep-voiced laughter over the re-told campaign story of old date, and with much hand-shaking and slapping on the back; carrying off who knows how much of a revived consciousness of the meaning of an American man, and of the great epic in which they had played a part a quarter of a century before.

To those of us who live in political centres, and are used to seeing too much of the type of veteran who developed from the

bounty-jumper and parades an exaggerated Grand Army dress for the same purely pecuniary reasons, the sight of these men is a healthy reminder. The newspapers and public opinion generally are, rightly, constantly pointing out to us and them—if they will only hear it—that their organization is in danger of becoming one of the most dangerous tools of demagogues; and the wine of their own memories, which is a strong drink for the hardiest, gets into their heads when they are together, and makes them easily led collectively into things which individually they would repudiate. But it is hard to believe that these men who have stood for the core of a healthy Americanism, with a finer past than even they themselves realize, have yet made up their minds to sell their birthright for any mess of pottage wherewith they can be tempted; or that there will not somewhere come out from them a renovating movement that will cast off the Tartuffes and Stigginses who have taken advantage of their cloak.

But this is matter for another chapter. What I began to say that the sight of the Grand Army men recalled was of more purely sentimental sort. They were a reminder of what comes over a somewhat younger man now and then with uncommon force—that close to him, and indeed among his very companions, lies the line of demarcation between those who do and do not remember the war; and a curiously sharp line in some respects it is. The actual veterans stand altogether apart from it; it is easy for everyone to understand *their* feeling, who were actors. But what

man of forty-two or three has not found some difficulty in making the man of thirty-five or less understand precisely how he looks at things, just because of this line of difference, which means that one of them was a half-grown boy, and the other a child during those years between 1860 and 1865? It is the whole difference between the historic and the reminiscent point of view.

Sometimes it seems possible that the boy of fifteen or sixteen may have received a more vivid general impression than the actors themselves, who were busy with detail and even with drudgery, while to him everything was idealized into clear and large outlines—unobscured right and wrong, large issues and no compromises. How with this kind of memory are you going to make the younger man understand just how real the whole of it all is to you? On whichever side of Mason and Dixon's line you lived, there will always seem to him something fanatical in your way of looking at the past, and he will have a certain pity, such as one might have for a person now liberally enough educated who still has lingering in him the bias of some early narrow training.

Of course it is infinitely better so; and he has the fuller inheritance in the very thing the war was fought for—a country in which sectionalism should be a word almost incomprehensible. All of which does not alter the fact that just behind the actual fighters of the battle comes a generation whose special legacy of memories is a thing not often defined or taken account of, so that thinking over it prompted this writing; a generation who remember as boys the long hot Sunday of Bull Run, when the elders came home from church with grave or scared faces; who went out with an awe much greater than men's into the hushed streets on the day of Lincoln's death. If you are one of them, you will have a feeling not quite like that of either the veterans or your junior, when the country doctor—the quietest now and most professional of men—takes you in a moment of confidence into his study to show you his sword hanging between the pictures of his corps and brigade commanders; you will have something more than the historic sense when the old man in the corner of the club—they are rare now—takes you home to see the painting of his twenty-one-year old

youngster who was killed in the Wilderness. You did nothing; your generation belongs in a kind of limbo—*ce n'est pas magnifique; mais c'était toujours la guerre!*

THE art of criticism is such a fine thing that one must regret its present tendency to formulary. It has, I think, such a tendency among us, curiously enough at the very moment when elsewhere—in France, at least—it has emancipated itself into the license of a mere record of irresponsible impressions; in England, possibly, it is equally irresponsible, but certainly not impressionist. With us the novel mainly seems to be the victim of this tendency. Our critics—do not inquire too closely who they are—are at the present moment nearly unanimous in their preoccupation with prescribing to the novelist from the old rules of French unity and German objectivity. This would be all very well if they were professors in a conservatory where novel-writing was taught; but it savors distinctly rather of pedagogy than of criticism. And though pedagogy may be more important than criticism, it is at any rate a different thing. The great distinction perhaps between the two is that one is mechanical and the other spiritual.

Mr. Henry James is just now suffering at the hands of this mechanical and pedagogic criticism. His "The Tragic Muse" is acknowledged by those who are at all up to it to be, if not a masterpiece, a very distinguished accomplishment. But it is objected to on the ground that it lacks unity and objectivity, that it is two disparate and discordant stories in one; that British politics and the stage have nothing in common, and that the work is full of *obiter dicta* proffered by the author instead of—if they must appear at all, rather than be relegated to some future essay—being put into the mouths of the personages of the novel. It would be interesting to know what Mr. James himself would reply to these objections, which are, of course, as abstractions, familiar to him. But it may be assumed that he would find their source in a lack of imagination, a comfortable repose in the literal, a contentment with formulary, with a contracted view holding out to indolence the deceitful promise of certainty. In point of fact the noticeable thing

about "The Tragic Muse" is its freedom, its largeness, its comprehensiveness, the size of its canvas. To wish to bring a picture of these dimensions to one focus, to insist on one vanishing point, is merely to wish for another sort of a picture—to exhibit one's own limitations in appreciation, in fine. It is identical with the literalness which objects to the lack of unity in Raphael and Tintoretto—which finds "The Transfiguration" a hodge-podge, and "The Marriage of St. Catherine" an absurdity. They are—from one point of view. The main thing in criticism, however, is to get the proper point of view.

And in art of any elevation—such as that illustrated by "The Tragic Muse," for example—it is far more pertinent to take the spiritual than the mechanical point of view. A work may seem "in pieces" to the mechanical critic, to the devotee of formulas, which really has a spiritual unity of very high interest. Perhaps it would be well to have both; but the rational critic knows that art as well as life is an affair of compromises. The main consideration is to secure the essential. In "The Tragic Muse" the essential unity of the picture is the contrast, in fact the warfare between and the relations of the actual and the æsthetic world. There is more than one strand to the thread of the story; but there is, all the same, a thread. Furthermore, what is a picture of life, notably of modern life, at least of any group of people whose interests and occupations are so highly differentiated as those of modern civilization, but a picture of heterogeneous elements? And, indeed, if one chose to be as paradoxically literal as the literalists, one might insist that in order to represent modern life coherently and truthfully, it is positively necessary to convey the impression of heterogeneity.

As to "objectivity," the other shibboleth of the mechanical critics, it is equally limited to insist too perfunctorily on this. The question here is surely one of degree. Mr. Howells struck the key-note of the current criticism some years ago in saying that the art of fiction was a finer art to-day than it was in the time of Thackeray. This deliverance has been much criticised and very unjustly misinterpreted, but probably what exactly Mr. Howells meant by it is conveyed

in a recent remark of his, objecting to Thackeray's habit of "standing around in his scene." Now if one were lecturing to a class of rising young novelists no counsel could be more pertinent than to warn them against standing around in their scenes. One may imagine the figure they would cut there. The scene itself would perhaps lose—so preponderant is their special cleverness over the synthesis of the qualities which make up their personality. But this order of reflection has very little to do with intelligent criticism of Thackeray. What is legitimately censurable in Thackeray was formulated long ago—some time in the sixties, was it not?—by Taine, who, in singling out "Henry Esmond" for praise regretted that so great an artist as its author should have, elsewhere, proved so much of a preacher, and thus sacrificed art to morals when the question was one of art. But preaching is one thing, and the presence—even very palpably—of the author's personal point of view is quite another. And if one enjoys the *obiter dicta* of Colonel Henry Esmond relating the story of his life, or of Arthur Pendennis, Esq., chronicling the Newcome annals, why should not one tolerate those of Thackeray himself describing the adventures of Mrs. Rawdon Crawley or of Mr. Philip Firmin? The drama and the novel are quite distinct literary forms. To compel the latter to conform to the conditions of the former is to require it to forego one of its greatest advantages over the drama, namely, of appealing directly to the mind instead of to the eye. What criticism has a right to insist upon is that the author shall concentrate himself upon his subject, instead of, as Thackeray far too often did, flying afield after some new game temporarily soliciting his caprice. That understood, let him illuminate it in whatever way is most consonant with his instinct and feeling, if he be a real artist like Mr. Henry James, however advisable it may be to prescribe "unity" and "objectivity" to beginners in his art.

If the cynic's doctrine that we derive pleasure from the sorrows of a friend contains the element of injustice to human nature characteristic of most cynicisms, it is still incontestably true that a recital of woes, real or fancied, from the sufferer's

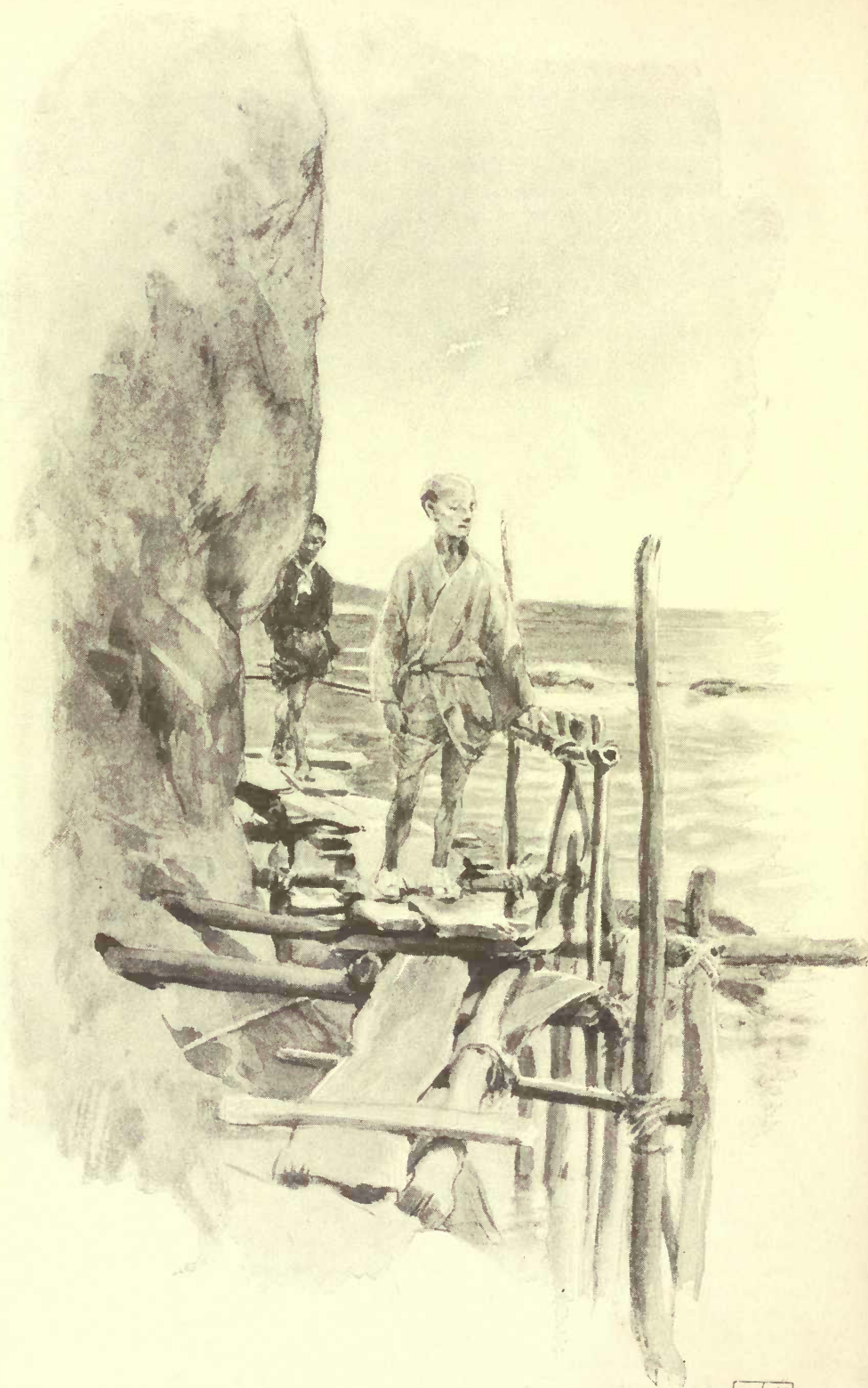
own lips annoys the friendly listener more than it touches him. The very genial and gentle French philosopher, Xavier de Maistre, remarked that a man in confessing himself to be unhappy must sooner or later become ridiculous. Who does not know at least one unconscious humorist of this sort, standing always in his own light, and failing to perceive that the shadow he casts is comically distorted? Unhappiness is the common lot of man. Each one of us, by the date of arrival at the middle of the dark wood, has suffered misfortunes enough to fill a volume. But he is wise who refrains from publishing such a book, even at the request of friends.

We live in an age of self-importance, sustained and promoted by methods unknown to the simple minds of our ancestors. The interviewer and the recorder of social gossip have artfully created a daily want which they themselves supply. If A., the millionaire, adds an acre to his estate, we ascertain the price paid for it almost as soon as he does. We could pass a creditable examination upon the habits of Z., the essayist, during working hours; we are thrice familiar with the arrangement of his furniture, and have even learned what pens he uses. The harm in dwelling upon these things is not at first apparent, since we burn to know them. This weakness of mind induces the belief that our friends are eager for similar details about ourselves, and as a natural consequence, when it is our cue to talk, the personal nominative does not lack advancement. Egotism, spoken and written, is the fashion as well as the failing of our waning day.

But there is a vast difference between the cheerful egotism which is our own, and the egotism of discontent from the lips of another man. Black Care has perched upon the horseman's saddle for centuries, and with feminine persistence she will probably continue her tiresome journey on the croup unto the end of time. She is the Wandering Jewess whom we never encounter, our Old Woman of the Sea, insisting upon transportation, though satisfied to ride behind. But with all due respect to her sex, she should always be left in the stable to care for herself as best she may. When the rider dismounts to enter the world's

doors he is the world's guest, and must remember the obligation. He has no sort of right to bring an unwelcome companion with him. I, on the contrary, may justly complain when X. and Y., for example, borrow my ear only to use it as a receptacle for their own misery. Of these two the former is a bachelor, still young, apparently in the best of health, certainly with the best of appetites. Yet we never dine together that he does not play the part of spectre at our feast. For him this is the worst of all possible worlds, in which nothing can go right; as all by-ways of talk lead to the inevitable conclusion, even to speak of sunshine is to be warned that rain may be expected shortly; chill follows chill, and at length we seem to be sitting in a crypt where daylight never comes. Y., who is of a certain age, with an equally depressing result tries his utmost to make a hypochondriac of me, regaling me with his ailments and symptoms, clutching me at street corners to impart the name of some new remedy. Both men are honest, worthy citizens, good friends of mine alike; but I am human, and now at the approach of either I slink into a cross-street, or absorb myself in the delusive contents of a shop-window.

Do such people, with all their introspection, ever study themselves? one wonders. Do they ever wonder in silent moments what other people think of them? Probably not; for their defect is one of thoughtlessness which a very little consideration for others might remove. Such consideration is a pebble flung into the water, drawing notice to itself in an ever-widening circle. A few of us only are granted the opportunity to perform high exploits in the sight of all the world. But everyone may do daily and hourly deeds of sacrifice, which is the finest thing in the world, after all. The youth who held the gnawing fox under his robe is remembered merely because he kept his anguish to himself; and self-repression is a long step toward the love for his fellow-men that made Ben Adhem's name lead all the rest. He who begins by practising that Spartan virtue may easily end by having a greater concourse of mourners at his funeral than the builder of the church which holds them.



THE PLANK-WAY TO BENTEN CAVE—ENOSHIMA, JAPAN.

[Drawn by Robert Blum.]



SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.

DECEMBER, 1890.

No. 6.

JAPONICA.

FIRST PAPER.—JAPAN THE COUNTRY.

By Sir Edwin Arnold.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT BLUM.

THERE are two Japans. One commenced its national life, so says mythical history, six hundred and sixty years before our era, with the accession of the Emperor Jimmu Tenno. The other, everybody knows, came into existence about twenty-three years ago, in "the first of Meiji." Neither of them can be ever at all completely understood even by the most intelligent and indefatigable foreign observer. You ought certainly to have been born under one of the great Shogunates, the last of which fell amid battle and revolution in A.D. 1868, to comprehend in any intimate way ancient Japan; and you should be native-bred, a living part of the present brand-new order of things, to have a reasonable chance of feeling as this people feels and looks upon the outer and inner world with their eyes. Let nobody, therefore—least of all a mere traveler—venture to theorize too boldly about Japan and the Japanese. He is pretty sure to go wrong somewhere if he does. The first impressions which a fairly intelligent stranger may form of men and cities, manners and customs, in this de-



Sir Edwin Arnold's House at Azabu, Tokio.

lightful but incomprehensible "Land of the Rising Sun," have their value if carefully recorded, and his conclusions may not prove wholly without interest about its past, present, and future, when he has learned something of the language, and discovered how much he can never learn upon a hundred intensely attractive points. Even the artists have not really found out Japan yet; nor realized what color, what novelty, what refinement, what remarkable things in Nature and Art and Humanity she keeps awaiting them in the silvery light of her atmospheres, along with all sorts of absurdities and grotesqueries. There are many and many landscapes, in the hills and along the sea-shores of these fair islands which would present a new world to real lovers of scenery; and in the little, girlish steps of a *musumē*, cross-

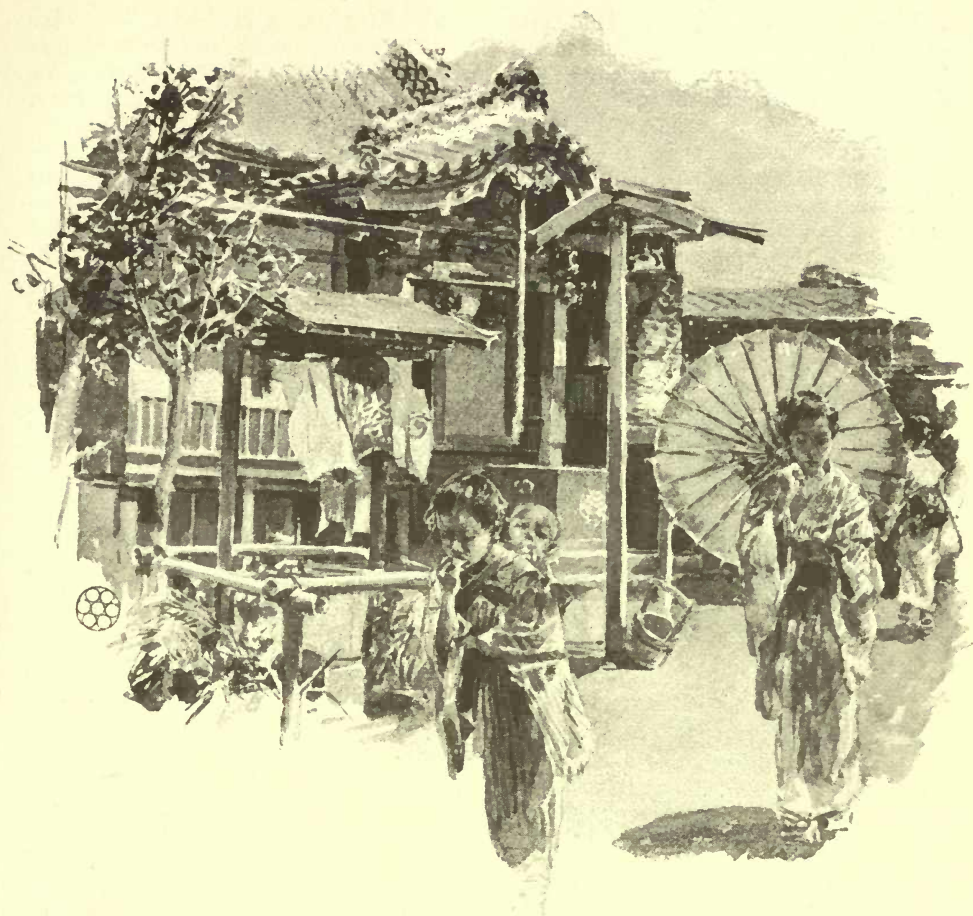
ing the mats of the tea-house, or tripping down the street on her wooden clogs, there is oftentimes a grace of special movement—a delicate, strange play of folds and feet—which no Western painter has thus far caught, and which is something midway between the pacing of fantail pigeons and the musical gait of Greek maidens on the friezes of the Parthenon.

The two Japans are, of course, perpetually blended. The younger nation, which has only just come of age, is all for railways, telegraphs, and European developments, including some of the least desirable and profitable. Yet the older nation lives on, within and around the Japan of new parliaments, colored wide-awakes, and Parisian costumes, and from time to time fiercely asserts itself. My lamented friend, the late Viscount Mori, Minister for Japan to Washington, and afterward to London—and one of the most enlightened of her modern statesmen—was assassinated in Tokio on February 11, 1889, really as an enemy to the independence of his country on account of his reforms, but ostensibly because he had lifted up the curtain of the shrine at Ise with his walking-stick. Only a few weeks back, in a neighboring district, the editor of a Japanese journal was sentenced to four years' imprisonment for speaking disrespectfully in a leading article about that very ancient dignitary the Emperor Jimmu. Considering that the potentate in question—albeit first of all Mikados—was so vastly remote as to be declared grandson or grandnephew of the Sun Goddess herself, and is said to have conquered Japan with a sword as long as a fir-trunk and the aid of a miraculous white crow's beak, one would think criticism was free as to His Majesty "Kamu-Yamato-Iware-Biko." But the Japanese administration generally, and the censorship of the press in particular, will have no trifling with the established traditions of Dai-Nippon. Japan took from China, along with her earliest imported religion (Shintoism), a measureless respect for ancestors, however fabulous; and, strangely enough, while her educated people disbelieve the legends of the gods, they seem to accept, or, at any rate, demurely repeat, the his-

torical stories which relate how an empress stilled the waves of the sea by sitting down upon them, and how emperors had fishes for their ministers, and were transformed into white or yellow birds. Afterward, from China, came Buddhism, and with it the all-important tea-leaf and tea-cup; and Confucianism, if it had features deplorably materialistic, yet inculcated that loyalty to chiefs and that reverence and devotion to parents which have formed the keystones of the Japanese social system.

Nihon or Nippon—like our own word Japan—are corruptions of the Chinese Jip-pên, which means "The place the sun comes from." Marco Polo's Zipangu is derived from the same word, for it was by way of China that Japan was first heard about. In classic Japanese the land is styled "O-Mi-Kuni," the "Great August Country," and the learned Mr. Chamberlain gives, among many appellatives, yet another name, which probably you would not wish me to repeat very constantly—"Toyo-ashi-warano-chi-aki-no-naga-i-ho-aki-no-mizu-hono-kuni"—which signifies "The Luxuriant-Reed-Plains; the Land-of-Fresh-Rice-Ears; of a-Thousand-Streams; of Song; of Five-Hundred-Autumns." It should meanwhile interest all Americans to be reminded that their great country was discovered, quite as an accident, by Christopher Columbus on his first trip, while he was really looking for Zipangu; which region he still endeavored perpetually to reach, on all his subsequent voyages to America.

Japan is so broken up, so *accidenté* in surface and contour, that not more than fifteen per cent. of her soil lies available for cultivation, and only two-thirds of it has, as yet, been brought under the *suki* and *kuwa* of the blue-frocked Japanese farmer. That hard-working person has little or nothing to learn from Western science, cultivating his land, as he does, with not less skill than industry. Half his time is passed knee-deep in the sticky swamps of the rice-grounds; but he seems to mind this no more than the odors of the liquid manure which is so carefully hoarded and distributed by ladlefuls with rash disregard of the traveller's nose. The climate suits him a great deal better than it



Temple Grounds with Buddhist Shrine, Uyeno Park, Tokio.

does the mere resident or the tourist. Really it rains far too frequently in this otherwise charming Japan, and one can indeed scarcely expect any permanent dry weather except in autumn. Every wind seems to bring rain-clouds up from the encircling Pacific to break upon the evergreen peaks of Nippon; while in winter, so great is the influence of the neighboring Arctic circle, with its cold currents of air and water, that Christmas in Kiô-Shiô—which lies in the same latitude with the mouths of the Nile—sees the thermometer sometimes below zero. Except for certain delicious periods of the year, one cannot honestly praise the climate of Japan; but it has certainly divine caprices; and when the sunshine does unexpectedly come, dur-

ing the chilly and moist months, the light is very splendid, and of a peculiar silvery tone, and the summer days are golden. For this the tea-plant, the young bamboo-shoots, and the other subtropical vegetation, wait patiently underneath the snows; indeed, all the sun-loving plants of the land have lurked, like the inhabitants, to “wait till the clouds roll by.” Some of the most beautiful know how to defy the worst weather with a curious hardihood. You will see the camelias blossoming with the ice thick about their roots, and the early plum-blossoms covered with a fall of snow which is not more white and delicate than the petals with which it thus mingles.

The landscape in Japan takes a double character, from her subtropical latitude,

and her Siberian vicinity. The zones and kingdoms of the North and South meet as on a border region, in the beautiful islands. You might think yourself in Mexico or India on many a July or August day, for the strong sun and the palms and bamboos. April and October, with peach, azalea, and cherry flower at one time, and peonies and chrysanthemums at the others, make one recall Italy and southern England; and then again at December, the bare deciduous trees, with dark patches of pine and laurel, bring to thought Kamchatka or Scandinavia. On the whole, though a fairly healthy climate, and excellent, apparently, for children, it must not be greatly praised. Autumn and spring are the best seasons. The June rains are followed by six sultry weeks called *dô-yô*, which prove very "muggy" and trying, and from November to March the cold is extremely bitter, and the

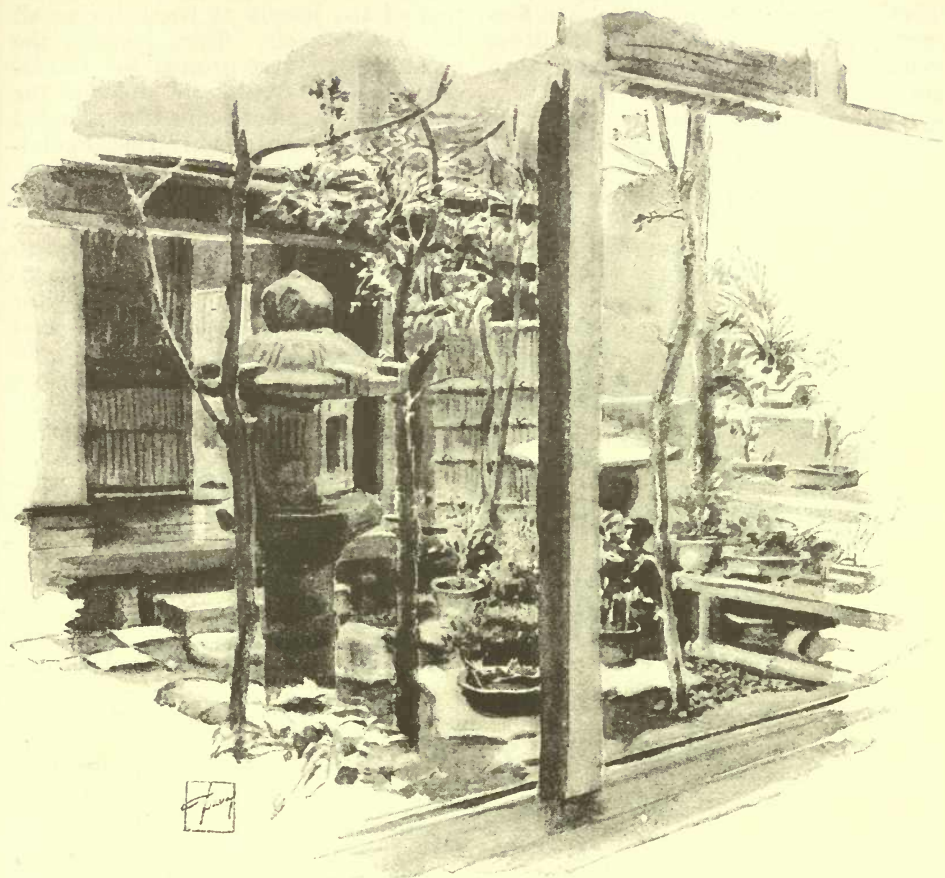
winds oftentimes savagely bleak. Tokio has 58.33 inches of yearly rainfall, as against 24.76 at Greenwich. Grass lawns, for all that, do not turn green until May. By an unhappy arrangement of nature, north winds blow steadily in the winter, and the southerly winds pretty constantly all the summer; but one must remember, while thus generalizing, that Japan is a large and long country, touching the Arctic circle at the Kuriles, and the Tropic of Cancer at the Loo-Choo group, and exhibits, accordingly, many climates.

Countries always seem to me to possess, as much as individuals, a countenance, features, lineaments, composed in some manner, more easily felt than defined, of geological, floral, botanical, zoölogical, and other local characteristics in looks and colors, so that I think I should know India, Egypt, Norway, Palestine, Italy, Greece, and America,

in fact, whatever regions I may have visited, in whatever nook or corner of them I chanced to be dropped. So, after a while, one forms an ideal of the "face of Japan" — and fair and noble, and very fitted to awaken patriotic attachment is that face. The normal landscape in Japan is not grotesque, nor in the least unnatural, as some have perhaps imagined who judge it by the screens, the fans, and the lacquered boxes of its artists. This people loves to play with Nature, dwarfing her trees, twisting them into fantastic forms, filling a little clay backyard with boulders of granite or limestone; piling up miniature mountains in a bit of a garden, and creating upon them minute forests, tiny lakes, and bridges for fairies to cross. But Japan herself, and at large, is as sane and sweet of aspect as Scotland or New England; with a general *cachet* about her scenery, less of what is wild and grand than of what is reposeful, charming, and gracious. The typi-



In a Rice-field.



A Little Clay Backyard.

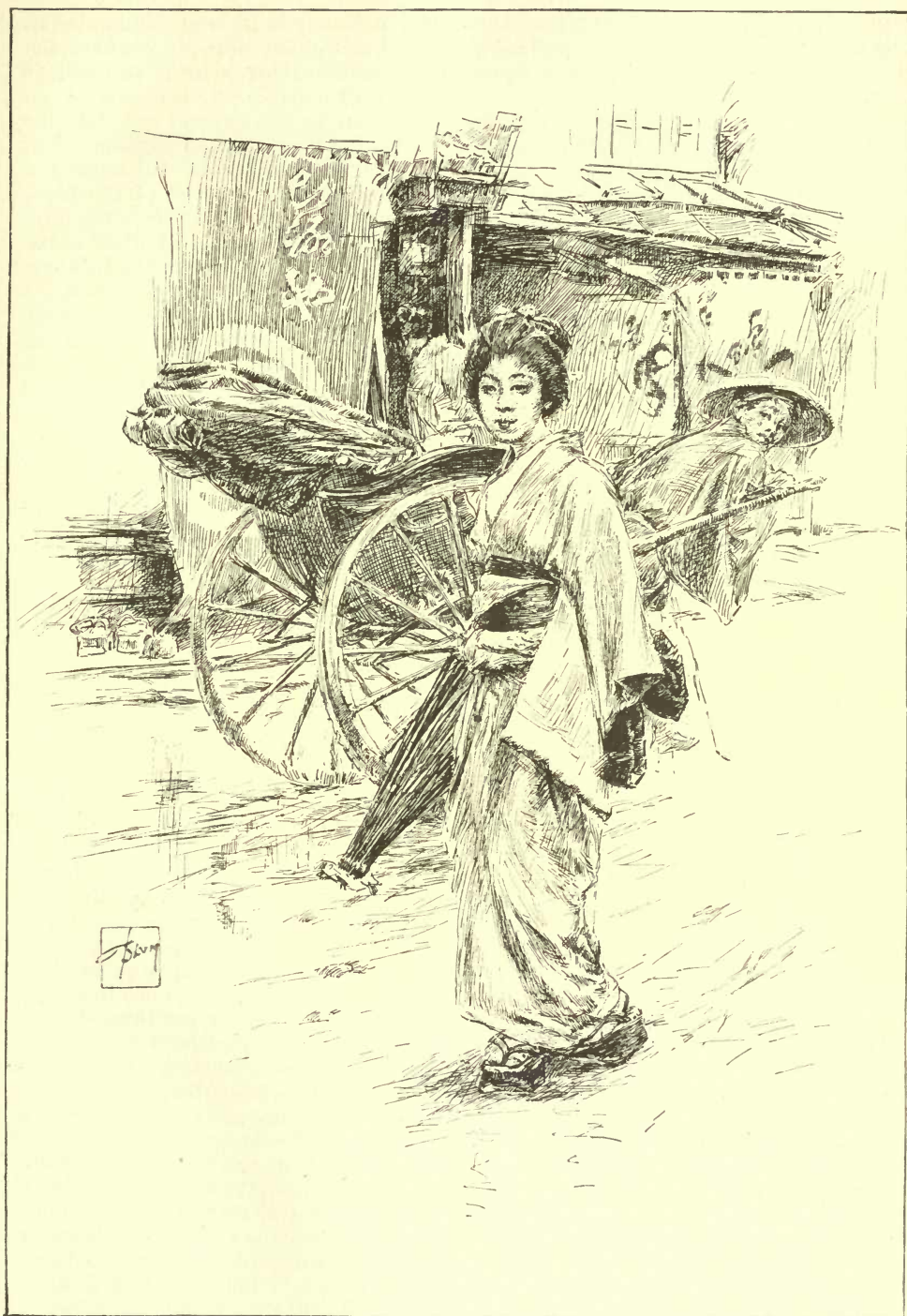
cal Japanese landscape along the southern shores between Kioto and Tokio is distinctly special to the country; more so than the hill regions, which remind you of many other wooded and mountainous districts, until you note the vegetation closely. Wide flats of land, either levelled by alluvial action or carefully laid out in terrace along the whole course of a valley, are seen marked off in regular squares and oblongs for rice and other moisture-loving crops. These are kept almost perpetually under water, divided by narrow banks of earth, where the cultivators can just pass in single file, and in winter present a rather dreary vista of gleaming swamps and black rice-roots. At Nagoya, in the great military manœuvres, it was a curious spectacle to see a large body of

infantry suddenly thrown into one of these rice-valleys, to cross to the opposite hills in order to deliver an attack upon the Emperor's central batteries. For soldiers, loaded with arms and ammunition, the rice-fields themselves were impassable, and the four or five thousand men engaged spread out in long strings upon every slender bank, like a swarm of ants defiling along the lines of a chess-board. Overhanging the rice-plots are generally hills covered with groves of bamboo, fir, paulonia, and beech, with long glens running into them, which are all terraced for rice and wet crops. At the foot of the hills, or in single long streets on either side of the main road, running beneath them, gather the villages, all on the same model, except that the ridge of the

thatched roof, perhaps, will be differently fashioned in different localities. Some may be newer and cleaner than others, some large, and some very humble; but all contain the same kind of apartments, raised about two feet from the ground, with the clean mats which no boot or shoe ever profanes; the sliding-paper, *shoji*, and *amado*, or rain-shutters, the fire-box, the hanging picture on the wall, the pot of flowers or bunch of lilies in the bamboo stand, and a "Butsamono," a shrine of Buddha. Somewhere amid, or near, the houses rises the village temple, being in architecture merely a rather superior sort of hut, but dignified, if Shinto, by a torii, a "bird-perch" built across the paved way, or steps leading to it. This is a gateway of stone posts and a twofold lintel, the latter with up-curved ends, after the Chinese fashion. If it be a Shinto fane, white paper—cut in connected squares, and intended to signify and to replace offerings of cloth—will dangle and flutter from the curved stone beams. Round about the shrine—which will have no image if it be *Miya*, i.e., Shinto, but will disclose a gilded Buddha or one of the Buddhisats if it be a *tera*, a Buddhist holy place—is usually seen a dense and shadowy grove of trees—bamboos, cryptomerias, black and red pines—*sawara*, *hi*, and *maki*—with the *avogiri*, from which are manufactured the wooden patterns of the Japanese. The old idea was thereby to supply timber to repair or rebuild the temples; but as the trees grow older they become sacred and are girdled with a band of straw rope to denote this. Shinto, which is not Confucianism, can hardly be called a religion, since it has no doctrines, no scriptures, no moral code; originally it was a worship of the Powers of Nature, and of ancestors as gods. Ama-Terasu, Goddess of the Sun, bequeathed to the first and to all succeeding Mikados a mirror, a sword, and a jewel, which used to be guarded by a virgin daughter of the ruling emperor in the great shrine at Ise. Buddhism, entering Japan six centuries after Christ, put Shinto aside, or greatly modified it, down to A.D. 1700. The Buddhist priests assimilated the Shinto gods, and their religion became, as it is, indeed, now,

that of the people at large during all this long period. Then Iyeyasu, the great Shogun, first printed the Confucian classics, and the principles of the arch Opportunist of China then mingled with the already much-mixed Ryōbu-Shinto to contribute the state of things, social and civil, which was subverted, at least politically, in 1868. Then everything was commanded to go back to "pure Shinto," and to the ancient system of the Sun Goddess, but only the civil side of this revolution has ever really triumphed. Buddhism, in a diluted degree, is more than ever the religion of the nation; but it is difficult to describe how lightly the Japanese take the spiritual side of life. They are an extremely undevotional people, without being on that account irreligious. They blend every *Ennichi* or *Matsuri*, that is to say, their "Saints' days," with a fair or festival; and "divine service" consists with them of very little more than pulling the rope of the gong at the temple entrance, clapping the palms, repeating a whispered prayer with bowed head, and then throwing a copper coin on the matted floor or into the offering-box. It is, however, very proper to wash the hands before doing all this in a stone cistern near the gate, and serious people often purchase from the priests slips of paper inscribed with the name of a god, or with the formula *Nama Amida Butsu*, and hang these sacred treasures up at the doors of their houses to keep away robbers and fire; or else put them before the family shrine along with the little brass lamp and the stick of Senko.

The typical Shinto temple, with its emblems, is well described by Mr. Satow. All that is visible to the eye of the worshipper is a bundle of paper cuttings attached to an upright wand, or a mirror in the centre or back of an open chamber. But behind the grating in the rear is a sanctum, within which not even the chief priest may intrude, except on rare occasions, where the emblem of the god is kept enshrined, box within box, and enveloped in innumerable wrappings of silk and brocade. Tradition alone informs people in each case what this emblem, or *mi-tama-shiro* (representation of the august spirit) is. Sometimes



A Japanese Girl.

The little girlish steps of a musumē tripping down the street on her wooden clogs.—Page 664.

it will be a mirror, or a sword, a curious stone, or even a shoe, the mirror being characteristic of the female, the sword of male deities.

Along the southern shores orange and lemon trees will be seen upon the sunny uplands, and everywhere, indeed, this blending of subtropical with temperate and frigid vegetation characterizes the changeful and charming face of Japan. Barley and rice, bamboo and pines, wild weeds of England with thickets of Corsica or California are found growing side by side. Dr. Rein has specially named this Japanese region "the kingdom of magnolias, camellias, and arabias," but it is a real paradise of botanists for variety. Japan counts, in forest trees alone, 165 species and 66 genera, against 85 species and 33 genera of the continent of Europe; and it is a curious fact that eastern America and Japan possess no less than 65 genera in common.

Well does Japan deserve these forest

long as it may in its own fashion. The bright and glossy pine-planks, of which the houses in every town and village are constructed, soon change color, of course, under the sun and rain, into the subdued gray of weather-worn fir stuff; but the general hue is still sober and pleasing with the contrast of the black and white tiles, the white *shoji*, the dark polished platforms, and spotless mats. In the interior of the house the Japanese citizen revels in the variety and tints of the timbers furnished by his forests. He will have a natural cherry-tree trunk in the middle of his principal apartment, and pine-stems, merely stripped of their bark, at the corners of each room; while the ceiling will perhaps be composed of broad planks, selected for their beauty, of cryptomeria. A curious taste, however, prevails for beams and boards of worm-eaten wood. Your Japanese builder or householder loves the strange pattern into which the *Teredo*



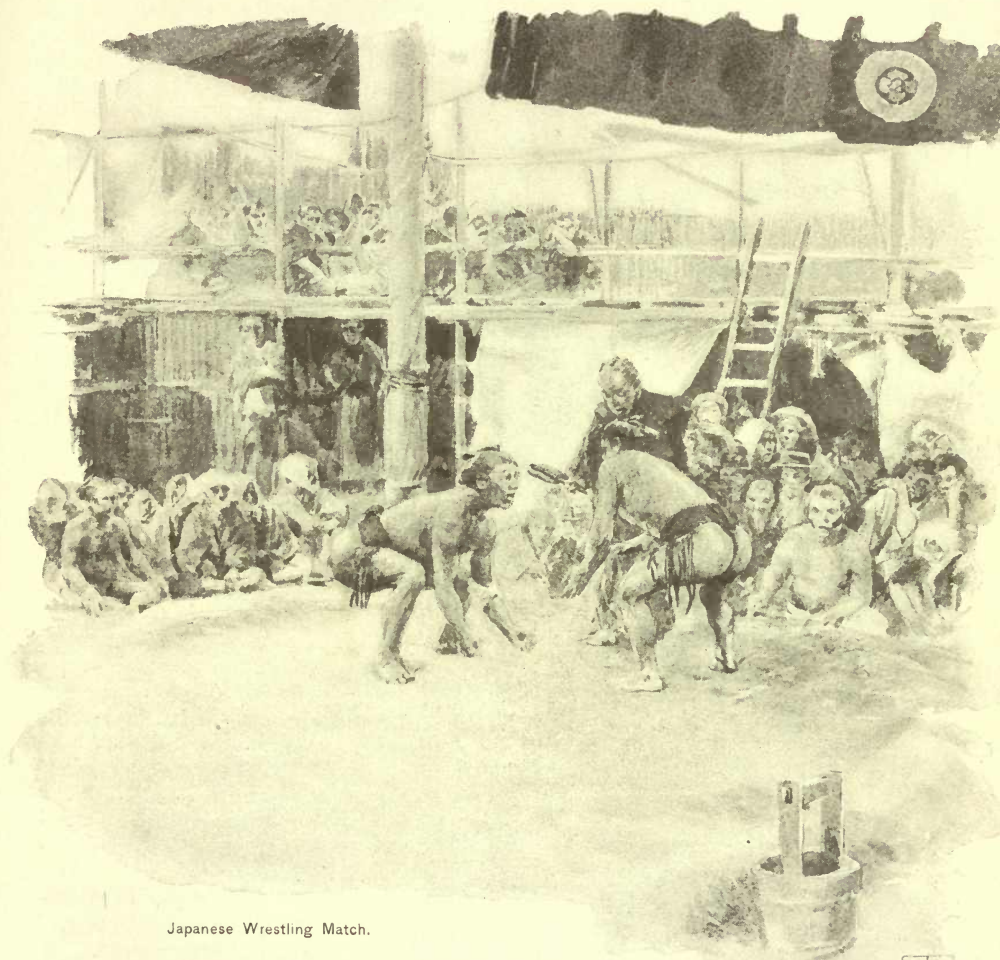
Another View of Sir Edwin Arnold's House.

riches. She knows how to value the beautiful variety in the grain of her timbers, and to produce with them, in house-building, cabinet work and joinery, all manner of delightful effects. Nowhere will you see in this country the abomination of wood grained by the painter in imitation of something which it is not. It is rare even to observe paint anywhere placed upon wood at all; even the junks and sampans are unpainted and unpitched. A Japanese carpenter and shipwright takes care to have his wood well seasoned, and then leaves it naked and natural, to last as

Navalis or the Dab-boring insect will drill a pile or a trunk. He saws and planes these just enough to show the fantastic filigree of those strange creatures, and then proudly puts them up as gate-posts or bressumers. He will cut a partly hollow tree into many planks, and glory in the quaint patterns which he obtains by laying these side by side together along the front of his abode. He knows how to get from cross-sections and slices of bark and root all kinds of new lines and colors; and there are towns and villages in and about the hills, like Yumoto and Miyanoshita, where scores of shops sell nothing but slabs of carefully sawn timber, and where hundreds of ingenious articles are turned or fashioned from every tree and root and bark that can be found in the forest.

Special in their love and use of wood the Japanese are also as peculiar and as much apart from the West in their regard for, and their dealings with, flowers.

But by "flowers" they mean less and more than we. They include all handsome and ornamental leaves, stems, Those who would understand to what a pitch Japanese fancy has raised this art of flower arrangement should study

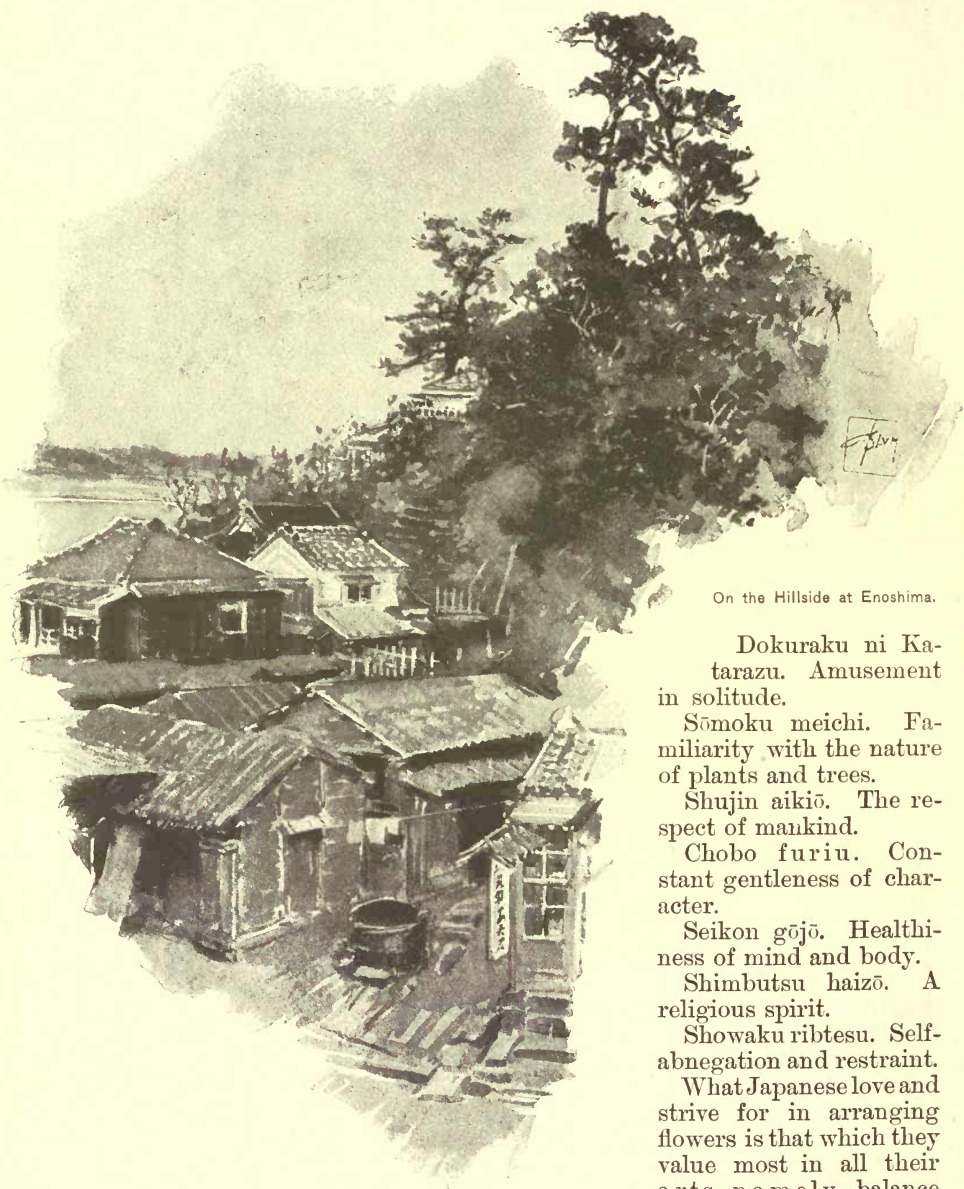


Japanese Wrestling Match.

branches, and even stumps and roots. The blossom is for them, though they love color, rather a detail than the central point, and a great spray of pine, of cedar, or of maple ranks above most of mere blooms. There is an aristocracy of flowers with them very severely defined. The seven princely or primary flowers are the *Kiku*, or chrysanthemum; the narcissus, or *Suisen*; the maple, or *Momiji*; the cherry, or *Sakura*; the peony, or *Botan*; the wisteria, or *Fuji*, and the evergreen rhododendron, or *Omoto*. The iris is also of princely dignity, but must not be employed at weddings because of its purple color.

a most erudite article published in the "Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan" upon this fascinating subject. Without the aid of this, your Japanese gardener would, indeed, make you understand in a very little time, by the daily floral adornments which he constructs, how little you, as an European or American, know upon the topic, and what scientific ideas ought to govern it. But we must go to Mr. Conder to get a

just notion of true principles in floral decoration. Those who well understand Maitanen. A serene disposition and forgetfulness of care.



On the Hillside at Enoshima.

Dokuraku ni Katarazu. Amusement in solitude.

Sōmoku meichi. Familiarity with the nature of plants and trees.

Shujin aikiō. The respect of mankind.

Chobo furiu. Constant gentleness of character.

Seikon gōjō. Healthiness of mind and body.

Shimbutsu haizō. A religious spirit.

Showaku ribtesu. Self-abnegation and restraint.

What Japanese love and strive for in arranging flowers is that which they value most in all their arts, namely, balance and beauty of line. The

charm of their dancing—of which I shall hope to speak more at length later on—springs from the same “language of line,” and he who does not know and feel the subtle secrets of this will vainly seek to derive from Japanese art of any kind the exquisite pleasure it can impart to the

them are declared to possess, by simple force of such superior knowledge, the subjoined ten virtues:

Koishikko. The privilege of associating with superiors.

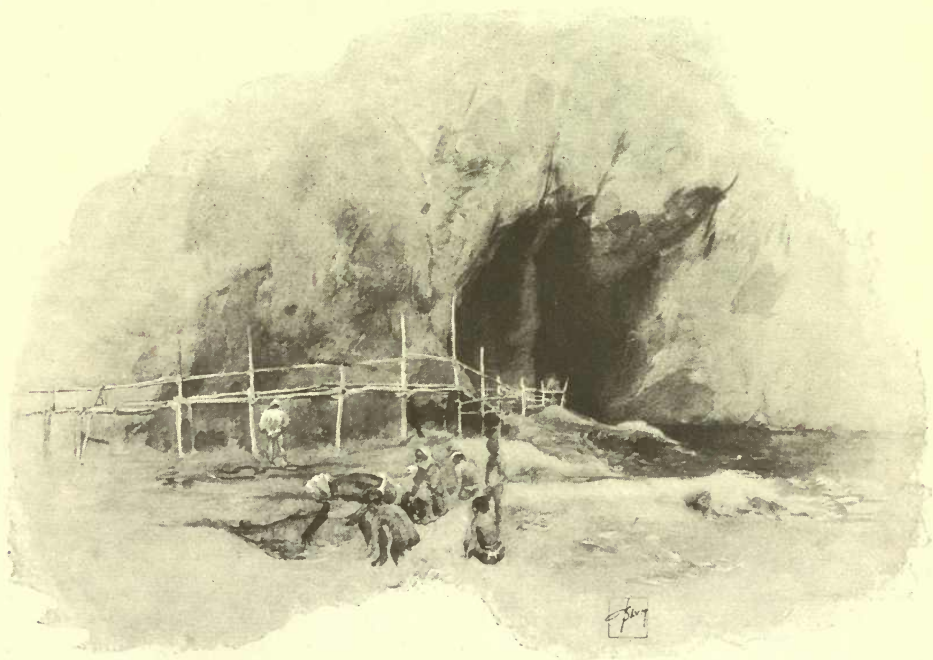
Seijō jōkō. Ease and dignity before men of rank.

charm of their dancing—of which I shall hope to speak more at length later on—springs from the same “language of line,” and he who does not know and feel the subtle secrets of this will vainly seek to derive from Japanese art of any kind the exquisite pleasure it can impart to the

eye. Your European florist—who masses together his roses, and gardenias, his maiden-hair ferns and calla-lilies, surrounding them with a dish of green, and an outer overcoat of lace paper—appears to the Japanese lover of flowers lower than a barbarian. He has lost—to the Japanese mind—the chief charms of flowers and leaves, which consist in their form of growth, their harmonious asymmetry, and their natural relations. Every school of flower arrangement in Japan would scorn his rural bow-pot or guinea bouquet, and teach him far nobler thoughts. Each school possesses its own secret traditions, called *Hiden*, only imparted to the very proficient. The most popular of modern floral schools

keeping in mind the particular season, in the proper use of buds, open flowers, withered leaves, dew, etc.

What the floral artist in Japan most contemns and avoids is tame duplicated symmetry. Nature will have none of it, nor he, her scholar. If, as in her butterflies and double leaves, she must be equilibrated, she redeems it with gorgeous color or by a varied back or edge to the leaf. But you may balance asymmetry, which the Japanese flower-lover effects by a scientific disposition of his stems and leave-masses. It is not possible to give here the elaborate nomenclature of his *shins* and *sôs*. He has names for all important parts in the display of his flower-vase: For a triple



Benten Cave, Enoshima.

is the *Enshin*, founded by Kobori Totomi no Kami, a servant of the great Shogun Tyemasu. This school observes three chief rules: The first, called *Kioku*, is the art of giving feeling and expression to compositions; the second, called *Shitsu*, is the art of conveying the particular nature of the growth, and the third, called *Ji*, refers to the principle of

arrangement the terms of *Chichi* (Father), *Haha* (Mother), *Ten* (Heaven) are used. For the quintuple form, *Chiurwô* (Centre), *Kita* (North), *Minami* (South), *Higashi* (East), *Nishi* (West), also *Tsuchi* (Earth), *Hi* (Fire), *Mizu* (Water), *Kane* (Metal), *Ki* (Wood), also *Ki-iro* (Yellow), *Aka* (Red), *Kuro* (Black), *Shiro* (White), *Ao* (Blue), are all employed. There

must by no means occur "nagashi," or long streaming sprays, on both sides of the grouping. Certain defects in the

The lowly craftsman in forwarding his tribute made the humble request that so unworthy an object should be em-



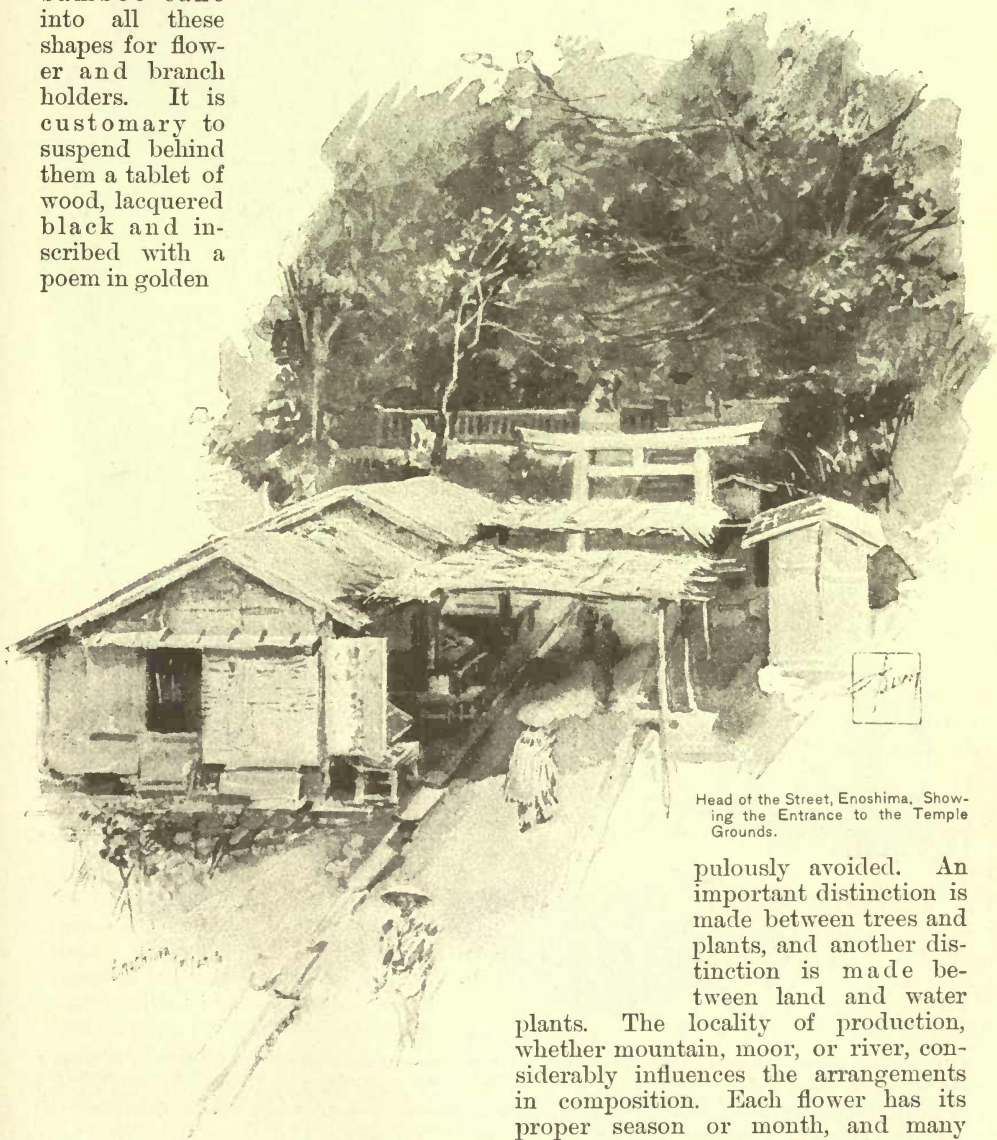
Fuji San. From Gotemba.

cross-cutting of branches or stalks must be heedfully guarded against; "window-making," when these intersect so as to suggest loop-holes; "lattice-making," when they cross to give the idea of trellis-work. Parallelism is held detestable; it must be presented from no point of sight; and albeit the flower-structure is intended to be studied and enjoyed where it stands upon the *tokuno-ma*, or "place of honor," from a front view, still the composition must endure to be regarded with artistic satisfaction from right or left. The vessels or stands to receive the flowers obey, in their shape and material, certain well-fixed rules. Many are very splendid pieces of bronze, carved wood, or porcelain, but this is not imperative. The illustrious Yoshimasa, an ancient and accomplished patron of this refined art, preferred wicker-baskets, after Hakoji, a Chinese weaver, had offered him one.

bellished by an ornamental stand when placed before the Regent. Yoshimasa, it is said, was so pleased with its simple elegance that he ordered it to be placed immediately upon the polished dais without any stand or tray. Hence the custom of dispensing with the stand or tray used under similar flower vessels. Hakoji returned to his mountain cottage and continued his occupation of basket-making with the assistance of his daughter Reshojō, who herself originated a basket of somewhat different shape. Hence the two kinds of flower *Kago*, the one-called *Hakoji gata*, and the other *Reshojō gata*. Quite as popular-favored a receptacle as any is the simple bamboo stick, cut into flower-holders, and not less than forty-two methods are solemnly named for notching and shaping the cane. They begin with the *Shishiguchi gata*, or "Lion's-mouth shape," and there is the "travelling pillow," the

"singing mouth," the "shark's jaw," the "oar-blade," the "lantern," the "climbing monkey," the "five storeys," the "icicle," the "bird-cage," the "flute," the "bridge," the "stork's neck," the "bell," the "top," the "cap," the "conch shell," the *bento*, or "dinner box," and, lastly, the *taki-robori-ryo gata*, or "cascade-climbing-dragon's form." The astonishing fertility in invention of the Japanese carpenter moulds the natural bamboo-cane into all these shapes for flower and branch holders. It is customary to suspend behind them a tablet of wood, lacquered black and inscribed with a poem in golden

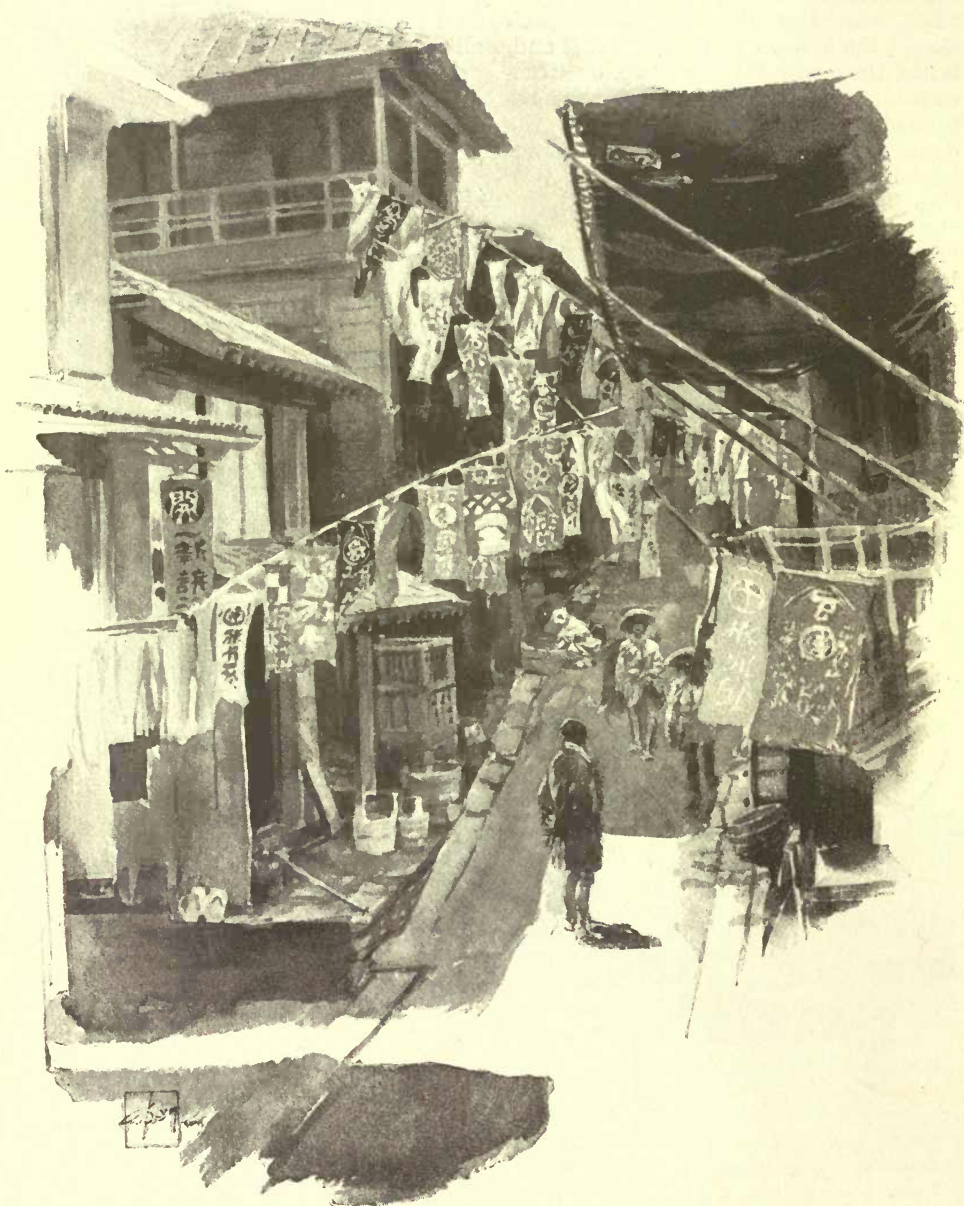
letters. Sometimes the bamboo is cut into fantastic forms of boats and rafts and junks. Flowers and branchlets are disposed in these with symbolical meanings and in strict accordance with natural propriety. Mr. Conder says: "In all compositions, single or combined, the special nature and character of the different materials employed are carefully kept in mind, and anything at all suggestive of the inappropriate most scru-



Head of the Street, Enoshima, Showing the Entrance to the Temple Grounds.

pulously avoided. An important distinction is made between trees and plants, and another distinction is made between land and water

plants. The locality of production, whether mountain, moor, or river, considerably influences the arrangements in composition. Each flower has its proper season or month, and many flowers, which continue throughout sev-



A Street Scene, Enoshima.

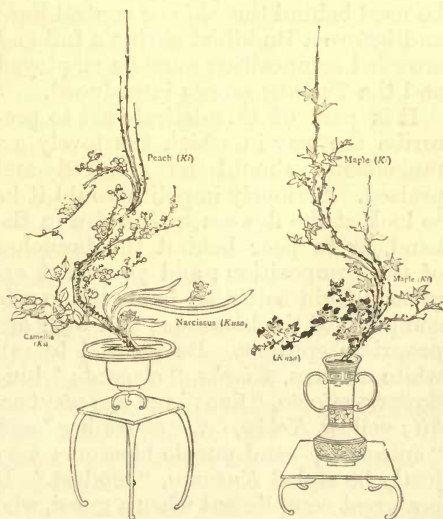
"Strung across the street are little banners that different societies and clubs give to the inn-keepers on passing through the town. Every *matsuri* brings them out by the hundreds. The two men coming down the street are pilgrims belonging to some such society or club, tramping to certain places, visiting the temples, etc., and carrying a square piece of matting slung loosely from their shoulders. They are dressed in rough white garments that sometimes are quite spotted with the red seal imprints from different temples."—ARTIST'S NOTE.

eral seasons, have special characteristics peculiar to the different seasons. Such different characteristics are carefully observed and followed in the artificial arrangements, subject, of course, to the general rules of art." And again : "In combining several species in one composition it is laid down as an important law that the branches of a tree, technically called *Ki*, should never be 'supported' on both sides by a plant, technically called *Kusa*, nor should *kusa* be 'supported' on both sides by *Ki*. In case of a treble arrangement two *Ki* may be combined with one *Kusa*, but the *Kusa* must not be in the centre of the composition. As an example of defective arrangement may be taken a composition with an iris (*Kusa*) in the centre and branches of azaleas and camellia (*Ki*), on either side. A correct composition would be that of the pine (*Ki*), plum (*Ki*) and bamboo (*Kusa*), with the pine in the centre and the plum and bamboo on either side. The plum might equally well be placed in the centre, and the pine and bamboo on either side." Thoroughly to comprehend this intricate and dainty art one must either observe the daily practice of the Japanese flower-composer, who is a veritable poet of the *parterre*, or study the plates which enrich Mr. Conder's most admirable article. Here is one illustrating the last-mentioned rule and giving an idea of the *Shin-Gio-So* style.

For these consummate flower-artists there are sexes, as has been said, in flowers and foliage, apart from botanical science. The front of leaves is male, the back female ; buds and over-blown blossoms are feminine, full blooms are masculine. These must be fitly wedded, having regard to the dignity of rank and color, for the colors have also respective rank and sex. The idea of respective rank is applied principally to colored flowers of the same species. In most cases the white flower of every species takes highest rank, but there are exceptions to this. Among chrysanthemums the yellow kind ranks first ; of peach blossoms, the pale pink ; of the *Yamabuki* (*Kerria Japonica*), yellow (although a white species exists) ; of the iris, purple ; of the camellia, red ; of the wisteria, pale purple in preference

to white ; of the tree peony, red ; of the *Kikiyo* (*Platycodon Grandiflora*), light purple ; of the *Shakuyaku* (*Peonia Albiflora*), light red ; of the convolvulus, dark blue ; and of the cherry blossom, pale pink, take, respectively, first rank.

Among colors, red, purple, pink, and variegated colors are male ; and blue, yellow, and white are female. Colors which do not harmonize are separated by green leaves or white flowers. Among leaf colors a rich deep green ranks first. Common flowers, *Zokwa*, must not be employed ; nor cereals, *Gokoku* ; nor poisonous plants, nor those with a very strong odor, and there is a long list of blossoms utterly prohibited for felicitous occasions—a kind of gardener's "Index Expurgatorius"—upon which figure many a favorite flower of the West, such as aster, dianthus, azalea, daphne, poppy, magnolia, orchids, gentian, rhododendron, ipomoea, smilax, thyma, and hydrangea. Herein, it must be confessed, our Japanese masters seem rather arbitrary ; but they adduce grave reasons for the ostracism of these



Proper Combination of Species.

and forty or fifty other denizens of the garden. In the *Kourei-no-hana*, or wedding decorations, red is regarded as male, and white as female. Hence, in the case of a *Muko* (a son-in-law adopted by marriage into the family of the bride), the bridegroom is virtually regarded as

the guest of the occasion, and therefore the *Shin* or central line of the floral design must be of the male color—red; while the *Soye*, or supporting line, is of the female color—white. On the other hand, when a *Yome*, or bride, is adopted into the family of her husband the female color—white, has the central position in the arrangement. In both cases the stems of the flowers used must be firmly connected at the base to signify union, and bound with colored ribbon, called *Mizuhiki*. Purple flowers are prohibited for weddings, as also willow branches and other drooping plants. Hanging vases (*Tsuru no mono*) are also to be avoided.

Each household in Japan has generally two shrines—one to the *Kami*, or household gods of the old Shinto cult, and the other to the *Hotoke*, or spirits of deceased relatives, which is Buddhist. For arrangements of flowers before the *Kami* a full and powerful composition is required. All ugly flowers, those of strong odor, or those having thorns, are prohibited. A special branch, called *Kao muke no eda*, or facing branch, must be used behind the *Shin* or central line; and before a Buddhist shrine a full and crowded composition must be employed and the *Tamuke no eda* introduced.

It is part of this delicate art to prescribe the way in which the lovely arrangements should be admired and praised. Seriously impolite would it be to look at the flowers with a fan in the hand, or to peer behind the branches of the composition; and you must express delight softly, as befits the gentle company of the blossoms, and with appropriate epithets. Be pleased to call white flowers, *Kiasha*, "elegant;" blue flowers, *migoto*, "fine;" red are *utsukushii*; yellow, *Kekko*, i.e., "charming" and "splendid;" and purple blossoms may justly be styled *Kusumu*, "modest." It is a great compliment when a guest, who is known to be more or less an adept in the beautiful science, finds himself invited by the host to make an extemporary arrangement of flowers and sprays. The master of the house provides the vase, the water, the tray of cut blooms and branchlets, the scissors, knife, hempen cloth, and little saw; altogether called *Hana Kubari*. Should the host

produce a very rare and valuable vessel for the flower arrangement, it is polite for the guest invited to make the floral arrangement to show diffidence, declining to use so precious an article on the plea of want of sufficient skill. If pressed, however, he must attempt a simple and unassuming composition. When the arrangement is completed the host and any other visitors present, who have meanwhile remained in the adjoining room, approach in turn the *Toko no ma*, salute and inspect in the manner previously described. The scissors are left near to the flower arrangement as a silent and modest request to correct faults. The designer turns to the host, apologizes for the imperfections, and begs that the whole may be removed; the host refuses, saying that the result is everything that could be desired. At such flower-gatherings it is particularly recommended that visitors should not attempt bold and ambitious designs. Below is a result such as a modest connoisseur on such an occasion would produce with pine, plum-sprays, and the bamboo-holder. Finally, I borrow from Mr. Conder's invaluable pages the simplest example he gives of the right and wrong way of arranging an iris-root [p. 679]. If I have allowed this fascinating topic to lead me into a long digression, it is that the Anglo-Saxon world may modestly learn its utter and hopeless ignorance of the proper use and disposition of flowers for festal and æsthetic occasions. We crowd our blooms and sprays together until they are like the faces of people in the pit of a theatre; each lost in the press; a mass, a medley, a tumultuary throng. The Japanese treats each gracious beauty or splendor of the garden or of the pool as an individual to be honored, studied, and separately enjoyed. Each suggests, and shall provide for his eyes a special luxury of line, suf-



Arrangement of Pine Branch (Matsu) and Plum Branch (Ume), in Vase of Natural Bamboo (Shō-chiku-bai).

ficing even with one branch, one color, one species, to glorify his apartment and make the heart glad with the wisdom and the grace of nature. An arrangement with one



Defective Arrangement of Iris (Hana shōbu).

leaf is attributed to the famous artist and philosopher, Rikiu, who on a certain occasion having observed a fence covered with convolvuli, gathered one flower and one leaf, honorably grouping them in a vase. On being asked why he adopted so humble a design, he replied that as it was impossible to rival nature in its magic of design, our artificial arrange-

ments should be as simple and modest as possible; even one leaf and one flower were sufficient, he said, to call for admiration.

The forests and gardens of Japan have beguiled me into this *discursus* about her flowers. But besides her green mountains, her rice-flats, and her foothills, she displays every variety of landscapes, many of them of marvellous beauty and picturesqueness though not often grand and imposing. Among the scenes which will linger in the memory of every wanderer in southern Japan must first, I think, be mentioned Nikko, with the great "hills of the Sun" scattered round about in a country full of lovely water-falls, running streams, and bright Asiatic moorlands. The dark groves of ilex and pine, shutting in there the splendid temples, brilliant with scarlet and gold and black lacquer, and the proud tombs of ancient Shoguns, might furnish an artist with subjects for many a noble canvas. The road thither from Utsunemiya, which few will now traverse, because a railway has been completed thence, has the most majestic avenue of giant trees to be seen perhaps in all the world. They are cryptomerias, and rise to an average height of one hundred feet, with immense trunks, and dense, glossy foliage, furnishing for leagues and leagues along the narrow,

shaded road a stately gallery of rugged stems and towering crests, along which the traveller proceeds in a dim green light, as delicious as it is solemn, reminding him of a vast cathedral lighted only by windows of one cool, quiet, sombre color. Then Kamakura, with the great bronze statue of the Buddha—Dai butsu—rising colossal ever the bamboos, oak-trees, and magnolia bushes of the sea-bay which rolls in by Misaki point. The verdant hills here, full of caves and cherry orchards and temples, and the fertile plains which were once covered with cities and castles, and are now back again in the charge of Nature, offer a lovely combination of Japanese wood and wold, animated by the placid, picturesque country life of the people. There are mountain-hollows and long hill-ranges near Nagoya, which, when I saw them, at the military manœuvres, covered with the lilac blossoms and wild azaleas, seemed as lovely as the world could show; and again between Kodzu and Gotemba, on the Kiyoto-Tokio line of railway, there lies a stretch of Tyrol-like highlands, with rushing streams and rocky precipices, the beauty of which must linger in the mind of the most travelled. Yet there are three scenes of all the many familiar in Japan which will always come first, I think, to my memory. One is Enoshima, the next my own delightful little garden at Azabu, in the heart of the green and busy capital of Tokio, and the third the peerless mountain Fuji San, with all that district from which rises her stately sacred peak.

The island, or rather the peninsula, of beautiful Enoshima somewhat resembles Mount St. Michael on the Cornish coast. It is the same abrupt and isolated crag, wooded and crowned with buildings, and separated from the mainland in the same manner by a causeway of sand, which is only at very high tides covered by the sea. But Enoshima, besides being intensely Japanese in



Altered and Correct Arrangement of Iris (Hana shōbu).

character, vegetation, and surroundings, looks, on both sides, upon a lovely shore, a veritable *concha d' oro*, stretching eastward along the coast of Kamakura and Misaki, and westward round the splendid sweep of Tzu. There, from the Twamori tea-house is a charming though distant view of the Lady of Mountains—Fuji San—and many a delightful hour I have passed sitting on the mats of the “Inn of the Grove of the Rock”—learning to talk Japanese, and to admire, as they deserve, the great peak of Oyama and Fuji, the queen of all eminences. The sandy neck, by which you cross from the rice-fields to the island, is always lively with groups of fishermen and market-people, with boats coming and going, and seine nets being drawn, with merry choruses, to the flats. Entering the rocky islet under a stone torii, you walk up a steep, picturesque street—one of the oddest in the world—lined on each side with shops where fresh fish is cooked, and others where they sell all sorts of articles made of coral, sea-shells, and various products of the ocean. Here you may buy, very cheaply, the lovely and wonderful *hyalo-nema*, the rarest of sponges, with huge crabs, measuring twelve feet between the nippers; and you may dine, on the white mats, from such a collection of fish as would stock a museum. The *awabi* is specially taken here in great quantities, better known as the *haliotis*, or “Venus-Ear” shell. A strip of the membrane of this is put into the folded, colored paper—*noshi*—which accompanies all Japanese gifts, the mollusk in question being a symbol of long life and prosperity, and also representing the fish which used to accompany every formal present. When you have dined, you will wander by many slopes and steps, to the temple of the goddess Benten—for at the back of the island is a cave, formerly inhabited by dragons, who devoured the little children of the neighboring coast. But, if legends are true, there appeared in a storm one night, two thousand years ago, a beautiful lady of divine form, who brought the island along with her, and, setting it up in its place, drove away the dragons and established her own worship on the fair rock, as

Goddess of Beauty and of Mercy. If you should hesitate to believe the tradition, close at hand, in the cemetery of Koshigoye village, stands the tomb of the rich man who lost all his sixteen children by the dragons. No less than three times Benten has been seen, riding on the dreadful creatures which she subdued for the sake of her Japanese people. On one occasion she was heard to say, “All the world is mine, and shall belong to beauty and love! All its beings are my offspring! Now it is an evil place, but I will make all dwell securely and happily in it.” It is related that one of the ancestors of the Hōjō family, Tokimasa, came to Enoshima to pray for his posterity. After three weeks of prayer the goddess Benten appeared to him, and told him that his merits were remembered by her. Promising a blessing, she vanished into the sea, riding upon a dragon. Tokimasa found on the ground three scales of the dragon-goddess, and, picking them up, arranged them in the form of a crest, which trefoil of dragon-scales became the badge of the Hōjō family. Benten is usually pictured with a dragon near her. Her aspect is always mild and motherly. She wears a tiara containing a torii. The spot where the dragons dwelt is at the back of Enoshima. Descending steep steps you reach the lower shore, and walk forward and round to the left to a cave. In the cave, which may be entered without danger at low water, is a shrine with the usual images, lights, white paper, etc. The true and original shrine of Benten was formerly kept here, and on a certain day in the year priests and worshippers, in a great procession, resort to the cave to remove the deity, air it, and return it with ceremonies. The long passage in the rock is said to have been made in digging for gold. According to tradition the cave was anciently the dwelling-place of two white dragons. What were these fabled dragons? Not large snakes, for the land never produced them; nor sharks, for they do not haunt these waters. At any rate, well is the gracious and kindly Benten throned and adored on shining Enoshima. If you had seen no more of Japan and her gentle people than that

one islet, you must like the land and think always of it with attachment and gratitude.

If I name my garden at Azabu among the scenes ever to be remembered in Japan, it is because it was typical of a city residence there, as well as being really a pretty spot, and full of "things Japanese." On pp. 663 and 670 are pictures of the native house which stood in the garden, and which we occupied for many happy months. Provided with an outer as well as an inner range of sliding *shoji*, we could make it warm in the winter as well as cool in the summer, although the outer plass (*amado*) would certainly rattle a great deal in a stormy wind or an earthquake, this latter phenomenon occurring pretty frequently. A Japanese house is really healthy as well as comfortable. Being built not in the soil, as with us, but above it, and freely ventilated by the airiness inseparable from its construction, and being entered only with bare or stockinged feet, it is always sweet and clean. The *tatami*, the mats, of such an abode remain so free from dust or dirt that the delicate silks or muslins of their kimonos are laid upon the floor by Japanese ladies without the least fear of soiling them. Cheap to build, beautiful in appearance, spotlessly pure, and, with proper arrangements, eminently salubrious, the Japanese domicile seems to me entirely admirable, and in almost all its good qualities rich and poor share alike. The palace of the emperor and the hut of the Kuruman are practically on the same plan, and even in the smallest tenements I have seen apartments so clean, so neat, so bright, and so charming that they might have been boudoirs for the empress instead of the back-room of a mat-maker's or a carpenter's abode.

Japanese servants are excellent, if you choose them with discretion, and treat them with the established consideration of the country. There is a universal social compact in Japan to make life pleasant by politeness. Everybody is more or less well-bred, and hates the man or woman who is *yakamashu*—noisy, uncivil, or exigent. People who lose their temper, are always in a hurry, bang doors, swear, and "swagger," find themselves out of place in a land where

the lowest coolie learns and practises an ancient courtesy, from the time when he wobbles about as a baby upon his mother's back. Therefore, to be treated well in Japan, as perhaps indeed elsewhere, you must treat everybody, including your domestics, well; and then you will enjoy the most pleasant and willing service. Your cook will doubtless cheat you a little; your jinrickishaman will now and then take too much *saké*, the musmu and the boy's wife will gossip all over the place about everything you do; and the gardener and the coachman will fight cocks in the yard when your back is turned; but if conscious of your own, you can forgive the little sins of others. You can hardly fail to become closely attached to the quiet, soft-voiced, pleasant people, who, as soon as they have learned your ways, will take real pleasure in making life agreeable to you. A present, now and then, of a kimono to the maids, of toys and sweetmeats to the children; a day's holiday now and then granted to the theatre or the wrestling match, are richly rewarded by such bright faces and unmistakable warmth of welcome on arriving, and of good speed on going, as repay you tenfold. Respectful as Japanese servants are—and they never speak except on their knees and faces—they like to be taken into the family conversation, and to sit sometimes in friendly abandon with the master and mistress, admiring dresses, pictures, or Western novelties, and listening sometimes to the samisen and koto, as children of the household.

Tokio is a vast city with a million and a quarter inhabitants, the greater part of it built on a plain, but full of hills and hollows covered with pine and bamboo. You may therefore live in the city and yet have green gardens and verdant scenery all around you, which was our happy case at Azabu. The house was planted upon a little hill, looking over crowded bazaars of wooden huts to many other like leafy hills; and in the absence of smoke, due to the cleanly charcoal *hibachi*, trees and flowers flourished, birds built their nests, and Nature might be studied almost as well there as in the woods and mountains. In the morning a colony of great black

crows, and screaming kite woke us from our slumber. All day long the painted thrush, the starling, tits, chaffinches, and wagtails, the latter a most important bird in Japanese mythology, with the ubiquitous sparrows, played on the lawn or in the bamboos; at evening the storks and bitterns flew in long clamorous lines from the seashore to the hills. The art of the Japanese gardener had turned our little plot of a couple of acres into the appearance of a large and various pleasaunce, with miniature hills—from which you could see the towering snows of Fuji San—fish-ponds, rock-works, trellised arbors, and clumps of flowers and bushes, which gave us an unbroken succession of floral wealth. Scattered about the grounds were stone lamps called *Ishi dōrō*, and grotesque demons, and quaint water-cisterns in stone with Chinese inscriptions. Around these first came into bloom, defying snow and frost, the beautiful red and white and striped camellias. When these had fallen the white and pink and rose-red plum flowers filled the eye with beauty. Afterward the azaleas blazed, like burning bushes all round the lotus pond; and these were followed by a delicious outburst of pale, rose-tinted cherry-blos-

soms, making an avenue of beauty and glory all the way from the Shinto temple at our gate to the front door, where were suspended the little, indispensable, but useless fire-engine, and the bronze gong on which visitors beat with a little wooden hammer to announce their arrival. The wisteria and a second crop of camellias, and then some red and yellow roses took up the running, and the maple bushes came out resplendent with blood-red leaves; after which there were purple irises and callas flowering by the fish-pond, with orange and red lilies brighter than the gold-fish swimming in it, and the lawn became covered with a pretty little flower called the *Ne-ji-bana*, the pink buds of which, growing diagonally and reaching round to get the sunlight, twisted the stem into the shape of a corkscrew. Thus along with the sprays of the firs and loquats and ornamental shrubs, our gardener—whom we christened the “Ace of Spades,” out of “Alice through the Looking-glass,” and who wore a blue coat with white dragons upon it—was never destitute of delightful material wherewith to exercise the high art, previously described, of decorating our rooms after the great æsthetic *Enshin* fashion.



A Japanese Gardener.



HORACE, BOOK III., ODE XXIX.

TO MÆCENAS.

The Translation by Helen Leab Reed.

1.

MÆCENAS, scion of Tyrrhenian rulers,
A jar, as yet unpierced, of mellow wine
Long waits thee here, with balm for thee made ready
And blooming roses in thy locks to twine.

2.

No more delay, nor always look with favor
The sloping fields of Æsula upon ;
Why gaze so long on ever marshy Tiber
Near by the mount of murderer Telegon ?

3.

Give up thy luxury—it palls upon thee—
Thy tower that reaches yonder lofty cloud ;
Cease to admire the smoke, the wealth, the uproar,
And all that well hath made our Rome so proud.

4.

Sometimes a change is grateful to the rich man,
A simple meal beneath a humble roof
Has often smoothed from care the furrowed forehead,
Though unadorned that home with purple woof.

5.

Bright Cepheus now his long hid fire is showing,
Now flames on high the angry lion-star,
Now Procyon rages, and the sun revolving
Brings back the thirsty season from afar.

6.

Seeking a cooling stream, the weary shepherd
His languid flock leads to the shady wood
Where rough Sylvanus reigns, yet by the brookside
No truant breeze disturbs the solitude.

7.

Ah, who but thee is busy now with state-craft ?
Thou plannest for Rome's weal, disquieted,
Lest warring Scythian, Bactrian, or Persian
Should'st plunge the city into awful dread.

8.

A prudent deity in pitchy darkness
 The issue of futurity conceals,
 And smiles when man beyond the right of mortals
 His fear about the time to come reveals.

9.

Thou should'st concern thee only with the present,
 All else progresses as the river flows,
 Which gliding at one time in middle channel
 Toward the Tuscan Sea unruffled goes;

10.

Or at another time, herds, trees, and houses,
 And broken rocks to one destruction drags,
 When wild the flood provokes the quiet current
 With noise from neighboring woods and distant crags.

11.

Happy he lives, and of himself is master,
 That man who can at night with truth declare,
 "I have lived to-day, to-morrow let the Father
 Make as he will my sky or dark or fair,

12.

"It is not his to render vain and worthless
 My happy past—the bliss has dearer grown
 That the fleet-footed hour carried with it;
 The joys that once have been are still my own.

13.

"Now upon me, again on others smiling,
 Fortune rejoices in her savage trade
 Of shifting thus at will uncertain honors,
 As stubbornly her mocking game is played.

14.

"I praise her when she stays, but if she leave me,
 Fluttering her airy wings in hasty flight,
 I yield her what she gave, and wrapped in virtue,
 In dowerless Poverty find my delight.

15.

"Although the mast may crack beneath the South wind,
 I will not rush with many a doleful prayer
 To barter thus my vows, lest all my treasure
 From Tyre and Cyprus should become a share

16.

"Of what the greedy sea has in possession;
 Nay! then, protected in my two-oared boat,
 With favoring winds, and with twin Pollux guiding
 Safe through the Ægean tempests I will float."

MY DISREPUTABLE FRIEND, MR. RAEGEN.

By Richard Harding Davis.

RAGS RAEGEN was out of his element. The water was his proper element—the water of the East River by preference. And when it came to “running the roofs,” as he would have himself expressed it, he was “not in it.”

On those other occasions when he had been followed by the police, he had raced them toward the river front and had dived boldly in from the wharf, leaving them staring blankly and in some alarm as to his safety. Indeed, three different men in the precinct, who did not know of young Raegen's aquatic prowess, had returned to the station-house and seriously reported him to the sergeant as lost, and regretted having driven a citizen into the river, where he had been unfortunately drowned. It was even told how, on one occasion, when hotly followed, young Raegen had dived off Wakeman's Slip, at East Thirty-third Street, and had then swum back under water to the landing-steps, while the policemen and a crowd of stevedores stood watching for him to reappear where he had sunk. It is further related that he had then, in a spirit of recklessness, and in the possibility of the policeman's failing to recognize him, pushed his way through the crowd from the rear and plunged in to rescue the supposedly drowned man. And that after two or three futile attempts to find his own corpse, he had climbed up on the dock and told the officer that he had touched the body sticking in the mud. And, as a result of this fiction, the river police dragged the river-bed around Wakeman's Slip with grappling-irons for four hours, while Rags sat on the wharf and directed their movements.

But on this present occasion the police were standing between him and the river, and so cut off his escape in that direction, and as they had seen him strike McGonegal and had seen McGonegal fall he had to run for it and seek refuge on the roofs. What made it worse was that he was not in his own hunting grounds, but in McGonegal's, and while any tenement on Cherry Street would have given him shelter, either for love of him or fear of him,

these of Thirty-third Street were against him and “all that Cherry Street gang,” while “Pike” McGonegal was their darling and their hero. And, if Rags had known it, any tenement on the block was better than Case's, into which he first turned, for Case's was empty and untenanted, save in one or two rooms, and the opportunities for dodging from one to another were in consequence very few. But he could not know this, and so he plunged in the dark hall-way and sprang up the first four flights of stairs, three steps at a jump, with one arm stretched out in front of him, for it was very dark and the turns were short. On the fourth floor he fell headlong over a bucket with a broom sticking in it, and cursed whoever left it there. There was a ladder leading from the roof to the sixth floor, and he ran up this and drew it after him as he fell forward out of the wooden trap that opened on the flat tin roof like a companion-way of a ship. The chimneys would have hidden him, but there was a policeman's helmet coming up from another companion-way, and he saw that the Italians hanging out of the windows of the other tenements were pointing at him and showing him to the officer. So he hung by his hands and dropped back again. It was not much of a fall, but it jarred him, and the race he had already run had nearly taken his breath from him. Rags did not live a life calculated to fit young men for sudden trials of speed.

He stumbled back down the narrow stairs, and, with a vivid recollection of the bucket he had already fallen upon, felt his way cautiously with his hands and with one foot stuck out in front of him. If he had been in his own bailiwick, he would have rather enjoyed the tense excitement of the chase than otherwise, for there he was at home and knew all the cross-cuts and where to find each broken paling in the roof-fences, and all the traps in the roofs. But here he was running in a maze, and what looked like a safe passageway might throw him head on into the outstretched arms of the officers.

And while he felt his way his mind

was terribly acute to the fact that as yet no door on any of the landings had been thrown open to him, either curiously or hospitably as offering a place of refuge. He did not want to be taken, but in spite of this he was quite cool, and so, when he heard quick, heavy footsteps beating up the stairs, he stopped himself suddenly by placing one hand on the side of the wall and the other on the banister and halted, panting. He could distinguish from below the high voices of women and children and excited men in the street, and as the steps came nearer he heard someone lowering the ladder he had thrown upon the roof to the sixth floor and preparing to descend. "Ah!" snarled Raegen, panting and desperate, "you've think you have me now, sure, don't you?" It rather frightened him to find the house so silent, for, save the footsteps of the officers, descending and ascending upon him, he seemed to be the only living person in all the dark, silent building.

He did not want to fight.

He was under heavy bonds already to keep the peace, and this last had surely been in self-defense, and he felt he could prove it. What he wanted now was to get away, to get back to his own people and to lie hidden in his own cellar or garret, where they would feed and guard him until the trouble was over. And still, like the two ends of a vise, the representatives of the law were closing in upon him. He turned the knob of the door opening to the landing on which he stood, and tried to push it in, but it was locked. Then he stepped quickly to the door on the opposite side and threw his shoulder against it. The door opened, and he stumbled forward sprawling. The room in which he had taken refuge was almost bare, and very dark; but in a little room leading from it he saw a pile of tossed up bedding on the floor, and he dived at this as though it was water, and crawled far under it until he reached the wall beyond, squirming on his face and stomach, and flattening out his arms and legs. Then he lay motionless, holding back his breath, and listening to the beating of his heart and to the footsteps on the stairs. The footsteps stopped on the landing leading to the outer room, and he could

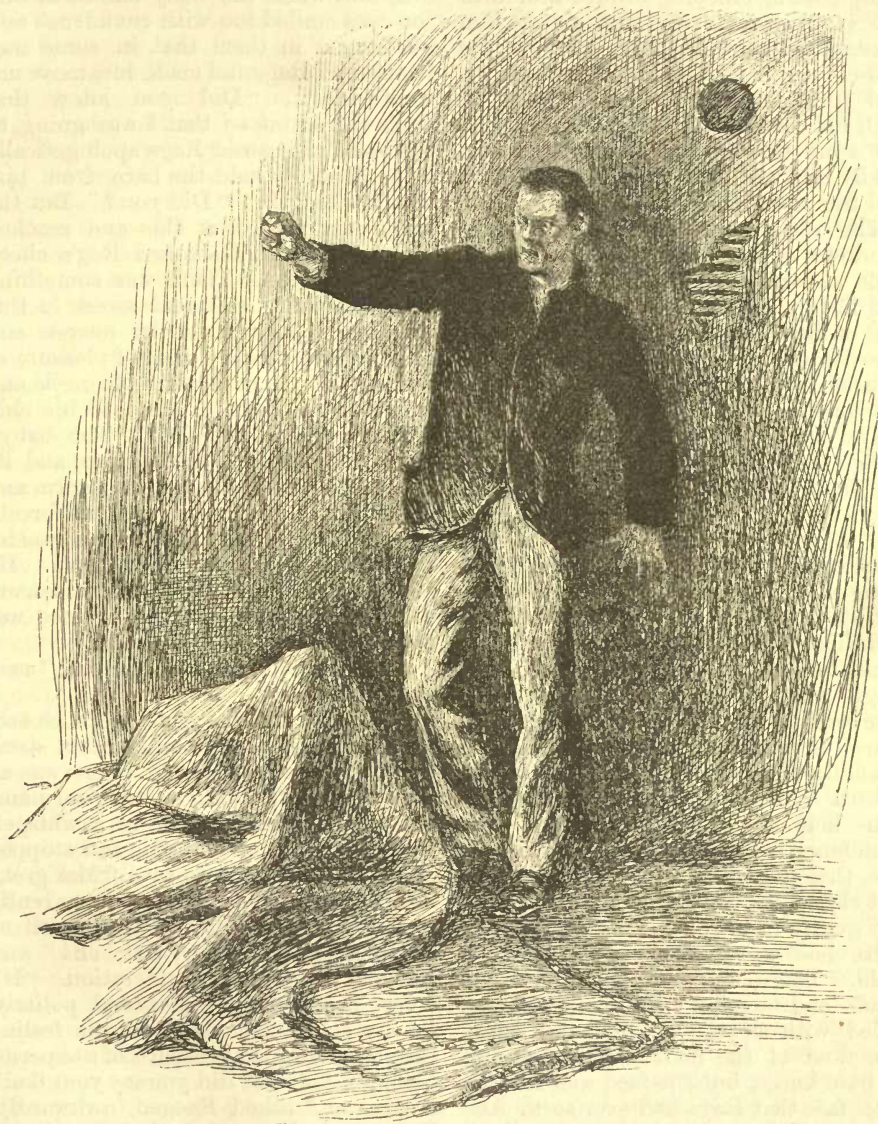
hear the murmur of voices as the two men questioned one another. Then the door was kicked open, and there was a long silence, broken sharply by the click of a revolver.

"Maybe he's in there," said a bass voice. The men stamped across the floor leading into the dark room, in which he lay, and halted at the entrance. They did not stand there over a moment before they turned and moved away again; but to Raegen, lying with blood-vessels choked, and with his hand pressed across his mouth, it seemed as if they had been contemplating and enjoying his agony for over an hour. "I was in this place not more than twelve hours ago," said one of them, easily. "I come in to take a couple out for fighting. They were yelling 'murder' and 'police,' and breaking things; but they went quiet enough. The man is a stevedore, I think, and him and his wife used to get drunk regular and carry on up here every night or so. They got thirty days on the Island."

"Who's taking care of the rooms?" asked the bass voice. The first voice said he guessed "no one was," and added: "There ain't much to take care of, that I can see." "That's so," assented the bass voice. "Well," he went on briskly, "he's not here; but he's in the building, sure, for he put back when he seen me coming over the roof; and he didn't pass me, neither, I know that, anyway," protested the bass voice. Then the bass voice said that he must have slipped into the flat below, and added something that Raegen could not hear distinctly, about Schaffer on the roof, and their having him safe enough, as that red-headed cop from the Eighteenth Precinct was watching on the street. They closed the door behind them, and their footsteps clattered down the stairs, leaving the big house silent and apparently deserted. Young Raegen raised his head, and let his breath escape with a great gasp of relief, as when he had been a long time under water, and cautiously rubbed the perspiration out of his eyes and from his forehead. It had been a cruelly hot, close afternoon, and the stifling burial under the heavy bedding, and the excitement, had left him feverishly hot and trembling. It was already

growing dark outside, although he could not know that until he lifted the quilts an inch or two and peered up at the

his breath stopped, and he heard, with a quick gasp of terror, the sound of something crawling toward him across



"He sprang up trembling to his feet."

dirty window-panes. He was afraid to rise, as yet, and flattened himself out with an impatient sigh, as he gathered the bedding over his head again and held back his breath to listen. There may have been a minute or more of absolute silence in which he lay there, and then his blood froze to ice in his veins,

the floor of the outer-room. The instinct of self-defence moved him first to leap to his feet, and to face and fight it, and then followed as quickly a foolish sense of safety in his hiding-place; and he called upon his greatest strength, and, by his mere brute will alone, forced his forehead down to the bare floor

and lay rigid, though his nerves jerked with unknown, unreasoning fear. And still he heard the sound of this living thing coming creeping toward him until the instinctive terror that shook him overcame his will, and he threw the bed-clothes from him with a hoarse cry, and sprang up trembling to his feet, with his back against the wall, and with his arms thrown out in front of him wildly, and with the willingness in them and the power in them to do murder.

The room was very dark but the windows of the one beyond let in a little stream of light across the floor, and in this light he saw moving toward him on its hands and knees a little baby who smiled and nodded at him with a pleased look of recognition and kindly welcome.

The fear upon Raegen had been so strong and the reaction was so great that he dropped to a sitting posture on the heap of bedding and laughed long and weakly, and still with a feeling in his heart that this apparition was something strangely unreal and menacing.

But the baby seemed well pleased with his laughter, and stopped to throw back its head and smile and coo and laugh gently with him as though the joke was a very good one which they shared in common. Then it struggled solemnly to its feet and came pattering toward him on a run, with both bare arms held out, and with a look of such confidence in him, and welcome in its face, that Raegen stretched out his arms and closed the baby's fingers fearfully and gently in his own.

He had never seen so beautiful a child. There was dirt enough on its hands and face, and its torn dress was soiled with streaks of coal and ashes. The dust of the floor had rubbed into its bare knees, but the face was like no other face that Rags had ever seen. And then it looked at him as though it trusted him and just as though they had known each other at some time long before, but the eyes of the baby somehow seemed to hurt him so that he had to turn his face away, and when he looked again it was with a strangely new feeling of dissatisfaction with himself and of wishing to ask pardon. They were wonderful eyes, black and

rich, and with a deep superiority of knowledge in them, a knowledge that seemed to be above the knowledge of evil, and when the baby smiled at him the eyes smiled too with confidence and tenderness in them that in some way frightened Rags and made him move uncomfortably. "Did you know that you's scared me so that I was going to kill you," whispered Rags apologetically as he carefully held the baby from him at arm's length. "Did you?" But the baby only smiled at this and reached out its hand and stroked Rag's cheek with its fingers. There was something so wonderfully soft and sweet in this that Rags drew the baby nearer and gave a quick, strange gasp of pleasure as it threw its arms around his neck and brought the face up close to his chin and hugged him tightly. The baby's arms were very soft and plump, and its cheek and tangled hair were warm and moist with perspiration and the breath that fell on Raegen's face was sweeter than anything he had ever known. He felt wonderfully and for some reason uncomfortably happy, but the silence was oppressive.

"What's your name, little 'un?" said Rags.

The baby ran its arms more closely around Raegen's neck and did not speak unless its cooing in Raegen's ear was an answer. "What did you say your name was?" persisted Raegen, in a whisper. The baby frowned at this and stopped cooing long enough to say: "Mar'gret," mechanically and without apparently associating the name with herself or anything else. "Margaret, eh!" said Raegen, with grave consideration. "It's a very pretty name," he added, politely, for he could not shake off the feeling that he was in the presence of a superior being. "An' what did you say your dad's name was," asked Raegen, awkwardly. But this was beyond the baby's patience or knowledge, and she waived the question aside with both arms and began to beat a tattoo gently with her two closed fists on Raegen's chin and throat. "You're mighty strong now, ain't you?" mocked the young giant, laughing. "Perhaps you don't know, Missie," he added, gravely, "that your dad and mar are doing time on the Island and

you won't see 'em again for a month." No, the baby did not know this nor care apparently; she seemed content with Rags and with his company. Sometimes she drew away and looked at him long and dubiously, and this cut Rags to the heart, and he felt guilty, and unreasonably anxious until she smiled reassuringly again and ran back into his arms nestling her face against his and stroking his rough chin wonderingly with her little fingers.

Rags forgot the lateness of the night and the darkness that fell upon the room in the interest of this strange entertainment, which was so much more absorbing, and so much more innocent than any other he had ever known. He almost forgot the fact that he lay in hiding, that he was surrounded by unfriendly neighbors, and that at any moment the instruments of local justice might come in and rudely lead him away. For this reason he dared not make a light, but he moved his position so that the glare from an electric lamp on the street outside might fall across the baby's face, as it lay alternately dozing and awakening, to smile up at him in the bend of his arm. Once it reached inside the collar of his shirt and pulled out the scapular that hung around his neck, and looked at it so long, and with such apparent seriousness, that Rags was confirmed in his fear that this kindly visitor was something more or less of a superhuman agent, and his efforts to make this supposition coincide with the fact that the angel's parents were on Blackwell's Island, proved one of the severest struggles his mind had ever experienced. He had forgotten to feel hungry, and the knowledge that he was acutely so, first came to him with the thought that the baby must obviously be in greatest need of food herself. This pained him greatly, and he laid his burden down upon the bedding, and after slipping off his shoes, tiptoed his way across the room on a foraging expedition after something she could eat. There was a half of a ham-bone, and a half loaf of hard bread in a cupboard, and on the table he found a bottle quite filled with wretched whiskey. That the police had failed to see the baby had not appealed to him in any way, but

that they should have allowed this last find to remain unnoticed pleased him intensely, not because it now fell to him, but because they had been cheated of it. It really struck him as so humorous that he stood laughing silently for several minutes, slapping his thigh with every outward exhibition of the keenest mirth. But when he found that the room and cupboard were bare of anything else that might be eaten he sobered suddenly. It was very hot, and though the windows were open, the perspiration stood upon his face, and the foul close air that rose from the court and street below made him gasp and pant for breath. He dipped a wash rag in the water from the spigot in the hall, and filled a cup with it and bathed the baby's face and wrists. She woke and sipped up the water from the cup eagerly, and then looked up at him, as if to ask for something more. Rags soaked the crusty bread in the water, and put it to the baby's lips, but after nibbling at it eagerly she shook her head and looked up at him again with such reproachful pleading in her eyes, that Rags felt her silence more keenly than the worst abuse he had ever received.

It hurt him so, that the pain brought tears to his eyes.

"Deary girl," he cried, "I'd give you anything you could think of if I had it. But I can't get it, see? It ain't that I don't want to, good Lord, little 'un, you don't think that, do you?"

The baby smiled at this, just as though she understood him, and touched his face as if to comfort him, so that Rags felt that same exquisite content again, which moved him so strangely whenever the child caressed him, and which left him soberly wondering. Then the baby crawled up on to his lap and dropped asleep, while Rags sat motionless and fanned her with a folded newspaper, stopping every now and then to pass the damp cloth over her warm face and arms. It was quite late now. Outside he could hear the neighbors laughing and talking on the roofs, and when one group sang hilariously to an accordion, he cursed them under his breath for noisy, drunken fools, and in his anger lest they should disturb the

child in his arms, expressed an anxious hope that they would fall off and break their useless necks. It grew silent and much cooler as the night ran out, but Rags still sat immovable, shivering slightly every now and then and cautiously stretching his stiff legs and body. The arm that held the child grew stiff and numb with the light burden, but he took a fierce pleasure in the pain, and became hardened to it, and at last fell into an uneasy slumber from which he awoke to pass his hands gently over the soft yielding body, and to draw it slowly and closer to him. And then, from very weariness, his eyes closed and his head fell back heavily against the wall, and the man and the child in his arms slept peacefully in the dark corner of the deserted tenement.

The sun rose hissing out of the East River, a broad, red disc of heat. It swept the cross-streets of the city as pitilessly as the search-light of a man-of-war sweeps the ocean. It blazed brazenly into open windows, and changed beds into gridirons on which the sleepers tossed and turned and woke unrefreshed and with throats dry and parched. Its glare awakened Rags into a startled belief that the place about him was on fire, and he stared wildly until the child in his arms brought him back to the knowledge of where he was. He ached in every joint and limb, and his eyes smarted with the dry heat, but the baby concerned him most, for she was breathing with hard, long, irregular gasps, her mouth was open and her absurdly small fists were clenched, and around her closed eyes were deep-blue rings. Rags felt a cold rush of fear and uncertainty come over him as he stared about him helplessly for aid. He had seen babies look like this before, in the tenements, they were like this when the young doctors of the Health Board climbed to the roofs to see them, and they were like this, only quiet and still, when the ambulance came clattering up the narrow streets, and bore them away. Rags carried the baby into the outer room, where the sun had not yet penetrated, and laid her down gently on the coverlets; then he let the water in the sink run until it was fairly cool, and with this bathed the baby's face and

hands and feet, and lifted a cup of the water to her open lips. She woke at this and smiled again, but very faintly, and when she looked at him he felt fearfully sure that she did not know him, and that she was looking through and past him at something he could not see.

He did not know what to do, and he wanted to do so much. Milk was the only thing he was quite sure babies cared for, but in want of this he made a mess of bits of the dry ham and crumbs of bread, moistened with the raw whiskey, and put it to her lips on the end of a spoon. The baby tasted this, and pushed his hand away, and then looked up and gave a feeble cry, and seemed to say, as plainly as a grown woman could have said or written, "It isn't any use, Rags. You are very good to me, but, indeed, I cannot do it. Don't worry, please, I don't blame you."

"Great Lord," gasped Rags, with a queer choking in his throat, "But ain't she got grit." Then he bethought him of the people who he still believed inhabited the rest of the tenement, and he concluded that as the day was yet so early they might still be asleep, and that while they slept, he could "lift"—as he mentally described the act—whatever they might have laid away for breakfast. Excited with this hope, he ran noiselessly down the stairs in his bare feet, and tried the doors of the different landings. But each he found open and each room bare and deserted. Then it occurred to him that at this hour he might even risk a sally into the street. He had money with him, and the milk-carts and bakers' wagons must be passing every minute. He ran back to get the money out of his coat, delighted with the chance and chiding himself for not having dared to do it sooner. He stood over the baby a moment before he left the room, and flushed like a girl as he stooped and kissed one of the bare arms. "I'm going out to get you some breakfast," he said. "I won't be gone long, but if I should," he added, as he paused and shrugged his shoulders, "I'll send the matron after you from the station-house. If I only wasn't under bonds," he muttered, as he slipped down the stairs. "If it wasn't for that they couldn't give me more'n a month at the

most, even knowing all they do of me. It was only a street fight, anyway, and there was some there that must have seen him pull his pistol." He stopped at the top of the first flight of stairs and sat down to wait. He could see below the top of the open front door, the pavement and a part of the street beyond, and when he heard the rattle of an approaching cart he ran on down and then, with an oath, turned and broke up stairs again. He had seen the ward detectives standing together on the opposite side of the street.

"Wot are they doing out a bed at this hour?" he demanded angrily. "Don't they make trouble enough through the day, without prowling around before decent people are up? I wonder, now, if they're after me." He dropped on his knees when he reached the room where the baby lay, and peered cautiously out of the window at the detectives, who had been joined by two other men, with whom they were talking earnestly. Raegen knew the new-comers for two of McGonegal's friends and concluded, with a momentary flush of pride and self-importance, that the detectives were forced to be up at this early hour solely on his account. But this was followed by the afterthought that he must have hurt McGonegal seriously, and that he was wanted in consequence very much. This disturbed him most, he was surprised to find, because it precluded his going forth in search of food. "I guess I can't get you that milk I was looking for," he said, jocularly, to the baby, for the excitement elated him. "The sun outside isn't good for me health." The baby settled herself in his arms and slept again, which sobered Rags, for he argued it was a bad sign, and his own ravenous appetite warned him how the child suffered. When he again offered her the mixture he had prepared for her, she took it eagerly, and Rags breathed a sigh of satisfaction. Then he ate some of the bread and ham himself and swallowed half the whiskey, and stretched out beside the child and fanned her while she slept. It was something strangely incomprehensible to Rags that he should feel so keen a satisfaction in doing even this little for her, but he gave up wondering, and forgot everything else in

watching the strange beauty of the sleeping baby and in the odd feeling of responsibility and self-respect she had brought to him.

He did not feel it coming on, or he would have fought against it, but the heat of the day and the sleeplessness of the night before, and the fumes of the whiskey on his empty stomach, drew him unconsciously into a dull stupor, so that the paper fan slipped from his hand, and he sank back on the bedding into a heavy sleep. When he awoke it was nearly dusk and past six o'clock, as he knew by the newsboys calling the sporting extras on the street below. He sprang up, cursing himself, and filled with bitter remorse.

"I'm a drunken fool, that's what I am," said Rags, savagely, "I've let her lie here all day in the heat with no one to watch her." Margaret was breathing so softly that he could hardly discern any life at all, and his heart almost stopped with fear. He picked her up and fanned and patted her into wakefulness again and then turned desperately to the window and looked down. There was no one he knew or who knew him as far as he could tell on the street, and he determined recklessly to risk another sortie for food.

"Why, it's been near two days that child's gone without eating," he said with keen self-reproach, "and here you've let her suffer to save yourself a trip to the Island. You're a hulking big loafer, you are," he ran on, muttering, "and after her coming to you and taking notice of you and putting her face to yours like an angel." He slipped off his shoes and picked his way cautiously down the stairs.

As he reached the top of the first flight a newsboy passed calling the evening papers, and shouted something which Rags could not distinguish. He wished he could get a copy of the paper. It might tell him, he thought, something about himself. The boy was coming nearer, and Rags stopped and leaned forward to listen.

"Extry! Extry?" shouted the newsboy, running. "Sun, World, and Mail. Full account of the murder of Pike McGonegal by Ragsey Raegen."

The lights in the street seemed to

flash up suddenly and grow dim again, leaving Rags blind and dizzy.

"Stop," he yelled, "stop." "Murdered, no, by God, no," he cried staggering half-way down the stairs; "stop," "stop." But no one heard Rags, and the sound of his own voice stopped him. He sank back weak and sick upon the top step of the stairs and beat his hands together upon his head.

"It's a lie, it's a lie," he whispered, thickly. "I struck him in self-defence, s'help me. I struck him in self-defence. He drove me to it. He pulled his gun on me. I done it in self-defence."

And then the whole appearance of the young tough changed, and the terror and horror that had showed on his face turned to one of low sharpness and evil cunning. His lips drew together tightly and he breathed quickly through his nostrils, while his fingers locked and unlocked around his knees. All that he had learned on the streets and wharves and roof-tops, all that pitiable experience and dangerous knowledge that had made him a leader and a hero among the thieves and bullies of the river-front he called to his assistance now. He faced the fact flatly and with the cool consideration of an uninterested counsellor. He knew that the history of his life was written on Police Court blotters from the day that he was ten years old, and with pitiless detail; that what friends he had he held more by fear than by affection, and that his enemies, who were many, only wanted just such a chance as this to revenge injuries long suffered and bitterly cherished, and that his only safety lay in secret and instant flight. The ferries were watched, of course; he knew that the depots, too, were covered by the men whose only duty was to watch the coming and to halt the departing criminal. But he knew of one old man who was too wise to ask questions and who would row him over the East River to Astoria, and of another on the west side whose boat was always at the disposal of silent, white-faced young men who might come at any hour of the night or morning, and whom he would pilot across to the Jersey shore and keep well away from the lights of the passing ferries and the green lamp of the police

boat. And once across he had only to change his name and write for money to be forwarded to that name, and turn to work until the thing was covered up and forgotten. He rose to his feet in his full strength again, and intensely and agreeably excited with the danger and possibly fatal termination of his adventure, and then there fell upon him, with the suddenness of a blow, the remembrance of the little child lying on the dirty bedding in the room above.

"I can't do it" he muttered fiercely; "I can't do it," he cried as if he argued with some other presence. "There's a rope around me neck, and the chances are all against me; it's every man for himself now and no favor." He threw his arms out before him as if to push the thought away from him and ran his fingers through his hair and over his face. All of his old self rose in him and mocked him for a weak fool, and showed him just how great his personal danger was, and so he turned and dashed forward on a run, not only to the street, but as if to escape from the other self that held him back. He was still without his shoes, and in his bare feet, and he stopped as he noticed this and turned to go up-stairs for them, and then he pictured to himself the baby lying as he had left her, weakly unconscious and with dark rims around her eyes, and he asked himself excitedly what he would do, if, on his return she should wake and smile and reach out her hands to him.

"I don't dare go back," he said breathlessly. "I don't dare do it; killing's too good for the likes of Pike McGonegal, but I'm not fighting babies. An' maybe, if I went back, maybe I wouldn't have the nerve to leave her; I can't do it," he muttered, "I don't dare go back." But still he did not stir, but stood motionless with one hand trembling on the stair-rail and the other clenched beside him, and so fought it on alone in the silence of the empty building.

The lights in the stores below came out one by one, and the minutes passed into half hours, and still he stood there with the noise of the streets coming up to him below speaking of escape and of a long life of ill-regulated pleasures, and



"He cursed them under his breath for noisy, drunken fools."—Page 689.

up above him the baby lay in the darkness and reached out her hands to him in her sleep.

The surly old Sergeant of the Twenty-first Precinct station-house had read the evening papers through for the third time and was dozing in the fierce lights of the gas-jet over the high desk when a young man with a white haggard face came in from the street with a baby in his arms.

"I want to see the matron—quick," he said.

The surly old sergeant did not like the peremptory tone of the young man nor his general appearance, for he had no hat, nor coat, and his feet were bare, so he said, with deliberate dignity, that the matron was up-stairs lying down, and what did the young man want with her? "This child," said the visitor in a queer thick voice, "she's sick. The heat's come over her and she ain't had anything to eat for two days, an' she's starving. Ring the bell for the matron, will yer, and send one of your men around for the house surgeon." The sergeant leaned forward comfortably on his elbows, with his hands under his chin so that the gold lace on his cuffs shone effectively in the gas-light. He believed he had a sense of humor and he chose this unfortunate moment to exhibit it.

"Did you take this for a dispensary, young man?" he asked; "or," he continued, with added facetiousness, "a fondling hospital?"

The young man made one savage spring at the barrier in front of the high desk. "Damn you," he panted, "ring that bell, do you hear me, or I'll pull you off that seat and twist your heart out."

The baby cried at this sudden outburst, and Rags fell back, patting it with his hand and muttering between his closed teeth. The sergeant called to the men of the reserve squad in the reading-room beyond, and to humor this desperate visitor, sounded the matron's gong. The reserve squad trooped in leisurely with the playing cards in their hands and with their pipes in their mouths.

"This man," growled the sergeant, pointing with the end of his cigar to

Rags, "is either drunk, or crazy, or a bit of both."

The matron came down-stairs majestically, in a long loose wrapper, fanning herself with a palm-leaf fan, but when she saw the child, her majesty dropped from her like a cloak, and she ran toward her and caught the baby up in her arms. "You poor little thing," she murmured, "and, oh, how beautiful!" Then she whirled about on the men of the reserve squad, "You, Connors," she said, "run up to my room and get the milk out of my ice-chest, and Moore, put on your coat and go around and tell the surgeon I want to see him. And one of you crack some ice up fine in a towel. Take it out of the cooler. Quick, now."

Raegen came up to her fearfully. "Is she very sick?" he begged, "she ain't going to die, is she?"

"Of course not," said the big matron, promptly, "but she's down with the heat, and she hasn't been properly cared for; the child looks half-starved. Are you her father?" she asked, sharply. But Rags did not speak, for at the moment she had answered his question and had said the baby would not die, he had reached out swiftly, and taken the child out of her arms and held it hard against his breast, as though he had lost her and some one had been just giving her back to him.

His head was bending over her's, and so he did not see Wade and Heffner, the two ward detectives, as they came in from the street, looking hot, and tired, and anxious. They gave a careless glance at the group, and then stopped with a start, and one of them gave a long, low whistle.

"Well," exclaimed Wade, with a gasp of surprise and relief. "So, Raegen, you're here, after all, are you? Well, you did give us a chase, you did. Who took you?"

The men of the reserve squad, when they heard the name of the man for whom the whole force had been looking for the past two days, shifted their positions slightly, and looked curiously at Rags, and the matron stopped pouring out the milk from the bottle in her hand and stared at him in frank astonishment. Raegen threw back his head and shouldered, and ran his eyes coldly over the

faces of the semicircle of men around him.

"Who took me?" he began, defiantly, with a swagger of braggadocio, and then, as though it were hardly worth while, and as though the presence of the baby lifted him above everything else, he stopped, and raised her until her cheek touched his own. It rested there a moment, while Rags stood silent.

"Who took me?" he repeated, quietly, and without lifting his eyes from the baby's face. "Nobody took me," he said. "I gave myself up."

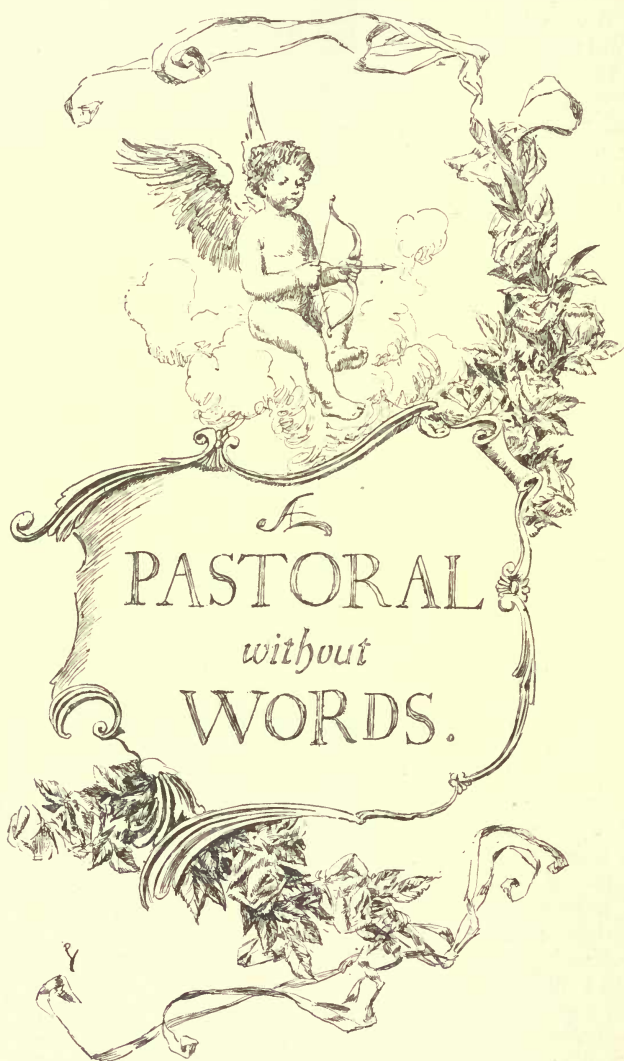
One morning, three months later, when Rægen had stopped his ice cart in front of my door I asked him whether at any time he had ever regretted what he had done.

"Well, sir," he said with easy superiority, "seeing that I've shook the gang, and that the Society's decided her folks ain't fit to take care of her, we can't help thinking we are better off, see?"

"But, as for my ever regretting it, why, even when things was at the worst, when the case was going dead against me, and before that cop, you remember, swore to McGonegal's drawing the pistol, and when I used to sit in the Tombs expecting I'd have to hang for it. Well, even then, they used to bring her to see me every day, and when they'd lift her up, and she'd reach

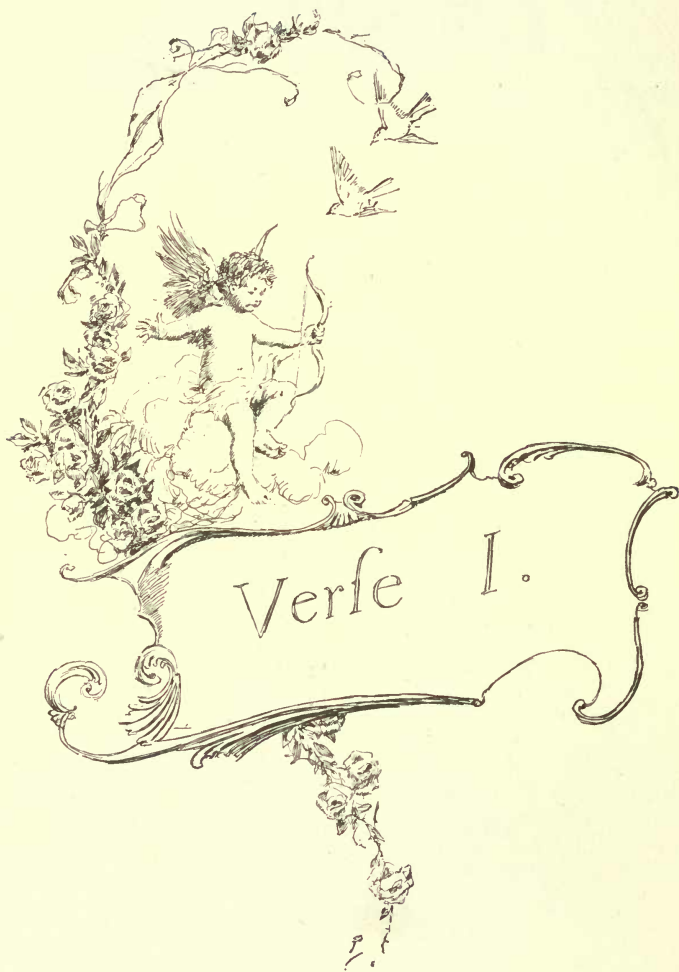


out her hands and kiss me through the bars, why—they could have took me out and hung me, and been damned to 'em, for all I'd have cared."



A Pastoral Without Words.













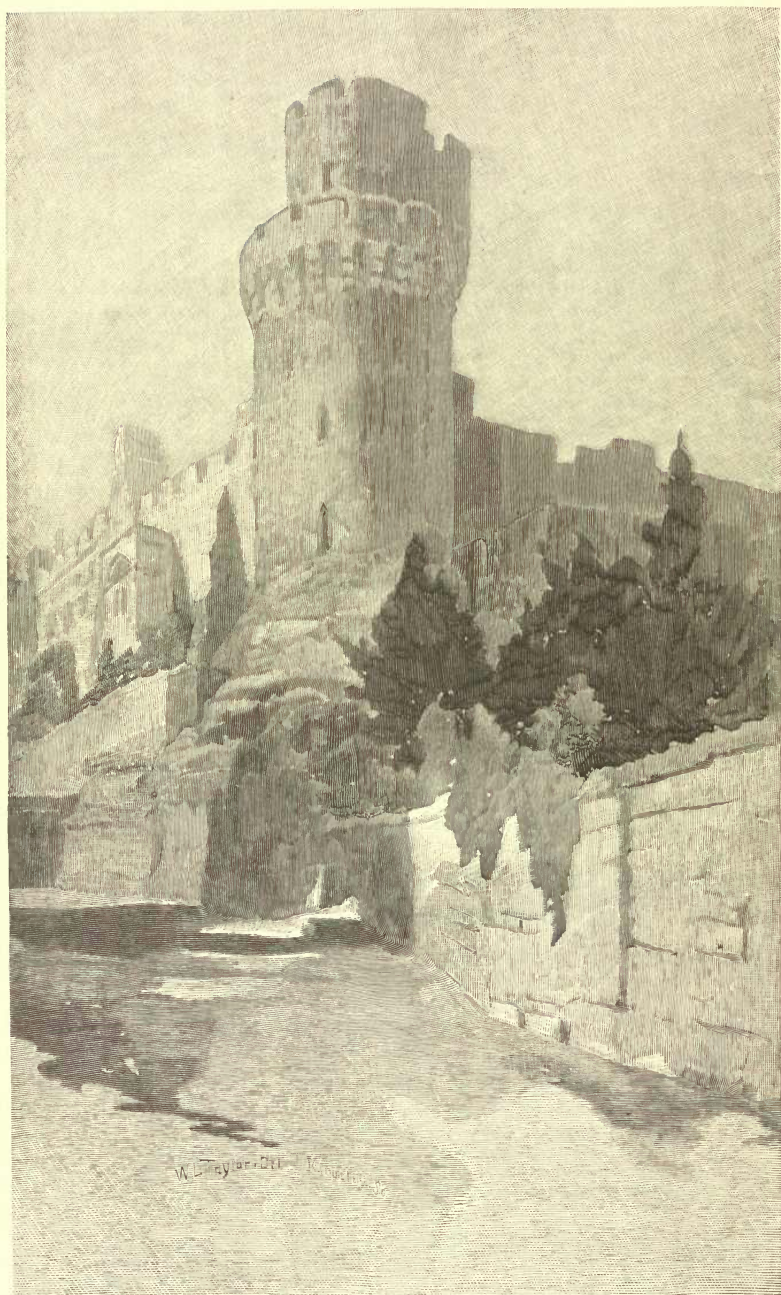












The Old Tower, Warwick Castle.



AMY ROBSART, KENILWORTH, AND WARWICK.

By William H. Rideing.



It must be with an unavoidable pang of disappointment that the sentimental traveller alights at Warwick and finds engrafted on the old town so much that is new and prosaic. The pictures of

it that he has seen have never confessed to the modernization; they have shown him only the open-framed, red-tiled, or thatched Elizabethan houses, with latticed windows and projecting gables; the bastions, escarpments, and skyward towers of the castle; the ruined bridge across the Avon, with the disabling lapses in its span; the well-preserved antiquity of Lord Leicester's Hospital. He has forgotten how artists separate what they desire from any commonplace environment, and he has thought of Warwick, and seen it through the eye of anticipation, as a place made up of ancient buildings and ancient streets, a sleepy town, stealing down through time with an unchanged front and owing nothing to later days and later fashions.

Alas! though these historical monuments are still there, many of their surroundings are not in keeping with them, but have the freshness, the unromantic and unmellowed properties of our own times. To what is new they seem to bear much the same proportion as the ancestral brooch and other trinkets which a woman attaches to a costume that in its other features is exclusively

modern—though this is only so long as our initiatory disappointment is allowed to prejudice our observation. It requires a spirited imagination to restore to those streets the Elizabethan procession which throngs out of the pages of "Kenilworth"—the courtiers and swash-bucklers, Dick Hostler and Jack Pudding, Wayland Smith and Flippertigibbet, the gay-hearted Raleigh and the dark-browed Varney. The pressure of innovation comes to oppose their return, not only in the modernization of the streets, but in the intrusion at every point of assiduous, trifle-hunting tourists.

Of these tourists there are probably two Americans to one Englishman. "Bless you, sir! I don't know 'ow we could get hon without them," the waiter at the "Warwick Arms" will tell you, after wofully recounting the various causes of the decline in the town's prosperity.

All summer long you hear them scurrying through the streets toward the Castle, or the Hospital, or St. Mary's Church, with guide-books tucked under their arms and their satchels swelled by new souvenirs of travel in the shape of photographs, or paper-weights and ink-pots cast in the image of Leicester's famous cognizance of the Bear and Ragged Staff. Their pursuit leaves no moment unmarked by achievement. Yesterday morning it was the Custom-house and the landing stage at Liverpool, and since then they have been to Chester and Shrewsbury. To-day they

are debating how they shall apportion their time so that they may be in London to-morrow. Shall it be Shottery and Stratford, or Warwick and Kenilworth? Shakespeare and Ann Hathaway, or Leicester and Amy Robsart? They glance at Vandyke's equestrian portrait of Charles the First, so full of life that rider and horse seem to be advancing down the corridor of the Castle; smile at the huge caldron known as Guy's porridge-pot; listen to the legends of the pensioners at the Hospital; hover about the tombs in the Beauchamp Chapel, and read with questioning eyes the epitaph which describes Leicester as the best and dearest of husbands. Then we see them flying off to the station, or disappearing, with their trunks vividly labelled "Wanted," or "Not Wanted on the Voyage," down the broad highway which leads through the matchless verdure of England to Kenilworth and Coventry. Those who do not touch at Warwick on their way from Liverpool to the Continent compass it on their return flight across the Atlantic. The bustle continues until summer ends, and we cannot wonder that the spectres of the past shun it, even though conjured and implored by an imagination fully prepared to rehabilitate them.

But after September the visitors become infrequent, and the old town sinks into a torpor in which, as in the human countenance after a relapse from temporary stimulation, we can see and feel its real age. The furrows are deeper than we thought they were at first sight, and the survival of antiquity is more complete. One speculates as to how the place exists, unless it is on the harvest of the summer. High Street, up and down, between the two old gates, is empty, and a footfall reverberates in the disoccupation through long distances. The signs of the prosperous country town are not visible, though Warwick is the capital of the county and a parliamentary and municipal borough. There are no smart traps from neighboring manors with apple-faced English girls on the high box-seats and sleek grooms in attendance; no farmers or yokels—seldom does one see a market wagon loaded up with fresh green stuff, or a fragrant hay-cart. Since, however, one

cannot make such a statement as this without incurring local displeasure and the peril of being confronted with figures which, in the mind of the disputant, are sufficient of an answer to cover one with confusion, let us qualify it so far as to admit that we are merely recording an impression, and that the impression does not retain images of these things as it does of the vacancy and drowsiness which follow the departure of the tourists. There is nothing unfriendly in our intention, and it yet remains for us to say how charming and pervasive the inactivity and somnolency are, and how, when we yield to the effect of them, the harsher and more prosaic features of the town recede as in a mist, leaving what is old and mellowed all the more prominent, and making Warwick a very habitable place for kindred spirits, ghosts, and sentimentalists.

At the very entrance of the town stands a house which, by the dignity of its proportions and the style of its architecture, arrests attention. It is sadly out of repair, but it has a semi-baronial, semi-monastic grandeur in its decay. The grayness of its stone and the sagging tiled roof tell that it is at least twice a centenarian, and ivy and moss spread themselves over the wide-arched porch and over the windows, of which there are no less than nine, of enormous size, partitioned by stone mullions, and filled with small, greenish, leaded glass. The end windows swell out on both stories, and at the level of the five gables which spring along the roof they form balconies with carved stone parapets. An unobtrusive sign in the weedy, tangled garden, which is separated from the street by iron railings, announces that a tapestried room may be seen between certain hours, and with a thrill of satisfaction the visitor who cares for the picturesque perceives, by another small sign, that there are "Apartments to Let." Originally the old house is said to have been a hospital of the Knights of St. John; then it was a school, and now so much of it as is habitable is rented by two pensioners of the Earl of Warwick to such as are willing to put up with the inconveniences inseparable from its dilapidation for the sake of living under so venerable a roof. For a

very small sum per week you may have a sitting-room and bed-room. Imagine the sitting-room: about sixty feet long and twenty feet wide, with wainscoting of black oak, panelled and moulded from the floor to the groined stone ceiling, one end being formed by the mulioned leaded bay windows aforesaid, with tendrils of ivy creeping across the small panes of greenish glass. The light is never more than twilight, even at mid-day, and when you sit down to your chop in the evening, with one candle burning on the little table, you are girt by a shadowy and cavernous darkness. The bed-room is inferior only to the sitting-room in proportions, and for a couch you have a four-post bed. There are drawbacks to all this picturesqueness, as we have already intimated: there is no running water, except when it leaks in with the rain; the leaded windows shake fearfully and are no match against the boisterous winds which slip in and strike the tenant in the back; the only illumination is by lamp and candle, and in "the dead vast and middle of the night" there are inexplicable rattlings as though the old knights, arisen from their tombs, were buckling on their armor for a new crusade. Living in these old-fashioned quarters we feel that the gulf between Queen Elizabeth's age and our own times is not so very wide, and from them it is not difficult to enter into the past.

What Shakespeare is to Stratford, Leicester and Amy Robsart are to Warwick. They are the leading personages in the only drama the little town knows—the "stars" in a performance which is repeated so often that by comparison a Chinese play is a mere interlude. We refresh our memories of them by reading "Kenilworth" again, and perhaps, it must be confessed, do not find it as absorbing as it was when we read it under an apple-tree, though our heresy may not be as flagrant as that of Mr. Howells. Where now is the soldier of fortune who can discourse as Mike Lambourne did, with all that facility of metaphor and expletive, so apt and so varied that they put us into good humor with the unconscionable villain? All the characters in those days spoke in epigrams, even down to the

hostler at the "Bonny Black Bear," who, when Lambourne is in his cups, describes him as speaking "Spanish as one who has been in the Canaries." What innuendo or quip finds Giles Gosling without a repartee—he who poetizes his own sack so beautifully? "If you find better sack than that in the Shires or in the Canaries either, I would I may never touch either pot or penny more. Why, hold it up betwixt you and the light and you shall see the little motes dance in the golden liquor like dust in the sunbeam." Knave and knight, the rustic boor and the gartered courtier have the same knack of saying what they have to say with Macaulay-like precision and with a like appreciation of antithesis and alliteration. There is some contemporary evidence that the subjects of the fiery Elizabeth garnished their speech no more nor set it in finer phrase than the subjects of Victoria; no false modesty led them to mince matters and call a spade a silver spoon. But Scott's characters have set speeches which they deliver *ore rotundo*, spiced with color-giving adjectives and neat turns of wit: there is not a flash in the pan among them all. Is it life? Was it ever life? Did people three hundred years ago speak in this stilted, theatrical manner? "There, caitiff, is thy morning wage." "Draw, dog, and defend thyself!" "Off, abject! Darest thou come betwixt me and mine enemy!" Perhaps there may be justification for the assault Mr. Howells recently made on Scott, and at all events we advise those who have anathematized the courageous American critic to read their "Kenilworth" again, and not to hurl their stones until they have done so.

But criticism is not part of our intention, and we had better come back to our tourists, many of whom—we may say nearly all—have copies of "Kenilworth" under their arms and do not question or dispute the historical foothold which Scott claims for his characters. We find even so brilliant a critic as Mr. William Winter espousing the legend with implicit faith, and confessing that as he presses to his lips a red rose, plucked in the garden of Kenilworth, he has the enviable sensation of touching the lips of the lovely Amy, who "out-

weighed England's crown, and whose sad spirit is the everlasting genius of the place."

The three great sights of Warwick are the Castle, the Hospital, and the Beauchamp Chapel, in each of which we are reminded of the reality of Leicester, though there is but one trifling relic of Amy. The town itself is said to have been founded by Cymbeline, and it is mentioned in the Domesday-book as a borough containing no less than two hundred and sixteen houses. One of the first Earls was the famous Guy, who exceeded nine feet in height, and who slew a green dragon and a Saracen giant in single combat. The title has had many wearers—the Beauchamps; Richard Neville, "the king-maker;" George Plantagenet and Edward Plantagenet. For forty-eight years it was dormant, and then it was conferred on that over-reaching John Dudley, the Duke of Northumberland, who lost his head finally, having done the same thing, metaphorically, several times before, on Tower Hill. He was the father of Leicester, whose brother, Ambrose, then held the earldom.

Out of the diamond panes of the chamber in our picturesque lodgings we look on the smooth grassy court of "New Bowling Green," as the dwarfish little tavern calls itself, with a preposterous pretence to a youth which must have ended at least a century ago, and in the long, melodious English twilight we can hear the voices of the players softened to an Æolian pitch in the mild summer air. The inn is on a curving street which leads down to the Avon, and which has scarcely been touched by the tide of change that has been so busy with alterations elsewhere. Nearly all the houses are ancient, so old, so sunken, and so bent that one wonders why they do not collapse. The roofs sag, the fronts bulge, but age seems to have given them a malleable quality like whale-bone. The highest is not more than two very modest stories, the upper projecting over the lower, and resting on oaken brackets. They are all of the half-timbered variety, the huge beams being visible in front and freshly painted in broad black lines, while the material between them shows white or gray. So small are the

lattice windows, so low and narrow are the doors, that the people for whom they were built must have been inferior in stature to the Britons of to-day, and Earl Guy must indeed have been a phenomenon among them. Marked with age as they are, the cottages are very habitable however, and where an open door allows us to peep in, the interior shows us much comfort within a space inconceivable as to cubic feet. The stone floor is pipe-clayed; a kettle simmers on the "hob;" the crockery glistens on a sideboard, and there is evidence of a sociability which we should not be unwilling to share in the high-backed settle drawn up at right angles with the hearth. A thriving box of fuchsias and geraniums decorates the window, and at the threshold, in a wicker cage, there is sure to be a bird—a starling, a lark, or a fat, confiding bulfinch.

Such is the approach to the river by the way of Mill Street, and it was between these very rows of cottages, as like as not, that Queen Bess passed on her journey from London to the revels at Kenilworth, with Leicester, Sussex, Raleigh, and Blount in her train. When we reach the brink of the river the scene is one such as England alone can show. Here there is another group of cottages, probably of later date, with long, narrow gardens, out of which breathes the scent of gillyflowers, mignonette, sweet-brier, and moss-rose, a tangle of bloom woven as close as a fabric. The Avon comes down without a murmur or visible motion, between banks grassy and solid to the edge, without ooze or underbrush, carrying on its surface pictures of the sky, the fleecy clouds, and the willows which bend over and dip their slender branches into it. Then it is ruffled by a weir for a moment, as an uneasy dream might agitate it, before it falls into a sounder sleep, and glides as peaceful as ever on its course to Stratford. After the weir a new vision appears on the placid surface—a vision of a great mediæval stronghold, towered and battlemented, which springs like a precipice out of the foliage along the margin. It has an aerial, phantasmal, insubstantial air as it floats on the stream, but as we look up

from the foot of Mill Street it is verified, battlement by battlement, tower by tower, is a matter of some mystery, for in one place Scott tells us that Amy and her



The Street—Warwick.

tower, in the walls of Warwick Castle. Higher up the river is a handsome bridge with carvings and stone balusters, a bridge of respectable age; but the bridge by which Elizabeth came here on that memorable occasion, when she was as much bent on twisting the secret of Amy Robsart out of Leicester's heart as on pleasure, is in ruins before us. The arches are gone and the piers alone stand out of the stream, their stones quite concealed by moss and ivy.

According to the novel, while the Queen was making her way to Kenilworth in state, poor Amy, alarmed by the conduct of Varney and Foster, was flying from Cumnor Hall in the same direction, resolved to throw herself upon the mercy and affection of Leicester. Surely lady never was in sorrier plight than she in that company of mountebanks, with only Wayland Smith to protect her and provide for her, though Wayland, it should be said, deserves to rank as high on the roll of "gentlemen in fiction," when Mr. Stevenson comes to revise it, as any of the more beruffled and bejewelled personages of "Kenilworth."

What their route from Cumnor was

escort avoided Warwick, and then that they travelled to Kenilworth by the way of Warwick and Coventry, the latter a rather inexplicable proceeding, for Kenilworth is between the two. Perhaps they struck off from the main road, before reaching Warwick, and in that case we can imagine them trudging wearily through the quaint villages of Bishop's Tachbrook, Offchurch, and Cubbington. These places looked much the same then as they do now, and if we should see an Elizabethan figure at the door of one of the thatched cottages we should hardly suspect it to be a masquerade. Changes are infrequent and slow in their operation in nooks of this sort, and a new window here, or a chimney there, is the only alteration a revisiting spirit could discover after an absence of a duration compared with which its mortal life would seem less than infancy. The crouching little church at the bend of the road, with its square Norman tower, was old and gray in Elizabeth's time, and the wind and rain have done little more in the interval than bevel the edges of the stones in the wall and flatten the jaws of the hideous gargoyles. No doubt the peasants we see are lineal descend-

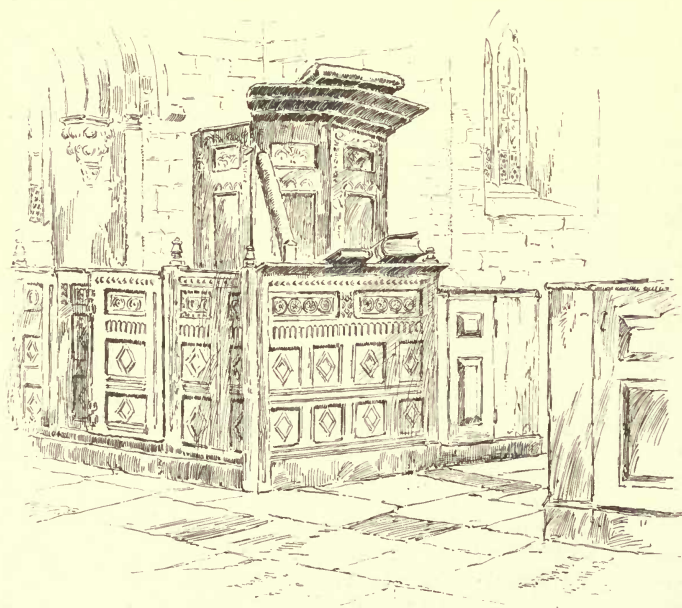
ants of those who joined in the throng which filled every approach to Kenilworth on the occasion of the fête. "Forefathers and foremothers," as Hawthorne says, writing of this neighborhood in "Our Old Home," "have grown up together, intermarried and died, through a long succession of lives, without any intermixture of new elements, till family features and character are all run in the same inevitable mould. Life is there fossilized in its greenest leaf. The man who died yesterday, or ever so long ago, walks the village street to-day, and chooses the same wife that he married a hundred years since, and must be buried again to-morrow under the same kindred dust that has already covered him half a score of times. The stone threshold of his cottage is worn away with his hobnailed footsteps shuffling over it from the reign of the first Plantagenet to that of Victoria."

The wear of season and age, which have not impaired the habitableness of these humble dwellings, become eloquent, however, in the castle at Kenilworth, which might have been expected to outlast them for many a year. Leicester's palace, that noble structure which, dating from the time of Hen-

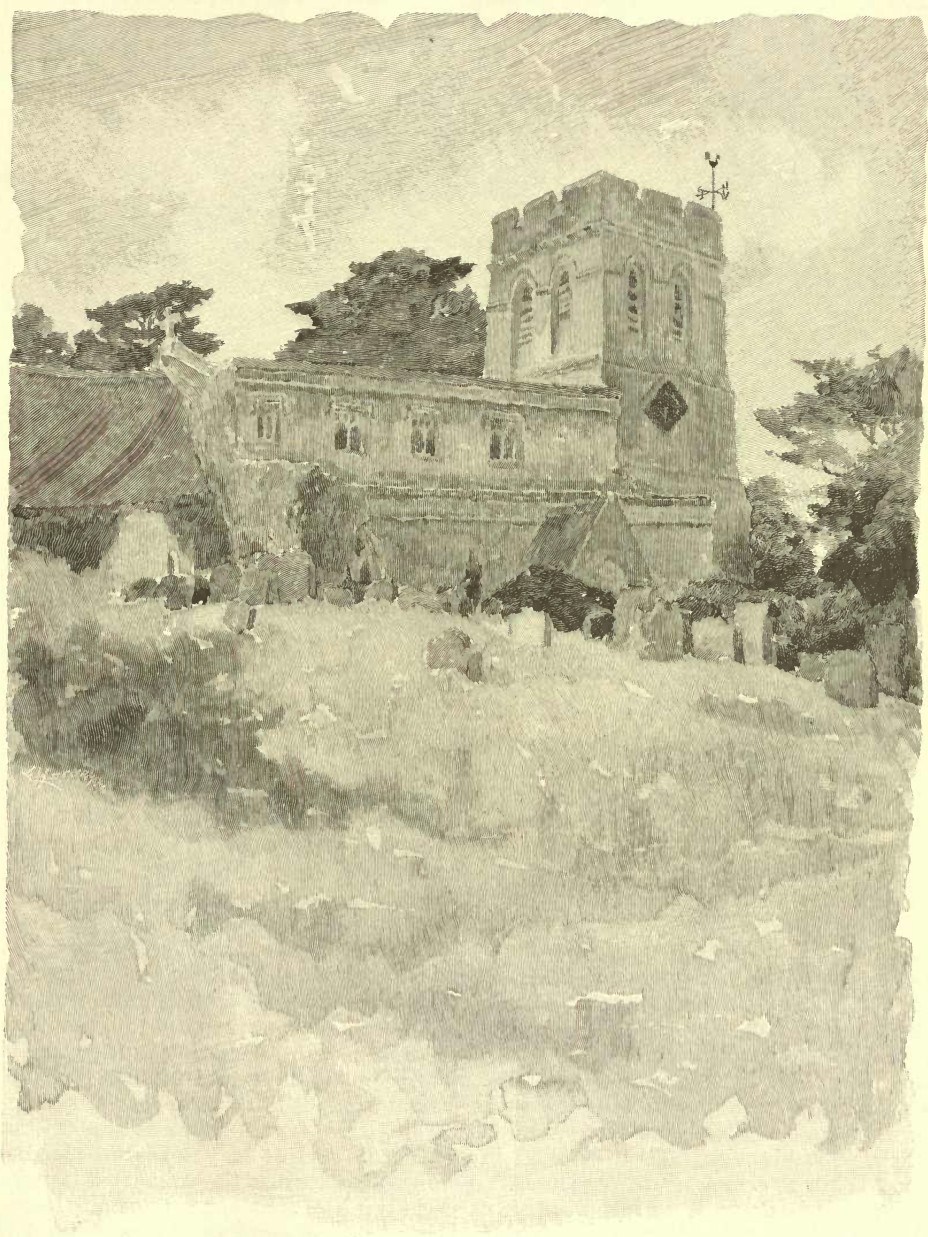
ry I., often sheltered kings, is now but a ruin, with stairways leading only half-way from floor to floor, and no other roof than the sky in any of its chambers. Still, enough of it remains to enable us to trace nearly all the incidents of the story as Scott describes them in the romance; and stimulated by the rhythmic cumulative splendor of those portions of the narrative which bear all readers along with impetuous fascination, the visitors witness, when they are sufficiently imaginative, the re-enactment of Amy's adventures. Here is the point at which the giant warder was posted, past whom she stole with Wayland, while Flibbertigibbet restored to the memory of the huge creature his part in the coming masque; here was Mervyn's Tower, where she sought shelter in the hope of being able to communicate with the Earl, and where she was discovered by Lambourne and Tressilian; here may yet be seen the great hall in which the throne was placed, and here, in the Pleasaunce, was the grotto in whose cool recess Amy concealed herself and was discovered by the Queen. The tourists are strong in faith, and do not attempt to separate the component admixture of truth and fiction; the novel is a guide-book to them,

and Wayland, Flibbertigibbet, Tressilian, and Lambourne are all accepted as historical personages. Not in all the chronicles of England is there a chapter equal in magnetism to the story set forth by Scott of the love of this unhappy country girl.

At Cumnor there is much less to substantiate the romance than here. Not a stone remains of the Hall, and even its site is obliterated. The inn is called the "Black Bear," but it is not the prosperous, comfortable hostel-

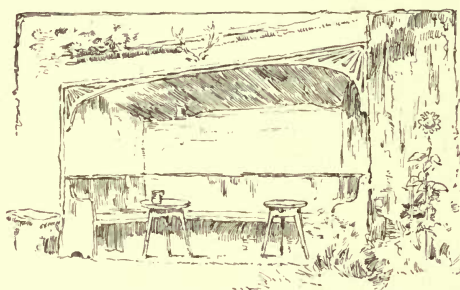
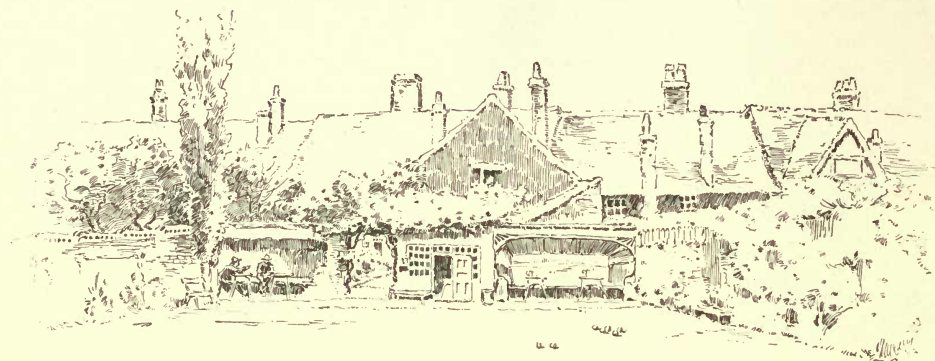


The Pulpit in Cumnor Church.



Cumnor Church.

ry over which Giles Gosling presided with such good humor and tact—"moderate in his reckonings, prompt in his twelve poor brethren, tenants and retainers of his or of his heirs. Each pensioner receives eighty pounds a year and



The Bowling Green, Warwick.

payments, having a cellar of sound liquor, a ready wit, and a pretty daughter." Such inn-keepers have gone out of fashion with such shop-keepers as Master Goldthread, the mercer. The old church, in which Papist and Puritan have preached and prayed, has not disappeared, but the testimony it bears throws doubt on the authenticity of the story that Anthony Foster is buried in the chancel—"he they called Tony Fire-the-Fagot, because he brought a light to kindle the pile round Latimer and Ridley when the wind blew out Jack Thong's torch, and no man there would give him light for love or money." He lies side by side, in effigy, with his wife, and is extolled in good Latin as a man of many virtues.

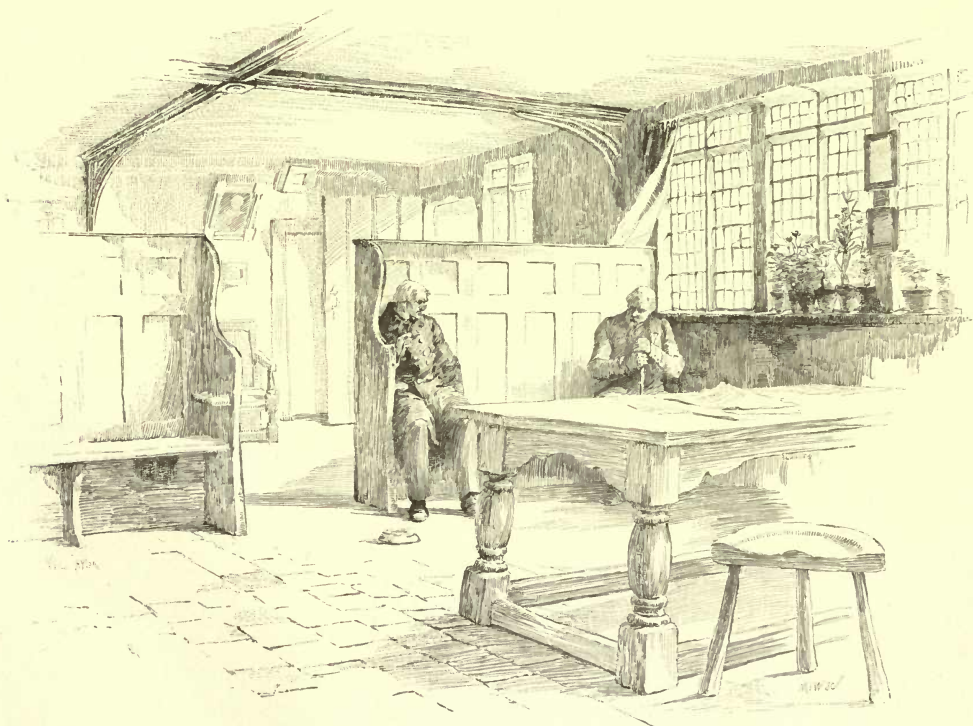
Coming back to Warwick, we find a few more threads to pick up, especially in the Hospital, which is Leicester's most effective monument. Before the Reformation it was the home of a monastic order, but was bestowed on him by the Queen, and by him endowed for the shelter and maintenance of a master and

has private lodgings within the Hospital, in addition to common privileges in kitchen, kitchen-garden, and chapel. So liberal is the management, so ample the provision, so free the benevolence from the stigma and parade of charity, that the inmates may well be envied; but, with the perversity of human nature, they sometimes mutter against their lot, instead of constantly blessing the memory of their patron. The bear and ragged staff, the motto and initials of Dudley, are visible at every point in the quaint buildings, and in the kitchen we are shown a faded bit of embroidery, glazed in an oaken frame, which is said to be the needlework of Amy Robsart—a tradition so insecure at the roots that it puts us in mind of that epigram of Mr. Henry James concerning the method of Taine: "A thin soil of historical evidence is made to produce luxuriant flowers of deduction." But centuries shrink into neighborly and speakable distance here, and allow us to fancy that the verification by living witness of the tradi-

tion is almost possible. The past is completely ours in that snug kitchen. All the oak of rafter, casing, and wainscot is darkened to ebony with age, but in a perfect state of preservation. The floor is of red tiles, and the low white ceiling is held up by blackened beams. There is a fireplace so capacious that all the pensioners might cook their dinners at once, and a settle, adorned with the omnipresent bear, on which all of them, sitting together, might afterward smoke their pipes, as, indeed, they frequently do. The light, sifting through the hinged, leaded windows, set in stone mullions, burnishes antiquated arms and armor hung upon the walls, and brings out the sheen on the fragment of Amy Robsart's embroidery. Even after night-

brackets, the buildings form within a quadrangle, and here the brick-work is picked out with the sixteen quarterings of Leicester's arms, richly emblazoned, and along the mouldings of the galleries, in old English text, illuminated and sunken in the oak run various rules for the government of the inmates—"Honor all Men"—"Fear God"—"Honor the King"—"Love the Brotherhood"—"Be kindly affectioned one to Another"—"He that ruleth over Men must be Just."

On the highest spot in the town stands St. Mary's Church, its lofty tower visible for miles around, across field and hedge-row, and its chimes pealing like music from heaven over the fair English landscape. Here, in the



In the Kitchen, Leicester Hospital, built 1571.

fall there is enough light from the fire that is always kept burning to show the motto across the hearth, "Droit et loyal," the initials R. L., and the date, 1571.

Presenting to the street a many-gabled front, with peaked windows, open timbers, hinged lattices, and carved

Beauchamp chapel, under canopies of lace-like stone and screens of artistically wrought metal, lies Leicester, surrounded by his coroneted kinsmen and former Earls of Warwick. There is no allusion to Amy, no memento of her. Another wife reposes with him, her

hands piously clasped in prayer as his are. The effigy shows him as a solemn-faced, bearded man, the picture of conjugal propriety, and, if epitaphs are to be believed, no man was ever more maligned than this gallant and ambitious courtier of Queen Elizabeth's.

The researches of George Adlard* and others have completely undermined the foundations of Scott's romance. Amy Robsart never was Countess of Leicester. How could she have been when her husband was not created an Earl till

the earldom. Her marriage was not secret, but was solemnized in the presence of Edward VI., who records the fact in his diary and expresses his appreciation of the amusement afterward afforded him by "certain gentlemen that did strive who should first take away a goose's head which was hanged alive on two crossposts." Leicester was married secretly, though not to her. It was to Lady Sheffield, thirteen years after Amy's death and two years previous to the revels. Amy's father was not Sir Hugh, but Sir John Robsart, not a



The Gate, Leicester Hospital.

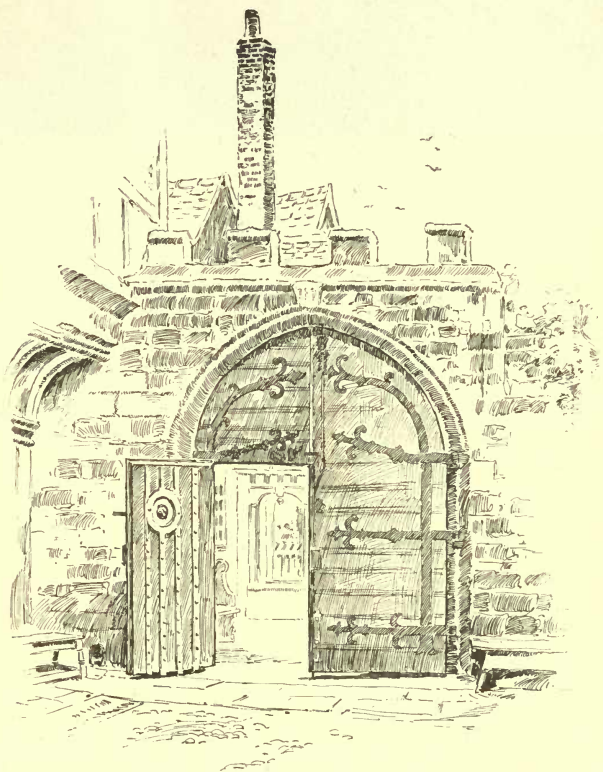
three years after her death? She did not appear at the Kenilworth revels, for the castle only came to Leicester with

Knight of Devon, but a Knight of Norfolk. Scott, indeed, has not allowed himself to be hampered by any rigid adherence to historic truth, though it is true that Amy died mysteriously at

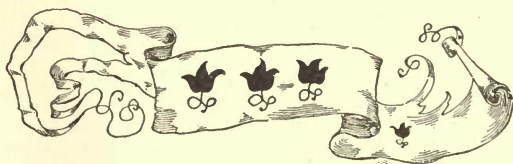
* Amy Robsart and the Earl of Leicester: A Critical Inquiry. By George Adlard. London, 1870.

Cumnor Hall, and that Leicester felt the story is, the audience listen to it himself called upon to disprove the again with undiminished interest, and suspicion which prevailed that he had connived at her taking off. That he was indifferent to her is shown by his actions and by his correspondence. Beyond this Scott's authority seems to have been a mysterious and melodramatic Jesuit named Parsons, whose charges against Leicester were repeated at a later period by that garrulous old chronicler, Ashmole. Let us not be too exacting, however. Truth even wavers on the lips of History herself when she discards the masquerade of the historical novel and puts on the academic silk. And it is to be noted that the fable of Amy Robsart convinces the mind of the rustic when fact goes, unheeded, in at one ear and out at the other. Listen to the sounds from the canvas theatre in the field on the Coventry road. They are playing a dramatization of "Kenilworth," and, familiar as

audibly sob as the corpulent Tressilian pumps up his reproaches against the wayward heroine.



The Door of Leicester's Hospital.





THE REED PLAYER.

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

By a dim shore where water darkening
Took the last light of spring,
I went beyond the tumult, harkening
For some diviner thing.

Where the bats flew from the black elms like leaves,
Over the ebon pool
Brooded the bittern's cry, as one that grieves
Lands ancient, bountiful.

I saw the fire-flies shine below the wood
Above the shallows dank,
As Uriel from some great altitude,
The planets rank on rank.

And now unseen along the shrouded mead
One went under the hill ;
He blew a cadence on his mellow reed,
That trembled and was still.

It seemed as if a line of amber fire
Had shot the gathered dusk,
As if had blown a wind from ancient Tyre
Laden with myrrh and musk.

He gave his luring note amid the fern
Its enigmatic fall,
Haunted the hollow dusk with golden turn
And argent interval.

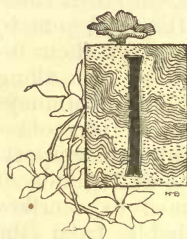
I could not know the message that he bore,
The springs of life from me
Hidden ; his incommunicable lore
As much a mystery.

And as I followed far the magic player
He passed the maple wood,
And when I passed the stars had risen there,
And there was solitude.



“AS THE SPARKS FLY UPWARD.”

By George A. Hibbard.



IT was a minute past the time when the “through” night express should start, but still the ponderous engine stood motionless, the steam escaping with a terrific roar, and mounting high in the air, first in a vigorous jet, and then spreading in dull, whitened clouds that soon mingled with and were lost in the denser mass and greater volume of the rolling smoke. The hands of the illuminated clock, placed on the depot wall, had passed the points on the dial that indicated the hour of departure, and now stood at not more than a minute after; but even so small a particle of time was of importance, for this, the night express, was the particular feature of this particular road, and to get it to its destination at the advertised instant was the duty and pride of every employé; for this, every resource of the great corporation was employed, every sacrifice of other considerations made. Over those miles and miles of shining rails, on which the train must run all night, lay the road from West to East and from East to West, and upon the speed and certainty with which they were covered depended many an important affair—the success or failure of a venture, sometimes the life or death of a Cause.

The station-master hurried up to the engine and looked in the window.

“What’s the matter, Irby?” he said to the engineer.

“Spurlock’s not here,” answered the

man, who sat on the narrow, transverse seat in the cab, with his hand on the heavy, shining, round-tipped handle of the reverse-lever.

“Where is he?”

“Don’t know,” replied Irby. “He stepped off five minutes ago, saying he’d be back directly.”

“If he isn’t here in thirty seconds I’ll have to give you another fireman.”

Everything indicated readiness for departure. The loungers along the broad, cemented walk of the station—those who had sought a little exercise before the long, cramped ride—had mounted to the cars; and the porters, after picking up the little stools placed before the steps of the “sleepers,” stood ready all along the line to swing themselves on to the platforms as soon as the series of jarring jerks with which a train straightens itself out for work, indicated that the “7.30” was off.

The scene as it now presented itself—a minute and more after the time when “No. 47” should have been under way—was characteristically American, for nowhere else in the world is quite its like to be found. The huge arched station (so large that, numerous as were the hard, clear, powerful electric lights, there still were left many areas of gloom) echoed and re-echoed with multitudinous sounds, and, closing your eyes, you might almost have imagined yourself in an asylum for demented noises, the air was so burdened with the sustained uproar, distressed by such brazen clangor, torn by so many a wild shriek. The gleaming steel rails banded the broad,

boarded space, stretching in innumerable lines far across to the opposite wall; now running with the parallel exactness of a copy-book; now crossing and recrossing each other in what seemed inextricable confusion. Long strings of cars, their windows all aglow, stood here or there—just arrived, or just on the point of leaving—this train "in," after having run all day along the shores of the great lakes; that ready to plunge into the dark Pennsylvania forests, and hurry away, perhaps, past some flaming oil-well into the more distant coal-fields. People swarmed everywhere—passengers and employés, baggage-men, brakemen, and express-men. Heavy trucks, overloaded with luggage, were wildly trundled through the place; small iron carriages, piled high with mail-bags, were recklessly rolled past; and in and out darted the bearers of flaming torches that cast a wild glare about them as they moved, who, with long-handled hammers tested the car-wheels with ringing blows. And away in the distance, where the immense, arched opening of the station permitted a glimpse of the darkness beyond, gleamed innumerable lights—green, red and orange—some stationary and arranged in complex designs, others swinging in eccentric circles, or flitting like the *ignes fatui* of swamp-lands, along the ground, now appearing and now disappearing.

"Here he comes!" shouted a voice somewhere in remote darkness.

"Hurry up," commanded the station-master; and, with a running accompaniment of questions, exhortations, and admonitions, lit up by some scattered execrations, a slight man, dressed in the blackened and greasy overalls and "jumper" of a laborer, ran along the walk and mounted the engine.

"Let her go, Dan," he said.

The engineer glanced at the conductor leaning against the wall; saw him quickly shut his watch and wave his hand. One pull on a lever, already under his hand, and the piston-rods began to glide out and in, the huge driving-wheels to revolve, and the train, with almost a dislocating shock, so hurried had been the start, was finally off.

"What was it, Jeff?" said Irby.

"Why," answered Spurlock, with a

hardly perceptible hesitation, "a little celebration of my own. Do you forget what night it is?"

"No," answered the other and older man, a trifle sharply. "But what did you promise me?"

"It's only once a year," responded Spurlock, sullenly, "and I haven't touched a thing for ten weeks."

Irby did not answer, but peered out into the darkness through the narrow cab window.

The depot had been left behind, and the engine was now passing through the outer business belt of the great city. Huge, silent warehouses, with their shutters closed, quite as if they had gone to sleep with iron lids shut over their innumerable eyes, were to be seen along the deserted streets; high chimneys here and there rose above the roofs—they might have been columns supporting the leaden sky—the dull clouds of smoke that lazily seemed to overflow them only distinguishable from the dark heavens by their greater density. It had been snowing during the early evening, but the flakes had melted as they fell, and the ill-paved roads were full of spreading pools that caught the rays cast by the glowing embers in the engine's fire-box, and, seeming to hold them for an instant in dull reflection, threw them weakly back. And now the pavements cease altogether; no longer are there any gas-lamps or electric lights to reveal the dripping squalor, but as one looks ahead there are to be seen by the spreading illumination of the headlight only the shining, converging rails, and between them, and on either side, the sodden, half-frozen earth. Now only infrequent buildings start into view; but there appear instead long, shadowy lines of freight-cars, apparently innumerable, drawn up on either side of the track, by which the engine thunders with reverberating clatter—the strange but still familiar characters, letters, and names on their many-colored sides—the stars, the diamonds, the crosses, the often-repeated initials, the numbers, reaching sometimes into the tens of thousands—only showing for an instant in the dim rays cast by the single light in the engine, and then quickly blotted out by the broad hand of dark-

ness. At length those, too, are gone, and now there is nothing to be seen but the occasional hut of some switch-tender, and the constantly recurring telegraph poles that so rapidly flash in and out of sight. Far behind appears in the sky a dull, orange glow that marks the position of the town that has been left behind, but all before is unbroken blackness. Now, at last, the train has reached the open country, Irby pushes the throttle-valve still further open, and the engine, with a quiver, almost such as a spirited horse will give at the touch of the spur, plunges more swiftly forward, and finally tears along at almost full running speed, over fifty miles an hour through the night.

The narrow place in which the men are seated, face to face, is but dimly illuminated. They are neither of them particularly exceptional-looking persons; you might see their like almost any day through an engine's window and not turn to look again, and still their faces are not without a certain stern significance—the significance to be found in the countenances of most men who have for any length of time held what might be called "non-commissioned" office in the army of labor, where, though opportunity of honor is rare, responsibility is great and incessant.

Irby, ten years the older of the two, heavy, but with a muscular strength that enables him to move with perfect ease in spite of his stoutness, has in his countenance that indescribable something that indicates firmness, even obstinacy; while in the mobile features, more shifting glance, and more changeful expression of his companion you could as readily detect the equally evident, but more subtle evidences of weakness and irresolution. And yet he was a pretty fellow enough with his thick, lustrous, black hair, and his small, pointed mustache, his highly colored cheeks and his dull, dark eyes. Of graceful build too—his belt was drawn about a waist as small almost as a woman's—slight but lithesome, a man to surprise you with unsuspected strength.

"Don't it make you feel, Dan, as if we were regularly out in the cold," he said, "to be on this job to-night?"

"Well, you see," answered Irby, argu-

mentatively, "all the other boys have got sweethearts or wives, and it's only natural they should want the evening to themselves. Now what's Christmas Eve to us—you, who haven't got a belonging in the world, as you say, and I——"

Irby paused, whether or not he saw something worthy of attention in what seemed the impenetrable night, Spurlock could not determine, but the engineer looked through the window with what appeared increased attention.

"Tain't much like one's general notion of a Christmas," he added at length.

"No," answered Spurlock.

Neither spoke again for some time, and Spurlock busied himself with the flapping canvas curtain that gave doubtful shelter to the occupants of the cab, for the icy wind blew briskly as the scudding clouds attested.

"Let me see," said Irby at length. "This time of the year rather lends itself to reckoning—how long is it now that we've travelled along together?"

"Going on eight months," answered Spurlock, "from the time when you first set me straight."

Irby glanced across at the man before him. "Set him straight." Yes, he had "set him straight," and the memory came to him of what Spurlock had been, a picture rose before him of how Spurlock looked when he first saw him. A thin, bent form, with pallid face, and trembling, it would almost seem palsied, hands, dressed in a mysterious garment that was only a remote suggestion of a coat, and with all his other clothes correspondingly frayed and tattered. A being, coming from no one knew where, and going no one cared whither—slinking out to bask in the sunshine, as if doubtful if the world, which afforded him so little, might not grudge and deny him even this; leading one of those mysterious, almost reptilian existences in the dark holes and corners of the earth, which, were they not so common, would seem more awful and more significant, but which, seen every day, we scarcely notice and easily allow to pass from memory.

Irby had first seen the ill-looking creature loitering about the confines of the station, sometimes penetrating even to the engine-yard and standing at gaze

before the big, resplendent, perfectly "groomed" locomotive—looking at it revengefully, as if resentful of the fact that this thing of iron and steel should receive such care, when he, a creature of flesh and blood, was so destitute. Such as he was, he had been the jest, the jeer of the whole place. There was no one so insignificant that he did not dare to scoff at him, and it seemed that there was no indignity that the poor creature would not endure. But one day from his lofty post Irby had noticed that a row was going on. In that neighborhood—in the circles in which his locomotive moved, that was a thing of no uncommon occurrence, but this particular difficulty seemed more serious than was commonly the case.

"What's the matter?" he shouted.

"Joe Bannager's been givin' the tramp mor'n he can stand an' he's showed fight," was the answer.

Irby let himself down from the engine and joined the crowd just in time to see the burly Bannager very neatly knocked out of time by the now animated vagabond, to the admiration of the on-lookers.

"If you've got spirit enough for that," said Irby, looking curiously at the now erect figure of the stranger, "you've got spirit enough to be a man. Come with me."

He had taken Spurlock over to the engine, and in its torrid shade had inspected him more thoroughly.

"If I gave you money, would you drink it up?" he asked.

"Try me and see," said the man.

Irby handed him a bill, and the next day there had appeared before him a person whom he did not at first recognize. It was Spurlock, decked in a suit of the poorest clothing, but clean and decent looking.

"Give me something to do," he had said.

Irby had again looked at him scrutinizingly. It had always been his—Irby's—boast, that he knew a man, when he saw one, who had anything in him, and after a moment's contemplation, which the other had borne unflinchingly, he spoke doubtfully.

"My fireman's laid up, perhaps I might get you taken on."

"All right," answered Spurlock.

"You've picked me out of the gutter, now set me on the walk."

And this, Irby, thought, was the same man who now sat opposite to him. Indeed, Spurlock had changed. As he quickly emerged from his state of degradation, he displayed unexpected intelligence, exhibiting a surprising knowledge about all sorts of unlikely things. Irby, who had started in life with only a limited knowledge of reading and writing, but who had graduated long ago with "honors" from the great University of the Newspapers, was thoroughly able to appreciate higher requirements than his own, and both marvelled and admired. Spurlock never spoke of his past, and Irby had never asked him a question. That it was not the usual past of a man in his position Irby felt sure; but they were both of that world that should in truth be called the "great world," instead of the insignificant portion that now bears that name, where few questions are asked, for the reason that a close knowledge of the strange haps and mishaps of life has dulled curiosity. Day and night they had travelled together in the little cab, over thousands of miles, through heat and cold, through storm and sunshine, and gradually there had grown up in Irby a real friendship for this being whom he had, as it were, created. He looked at Spurlock, and reflecting that had it not been for him, the alert, self-respecting man, who was now his companion would have been in a pauper's grave or leading a life than which any death would be better, he took credit to himself for what he could almost regard as his handiwork, and beamed upon him with something like affection.

"Seeing the time it is," said Spurlock, at length, "I've got a Christmas present for you, Dan, and I don't know but I might as well give it to you now as another time."

He reached up and took down his coat from the place where it hung, then drawing out a tobacco-pouch, cheaply embroidered, handed it across to the engineer. Irby took it, opened it, and found instead of tobacco, a carefully folded bill.

"The money you lent me that time, you know," explained Spurlock.

Irby stretched out his hand, with the powerful, blunted fingers, to the younger man who took it and shook it roughly with an awkward consciousness. Neither spoke.

The wide plains that lay around the city—mere bare, uncultivable barrens,—had been swiftly traversed, and now the track ran over land partly uncleared. In and out it darted through the thick woods, plunging into the narrow openings among the dark, serried trunks and spreading branches, as if into some tunnelled mountain.

"You've been the making of me, Dan," Spurlock went on, "and if I come to anything now it'll be your doing."

"The engine's seemed a different place since you've been on it, Jeff," he said, quietly, "an' so I guess we're square."

Another of those long silences followed, which will occur between people who are constantly together—one of those pauses that indicate intimacy more fully than any speech.

"I wasn't always what you found me, Dan," said Spurlock, finally.

Irby glanced at his companion.

"But I began bad," the other went on, "and I kept on growing worse. I was the black sheep of a particularly white flock, and, by contrast, my color only showed up the more. Where I was born, or what or when, don't matter. I wouldn't like to show disrespect for any of my highly respectable relations by bringing them into any such unfortunate society as mine."

He paused, and the expression of recklessness that had lain on his countenance, almost like a mask—so evidently unnatural was it—seemed suddenly to be snatched away.

"The fiend take it, Dan," said he, "there's something in this cursed time that sets you remembering."

Irby's face darkened; it appeared as if the past had also come up before him with unusual vividness, and that the vision was disquieting and painful.

"I don't think I ever came near being respectable in my life but once," continued Spurlock, dully, almost as if some strange power were forcing him to speak—as if volition had nothing to do with it.

"But," he went on, "we're generally standing on the ground even when we're looking at the clouds. Oh, of course it was a woman that did it. You, Dan, you can't understand that; you—you've the face of a true misogynist. You see," he broke out, "I haven't forgot all that my little 'fresh-water' college taught me. You're the kind that are superior to that inferior influence." "I really believe that I could have reformed then," murmured Spurlock after another pause, "for I loved her. Strange how you feel when you really love a woman. There seems to come out of the very holes and corners of your being, feelings and sentiments and aspirations that you never knew you had before. Mind I don't say that the same cause doesn't sometimes work a very different way on your nature—doesn't stir up and set moving a number of dark, hideous things also—passions, jealousies, hatreds—that you never suspected were in you. Oh, it's a queer thing this love—it's like a streak of varnish across the natural wood that brings out the beauty of the grain and the ugliness of the knots as well. I loved her from the first time I set my eyes on her pretty, pale face. Oh, don't be frightened. I'm not going to tell you a yarn, for there's none to tell. But Agnes Holcombe was the only one who could ever have made anything out of me."

"Women," said Irby, slowly, "do a deal of good when they don't—do a deal of harm."

"She could have been the making of me. But circumstances——"

"How long ago was it?" interrupted Irby.

"About eighteen months."

"Eighteen months." With the instinct that leads every one to measure the nearness or remoteness of an event by its relation in time to their own lives, Irby thought of himself as he had been a year and a half before. That, he remembered, was before his quarrel with Mabel—before the final separation. He ground his teeth in sudden rage. Could he not get the miserable affair out of his mind; must everything he heard or saw always serve to remind him of it?

The train had now for some time been

on its way, dashing by isolated farm-houses, usually, at this hour, merely black shapes in the dim landscape, but to-night with windows all alight; past scattered groups of cottages where the smoke, rolling comfortably from the chimneys suggested glowing and generous hearths; in and out of villages; where a quickly opened, quickly closed door would often suddenly disclose some bright interior. And now the spreading glow in the sky before them proved that they were again approaching a city. Stronger, brighter, more diffused it grew as the train spun swiftly on; and finally the many detached points of light showed that they were quite near. Again the engine plunged among long lines of coal-trucks and freight-cars—again clattered by the echoing walls of great factories, and finally, at decreased speed, puffed into the city. As it chanced in this particular place the tracks lay along streets that crossed some of the great thoroughfares, and sometimes for a short distance even ran in them. It was hardly more than nine o'clock, and the sidewalks were thronged. It seemed as if the whole town had turned out, and yet there must have been many who were at home. Every shop was open—was brilliant with the best display it was possible for it to make. Here, as at the place they had left, it had evidently been snowing during the day, but here the wind had blown boisterously and long enough to dry the walks and bring a crackling sheet of ice on the surface of the street puddles. There was a briskness in the air well accordant with the time, and there was an animation in the crowd that clearly indicated that it was no concourse such as might ordinarily be found in and before the stores. It was much larger, it was much more alert, and it was much more self-satisfied and self-important; certainly it was much jollier. You might have jostled it as much as you pleased without exciting anything but good-natured remonstrance, you could tread on its toes with nearly perfect impunity. It was a true Christmas crowd in every aspect and every attribute—baskets, bundles, and all—and as the great engine slowly ground its way along, the bell sounding with regular brazen clang, the two men in the

cab gazed upon the animated spectacle with greedy eyes. They looked upon it all as aliens in a double sense—separated from it in situation and in mood—and the knowledge of their twofold remoteness filled each with a rebellious bitterness that strengthened as they went on. It all seemed like some mocking show prepared for their special torment—some deluding mirage as tantalizing as the semblance of water is to the thirsty traveller of the desert.

The stop in the dark, nearly deserted depot, was not long, and soon they were out again in the populous quarters of the town. It was Christmas time at its brightest and best—cheerful *Noël* in its most comfortable mood. It was Christmas Eve—more mirthful, better perhaps than Christmas itself—as a promise is often better than a fulfilment. That feeling of the time that calls upon all to "eat, drink, and be merry," found most ample manifestation—the sense of human fellowship that, let what may be said, is just a little stronger on and about the wonderful December day than at any other time of the year, was evident everywhere. Gazing like prisoners through prison bars, the two men avidly drank in the scene, its very geniality making them the more morose.

And as the engine passed on again into the desolate country—between the brown banks and broken fences—the men were almost tempted to rub their eyes and ask themselves if really what they had seen had not been a dream, so sudden had been its appearance, so apparently doubtful its reality, even while it was before them, and so absolute its eclipse.

"Agnes Holcombe," said Irby, half to drive from his mind the memories that tormented him; half to lead Spurlock to talk further of himself.

"Agnes Holcombe," repeated Spurlock. "That of course wasn't her real name, as I soon found out."

"Not her real name?" Irby half asked.

"No," said Spurlock. "Though there's but little to tell I might as well tell you that little. It all happened out at Arapago."

"Arapago?" repeated Irby, glancing sharply around.

"Yes, Arapago," continued Spurlock. "It was one of my respectable times—when I was still struggling. I was clerk in one of the big freight depots. One night I was sitting in that park that looks out over the lake when I saw a woman on the next bench to mine. I saw that she was pretty and that she was crying. The two things were too much for me—they ought to be for any man. I made an excuse to speak to her, she answered me and we had a long talk. I asked her where she lived, but although she would not tell me, she promised to meet me on the night after the next, at the same place. She kept her word, and it was the first of many meetings. Dan, I loved that woman, and, what is the strangest thing, I loved her as I never loved another. It almost seemed as if I didn't want her to love me; why, man, the ground she walked on, it seemed to me, was the only thing that I was fit to touch. There are some women who can make you feel like that, though, like as not, they're laughing at you all the time. One night I followed her, to find out if I could know something about her.

"Well," said Irby, impatiently, and yet hesitatingly."

"I followed her to a pretty little house just where the city begins to break up and you get a little air and space."

"Yes," said Irby, looking at his fireman with a curious glitter in his eyes.

"It was in Canestoga Street, number one hundred and seventeen—queer how you'll remember those little things—and there she went in, with that air you know that one has when going into a familiar place."

"Yes," said Irby, as he leaned forward to look at one of the gauges, and then again fixed his eyes on Spurlock with the same intensity of gaze.

"She was mad enough when she found out what I'd done, but she soon forgave me. And it was there we met when her husband was away." He paused, then added quickly, "What's the matter, Dan?"

"Nothing," answered Irby; "go on."

"Yes, and when he was there she'd come to the park sometimes; but I generally saw her in the garden. I learned all about her from the people in the

neighborhood, but I never let her know that I knew the truth, though she must have suspected that I did. I've seen enough not to appear to know any more than a woman wants that you should. She was married, so they told me, to a man a good deal older than herself, who, though he was generally well considered, was thought by the neighbors a little too strict and glum for her. I imagined I saw how it was. He was an engineer on one of the Western roads, away half the time, and the poor young thing was left all alone. I think he made her pretty unhappy, and so the inevitable happened, and I happened to be the inevitable, though in this case the inevitable wasn't so very much after all."

"Go on," said Irby.

"Though neither of us ever spoke about it, I gathered from what I picked up that it was only when her husband—Shaw, that was the engineer's name—was away that I could appear. Then, when it was dark enough, I'd slip over the white picket-fence and sit with her in the arbor under the grape-vines. I never kissed her but—once—"

Before Spurlock had time to do more than instinctively raise his arm in defence, Irby was upon him, and with an iron wrench that he had snatched from its place had felled him with one blow to the floor, where he lay, an almost shapeless heap, on the hot, riveted, iron plates.

What Irby consciously noticed next was that the train was swiftly running over the causeway built across the wide-spreading marshes that lay an hour and more beyond the last stopping-place. It was not that the sky was clearer and therefore gave more light, but there was more of it, stretching as it did to the horizon, and Irby could distinctly see the dull, sullen waters above which, on the embankment, the locomotive so swiftly moved along; could mark the acres and acres of low-lying land partially covered with rank grass and partially with tall, tangled, aquatic plants. It was a sad, desolate place at any time, but now, seen only by the uncertain light of the stars—the wind had torn the clouds from the sky—it was indeed forbidding and awful.

In Irby's mind was an uneasy consciousness that something unusual had happened, what, he half knew, yet hardly could have told. With the instinct of his calling, he glanced first at all the cocks and levers about him, then looked cautiously around. Yes, there it was, more like some bundle of old clothes than the form of a man, for Spurlock had fallen face down, with his arms doubled up under him, and there was no pallid countenance, no worn, blackened hand to show what was really there. Irby did not start, he had half-prepared himself for what he was to see, but only gazed intently, almost apathetically, at the object at his feet. Then his eye caught something that needed attention in the machinery, and he, with action almost as automatic as that of any one of the engine's appliances, set it right. The fires must have burnt low, he thought; but how could he replenish them? Dulled as his mind was, it seemed an insurmountable difficulty that Spurlock's body lay on the floor—how would it be possible to open the furnace door? how shovel in the coal? But gradually perception became clearer—that the engine should be run all right seemed to him more important than anything else—and he left the shelf-like seat on which he had been sitting, and picking up the body carefully, placed it in a corner, with the back against the wall of the cab and the side of the opposite bench. Then he threw open the furnace-door. With the glare of what seemed to him the nether pit, the tongues of flame, writhing and twisting in the strong draft, leaped up, licking around the iron edges of their prison-house. The whole place was illuminated with the fierce, ruddy light, and even the face of the man whom he had struck down seemed to gain even something more than its natural color. Drawing back the canvas screen he grasped Spurlock's shovel and cast the coals into the furnace's mouth; then he carefully drew together the curtain, shut the opened door, mounted to his seat, and glanced down the straight road that seemed almost to slip under the engine and glide away. Fancies, rather than such positive thoughts as it would seem should be the natural and unavoidable out-

come of the situation, filled his brain. First, there started into quick vision the astonishment, the horror of the officials, when he should ride into the next station with a murdered man on the engine with him. There seemed something so grotesquely ludicrous in the idea, that he almost laughed aloud. Then he listlessly thought of what the newspapers would say—of the heavy headlines and sensational sentences. People would talk about it the next day—Christmas Day—Christmas of all days. The sense of the awful inharmony between what he had done and what the feeling of the time enjoined, brought him the first thrill of horror that he had felt. His regular respiration was broken by a quick, raucous gasp, and on his brow he felt the chilly dew of terror.

Christmas Eve! It seemed to Irby that everything of any consequence to him had happened on Christmas Eve. It was on a Christmas Eve that he had been married; it was on the next Christmas Eve that the baby was born; it was only just before Christmas Eve, a year past, that they—Mabel and he—had their final misunderstanding and had parted; he swearing that though she might wish to seek his forgiveness she should not have the chance. So he had gone to a distant place, where, under a new name—perhaps even then apprehensive that he might not be able to withstand her pleading should she attempt to soften his heart—he had sought new employment, while she had fled he knew not whither.

He had often wondered, sometimes doubted, whether he had not been unjust to her. There were even times when he had accused himself of blind cruelty to her, and had felt impelled, then and there, to seek her out wherever she might be, and ask her forgiveness. But he had been too deeply hurt; the wound, to one of his nature, was too grievous to permit any such action, and he had quickly fallen back into his old state of obduracy and inert despair. For days before he had finally spoken to her, he had watched and waited, had reasoned and argued, until it almost seemed that he had lost all power of continuous thought, so distracted had

he become; and now, since they had been separated, he had weighed the evidence again and again; had never ceased laboriously to revolve the matter in his mind; to seek to comprehend her motives and to test his own. He could not have made a mistake. It was true that she had never confessed anything, but again she had never denied anything, merely contenting herself with an indignant silence, or with impetuous assertion that she disdained to defend herself against suspicion, adding that if he did not trust her he did not love her, and that they had best part.

And so he, unable to control the fierce jealousy, the rugged wrong-side of his strong love, and she feigning or feeling the deep indignation of affronted womanhood, had given to the wind the vows they had both made, that they would thereafter cling to one another, even until the last great parting. No, he must have been right—there was so much to justify him. Though he had imagined her so different from other women, was there really any reason why she should be so? There was her own sister—beautiful, headstrong, erring Ethel—and might not Mabel really have been—was it not indeed reasonable to believe, that she was as vain, as frivolous, as light as the other? Was it not highly probable that as one sister had been, so the other would be? And yet at first he had felt that she was of another nature than this wilful being who had fled from the tedium of a life in which there was only peace and sufficiency, to seek the excitement and lavishness that she seemed to crave—had fled from the small but pretty house, on the city's outskirts, where Mabel had seemed so contented, and where during the long, lustrous summer evenings he had timidly courted her; where, on the brisk, brilliant December night, three years ago, he had finally married her.

It was about her sister, Ethel, that they had had their first quarrel—he peremptorily refusing ever to let his wife see or communicate with one whom he had thought so unworthy of her love and countenance, and she, only after argument and contention, finally yielding. It had always been disagreeable to him to think of Ethel as his wife's sister. It

was with real relief that, in the first year of their marriage, he had listened to Mabel as she told him that she had received news of Ethel's death in one of the hospitals of an Eastern city, and reflected that this being, whose life was so worthless to herself and others, could no longer come between them.

Yes, Mabel had always been light-hearted and pleasure-loving. But granting only this, was not that enough to cause difficulty in time? Was he the man—middle-aged, serious, and a trifle taciturn—to satisfy such a woman; pretty, with the desire, and even the right to have her beauty recognized; naturally longing for the enjoyment that youth demands as its peculiar prerogative? Was it not only natural that she should fancy some one nearer her own age, some one with a readier wit, and more adaptable manner? He was as conscious of his own shortcomings as he was of his inability to overcome them; but he nevertheless suffered grievously, and had been continually on the lookout for some sign of disapproval, of dislike, on her part. It is true it never came, but he was always apprehensive; it was the seed-time for suspicion, and the soil in which the grain might come to deadly fruit was morbidly rich. It was only to be expected that he should hearken to what people said. When he had received the first anonymous letter he had sworn that he would not read the thing; but when, with trembling hand and quick-beating heart, he had first glanced along the cowardly, feigned writing—as he deliberately read it again, as he had read all that succeeded it, he had in his heart believed what was said. Had she not acted strangely for a long time, as if she were keeping something from him. All seemed calculated to strengthen him in his apprehensions, all to bear witness against her. And when he had shown her the letters, with their blackening tale, though she had appeared indignant, outraged, even then she had denied nothing, and had refused to defend, to exculpate herself. It had been a brief but violent scene, and then they—she proudly, and he besottedly jealous, and passionately inflexible—had separated.

It was a common enough story, as he knew, but in spite of this knowledge it

seemed strangely pathetic to him. And that had been the end of the life that had begun so happily, but it had not been the end of torturing thought, of eternal questionings, of occasional self-extermination. Now, with a sense almost of relief, he reflected that the time of doubt was past for him. Since he had heard Spurlock's confession he need torment himself no more. He had been right. Her fancy had been taken by the good looks and careless grace of the stranger, and she had forgotten his love, lost her love—if there had really ever been any—for him.

It did not require any great time for these thoughts to arise, to eddy giddily about, to crowd one another in Irby's mind. And yet—he was thinking more calmly and collectedly now—it was strange that he should have felt so deeply about it all, at this late day, as to have been moved to kill this man. And then he reflected how wonderful it was that the poor creature whom in pity he had befriended and rescued, should have been the man who had robbed him of his happiness. The injustice—what seemed to him almost the ingratitude of it—struck him with sudden force, and he glanced with quick-kindling hatred at the motionless something in the corner.

And all the while the engine sped on, thundering over bridges, and roaring through "cuttings," a terrible, it might almost seem in its awful momentum, an unmanageable force—sped on, pouring a dense cloud of smoke from its swaying stack, and flinging into the air myriads of glowing dancing sparks that streamed behind in a cometic trail!

Now another city lies not far ahead, as Irby well knows. Shall he tell what has happened and give himself up? Uncertain what to do he determines to do nothing. The stop he knows will be but short. At so late an hour there will be but few about; none at all who will think of mounting on the engine. The cab is so high from the ground that no one passing on the platform of the station can see into it. Why not go as he had come, without allowing a person to know what had occurred; then, in the long unbroken run to the next stopping place, he would have time to reflect—decide upon his ultimate course.

Crouching over the lever he brought the engine up to the building that gave shelter to the travellers, and stopped it, trembling before the lighted windows. The sudden illumination disconcerted him somewhat and he turned to adjust the tattered, greasy curtain more carefully. His change of position had brought the body within his gaze, and he looked at it now for the first time coolly and curiously. Blood stood in almost inky black spots on the white face—the distended arms lay along the floor in flaccid, impotent immobility. Had it not been cowardly to take the man unawares; should he not have given Spurlock a chance to defend himself? He thought vaguely that if the deed were to be done over again he would prefer not to do it in that way.

"Merry Christmas!"

The voice seemed almost at his elbow, and he gave a great start. But it was only one of the station people, whom he knew, hurrying by on the platform below him.

"Merry Christmas!"

He was afraid that if he did not answer the man might return, and so he shouted the cheery, conventional greeting after him in a voice that he did not seem to recognize as his own.

The time the train could remain at this place was nearly up, and he glanced at his clock to see if even then he might not set the engine in motion. The hands stood exactly at twelve, folded together in a manner that suggested palms closely pressed in prayer; and now, as he sat waiting for the moment when he might be off, the chimes rang out from a church near at hand. In the clear night air they sounded merrily, and it seemed to him that he had never heard sounds so sweet, so holy. He knew what it meant, they were ringing for the midnight service of Christmas. Had he not gone once, with her, and as the memory came back to him—it seemed almost brought to him by the wind-borne cadences of the bells—he bowed his head on his hand that rested on the cold, hard handle of the steel beam, and a sob broke from him and left him trembling and afraid. He thought of the momentous event in remembrance of which the bells were ringing—the birth

of the Child that was born into the world to bring the message of hope and of salvation ; to teach that lesson of gentleness and peace that the world had never known before—that it has only so imperfectly learned. “Peace on earth and good-will toward men.” He turned again and glanced at the upward staring face in the corner. The contrast between word and fact was so terrible, so complete, that its realization overcame him, and in his sudden agony he again sobbed aloud.

On flew the train. The flat, open country was crossed, and its way now lay among high hills that soon would become mountains. Irby felt that there was something threatening in their ragged outline and wished himself back again in the level land. Then he tried to dismiss such senseless, such insane ideas, from his mind and sought to reason, and to resolve, but found he could do neither. Was he becoming mad, or had he been mad all the time? It was a new thought, and he pondered over it diligently.

He seemed to hear a noise as if some one were moving, and glanced around. Spurlock stirred uneasily, raised himself slowly on his elbow, then, in an instant, was on his feet. It was evident that complete intelligence had returned with renewed physical strength, his still vigorous youth making sudden recovery possible. He threw himself instantly into a position of defence, as if his last conscious thought was still in his mind, or was the first to return to it.

“Dan,” he cried, “what’s the matter? Have you gone mad?”

But Irby did not answer. The knowledge that, after all, he had not killed his companion filled him for an instant with strange relief ; then the old fierce hate returned, and he looked at the other threateningly.

“What is it, Dan?” said Spurlock, entreatingly ; “can’t you tell me?”

Still Irby did not speak.

“Can’t you say something?” continued Spurlock.

“No,” answered Irby. “I’m not crazy, whatever you may think—although perhaps I ought to be.”

“Then what is it?”

“You were telling me a story.”

“Yes.”

“Do you remember there was—a woman in it?”

“Yes.”

“She,” said Irby, calmly enough, “was my wife.”

“It isn’t true, Dan, it can’t be true,” almost shrieked Spurlock, raising his voice high above the roar of the train.

“It was true,” answered Irby.

“But, Dan,” implored Spurlock, “I never knew, I never could have suspected. She had another name.”

“Shaw was my name then, is my real name now.”

“But I swear to you, swear to you as I hope for salvation on the day of judgment, that there was nothing.”

“I know,” said Irby, slowly, “and I believe you. But you said that she told you that she loved you. You confessed that yourself, and isn’t that enough?”

“And what are you going to do?”

“What I started to do,” answered Irby.

“No, Dan,” cried Spurlock, “don’t say that, don’t do that. If I’ve done you a wrong, I didn’t mean it, and——”

“I don’t pretend,” answered Irby, suddenly, “that I can see the thing clear. I only know what I have felt, and what I feel. There may not be any justice in it, but justice is for them who can think, and I can’t. I only know that you’re the man that came between us ; that I tried to find then, and that I’ve found at last.”

“And you’re going to kill me?” asked Spurlock, now, with entire calmness, “is that what you mean?”

“Yes,” said Irby.

“Then I tell you what it is,” continued Spurlock, with perfect coolness, though with a certain quickness of utterance, “I haven’t done anything to you, knowingly, and if you try that again I’m going to defend myself. You know I’m not afraid, and that I’ll make a good fight.”

“All the better,” said Irby, grimly ; “I’ll feel it the less after it’s over.”

“But look here,” Spurlock went on, “do you propose that we settle this here, and now?”

“Yes,” answered Irby.

“Then I’d like to say something,” said Spurlock, seating himself, but watching his companion carefully. “We’re

both strong men. I'm as likely to do you an injury as you me. We might both meet with an accident, and then what would become of the train?"

Irby did not answer. After what had passed, this calm parleying with life and death did not strike him as in the least unnatural. Whether or not he should kill Spurlock then and there, or wait until later, seemed to him a matter that might be talked over quite calmly and collectedly.

"It's our duty," said Spurlock, "to look out for the train, whatever we may feel ourselves."

Irby thought of the scores of sleeping passengers, and hesitated. What Spurlock said was true. A struggle between them in such confined quarters would indeed be something determined and dangerous; and though he had no doubt as to its outcome, still Spurlock could very easily do him an injury that would incapacitate him.

"I think you're right," he answered, briefly, and then he again sat down, for he had risen when he had first spoken; "there's more coal needed, put it on."

Spurlock threw open the furnace-door, again allowing the ruddy glow to play over the place, cast half-a-dozen shovelfuls of coal on the embers fanned by the draft to almost a white heat, then closed the heavy iron shutter, and took his place opposite Irby.

Mile on mile they rode in silence, hardly looking at each other. The lights were all out now in the houses along the road, the landscape unbroken by a gleam anywhere. It was like travelling through some lately deserted land.

"Dan," said Spurlock at length, "I don't speak because I want you to let up on me, but you know you're the last man in the world I'd harm."

"I know it," answered Irby, shortly.

Then again there was silence, lasting for minutes and miles.

"If there's no way out of this," said Spurlock, once more speaking, "I'd like, Dan, to understand it a little better. I want to know what I've done to you."

Should he answer him, Irby thought. He knew that he could not give expression to the least part of what he had known and suffered, but the instinct

that makes even the bravest sometimes cry out when they are hurt, forbade silence.

"It was you that spoiled the only happiness that I ever had," he said, relentlessly; "it was you that destroyed my confidence in her."

It appeared incomprehensible that he could sit there so calmly discussing his own misery with the man who had been the cause of it, tossing reasons back and across, as if it were the most ordinary subject. But so much had happened to him that he had not thought possible that the position only caused him momentary surprise.

"Yes," said Spurlock. "But I didn't know—I couldn't look ahead."

"But you must have understood that harm was bound to come somewhere—to someone."

"A man doesn't stop to think," answered Spurlock, "at such a time."

"Someone was bound to suffer," said Irby.

"Well," exclaimed Spurlock, bitterly, "I think we've all done that—all."

"I thought it was bad enough when I lost the child," continued Irby, disregarding the other's speech, "but to lose her! A man don't marry a woman unless he has trust in her, and to such as I, who have never had a chance to believe much of anything, it's about the only faith that's given to them. When you take away such belief you're robbing him of everything in this world and the next, for some woman's all the religion many a man's got. She can make him believe that something's right, and that right's something, and when you find out that she has been deceiving you, there don't seem to be anything anywhere. She's not only been a worse woman, but, Spurlock, I've been a worse man since then."

His first hesitancy was past now, and he was talking unconstrainedly, almost argumentatively.

"I suppose, Dan," Spurlock hastened to speak, "it's only natural that you should feel the way you do; I suppose I'd do the same in your place; but let's try and be reasonable. I grant that you've got grounds of complaint against me, and I'm willing to give you the satisfaction you want. That's only square.

But, Dan, we've been friends so long, mates on the engine for some considerable time now, and it isn't as if I'd been a stranger, and you'd learned this thing."

"No," assented Irby.

"If I should give you revenge, I owe you gratitude, and whatever comes I'm not going to forget that."

Another city was near, as they both well knew, a city where a longer stay would be made than at any place since they had started on the long ride.

"In ten minutes we'll be in the depot," said Spurlock, "what's to happen then?"

"Nothing," answered Irby, after a moment's consideration.

"We'll take the train through?"

"Yes, we'll take the train through," answered Irby.

The track, after passing the station, ran directly over a great bridge that spanned a broad river, and the train, with carefully diminished speed, almost crawled along, high over the rushing stream that beat with such strong current against the massive piers. It was still perfectly dark, and the two men felt rather than saw, the black waters rolling beneath them. Slowly, it would seem for the first time almost timidly, the engine rolled on, but soon the measured clang—the almost rhythmic reverberation of the iron girders, as the wheels ground over them—ceased suddenly; was succeeded by a more confused and unbroken din, and wheeling around a bend in the shore, the locomotive took up a swifter pace, and soon the lights glittering along the wharves, and the gas-lamps shining in rows up and down the steep streets, were lost from sight.

It was a straight "run in" now for the metropolis, unbroken by another halt.

For a time the landscape was obscured by the flying flakes, for the train had run into a snow-squall and the air was full of the whirling, downy particles. Finally the storm passed, or the train passed it, and as the engine tore on, the two men saw that the ground beside the track, lit by the dancing light of the cab windows, was unbrokenly white. The train frequently raced by small way stations, for the country along the river was more

thickly settled than any through which it had passed; but they were all dark, or with only a signal-light at some switch, and so the time passed—the train grinding swiftly on. At length, at one place larger than the rest, there shot up into the darkness strange, lambent flames that caught and held, though it was no strange sight to them, the gaze of both the men. Nearer, it was easy to see that they rose from the great chimneys of an iron mill—that like huge stationary torches lit up all around. Of vivid green when they sprang from the chimney's mouths they twisted away in strange orange convolutions—fantastic and fascinating. Now the windows of the wide-spreading buildings, row after row, came into view; and now, through an opening, could be seen the glowing interior, with glimpses of dark, diabolic forms and of brilliant masses of heated metal that either flowed in slow, fiery stream, or cast off, beneath the blows of ponderous hammers, bewildering showers of sparks. But, like all else, this was speedily left behind.

"Dan," said Spurlock, finally, "there's one thing I wish you'd do."

"What?" asked Irby.

"Shake hands with me for the time that's past—when we didn't know."

Irby hesitated a moment, then held out his hand to his companion; Spurlock seized and shook it silently.

"We'll be in the city in a little more than an hour, now," continued Spurlock, "and I thought we'd better settle up everything and then start fresh."

Irby nodded.

"They gave me a letter for you just as we were leaving, that had been waiting for you at the office," Spurlock went on; "but the hurry of starting drove it out of my head, and," Spurlock smiled grimly, "you knocked it out."

He drew a letter from his coat and handed it to Irby.

The day had just broken and the first tinges of anything like color appeared in the sky. It was still dark, but the shape of the great, swelling headlands across the broad river that flowed along unfrozen, and with swollen flood, could now with difficulty be distinguished. It was light enough, however, for Irby to read the direction on the envelope,

and as he did so his face, already so pale, became a duller white and he slightly trembled.

Then he hastily tore open the letter, and read in the dim but strengthening light:

DAN, DEAR: I do not know why I write to you at this time unless it is for the very reason that it is this time. The day that is so near, is so closely connected with so much that was most important to me, and must be so to you—that is if you ever think of me and the past at all—that I have ventured to do it. I know that you have done all in your power to make it impossible for me to reach you—all uselessly heretofore—for even if I had been able to approach you I would not have done so. I was very proud, and you hurt me very much. But I am changed now, suffering has made the girl, intolerant in her ignorance, a woman, who can understand and who can condone. I have changed, and the consciousness of that fact has made me think, that you may have changed too, and that perhaps all may be different. We have made a mistake, Dan, I as well as you, and now I know it. I should not have been so resentful of your suspicions; you should not have been so angered by my resentment. You were older than I, and you should have been more patient. But I am not writing these lines to show you wherein you have failed, but rather to acknowledge my own errors. For, Dan, I did you a wrong, though not, in the way you accused me of doing it. I did deceive you, but it was not in the way you thought. I deceived you once, but even then I did not tell you a lie. I only let you go on thinking something that was not true. Ethel died last night, here, with me by her bedside. It was not true the news that came to us from that Eastern hospital; she was very ill, but she recovered, and one day, more than a year and a half ago, she came to me, when we were living in Arapago, and begged me to be kind to her. I remembered what you had told me, and—recollect—that you are a stern man—sometimes almost hard—that you have been hard even with me, though you never meant it—and I was afraid if I let you know that you would not allow me to see her. And poor Ethel, if anyone needed help in this world, such help as sympathy alone can give, it was she. She was never really bad, only weak—fearfully, fatally weak—and though God knows that I needed strength—that was one of the reasons I loved you, Dan, you made me feel so secure of myself—I could aid her. Under the name of Agnes Holcombe, the name she had taken when she left her home, she lived in the city, supporting herself with some little assistance from me. She could only come to the house—I could only see her, when you were away. Perhaps you will understand now what it was I was keeping from you.

I felt that I must see her, if she was to be saved. I was the only influence for good that there was near her—I alone had power to control her, and I did see her and kept the knowledge of it from you. There was a young man who was in love with her—I did not know that for some time, she did not tell me, and though I did what I could, she insisted upon seeing him, slipping out to meet him, even in the garden beside the house. Poor girl, it seemed as if she craved love more than most of us, and that it was her very need for affection that always brought her trouble.

I did not think that I would ever seek to justify myself. At the time of our trouble I felt too deeply your unworthy doubts; the very fact that I loved you so much made the wound deeper, and I imagined then that I never would forget; but time does so much, and as the day has once more come around that has meant so much to us, is so nearly here, I have seen things differently—and I have wanted you to hear the truth. I do not know what effect it will have upon you, but at least there will no longer be any misunderstanding, and whatever the future may be for us, it will not be the result of a mistake.

I am—no I have some pride left and I will not tell you where I am—but if you really wish to see me you can find me. The postmark on the letter will give you a clue. But, Dan, if you are coming, do not wait long. I cannot bear suspense. If you are coming, come at once, and make this for me, what I could not expect, and perhaps do not deserve, indeed a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

MABEL.

As Irby finished reading the letter the sun started up from behind a not distant hill and flung its light full into the engine windows; then its brilliant rays spread across the small sparkling waves of the grandly rolling river, and fell on the opposite shore—turning the snow-covered hills a warm and delicate pink. The smoke, rising from the many chimneys of a village through which the train dashed, mounted slowly and almost in unswerving lines in the still air, while the unshuttered windows cast back the new radiance of the morning, flash on flash. It seemed a new world, and to Irby it was one. Silently he handed the paper, he had just read, to Spurlock, who took it wonderingly, and again his head sank upon his left hand, which hardly for more than an instant had left the bar that controlled the onrushing engine.

NEAPOLITAN ART.—MORELLI.

By A. F. Jacassy.



OUR collections are rich in fine examples of modern European art, so rich, indeed, as to excite the jealousy of the great art centres of the Old World; however, *comme toute médaille a son revers*, that flattering picture has a side touch full of significance for the observer; it is that these *chefs-d'œuvre* were dearly paid for at a time when the names of the artists had reached the pinnacle of fame. It might be said that such is the rule everywhere, so it is—only with us the rule suffers scarcely any exceptions, while in certain other countries the exceptions are numerous. A logical inference to be deducted from that fact seems to be that our collectors, for one reason or another, perhaps because diffident of their own judgment and seeking security against humbug pictures and possible pecuniary losses, invariably accept the world's opinion as a criterion of choice, making good their lack of early appreciation by a willingness to pay generously for acknowledged masterpieces.

It is a very good fashion to aim at buying what is best, but its defect—a capital one—is, what is best is not always that which is so considered even in Paris or London. The art market is influenced by many causes having nothing to do with art, and the selling of pictures is a sharp business in which well concocted, ingeniously constructed advertisement plays as important a part as it does in making notorious patent medicines. The great public is easily led by noise and fireworks, but the *collectors* ought to make a class apart, above the mode of the day, judging pictures, public, and merchants from intimate and discriminating knowledge.

Certainly our understanding, as well as our love of art, has broadened and deepened since the days when William Morris Hunt, with a true artist's enthu-

siasm, was playing the prophet to Millet, and notwithstanding his personal influence, powerful in a large circle, he met with but meagre and disheartening results. We have progressed wonderfully since then, but much remains to be done. If we look at France, for example, from whence our best art notions come nowadays—and justly, for no school of this century has the thoroughness, the completeness, and the dignity of the French—we find many art collectors worthy of the name of *amateurs* and of all that implies in its best sense; a phalanx of far-sighted men whose pre-eminent characteristic is to be ahead of their time, to have the love, feeling, and knowledge that make them hunt out talent and genius wherever it is to be found, whether in or out of the beaten tracks heralded by the thousand trumpets of renown, or unknown but to a small circle. They play the forerunners to public opinion, which at first opposing and ridiculing them, as it does all apostles of new creeds, at length, with time and patience, follows their lead and applauds. That kind of man, the *amateur*, is unfortunately a *rara avis* in America, and while there is cause for just pride in our patronage of art, there is room for improvement—there are gaps in our galleries—there are worthy men we do not know.

I want to speak of one of those men, as unknown to us as he is to the French and English masses—Domenico Morelli—the patriarch and the head of the present Italian school—and, in a later paper, of two of his pupils, Michetti, Gemitto, of whom we know something, but far from much; we have had glimpses of their earliest work, but not of their latest and worthiest.

The life of an artist, like that of any man, to be justly and fully appreciated, must be looked at in its relation to the times and the society in which it was spent; for sometimes circumstances help him to find the path best adapted to his genius, while at others they are obsta-

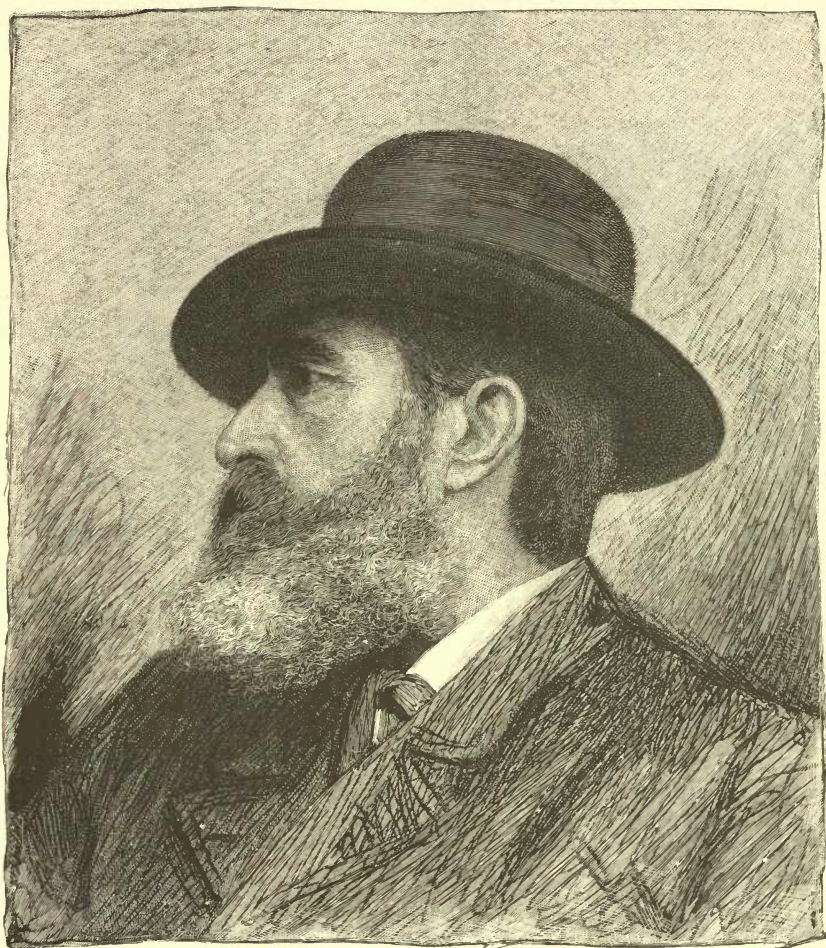
cles that throw him out of the right way. Only to a few great men is it given to rid themselves of the despotic influence of surroundings to jump and stride ahead, opening by the sole force of unflinching will and superior genius a new path for the coming generations. Domenico Morelli is such a pioneer, he was the promoter and leader of the second Renaissance of true art in the *terra sacra* of the arts—Italy.

Strangely enough, this movement, which is intimately connected with the national struggle for independence, had its birth and attained its highest development in the capital of the last province wrested from the hands of the petty potentates who divided the ownership of Italy—in Naples, besotted under a corrupted régime, the home of the dirtiest, laziest, the most ignorant and superstitious population in the peninsula. It is as if each province of the United Kingdom had played its part in the national regeneration: the North with statesmen and men of action, Mazzini, Cavour, Garibaldi; the South with its artists, Morelli and Palizzi; for it was in the artistic field that were visible the first signs of an awakening of the free modern spirit, and the study of the present Neapolitan school is a social study intimately linked with the history of social progress.

After the great bewilderment of 1789, the autocratic power of kings seemed reinforced and strengthened by their victory over Napoleon, that formidable son of the Revolution—and the return to the old régime, in Naples especially, was marked by excesses of all sorts. The aristocracy, hand in hand with the religious authorities, as if bent on avenging past persecutions, curbed the people under a despotic rule which worked infinite damage to its character and prosperity. No more freedom of speech nor of thought, no more education, no books but those glorifying an old and rotten past, no more acknowledgement of individual worth and talent; all positions, honors, rewards went back to birth and caste, as if the tremendous influences of the eighteenth century and of the Revolution could be checked or blotted out forever. It was anew the reign of perruques and powder, a new bud-

ding of old time customs, of *sigisbés* and *cavalieri serventi*, of bad morals and fine manners. There were again two classes, not the eternal two, the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant, but on the one side the rulers and courtesans, on the other the vast majority of those whose lives did not count, who had human semblance but no souls, who were evidently intended for the benefit and amusement of the former. These times of reaction, permeated with a spirit of vengeance, would seem of mediæval date when evoked before the free Italy of the present, if living witnesses did not testify to their reality in the first half of this nineteenth century.

In those days the artists were a deplorable set, held in contempt, their profession the appanage of wholly inferior and extravagant people. No one thought of buying a work of art for its own sake, and only the noble families had pictures and statues, because such were indispensable to the conventional adornment of their palaces and gardens, and because the title of *Mæcenas*, though cheaply and falsely bought, had always been one becoming to great personages. King and clergy, from necessity imposed by a tradition of which they were the slaves, were obliged to assume the rôle of patrons of art, but as they cared nothing about it, they only demoralized and lowered it as they had done everything else, by following the dictates of those inane academies, which were nothing but sorts of lounging institutions for titled loafers, pretended savants, pedantic rhetoricians, *diseurs de beaux riens*. That academic taste was then a miserable mimicry, tainted with affectations and mannerisms of the classics, whose grandeur served only to throw into shameful relief the poverty and servility of their degenerate followers. The narrow path of imitation leads down always, nor ever, so the course of studies in the fine art schools was a sort of pharmaceutical routine. There were receipts for the color of the flesh and the arrangement of the hair, for the folds of drapery and the manipulation of light and shade, for the composition also; in such a way, for instance, that if the foot of a figure was thrust forward the corresponding arm had to be thrown back-



Domenico Morelli,

(Drawn and engraved by T. Johnson, after photograph.)

ward, and groups could only be balanced in symmetrical forms like pyramids, triangles, etc. An infraction of these rules, supposed to hold the secret of the ancient masters' style, was a crime. The choice of subjects even was carefully limited; there was not a sentiment, an affection that could be expressed by brush or chisel, if it had not been previously treated by the classics.

Nothing could be more delightfully orderly than the appreciation of past art, which placed in the first rank as the greatest masters the oldest—the Greeks, then followed them by the Romans, next by the artists of the Renaissance, David and Canova in their turn, and finally

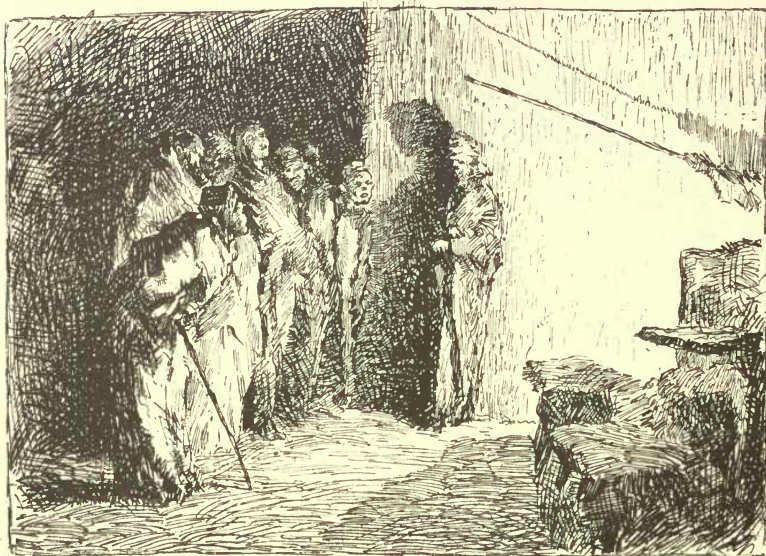
the professors of the schools, followed a long way behind by the pupils. This ludicrous catalogue is but a statement of fact, and such was the sort of education that Morelli found when he entered the academy, somewhere in 1838. His comrades looked up steadfastly, as generations of their predecessors had done, to the hierarchical degrees culminating in the Greeks; closed to outer influences, to the life of the people about them, to nature so rich and beautiful, to the noble aspirations of the élite of their contemporaries toward the redemption and grandeur of the mother-country; their souls and talents stifled in an artificial atmosphere.

Domenico, gifted with an ardent, poetic temperament, was an ignorant boy, as became his humble parentage ;

which would call for admiration were it that of a man who had every facility for acquiring it, is not less than sur-

prising when one considers with what difficulty and how by piecemeal it was obtained.

In those times of reaction the memories of great events, which were to leave an indelible imprint on the world's mind, were fresh in all thoughts. The turmoil of the great Revolution, appeared at the surface,



Christ Mocked.

(Drawn from Morelli's painting by A. F. Jacassay.)

but as he had original ideas and a strong will, the professor, crusted in his routine, declared from the very first day that there was nothing to hope from him. Quite unmindful of that verdict, and upheld by faith, Morelli began to study hard, and from the beginning in his own way as far as the severe discipline of the school allowed. Soon his enthusiastic language made him a few warm friends among his comrades. He instinctively sought for the acquaintance of literary students—in these ways, as in others, the boy gave the measure of the man ; for Morelli is one of the few artists who fully recognize that art, in order to be truly great, ought to go hand in hand with literature, which supplies it with food for thought and fancy. Almost without means, he had to practise small sacrifices and use every ingenuity to obtain the necessary materials for study. Once in a while he could scrape together enough *soldi* to buy books, and in such haphazard and persevering fashions he managed to acquire a very thorough education. He is a scholar, and his range of knowledge,

was still agitating the masses ; our country, in throwing off an oppressor's yoke, offered a tempting example which the Greeks were following in fighting for liberty. All generous hearts of the young generation were irresistibly carried by the tide toward a better era. Then, in the midst of contradictions of present and past and the hopes for the future, a boy became quickly a man.

In Morelli's thoughtful mind new ideas found birth, and he began to revolt mentally against the schools, realizing that their meagre formulas had little to do with art, and paintings laboriously elaborated according to rigid rules, seemed to that lad representations of men, of facts he did not meet with in this world ; and solely on that account he could not acknowledge them admirable. What could he feel for the subjects given in the monthly competitive trials ? What could he put of himself in mythological and religious compositions except artificiality—which jarring on his life and ideals, was but the technical exposition of what he was so poorly learning ; the reluctant rendering of



Christ Ministered Unto.

And He was there in the wilderness forty days, tempted of Sutan; and was with the wild beasts; and the angels ministered unto Him.
MARK I. 13.

(Drawn for this article by Domenico Morelli.)

that which he had been told to imitate. He has said himself very justly, in a letter to a friend, that—"It is quite as impossible to make a good painting with mere mechanical rules as it is to write a book by learning solely the grammar. The books that will live eternally are really great because they were written by men who felt their subject, and exactly the same is it in painting as in all arts."

Morelli unconsciously felt that if in the world of ideas it is easy to destroy, leaving to others the care to build, in art it is not so. For a decadence that one inveighs against, it is necessary to substitute another style which, imposing itself, condemns the first—the altar of the god cannot remain empty. With renewed vigor, therefore, he went to work in his own way, openly seeking nature—which was such sacrilege in the eyes of the professors that they promptly became his open enemies, as did most of their pupils. All manner of difficulties lay in his path; more grievous than all to him, a dutiful son, was the finding himself unable to help his poor mother, and the crucial idea constantly possessed his mind, that she, his best friend, did not understand him, and that his independent, stubborn conduct toward those whom she considered his superiors was her Calvary. He had to earn his miserable subsistence painting the backs of chairs with representations of Napoleon's battles, according to the popular taste of the period. I wish every young artist could have heard as I have, from Morelli's own lips, the details of that fight he sustained against bad fortune. How many who claim themselves born for art to find a legitimate excuse for their laziness, would learn that with a true artist there are no obstacles. Hunger and misery he looked on as commonplace incidents, like the lack of appreciation; he found his glory in single-handed combat against strongly intrenched adversaries, his pleasure in developing his character, in trying his forces, in perfecting his conceptions, in living up to an ideal.

His search for truth in seeking to render nature as he saw it made easier the mastering of what he thought good in the academy, and he succeeded in

being first of his class in a competition for the painted nude figure, and followed this initial success by taking prize after prize against the very will of the men who gave them, and to whom he was so antagonistic. Having at last won a purse he set out for Rome. The sight of the treasures of the Papal capital confirmed his opinions, and when, money exhausted, he had to return to Naples, he was determined to show what was in his mind, and to paint a picture the subject of which he naturally took from one of his beloved authors, Byron. It matters not what definite judgment posterity will pass on this poet, he did enlist the sympathies of the young, and in that cold, hypocritical, pseudo-classical society, the fervid lines of that great rebel sounded like a clarion blast.

Morelli had selected from his favorite poem of "The Corsair" the farewell between Conrad and Medora. Subject as well as costumes were blamable for not being of the traditional pattern, but above all, dissolute Naples was scandalized by that painted kiss—however chaste it was, and the canvas was refused at the Exhibition. The matter created quite a stir; Morelli, fighting his ground boldly, protested against the verdict, which was finally referred, as were all important matters under the paternal régime of Bomba, to Monsignor Scotti, the King's confessor, who held a charge not unlike that of Grand Inquisitor of Spain under Philip II. The cunning old Monsignor, who knew most of the secrets of these edifying times, after having dutifully wondered how a young painter could read such fancy and unwholesome stuff as Byron instead of nourishing his mind with the "Lives of the Saints," asked if it were possible that a man and a woman had been used for models in the very attitude represented; to which Morelli, who had no money to pay for models, could verily reply that, instead of a live woman's head, he had made use of a plaster cast. So far as that *homme d'esprit*, Monsignor Scotti, was concerned, that plaster cast settled the matter, and after a pious injunction to choose in the future better and worthier subjects, he ordered that the painting should be exhibited. This first lip, so to speak, of an artistic reno-



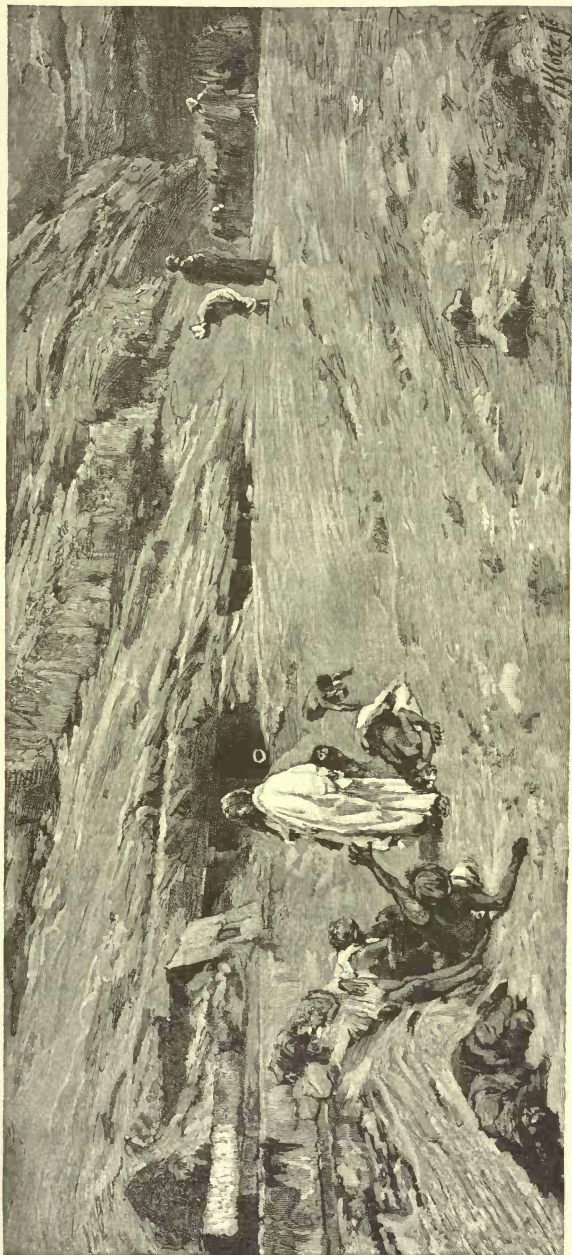
Madonna and Child Jesus.
(From a painting by Morelli.)



An Arab Musician.
(After Morelli by A. F. Jacassy.)

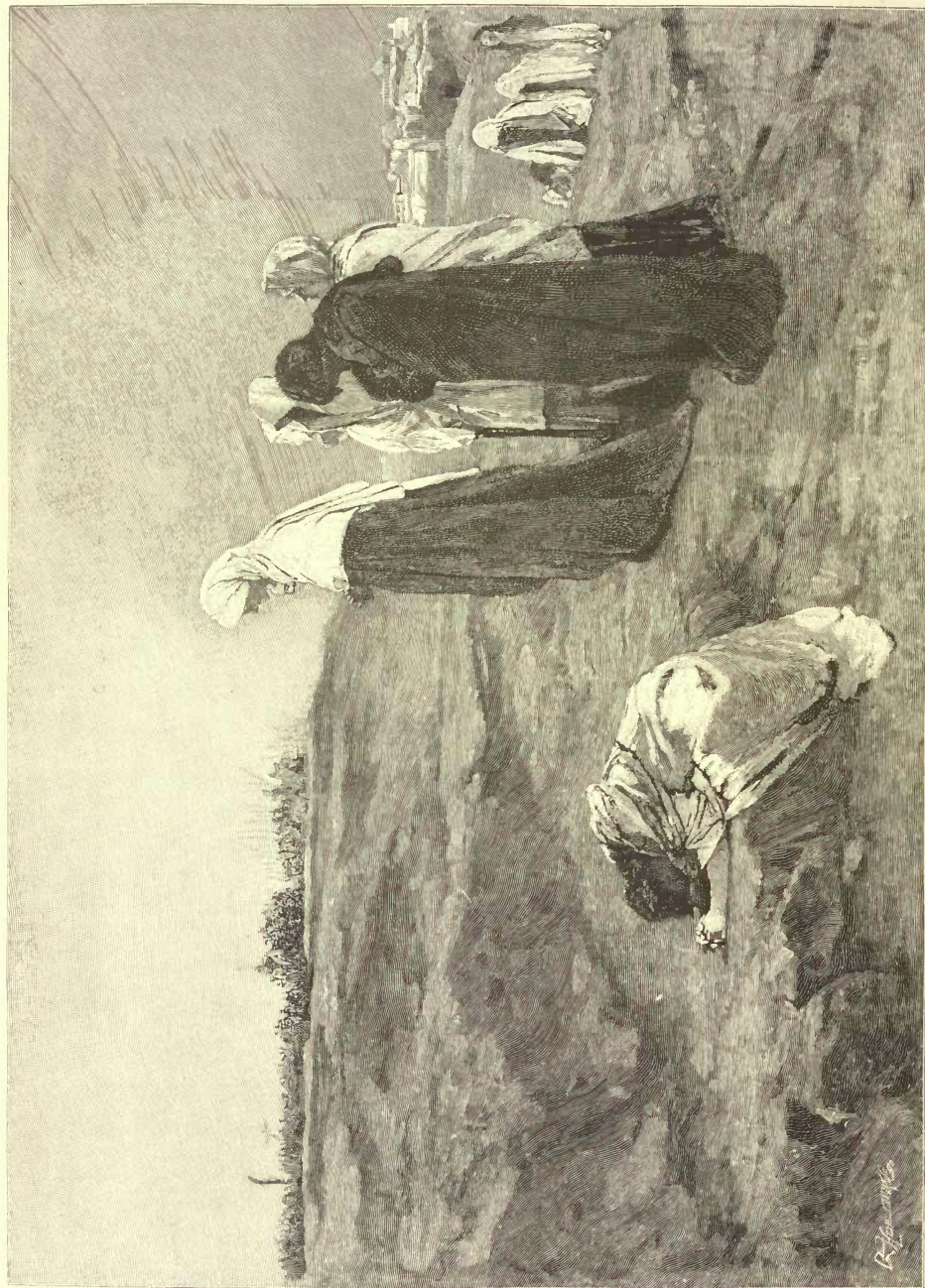
vation attracted too much attention altogether, and the angered professors had it, after a few days, taken down from its place on the wall and thrown, frame and all, from a window into the street, where it was shattered. Unjust treatment could not shake the energy of the young artist, who shortly after, against the verdict of the same academicians, won the gold medal and scholarship for Rome, with a scene of Greek corsairs on the sea-shore, which was as severely criticised, and for the same reason, as *Il Bacio*, save the kiss.

It was through Overbeck, under whom Morelli studied for a year in the Eternal City, that he was led to take up sacred themes; but how different were the results of the rigid master's influence on his German pupils and on this son of the South—the ones copying indiscriminately types, attitudes, draperies, all the little trade-marks of the Neo-Christian painter; the other, like a bee, sucking the essence of a flower, infusing himself with the pure and naive, though not unalloyed, sentiment, the chief quality of the man. This is seen



"Gli Ossessi"—The Possessed.
(Drawn from Morelli's painting by A. F. Jacussey.)

in Morelli's first picture executed after his German experience, and which already showed, not the unwaverings and uncertainties of a man feeling his way, but the energy of a reliant innovator who begins to reveal himself. The subject



The Three Marys.
(From a photograph of Morelli's painting.)

was simple, and treated with that touch of human sympathy which stamps the religious ideas of our century. The composition, unlike the laborious, geometrical groups of the period, was full of freshness and novelty. In the centre of the canvas a Madonna rocks her child to rest, while a circle of seraphs accompany her lullaby on their stringed instruments. Truly modern are these seraphs and Madonna, and yet of the same lovely family as those of Bellini and Fra Angelico. This work created much enthusiasm among the Roman artists, who sought out the unknown painter and were amazed to find him a poor lad, whom they had noticed haunting the galleries and low eating-houses.

It seems to have been the first of a long series of works that quickly followed, until the specious aurora of 1847, with its illusive hopes of liberty for the down-pressed Italians, recalled him to Naples. Although a philosopher, not a man of the sword, he could not help taking the generous course of every patriot, and went to fight the Bourbons in the street. Cruelly wounded, he was carried to a hospital, and when he came out a few months later, he found himself unable to withstand the malignant persecutions of the hateful Bomba. Somehow, he found the means to travel, and visited the museums of Paris, London, Belgium, Holland, Germany, working but little; but when he came back, two years later, he had reached his maturity, and thenceforward his productions, which I will call in his second manner, are those which have made his name.

I select as an example of his later pictures before that period the "Boat of Life." A bark full of passengers is aground on a gray, dull, infinitely extended laguna; an Arab, white-robed, stands at the prow in the statuesque immobility of fatalism; near him a poet has just sprung up with hand raised, as if crying the *sursum corda* to encourage a young volunteer who has waded into the dead waters and is trying to float the boat again; a couple of young lovers, disdainful of all around them, exchange caresses; while a miser in a corner counts stupidly his money, and a glutton, his rubicund face sweating

sensuality and selfishness, oppresses with his fat body the *misérable* who sits beside him. Rarely has an allegorical idea been expressed in a form so palpably true, yet so full of enchantment in the strange poetry of its general coloring.

But—the picture is too literary—it belongs to a period of preparation, like all those of his first manner, whose interest lies in that they are the promise of a future. Though their importance is lessened to some extent in our modern eyes, by finding them so singularly perverted with souvenirs of schools and traditional influences—not the less real because unconscious—we cannot forget in judging them that they spoke strongly to the men of those days, and proved irresistibly sympathetic to the young artists. Little by little the public gave the cold shoulder to the constantly decreasing band of the devotees of routine, and turned itself with slowly awakening interest to these living subjects. They mark the prelude of the new movement, and belong to history as the forerunners of the second Renaissance.

A superabundance of youth is their condemnation; they are often too brutal in their research for truth; they speak a dead tongue—the rich and florid language of the Romanticists. The painter wanted to put into them all his soul, with his loves, hates, enthusiasms, and he lacks the supreme art of choosing, of eliminating, of giving something synthetic; he felt so passionately then that his works were like so many outcries of one in revolt; he had the right ideal, but his taste was neither refined nor cultivated. Indeed, it is only from the brains of a Jupiter that a full-grown and armed Minerva can emerge in all her perfection.

It would be instructive and interesting to study the difference between the development of the great artists, known as the men of '30 in France, and that of Morelli. The social conditions were not alike, yet not wholly different, and they were all self-made men and innovators. The French, master-workmen and enemies of the style as embodied in the Italian tradition, are the direct descendants of the glorious Dutch painters.

Morelli is also a lover of truth, of simplicity, of honest technique, and as little of a rhetorician as Rousseau. He is calm, sober of gesture, but there is a charm about his work which is the whole poetry of the South—color. Like the Venetians and Rubens, his colors are few, and his gift, like theirs, is to use them in the simplest way, with a subtle understanding of the value of demi-teintes, yet his harmonious coloring is softer than theirs, and in a minor key of infinite depth and tenderness, brought into moving life by a few masterly touches—a manner born naturally in looking at nature around him—the Neapolitan landscapes draped in soft haze, with here and there intense spots of color shining ardently, though in their relative places, under the sun.

Greco-Roman Naples gave Morelli for his studies of humanity the finest collection of types, from the most refined to the most vulgar, of which any city can boast. All is to be found there—picturesqueness, gestures, expression, character. It is a surprise that such a mine should remain so little explored, and I think the reason lies in that only great minds can extract the synthetic from such exuberant complexity; its very richness makes the common herd fall into prettiness, into brilliancy, and multi-colored superficiality.

Morelli, a nature *en dehors*, often reminds one of Rembrandt, a nature *en dedans*, for the intensity and depth of vision and the choice of every-day types of humanity. Like him, like the Italian *classiques*, he has found the source of his best inspirations in sacred history. In Italy they call him the Renan and the Strauss of sacred art, because, leaving theological and conventional interpretations to avail himself of the researches of modern criticism, of enlarged historical knowledge, he has succeeded in interpreting the Bible in a new way, truer and certainly better fitted to our comprehension. He is as full of reverence for the divinity of the gospel story as were his predecessors, but he recognizes it as practical, and having its roots in our daily life. Perhaps because Tolstoi speaks more strongly to me than Renan or Strauss, Morelli, I think, has much in common with the Russian;

the same love and respect for the poor neighbor, who, though homely, unintelligent, almost a beast of burden, has a soul, the equal in its coarse envelope of that of any man.

No picture can better illustrate this side of him than his "Buona Novella," The Glad Tidings. A narrow slope of prairie, occupying the whole length of the canvas, is cast into shadow from the setting sun, which shines gloriously over the quiet waters of a lake and on the mountains that pile up on the other shore. The antagonism between the cool, gray shadows of the foreground and the wealth of golden, resplendent light which suffuses the rest of the picture, has its meaning and is eminently suggestive. Standing among flowers and shrubs, Jesus speaks of the "glad tidings of great joy," and before him a singularly mixed crowd of followers and enemies, where negroes and Bedouins, merchants and fishermen elbowing one another, listen eagerly. His words, the promise of the Kingdom of Heaven to the meek, to those who mourn, to the lowly, startle the rich, whose countenances show their incredulity and dismay; while in the faces of the poor and friendless dawns a gleam of hope, a passionate desire to believe in these first words of human brotherhood and salvation. Behind the Saviour a woman, with the intensity of the new faith shining through her maternal anxieties, brings her sick babe for healing. All of Morelli's religious pictures are so full of meaning that they compel everyone to think: their key-note is their intense humanity.

Before "Gli Ossessi," The Possessed, no one thinks of the small canvas, so big the conception is. Jesus walks in sweet dignity, to comfort and sympathize with the unfortunate creatures who creep out to him from miserable lairs, stretching their arms, gazing on his face, kissing the hem of his garment. A crowd of followers, fearful of infection, look from afar; two disciples, who have ventured to accompany their Master, stop half-way to gaze wonderingly at the dreadful caves. From the rugged, gloomy desolation of the dramatic ensemble stands out like a lily the Christ's white robe, a note of exquisite radiance.

Full of poetry and startling originality is the "Jesus Tempted by the Devil." It is in the arid, sulphurous dryness of a desert, whose gnarled and cracking surface tells of some primeval cataclysm, that the creature of vile earth, a sinister creation, creeps forth reptile-like from a deep crevasse at the very feet of him, whom he is asking to turn his eyes from heaven to the stones that lie about, and that at a word shall be changed into gold. It is the moment before the gentle, earnest face utters the reproof, "*Retto, Satanas!*"

But merely a nomenclature of Morelli's works would exceed the limits of a magazine article, and I am compelled to select a few at random to give some idea of the artist's range. There is no one of his favorite themes that has been discussed more vehemently, by critics and faithful alike, than "The Mother of the Redeemer"—the proud, loving mother, human, and yet not wholly of earth. In his "*Salve, Regina*" he has represented her pressing the Divine baby to her breast, her eyes closed in the very ecstasy of happiness, her joy all within her heart. I can say but little of this, and of the numerous other Madonnas, among which the large Assumption, painted for the royal palace at Naples, holds a prominent place. The same subjects, even when treated with incomparable grandeur of style by Rafael, Fra Bartolomeo, Andrea del Sarto, cannot make me forget the art of the *primitifs*, clumsy and barbarous perhaps, but so full of a spiritual beauty born of faith, and made of naive love and reverence—the pale suffering Virgins, in whose faces shine hopes divine, their hands folded in ever-prayerful contemplation—the flesh palpably but a veil to the supreme glorification of a pure soul.

The picture of Morelli best known and most celebrated, no doubt because exhibited where it could be seen, at the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1878, is the "Temptation of St. Anthony." Morelli has said how, having read the story of Anthony the Alexandrian, the subject suddenly took hold of him; how he discarded from his mind, as he had done from his lectures, the mediæval legends, the extravagant phantasmagorias of devils and horrible monsters with which

the painters of the past had filled their canvasses, and saw but the fight against temptation of a man, whose abstinence and privations from all the joys of the flesh had made him a prey to hallucinations. The picture is so well known that it needs no description. To the criticism that the female figures are abruptly cut and distorted, Morelli answers that they are such as the saint dreamed with his eyes wide open; to my sense they prevent the painting from being a *chef-d'œuvre*, they are too incomplete, too indefinite by the side of flawless *morceaux*. But right there is the master's failing in overstepping the bound; for some of his ideas are too subtle for definite expression, and better suited to other arts, literature or music.

Giving most of his time to the composition of his subjects, he has produced works which for that reason arouse the enthusiasm of the painters, yet where there is much that is sketchy and ill-defined in the rendering, that cannot possibly satisfy them. However, when he wants he can face pictorial problems and difficulties in the broadest way, and his technique is admirable in that it adapts itself to all things, and is never felt. Before his pictures, and they are many, one is impressed at once by the fact that the man knows all the secrets of his profession, but that which the mind had decided to say, the hand has expressed in an impersonal manner, exempt from smart artifices of the trade.

In that beautiful "Pompeian Bath" it seems as if the Flemish masters had inspired him in drawing those figures so honestly and strongly observed from life, their firm and supple modelling, their coloring which is that of the flesh, not of the skin, the mysterious atmosphere of that interior, which gives to each figure, to every object its proper place and relation. The rich harmony is somewhat higher in key, more luminous, and the shadows more transparent than even those of Terburg. But Morelli brings to mind the northern painters only because he has in common with them those sterling qualities, the probity of an artist. A research for the beauty of form stamps him distinct-

ly as a man of his country, for that is an ideal the Dutch never had.

The life-size portrait of the Signora Maglione, in ball costume, family friends, and casual visitors like myself, find admirable not only in its resemblance to the envelope, the exterior, but also to that moral expression which is the individuality, the very *ego* of a person. The broad yet delicate treatment is a feast for the eyes of a painter. The merest details, amazing at a distance, are done in the simplest way imaginable; the paste put right on in a firm and definite manner which is the last word of good execution. The face and arms, the white silk, the pale yellow *sortie de bal*, the tapestried background—a play of golden and reddish tones—everything is marvellous.

It is a great portrait, one of the best of the century, and its place is in a public gallery. But it is a pity, that to have an idea of Morelli's works one must seek introduction into the private houses among which they are disseminated, and that only travellers with plenty of leisure and previous information can get at them. With four or five exceptions, there are no good reproductions of his works, and this accounts for their being so little known. To such firms as Braun and Goupil, public and artists are indebted for those reproductions that give to the former the only chance they often have to become acquainted with the creations of the latter, which, through such means, are made to be widely known and appreciated. If Morelli lived in Paris matters would have been different, but in Naples he refuses to trouble himself with affairs which would necessitate much loss of time. His friends care—but he does not—at seeing what scanty recognition a lifelong production of great excellence has brought him. He stands a striking and refreshing contrast to the mercantilism which has invaded the art of our time, and he is reluctant about exhibiting in public, even in Italy, where his name would appear in company with that of men he hates—artists of name, who prostitute their talents to the mode of the day. To the courteous requests of the French Minister of Fine Arts, and the urgent entreaties of his friends, Gérôme

and Meissonnier, that he should be represented at last year's Universal Exhibition, he found some gentle way to refuse, having always disliked the brassy notoriety the "Temptation of St. Anthony" had brought him.

So this modest *maestro*, a plain man of unpretentious tastes, spends all his days working in the large studio often invaded by young artists, his former pupils, to whom he gives freely of precious time and helpful kindness. Souvenirs and offerings lie about; on the walls are studies by friends—many by that dearest of all, Fortuny—together with the last palette used by the lamented Spaniard, and presented to Morelli by Pradilla and Villegas in the name of the family and of the Spanish artists.

I should like in closing to speak of one of the pictures begun I saw there—his latest interpretation of Moore's "Loves of the Angels"—for, like the masters of old, he delights in treating again and again the same theme. Three lovely creatures, their long white wings outstretched, nestle amid the flowers on a soft slope, and gaze at the stars which are beginning to appear in an opal sky, while the redness of sunset dies slowly over a low horizon. . . . But what are words to that fragile and exquisite harmony of colors, to such enchantment of poses and expressions? It must have been before such a painting that Verdi said, the subject was borrowed from the legitimate field of the composer, meaning that a subject interpreted in that way inspired him with much of the same sort of emotion it is the privilege of music to give.

I have spoken of the all-powerful, individual influence of the master on the regeneration of Italian art. To appreciate it, one has only to look at Palizzi, the man who shares with him the honor of having been at the head of that movement. This old artist has in his studio a very interesting and complete series of works showing the development of his talent, from the chromo style of 1830, passing progressively through studies from nature, minutely finished, until, step by step, progress by progress, he came into possession of a large *faire* which is incomparable. But as Palizzi's object is simply to copy what he sees,

his stumbling block, therefore, is the tableau; his forte—the study—in which he does give, and in a masterly, bold fashion, the sensation of nature; his animals live, breathe, they shine and pant in the sun, their expression is admirable. He is a great painter, he is not a great master; while Morelli, who commands admiration as a technician, is a master in the same sense as Millet; he makes us think, he tells us something new, something he has extracted from himself.

Better than words, an anecdote will illustrate the difference between the two men. It was at the time Palizzi was busy with his great tableau for the Museum of Capodimonte, "The Coming forth from the Ark," in which almost all the animals of the earth are represented. In his usual way, he had taken from the

life one beast after another, without bothering himself about ensemble, composition, etc. Morelli, who watched with anxiety the progress of the work, could not bring himself to tell his old comrade that the whole thing was a mistake from the beginning. When a common friend then in Naples, Alma Tadema, and of the same mind as Morelli, took upon himself to try to open Palizzi's eyes:—"My dear friend," said he to him, "though your picture is full of fine *morceaux*, it is not what it ought to be. A picture cannot be invented in a moment, it must be thought out, composed. 'Tis just like a child of your brain that you must watch and help to grow little by little, trying to make it as perfect as possible. It is only in improving and perfecting your first idea that you will find your last definite expression of it—and the best."

THE PLUMB IDIOT.

By Octave Thanet.

THERE was a vast deal of excitement in Sycamore Ridge when it was rumored that Milt Bedford, that jewel of his party, but otherwise not especially respected citizen, was likely to "get the post-office."

The place wasn't worth more than nine hundred a year; but in a South-western town where you can buy meat for eight cents a pound and a boiled shirt is high toilet, nine hundred dollars is a tidy income. Consider, too, the dignity of office and the patronage. The postmaster of Sycamore Ridge had at his beck one assistant, one janitor, and one and a half scrub women—the half standing for the scrub-woman's small daughter who should "pack up the water." And one must take into account that the present postmaster, Captain Leidig, the incumbent ever since the war, had slaved days and schemed nights until the office was brought into a condition of prime efficiency; it could almost run itself.

Take the matter by large, the little crowd of men discussing it on the hotel platform opposite the railway, were agreed to swear at "Milt Bedford's cussed luck."

I have waited so often for trains on that platform where they sat, tilting their chairs against the clapboards, that I know by heart the steel streaks and the gaunt, dim sheds and the infrequent lamps, and the black shadows that crouch like goblin beasts under the eaves, at night, and the wide, wide street that has an uncanny and lonesome air, so spacious is it, and so low are the little brick blocks of shops and the little wooden houses with their pointed roofs.

Being a December night—this of which I am telling—there was a show of Christmas bravery in the windows, and a barrel of holly at the hotel door.

Across the street is a small park with a trim "bow-dark" or osage orange hedge. Two lamps shine hospitably at

the entrance. Great gum-trees and sycamores make a pleasant shade for summer days; and *then*, the plash of the fountain entices the ear, but it tinkles coldly, of a winter night, and the white sycamore trunks look spectral. And in winter—even the half-hearted, snowless winter of the Southwest—the hillsides grow ragged and rusty and the houses look bare; and the engine, that every night at dusk drags its lurid eye and trail of fire across the bridge between the hills, like a disabled rocket, hisses and shrieks dismally. At intervals a light streams athwart the skies above the river, and a steamboat pipe vies with the engine-throttles.

To-day the air was so mild that no one of the talkers had buttoned his coat except General Throckmorton, the congressman from our district. He always buttons his coat as a preparation for a speech; a habit acquired in the courtroom.

"Gentlemen," said Throckmorton—his voice was soft as silk and flexible as a whip-lash, the true Southern orator's voice—"I reckon Milt Bedford has got a better bargain than we all."

"He'll sure devil the money-order of *ice some way*," a shopkeeper prophesied.

"Why, the scoundrel can hardly read writing," cried Mr. Marsh, the banker.

"An' Cap'n Leidig knows whar ever town in the kentry does be," said an old farmer, "state an' caounty an any. Never does need t' look in the book. An' he reads them letters right spang off, no matter how blind they be. More'n I cud do."

"He's a nice man," another farmer struck in, "mighty stirrin' an' liberal."

"Yes, sir," grunted a one-armed man. "That's jest him. Look a that pyark"—pointing to the sycamores—"that's his'n, but he keeps it up for the public. Jest as he always keeps them flower-pots in the winders."

"He's a mighty clever man."

"An' a mighty smart man."

A chorus of praise arose, to which Throckmorton listened, smiling.

He smiled with his mouth, alone; and to smile under such a drooping, inky-black mustache as his, with never a rip-

ple in the intense black eyes, is to smile like a cynic. Throckmorton looked cynical. He was a slim, erect man, as distinctly a Southerner as a gentleman. His appearance suggested the planter of the caricaturists, without his whip or soft hat, and better treated by his tailor.

"Now I, gentlemen," said Throckmorton, "*I* call Hiram Leidig a plumb idiot."

The crowd simply gasped; Throckmorton being Leidig's closest friend, and a man not to desert a friend under stress of weather.

"Yes, gentlemen, a plumb idiot," he repeated, in his gentlest tone; "here he is. He could have made a fortune had he stayed in the manufacturing business. When the war broke out he was getting a salary of twelve hundred dollars, and he had invented half a dozen little tricks and got patents on them, and saved ten thousand dollars. If he'd gone back to business he would have had a hundred or two hundred thousand dollars to-day, instead of his little twenty-five thousand. But, no; first he must fight for his country, and then he gets a notion of patriotism and serving his country in his head. Patriotism is worse than a tick, gentlemen. Here's Leidig has worn himself to a puzzle to do ten men's work for his office. He is a man of talent, a man of inviolable honesty, and yet so courteous, so kindly, that every child in the town smiles at him on the streets. He has done more than any one man of his d—— party in the State to make it respectable. And Milt Bedford has done as much as any man to make it *detested*!" ("That's so, blame his skin!" and laughter from the hearers.)

"Well, what does the Government or the party give Leidig for his long services?" You all know. Half a dozen times he has been within an ace of getting bounced by one party or the other, and now he is going to be pitched out in good earnest by his very own party because he can't be trusted to run the office as a party machine, and Milton Bedford *can*! That's the size of it. Now, a man who will squander his chances of fortune and the best years of his life on a Government or a party

which kicks fidelity every time is—a plumb idiot!”

“To my thinking, the Government is the plumb idiot to lose such a servant,” said the banker.

“And we all ain’t far from plumb iijts t’ low of it bein’ done!” cried the farmer. “That ar Milt Bedford ain’t got no more honesty ’n a shote. All’s pickins t’ him!”

“Say, General, are ye shore certain ’bout it?” asked Miller, anxiously. “Captain didn’t seem a mite skeered up ’bout it.”

“Rice telegraphed me not to come on to Washington,” said Throckmorton. “It would be useless, he said. Bedford has the pull. It has been a still hunt, you understand.”

There were honest expressions of dissatisfaction.

Throckmorton unbuttoned his coat. His next words appeared to slip from his lips by accident. “Yes, gentlemen, unless we can persuade Bedford to withdraw, we must have him.”

The crowd pushed their chairs closer. “No violence, gentlemen, I beg,” said the banker, nervously.

“Oh, violence!” said Throckmorton, curtly, “Violence is played out. The first man on Bedford’s side would be Leidig, if we tried that game. No, sir; if we overcrowd Bedford we have got to do it with moral suasion. [Everyone looked blank.] For instance, he is the real owner of Hurd’s big saloon. Are we all obliged to buy our liquors at Hurd’s?”

A solemn-looking, lean man in a very decent black coat answered: “No, for sure you are not. You are ruining soul and body drinking his abominable stuff. I, myself, am the agent for the old-established, square-dealing house of Drake & Makepeace, of St. Louis, which will supply you directly with pure wines, brandies, whiskies, liquors, and malt liquors at most reasonable prices.”

The crowd were tickled by this, and laughed.

Throckmorton had shot his arrow; without any more words he arose, saluted the others, and went away.

It occurred to him that he ought to warn Leidig, who would not believe in any danger. At the same time he shrank

from inflicting pain. He loved Leidig. The two men had been like brothers since the Federal soldier saved the Confederate soldier’s life and cared for him in prison during the war.

His scheme *might* succeed. There was a chance of intimidating Bedford’s bondsmen. He had been quietly working and suggesting for days, and his wits were busy with the details as he walked past the dazzling windows of “Hurd’s Palace Saloon.” He was so absorbed that he jostled Milt Bedford, himself, coming out of the door.

Milt gave his stiff apologies a very truculent smirk.

“You’re runnin’ into me more ways than one, I reckon, General,” said he, “but you can’t play off any foul on me, by —, so don’t try it on!”

Throckmorton, a lawyer, had no notion of committing himself; he shrugged his shoulders contemptuously, and gave Bedford to understand that he considered him drunk. Then he brushed past, leaving Bedford (who really was half tipsy) to cool his fury at leisure.

The encounter increased his perplexity. For the life of him he couldn’t decide whether to tell Leidig. Nevertheless, he went to the banker’s, where, as their custom was, Leidig and the three others played whist every Thursday evening, in a manner to curdle the blood of a modern combination whist-player. But these primitive players led from “sneaks,” clung to their picture cards or trumps like grim death, and committed atrocities right and left with as much placidity as if they had been getting in the finest *coups* on record.

Throckmorton was an indifferent player this evening. Even the long-suffering Leidig, his partner, remonstrated at his recklessness with unprotected queens. Later, on their way home to Leidig’s lodgings, he turned on the lawyer with a friendly bluntness: “What’s gone wrong, Marion? You weren’t yourself, to-night.”

Throckmorton squirmed out of the question, somehow. Leidig, the least suspicious of men, believed in a knotty law suit and a headache, and wanted Throckmorton to stop and get some anti-pirene. Throckmorton caught his wistful looks at every lamp-post.

Leidig was not a handsome man, he was too short and too round; his face had kept its boyish look to a surprising extent, although he was growing bald and wore a big mustache. He dressed with great care. According to the black maid servant, he covered his off-duty coats with a towel, and pressed his trousers between the mattresses of his bed. Every morning, winter or summer, he used to pick a flower for his button-hole. He wore a tall silk hat; because in his youth (when he was a young mechanic, determined to become a gentleman), gentlemen used to wear tall silk hats. For the same reason, he carried a silk handkerchief. Indeed, Sycamore Ridge considered him a mirror of fashion.

As they walked along—perhaps it was the full moon pouring a flood of glory over the landscape—Leidig began to talk about a girl who was to have been his wife long ago. She had died as his mother had died, while Leidig was fighting on the southwest border. And so hard had he taken the blow that he never would return to Ohio; he gathered together his property, and settled in Sycamore Ridge.

Leidig rarely spoke of that old grief; he never had spoken so frankly before. Somehow his frankness gave Throckmorton a sinister and creepy disquietude. He interrupted him:

"Why did you leave the agricultural implement business? You needn't go back to Ohio, of course; but why take our post-office?"

"Marion," said Leidig, solemnly, "the post-office saved me. You don't know. It was awful! I brooded over it until I was fit to kill myself. God knows, I might have killed myself, but they offered me this post-office. They said here was a chance to serve the country. And I seemed to hear my mother's voice, just as it used to sound, evenings, when she would tell me stories about the Revolution. Mother raised me to love my country, ever since I was old enough to fire firecrackers. I seemed to hear her voice, saying, 'Son, it's worth while serving such a government as ours.' I had a feeling—well, you know the feeling you have for your country."

Throckmorton's face contracted, while

his eyes roamed, in a curious way, from the stars and the darkling river (they stood on the bridge, as Leidig spoke) to the lights of the city twinkling like fire-flies above the black roofs. He made an abrupt gesture, spreading his hands and clinching them. Then they relaxed and dropped by his side.

"Oh, what's the use?" said he, "I felt that way when—when I had a country. Now, I see how impracticable such sentiment is."

"No you don't," said Leidig, "*I* know you don't, whether *you* do or not. Look here, Marion, the way you felt for the South, I felt for my country, *our* country. And I had this kind of a feeling. The way to obliterate the war is to fetch people close together. 'You stay here awhile, old fellow,' says I, 'and do your best for the old flag. Be a decent fellow, for they are going to sample the North by you. Don't go at them ramping and roaring and shaking your opinions in their face like a red rag, when they're just naturally sore all over. Here's a chance,' says I, 'to do your country better service than you did in the war!' Consequently, I stayed and I tried. Mother raised me to be a gentleman. Leidig is as good a name as there is in New York State. I always remembered that. A gentleman and a soldier, they say, you know. Why shouldn't every servant of the government be as much of a gentleman as a soldier? I hope I haven't made my Southern friends ashamed of me. Well, I got to love the work, fairly love it. Once or twice, as you know there has been talk of removing me, and I can't tell you the feeling I've had about the whole town standing by me so. It's the honor of my life. And to show you, Marion, I aint joking and bluffing, when I pretend not to be afraid, this time, I'll tell you that if they *were* to turn me out, after all these years, it would break my heart. I never could hold up my head again."

In such a strain Leidig opened his heart, until they reached his lodgings. He had two rooms on the ground-floor, with an outside door and a corner of the wee piazza glassed over for a conservatory; and he was considered to live in luxury.

Throckmorton drew a sigh of relief at the sight of the gay window. He parted him and forcibly bore him home. Then



They played whist in a manner to curdle the blood of a modern combination whist-player.

from Leidig affectionately; but he said nothing of Rice's telegram.

That night is memorable to Sycamore Ridge as the night of what they call "The Great Fire." Actually it only swept one small street, but it menaced the whole town.

Every soul at the fire admired the postmaster, that night; his daring coolness and his chemical-engine saved both post-office and town. He risked his life half a dozen times. The enthusiasm of the witnesses bubbled over. Poor Leidig, himself, meanwhile, had been flung from a fractured ladder. He would not go home, but directed his engine, propped up by the janitor and Miller. Throckmorton (who nearly killed a favorite horse to get in at the

he hustled the telegraph-operator away from the cinders, and sent off a message to the Post-office Department, lavishing details of Leidig's bravery, regardless of expense.

The fire called a truce to the warfare against Bedford. Certainly the Government wouldn't have the brass to bounce Leidig after his saving the post-office, Throckmorton assured Roz Miller.

"But I can tell one thing, Roz," he added, dryly, "you would have to give up Christmas or the place—one, if Milt had come in. Milt aims to do all the Christmasing himself."

"That's so," acquiesced Roz, looking foolish. He was a loyal soul and full of energy, but he was "just naturally obliged to get drunk Christmas week." "I couldn't fault the season, like to go

dry through it," he said, long before, to Leidig. Leidig knew the man. "All right," he said, calmly, "it is disgraceful for a government official to get drunk. I shall suspend you *one week* between Christmas and New Years—



W. L. A. 1871

"Indeed, Sycamore Ridge considered him a mirror of fashion."

your salary to go on as usual. You are *not* the assistant postmaster, then. If I ever see the assistant postmaster drunk, he goes."

Thereafter, annually, Miller was suspended and, annually, he returned to his post, a week later, very shaky in his fingers and puffy about his eyes; but deadly sober. Between suspensions he was the most temperate of men.

Bedford, all this time, kept well under cover. Perhaps he knew that Leidig's injuries were turning out to be more serious than any one expected. There was a couple of broken ribs, and pneumonia had set in complicating the case. The doctor talked of "internal injuries." "Infernal injuries, I say," fumed Throckmorton; "why the— must *you* be prancing on a ladder, a

man of your flesh? You *are* a plumb idiot!" He was too anxious to keep his patience, and scolded Leidig out of sheer fright.

Leidig smiled tranquilly. He could not drink the choice liquors or smoke the expensive cigars that Throckmorton, the banker and other friends were always sending; but he took a boyish kind of pleasure in watching the wrapping papers removed; and he must have all the odd assortment of cards stuck up around his looking-glass, in full view.

By and by, Throckmorton did not snap at him, but used a studied gentleness. But whenever he left the sick-room and walked through the little parlor, he would glare at the now dishevelled rows of flower pots, with the blackest frown. Maudy Lize, the landlady's eldest girl, always a pet of Leidig's, took to red eyes and snuffles; and the black maid-servant grinned incessantly, and forgot everything that was told her, which is the African fashion of showing emotion. When a negro stops grinning, he begins to howl.

Besides Throckmorton's telegram, the citizens had sent an elaborate letter to the Post-office Department; but ten days passed and the Department made not a sign! On the tenth day, Throckmorton saw Bedford on the street. He sat enthroned in a red-wheeled buggy between two men. All were smoking, all grinning. Seeing Throckmorton, Bedford swept his hat off his black curls with an exaggerated flourish, and grinned more broadly.

"What does the scoundrel mean by *that*?" queried Throckmorton.

He understood directly.

Two envelopes were handed him at his office. One was addressed to Leidig (Throckmorton looked over his mail), and had the official superscription of the Post-office Department. Throckmorton tore out the enclosure, a florid letter of thanks to Leidig. Although a critic in general, Leidig's friend waded through the fine phrases well pleased.

"It will tickle old Leidig," he thought. "Oh, well, they are more decent than I lowed they were."

Then he opened the other envelope.

There was a telegram from Rice, con-

cise and to the point. "Bedford has got the post-office. Damn!"

Throckmorton flung the telegram into the fire. He used some vitriolic language about the civil service that would better not be repeated; but he understood Bedford's grin.

Late that afternoon he paid a visit to Leidig. Young Dr. Rollin had just walked away on foot. Dr. Peters was untying his horse at the gate, and old Dr. Farwell sat in the buggy.

"They've had the consultation," thought Throckmorton. And his heart choked him.

"Well, gentlemen?" said he. Somehow the sensation that he felt seemed to mix itself up with an old pain, and, again, he was a lad on the battle-field, dizzy with the smoke and roar, and that horrible smell of carnage in his nostrils; watching his brother die.

The old doctor gripped his hand.

"Dear, dear, dear," the old doctor said, "ain't it too bad? Such a splendid man!"

Then they explained to him; but he didn't understand, though he nodded and said "yes" and went through the manual of intelligence, decorously; the internal injuries rather than the pneumonia that had supervened were killing Leidig, so much he did comprehend, and it was enough. Leidig might live a week, he might die in two days. Throckmorton got away from the doctors and went in to his friend. Leidig lay quite alone, but Maudy Lize cried softly to herself in the parlor with the door ajar.

When he stood by the bedside, Leidig turned over feebly and smiled. "Sit down, Marion," said he; "no, that's the chair with the broken spring; take another."

He is ashamed of it to this day: but Throckmorton groaned, "Oh, d—— the spring!" and burst out sobbing like a baby.

Leidig soothed him; yet there were traces of tears on his own cheek. There had been a grim half hour for Leidig after the doctors were gone, alone, in his chamber with the vision of death. How does the soul conduct itself, to which, of a sudden, awe and mystery have become the inexorable, next realities?

Disease blunts the sensibilities; yet is there not always a chill in this going beyond the shining of the sun?

All Leidig revealed were those tears on his cheek and one speech to Throckmorton. "Don't take on so, my dear; but, indeed, I can't help being glad you're so sorry. It has been pretty lonesome." But, immediately, he was talking about the post-office, telling Throckmorton his plans. "And, Marion," he added, half apologetically, "would you object to writing the department and just mentioning I did my best for the office—afterward, you know."

Throckmorton still coughing and strangling and blowing his nose, fished the official letter out of his pocket with his handkerchief.

The sick man's limp fingers fumbled in vain at the paper. "I reckon you'll have to read it for me Marion," he was obliged to say.

Throckmorton gulped and desperately went at it. The letters danced before his eyes; he had enough to do to keep his voice steady through the sentences, but he read to the end. When he looked up he was startled by the rapture on Leidig's face.

"I wasn't sorry before, but now I'm glad," said he, "Marion, it's worth while to serve such a government!"

Then and there, Throckmorton registered an oath that his old friend's delusion should not be broken; and he kept his vow.

It was easier than might be imagined. All Leidig's friends entered into the plot. He still saw a few friends, and still, every morning, Roz Miller reported for directions. He kept on reporting just the same after Milt Bedford's commission arrived; and Milt himself was swaggering about the office with his hat on the back of his head, cursing the late trains. Leidig couldn't say enough to praise Roz. "Why, Marion," was his grand climax, "he is keeping sober over Christmas. He refuses point-blank to be suspended!"

Christmas morning, for a second, Throckmorton distrusted poor Roz. The assistant came banging and hobbling and pounding down the street, on his wooden leg, hatless and coatless,

in the utmost disorder. He tumbled into Throckmorton's office.

"Oh, Lord," he gurgled, spent with his efforts, "the fat's sure in the fire, now! Bedford's up with the Captain!"

As soon as he could get his breath, he related how Leidig had sent an imperative message to the post-office, requesting him or someone else there (Roz, hard pressed, had set up a mythical assistant) to come directly to the house. Unluckily, Roz was out of the office. Bedford, observing the ambiguous direction, opened the note, and then remarked to the janitor that *he* would wait on Captain Leidig. "And he's gone," said Roz, nearly crying, "and he'll *kill* the boss, telling him! Oh, dad burn his ornery hide!"

He wasted his rage on the two clerks and a much scandalized girl typewriter. Throckmorton was half-way down the street. The lawyer fancied, savagely, that he could understand; Bedford's brutal vanity was in arms; and he would take this revenge. Throckmorton ground his teeth. Ten to one the cur would blurt out the whole vile truth! All the while his long legs swung over the ground, his mind was gyrating through lurid lies of fires at the post-office and fights in the street and sudden deaths of Bedford's nearest kin—*anything* to get him safely outside the house, where he (Throckmorton) could deal with him.

"I'm a right peaceful man," said Throckmorton, feeling for his pistol, "but I've stood all the nonsense from Milt Bedford that I'm going to?"

But when he softly opened Leidig's door, no human being could look meeker. The spectacle that met him was amazing. He saw the familiar bed with the long fold of the white sheet over the quilt." He saw Leidig's peaceful face laid back on the pillow. He saw, on the other side, the ragged chrysanthemum petals nodding their white against Milt Bedford's blue flannel legs, as Milt stood, shifting his weight from one foot to the other. His face fronted Throckmorton. It wore the strangest expression; bewilderment and awe confused by the sense of an ugly kind of comedy in the situation. That was the way Throckmorton

chose to interpret it, later. At the moment his wits were held by the daze of the first words that he heard. They came from Bedford.

"So *you* ben runnin' the office jest layin' here on the bed," said he, slowly; "I expect Roz ben here regular——"

Throckmorton beckoned.

"That's all right, General," said Bedford, "I catch on. Well, Captain, I won't take up your time. I'm 'bleeged to you for seeing me, and I sincerely hope you'll feel pearter, soon. I wish you well."

"Thank you, sir. I wish you well, sir," said Leidig. Clumsily Bedford shook hands. Clumsily he tiptoed out, shaking the house at every step. I am told that all the way down the street, he wagged his head and muttered: "Lord, aint he a plumb idiot! But he's a mighty nice man."

Throckmorton shot a keen glance at Leidig, as the door creaked and closed. He ventured to ask: "Did that brute say anything to disturb you?"

Leidig's eyes twinkled. He feebly indicated a package on the table. Opening it Throckmorton lifted a bottle of rum.

"Very old Medford, Marion," said Leidig, "he brought it for a Christmas present. I expect that was why he came. He began a queer farrago about all being fair in politics, and no personal feeling, and the highest respect for me, and he looked very up a tree, when I condoled with him on his own disappointment; and finally he presented this. It is rather pleasant, don't you think, Marion, to know he doesn't keep any grudge about the thing?"

Throckmorton said, "Yes, it was pleasant."

Then Leidig spoke of his message to the post-office, wondering why it had not been answered. It had reference to his will left in his desk. By this will, after legacies to his friends, he left the remainder of his property to the town. The bequest included his little park and about eight thousand dollars. The money was to be used to erect a building suitable for a post-office in the park, and the town was directed to give the use of the building to the government, rent free.



No human being could look meeker.

Leidig lived for two days longer.
Nothing occurred to disturb him any
more; and his last intelligible words
were to Throckmorton, repeating:

"It is worth while, my dear, to serve
such a government as ours."
Perhaps he was right. Perhaps, again,
he may be right, some day.

FROM THE JAPANESE.

By R. H. Stoddard.

"So young he cannot know the way,"
Thus I heard a mother say,
At the close of a summer day;
But he knew the road, it seems,
Into the shadow-land of dreams,
And she wept above his clay,
Since, though young, he knew the way!

Gone, where summer moths resort.
Or small boats that leave the port,
Sailing over the stormy brine,
As, with this long sleeve of mine,
Under the gloom of alien skies,
I dry my weeping eyes!

If I could be where the billow whirls,
In a lacquered skiff, with a paddle of pearls,
Young no more, but old and gray,
You may be sure I'd know the way.



Waiting for the Door to be Opened—Christie's.

“CHRISTIE'S.”

By Humphry Ward.

IT is by this title that all the world knows the auctioneer's in King Street, St. James's Square, which for some years has borne the name of Christie, Manson & Woods. For a generation or more there has been no Manson in the firm, and just now all the frequenters of the rooms have to regret the departure of the last Mr. Christie, who, a few months ago, retired from his position as head of the firm founded by his grandfather. Still, though Mr. James Christie has withdrawn into well-earned leisure, there is no danger that his name will be forgotten. “Christie's,” the rooms have been called for a century or more, and “Christie's” they will be called till the end of the chapter.

No greater contrast could be imagined than is presented by the French and

the English system of auctions. With-in and without, in organization and in practice, in the habits of those who sell and those who buy, London and Paris occupy two opposite poles. In Paris the auctioneer's business is not only a practical but a legal monopoly. It is as much protected by rules of law and by privileges which the courts maintain as though Paris were still in the Middle Ages, and as though the Revolution had never affirmed the rights of man. And yet, if man has any rights, we Anglo-Saxons should have imagined that the right to sell goods entrusted to him, whenever and wherever he could find customers for them, was as indefeasible as any. In France they do not think so, and the Society of Commissaires-priseurs is as close a corporation as any that

in London, Amsterdam, or Nuremberg used to beat down competition by force of law. In Paris anybody wishing to sell his goods by auction must employ one of these gentlemen, and must pay, he and the buyer between them, dues so exorbitant that any really commercial community would long ago have broken out into rebellion against them. And, as every one knows, the commissaires-priseurs have their own building, or a building which they own in union with their ally, the State, in the many-roomed Hôtel Drouot. There everything is done in accordance with two maxima—the maximum of red-tape and the maximum of noise. Rigidly closed till one o'clock in the day, the building is then opened to admit the Parisian crowd, commonly of mere sightseers, who lounge through the rooms making it difficult for the true buyer to get a sight of what he wants, and when the sale comes on there follows that pandemonium of noise, the rival shouts of the auctioneer and the usher, in an atmosphere of growing thickness and offensiveness till the sale is over. However, with the Hôtel Drouot and its inconveniences, with its humors and its chances, with its prices, high and low, its bargains and its "sells," we are not here concerned. Our business is with the great English house which, without any legal privilege at its back, has, by its own sheer strength and merit, attained to a position in London equal to that of all the *salles* of the Hôtel Drouot taken together. For, so far as any of the choicer kinds of personal property are concerned, with the sole exception of books and prints, Christie's occupies the position of Eclipse in the proverbial horse-race. For sales of pictures, of fine furniture, of old china, of jewelry, and of all kinds of costly curiosities, it is

"Christie's first and the rest nowhere." Several attempts have been made to beat down this practical monopoly and to set up a rival which should compete on something like equal terms; but though we do not say that such an object is unattainable, all attempts to attain it have failed as yet. In the department of what is called literary property, that is to say, of books, prints, and old drawings, the firm of Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, in their humble, not to say pokey, quarters in Wellington Street, Strand, still hold a position as high as Christie's themselves. When a great library is dispersed, such as the Hamilton, or the Thorold, or the Osterley Park library, it is commonly Sotheby's that has the sale of it; and they, too, have a reputation for understanding the sale of engravings or Rembrandt etchings which is not surpassed by the reputation of King Street. But with this exception



The Entrance to Christie's.

Christie's has no competitors in London for the sale of fine things. Three or four other auctioneers have, indeed, fre-

quent sales of pictures, but it is the rarest thing in the world for them to get hold of works that command or deserve very high prices. For example, at Messrs. Foster's, in Pall Mall, there

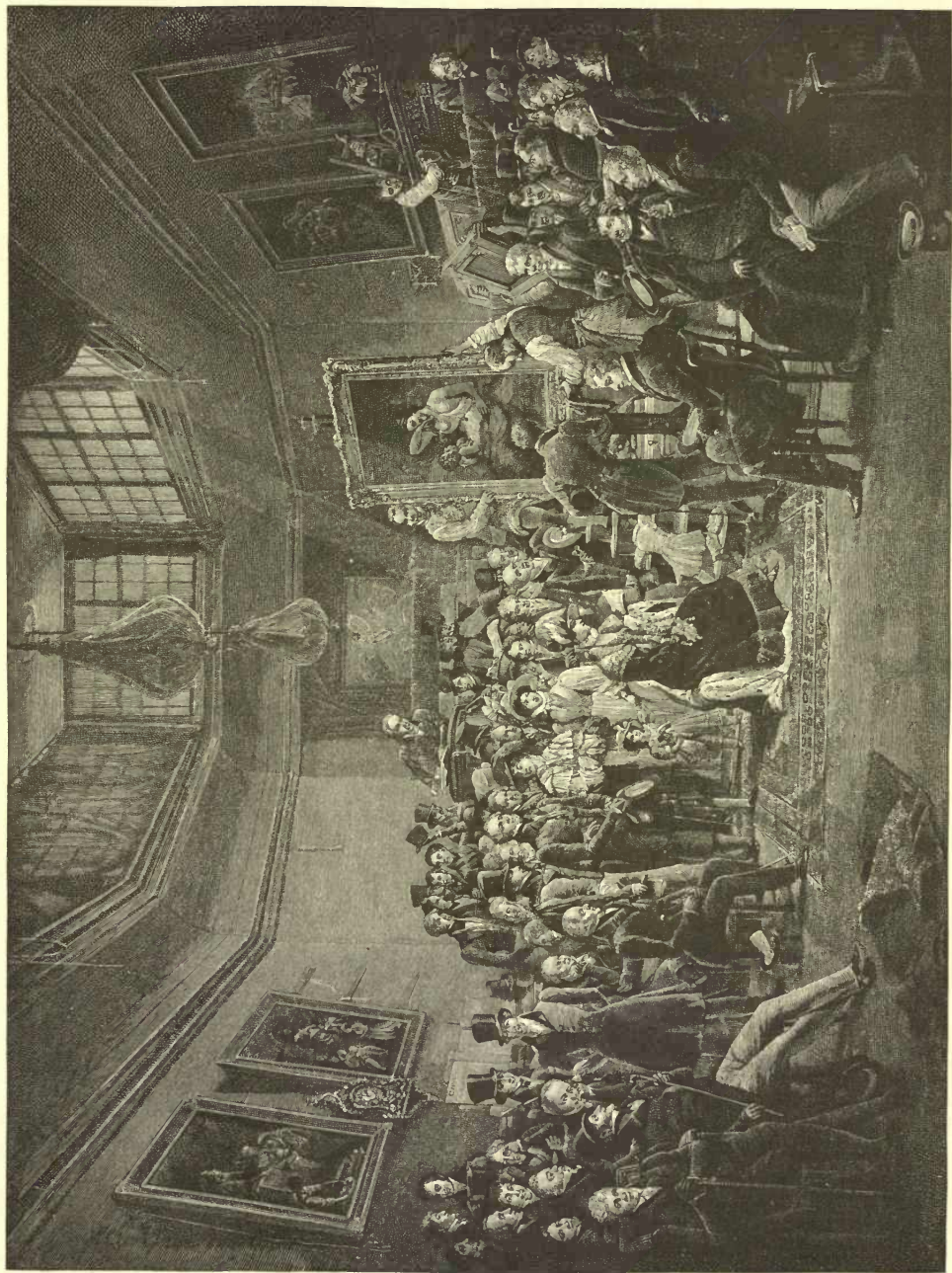


A Buyer from Paris.

turned up last year a portrait by Romney, which, to everyone's intense surprise, sold for about £3,000. The surprise attached not so much to the fact of a Romney having brought that figure, but to such a picture having appeared on any other walls than Christie's.

The history of this great house has often been sketched, but it has only lately been brought together in detail in the elaborate work of Mr. George Redford—the two quarto volumes which he calls "Art Sales; a History of Sales of Pictures and other Works of Art." It is upon this inexhaustible spring that we must draw for whatever facts regarding the prices that have been attained, etc., we may have occasion to quote. Mr. Redford's book is not a model of arrangement, but it is an extraordinary aggregate of facts, in which those who have time and curiosity may trace the history of multitudes of individual pictures and other works of art, and, what is much more generally interesting, may learn a great deal about the vicissitudes that have come over public taste during the past century and a half—in fact, ever since public taste may be said to have existed in England. But first we may

follow Mr. Redford in his sketch of the beginnings of auction sales in England and of the way in which Christie's gradually evolved itself from the number of indistinguishable competitors. We hear of various auctioneers in England during the seventeenth century, but not of the establishment of any regular auction-rooms until the closing years of it in the reign of William III. Then Edward Millington established his sale-room, called "The Vendu," in Covent Garden, and had winter sales at four o'clock in the afternoon, taking his pictures and curiosities down to Tunbridge Wells in the summer "for the diversion and entertainment of the gentlemen and ladies." In due time Millington disappeared and the more famous name of Mr. Cock emerged. He was the auctioneer that sold the possessions of Harley, Earl of Oxford, and it was in Cock's rooms that Hogarth formed the idea of having that auction of his own which was so lamentably unsuccessful. Him followed Langford, and other names that occur during the second half of the eighteenth century are Prestage & Hobbs, Peter Coxe, and Skinner & Dyke. It was by these men, whether at Covent Garden or in Spring Gardens, near Charing Cross, that old masters, real or fictitious, were sold to the collectors, who were at that time becoming a numerous class, while at certain times in the year their rooms were utilized by one at least of the new societies of artists which were forming themselves with or without royal patronage. The rooms that are of most interest to us at the moment are those in which the infant Royal Academy first housed itself in Pall Mall. Where these rooms exactly were is a matter of dispute, for no street in London has been more changed by the hands of time and the builder than Pall Mall. It is now, on the south side at least, a row of palaces, "temples of luxury and ease," as Mr. Gladstone calls them, clubs—those which have become a necessity of existence in London. Where there has been demolition and reconstruction on this scale it is exceedingly difficult to fix the precise latitude and longitude of any house that existed in the days before post-office directories. We only know with regard



A Sale at Christie's, 1828.
(From a painting by J. Gobaud—by permission of Messrs. Christie, Manson & Woods.)

to the Royal Academy rooms that they were opposite Market Lane, and Market Lane is supposed to have been a narrow thoroughfare about a hundred yards to

had set up his studio. Schomberg House is also in Pall Mall, close to the present War Office, and though half of it has long been pulled down, the rest



At the Private View.

the west of the Haymarket. This, then, would fix the Royal Academy rooms on the site of the present "Senior," *i.e.*, the Senior United Service Club, where generals and admirals do congregate of an afternoon. It was here that Christie's had its origin, for in 1762 we find the original Mr. James Christie, a Scotchman of thirty-two, setting up in business as an auctioneer in these rooms. The Royal Academy had not then come into existence, but in 1768 it took partial possession, and two years afterward Christie moved westward to a house adjoining Schomberg House, where Gainsborough, on his arrival from Bath,

remains as one of those relics of old London which still exist side by side with the stately monuments of modern luxury. Here, then, Mr. Christie established himself in the year 1770, at a moment when the arts were flourishing in England more than they had ever flourished before; when we possessed at least three painters of the first rank, and when, in the bosom of the young Academy, those contending thoughts and passions were having free play out of which it might be supposed that a public love of art would by degrees emerge. In "the great rooms in Pall Mall," as the catalogue puts it, Christie's

remained for more than fifty years, in fact till 1826, when the lease fell in and the Crown resumed possession.

What sort of a man the original James Christie was can be seen from Gainsborough's well-known portrait of him. A gentleman and a man of distinction this Scotchman was; genial as well as honest, frank and straightforward beyond the custom of auctioneers, and a man who could make himself valued by many of the most eminent men of his time, including Sheridan, Garrick, and Gainsborough himself. It has been noticed by many that the great painter

be sold after his death, Christie sold them. This was on June 2, 1792, three years after the death of the artist, and the pictures in the sale included a number of those marvellous copies of "old masters," on which Gainsborough practised his brush, and eighty-seven pictures by the artist himself, including the wonderful "Representation of St. James's Park," which now belongs to Sir John Neeld and which has delighted visitors to two of our loan exhibitions in recent years. The same hand held the ivory hammer two years afterward at the sale of the collection formed by Gainsborough's



Behind the Scenes at an Auction.

showed his particular regard for Mr. Christie by adding to his portrait a landscape of the artist's own, as though to associate himself forever with his neighbor. Alas! the relations between an auctioneer and his friends often take a melancholy turn, and the moralist finds food for reflection in the fact that when Gainsborough's pictures came to

great rival. Sir Joshua Reynolds died in 1792, and on March 11, 1794, and on the three following days, Christie sold his collection of four hundred and eleven pictures, while Sir Joshua's own remaining sketches were disposed of in the following year. Reynolds was an enthusiastic rather than a discriminating collector, and he was not afraid of

ticketing his pictures with the greatest names. It is curious to read in the catalogue of the collection of so eminent a painter that he believed himself to possess no less than forty-four pictures of Michael Angelo and twenty-four of Raphael! Naturally his heirs found that the pictures did not realize more than about half of the sum they had cost him, £10,000 as compared with £20,000. The great sale of that period, that of the Orleans collection, did not come to Christie's; it was managed in a different manner, and in Mr. Redford's record of Christie's sales at this period we find nothing more important than the collection of Sir William Hamilton, the husband of Romney's "Lady Hamilton," Lord Bessborough's collection, and some of the pictures from Fonthill. Then followed some busy years and the

burn or steal, for solid English gold or bills upon London. Christie, of course, had no monopoly of these treasures, but a very fair share of them came to him even after Buchanan and his contemporary dealers had satisfied their private clients. Then came the peace and the opening up of the Continent to English travellers; fresh importations, fresh interest in art, and great increase in the national wealth. One sale may be mentioned which took place in 1821, and which shows how, in the course of a short time, the great reputation of Sir Joshua Reynolds had risen rather than declined—surely the highest test of a man's excellence, since the most critical moment that his reputation can pass through comes about thirty years after his death. The sale in question was that of the pictures belonging to the Marchioness of Thomond, who had been his favorite niece, Mary Palmer, and who had inherited almost all Sir Joshua's own remaining pictures as well as his other property. The excitement of the buyers was as great in its way as would be the case at the present time; indeed, one doubts whether at any modern sale one would see such a list of great social magnates as were there gathered into James Christie's rooms—the Dukes of Devonshire and Northumberland, Lords Egremont, Grosvenor, Bridgewater, Fitzwilliam, Dudley and Ward, Harewood, Sir Charles Long, on the part of the King, and Mr. Alexander Baring. What was considered to be the great feature of the sale was the series of studies of full-length family figures which Sir Joshua had made for the New College window—beautiful women sitting for the virtues—Mrs. Sheridan for Charity, Lady Dudley for Fortitude, and so forth. High prices ruled, and fifteen hundred guineas was paid for one of the studies by the young Lord Normanton, who then made his first appearance as a collector. Another very high-priced picture was the portrait of Mrs. Stanhope called "Contemplation," which sold for £1,125. This, if we recollect aright, is now in the gallery of the Baroness Alphonse Rothschild in Paris, one of the most enthusiastic buyers of the works of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney, and the purchaser, at a fabu-



A Purchase.

golden age of English collectors, for they were the years of the great war, when men like Walsh Porter and Buchanan were pushing here and there over the Continent, into Italian palaces and Spanish convents, and the houses of the old Dutch burghers, persuading the owners to exchange such risky property as ancient masterpieces, which Napoleon's soldiers might any day

lous price, of the almost unknown Romney, "Mrs. Stables and Children," at the last "Old Masters'" exhibition.

In 1826, as we have said, Christie's

but those who possess Dutch works coming from that sale—such as Sir Richard Wallace and the Rothschilds—know that for a picture to have passed



The Office at Christie's.

migrated from Pall Mall to the well-known rooms just a hundred yards to the north, in King Street, St. James's, and there the firm has remained domiciled to the present day. Moreover, so far as anything can be permanent in this world, we may suppose that the home of Christie's will be permanently established there, for of late years great additions have been made to the premises, a new gallery has been built, and everything has been done to make the house complete, whether for storing or for selling precious possessions. We cannot, of course, go through the history of all the fine collections that have here changed hands during these eventful sixty-four years, but we may pick out one or two of the most famous sales. Some very choice collections made little noise in the world in general, for instance, the Saltmarshe pictures in 1846 ;

through the Saltmarshe gallery is a certificate of nobility. Some other sales, such as those of the Fonthill and Strawberry Hill collections, were in other hands than those of Christie—the disposal of Horace Walpole's multitudinous knick-knacks being appropriately placed in the hands of an auctioneer who was at least half a charlatan, the late Mr. George Robins, famous in his day for his proficiency in what is known as "auctioneer's prose." Again, one of the greatest of all sales, though managed by Christie & Manson, did not take place in the rooms. This was the sale of the Stowe collection in 1848, when the extravagant career of the then Duke of Buckingham came to its natural end, and all the treasures which he had accumulated with so much recklessness were scattered to the winds. This sale took place at Stowe itself, near Buck-

ingham, and the memory of it abides among the older inhabitants of the county to this day. We may pass on to a sale of a very different kind, and one that deserves to be characterized as perhaps the most memorable of any that have taken place, not excluding that of the Hamilton collection in 1882. This was the sale of the Bernal collection in 1855. Mr. Ralph Bernal, who was born about 1783, was of Jewish origin, and nature had endowed him with a seven-fold portion of the fine *flair* which she has so liberally allotted to his race. He was in easy circumstances and was not a Jew by religion, so that, like young Disraeli, he was eligible for Parliament, which he entered as member for Rochester. That he worked hard in the House of Commons and gained a great reputation for ability is shown by the fact that under Lord Grey's government he was chairman of Ways and Means, or, as we now sometimes call it, Deputy Speaker; but his name has come down to posterity rather as a most consum-

cared about the choice things which nowadays ten thousand collectors seek for with frenzy. No one of his contemporaries in England—though Sauvageot and others were equally fine judges in France—knew so much as he about old armor or mediæval goldsmith's work, or the steel inlaying of the Milanese, or the makers and decorators of the *pâte tendre* of Sèvres, or about majolica, or those infinitely delicate kinds of Chinese porcelain for which English and American connoisseurs are now prepared to pay any price. What times those were for the collector! one is tempted to say as one looks through the priced Bernal catalogue with its pretty engravings by Mason after Fitzcook's drawings. The things sold for what we should consider literally nothing, though in almost every case they marked a considerable advance on what Mr. Bernal had paid for them. As you walk through the South Kensington Museum you can see in numbers of the cases specimens of Limoges enamel or of "ruby-backed" Oriental plates, or of a score of other curiosities with labels marking the prices at which they were obtained in the Bernal sale: £3 for the plates, £50 or £60 for the pieces of Limoges, and so forth—in every instance about one-tenth or one-twentieth part of what would be paid now, so tremendous has been the effect of the spread of education, the diffusion of wealth, and the desire to possess some at least of the choice works of the past. What was remarkable, however, in the Bernal collection was not the low prices at which things had been bought and were sold, but the faultless taste that had presided over their acquisition. Mr. Woods, the present well-known and accomplished head of Christie's firm, is fond of quoting this Bernal sale as the supreme instance of a perfect collection; there was nothing out of all the 4,294 objects that was not good, genuine, and, it may almost be said, in intact condition.

After these choice things had been dispersed the world had to wait for twenty-seven years before a collection of miscellaneous works of art in any way comparable to it came before it again. That was almost in our own time, when the Duke of Hamilton found



A Dealer.

mate judge of works of art than as a politician or public servant. He lived at a time when no one either knew or

it necessary or desirable to clear out the whole of the contents of Hamilton Palace. The Hamilton collection was not like other aggregations of things, good and bad, rare and common, that are to be found in the great houses of England and Scotland; for toward the beginning of the century a Duke of Hamilton had married a daughter of William Beckford, and all the finest things from Fonthill had found their way into the Hamilton family; but even so, according to those who were present at both sales, the Hamilton collection was not to be compared to that of Mr. Bernal. It contained a number of extremely fine things—some glorious pictures, some twenty or thirty pieces of furniture, the finest of their kind, and some hundreds of other objects of the highest class—but taking the collection as a whole one missed that faultlessness, that evidence of a fastidious and exclusive taste which had marked the earlier sale. Still, times had changed in the interval. The generation that had come into existence was the generation that had grown up with railways, big steamships, and free-trade. Where in 1855 one man had known the value of a piece of majolica, or of a Riesener table, fifty knew it in 1882, and the natural result was that what had sold for tens of pounds at the earlier date, sold for hundreds and even thousands at the later. However, this is an old story, and we need not tell over again the follies of which the great collectors and the men of the long purse were guilty at the Hamilton sale, or at the sale of the Fountaine collection of majolica and Limoges a few years later. Enough to say, that whenever, at the present time, things so precious as those come to Christie’s, there are plenty of people gathered together to do them full justice.

It must not be supposed, however, that Christie’s is a net which catches nothing but big fish bred and fed by Bernals and Hamiltons. On the contrary, it is an ordinary set of auction-rooms, where the little purses as well as the big ones may find their satisfaction, and in which, as the auctioneers would be the first to admit, a good deal of poor stuff as well as good—rubbish as well as priceless treasure—is brought to the hammer. The rooms

are open all the year round, and every day, except from the beginning of August till the middle of November. As a



The Auctioneer.

rule there are two or three sales every week, and in the season sometimes a sale every day of one kind or another. Saturday is commonly reserved for pictures and drawings, through an old traditional habit which has this much of reason on its side, that Saturday being a half holiday in the city and for men of business generally, such of them as are connoisseurs are better able to attend sales on that day than on any other. Let us endeavor to describe a walk through Christie’s on two or three various occasions, say on an afternoon in January, and again in the height of the season, when some famous collection is on view. In January there may be exhibited in various cases, in the different rooms, and dotted about the floors, and what the catalogue calls “a valuable collection of porcelain decorative objects, the property of various owners,” and on the walls there may be hung one or two hundred specimens of Old Masters. You enter early in the afternoon, before the short winter day has been shrouded in twilight. You find perhaps thirty or forty people lounging through the room; a few ladies with or without their husbands or brothers; an engaged couple of æsthetic tastes anxious to pick up something for the little house they are



A Sale at Christie's, 1890.

about to occupy in Kensington; three or four well-known dealers looking slightly contemptuous and a good deal bored; half a dozen persons politely known as “commission agents,” men of very varied attainments in art, some of whom know their business while others are merely there to take any commission that they can get, and to obey orders without asking themselves whether those orders are sensible or not. For a few moments there may look in a peer or two, or a wealthy collector, taught by long experience that sometimes it is in the out-of-the-way sales that one finds the best things, and hoping (for who is above entertaining such a hope, or gratifying it if possible?) that he may light upon some treasure that nobody else has discovered and buy it for a song. The furniture is of the class which is called “decorative,” an extremely elastic term covering everything from the cheap Dutch marqueterie cabinets which are made at the present day, as they have been made for a couple of centuries, in the back streets of Amsterdam, up to the choice pieces which bear the genuine impress of Paris in the eighteenth century. The varieties of quality are endless, but it is not often at this time of the year that anything of a really choice kind finds its way into the auction-room. Supposing that it does, however, supposing that a genuine Sheraton side-board of fine finish, or a Louis XV. sofa covered with Gobelins tapestry, appears in the rooms, there are pretty sure to be two or three dealers about who will have taken note of it, and who, when the sale comes, will be ready for the prey. Of course they make no fuss about it; they begin with a low bid—perhaps even they do not bid for themselves but put their commission into the hands of some small man, to make it appear that they are not in the field; but soon the thing creeps up, and what the outsider might have thought would bring £40 is finally knocked down for £400. In the cases we see an agglomerate of little objects, which, generally speaking, we seem to have seen a hundred times before, so strong is the family likeness between one of those curiosity sales and another. There will be half a dozen old Chinese cups and saucers with enamelled bor-

ders and floral decorations; close by will be a bunch of old Dutch silver boxes; and next a couple of miniatures, one of them true, and one a flagrant modern imitation; a little farther is a bit of old *cloisonné* very much battered, and next to it an exquisite Nankin bottle, on which, two centuries ago, some Chinese artist spent his best labor and much of that enthusiasm which fires the artist of the East as much as it does his Western brother. Then there will be a set of old Dresden knives and forks, the one precious possession, perhaps, of some country clergyman, come down to him from a more fortunate grandfather, and now sold in consequence of the cruel fall in the value of glebe. Next we may see a lovely plaque of *repoussé* silver, from a design by Mantegna—beautiful in line and seemingly wonderful in finish. But let us look at it well before embarking in a contest for the possession of it, for in these things, as every modern collector knows, the forger is at work, and clever as he is, his hand is not altogether beyond detection. Take the plaque from its case and examine it with a magnifying-glass, and see if it fulfils the tests which distinguish an object worth £500 from one worth £5. Yes! it shows the sand-marks clearly and beyond question, and that head in the corner is not the work of a cinque-cento artist. We will put it back, remembering that in the neighborhood of Genoa there are some very clever fellows who work up electrotypes just in this way, and who have fashions of “giving them age” which are dangerous traps to the unwary.

But if we enter the rooms on an afternoon in May, when all the papers have announced, sometimes in special articles, that “the collection of that well-known connoisseur, Sir Caius Verres, will be on view in the rooms of Messrs. Christie, Manson & Woods, the sale to take place on Saturday,” we shall see a different sight. All that exists in London of connoisseurship will of course be there, and with the connoisseurs will have come the fashionable people, anxious to see and be seen, and so have something new to talk about at the dinner-table. Besides, Sir Caius Verres has been a man of many friends; his dinner-par-

ties have been famous, though small; his wife's receptions have been as famous, though very large; and there are few pleasures so subtle as those of recognizing in the auction-room the plate off which we have eaten, the pictures upon which we have gazed in the houses of our friends. This kind of reflection, however, applies only to the fashionable many, and not to the serious connoisseurs who make a business of seeing anything in the way of art that is worth seeing, whether with or without a view of becoming possessed of it. We need not concern ourselves here with the society ladies and their friends, who come to Christie's merely as a show; but the others are a class by themselves who deserve a word or two. Of course all connoisseurs do not go to see all collections; men who care for pictures only will not busy themselves much with such a collection, for instance, as that of the late Mr. Charles Sackville Bale, which was, though very much smaller in extent, a worthy successor to the Bernal collection. Possessions like Mr. Bale's, when they come to Christie's, attract in the first place more foreigners than Englishmen, for it is still true that Paris has much more knowledge and much more taste in the matter of *objets d'art*—the term including pictures—than London has. Perhaps a dozen Paris dealers will come over for such a sale as this, or as that of the Londesborough collection of armor which was sold two years ago. As a rule, they are men of great knowledge and great intelligence; men who have to begin with an artistic instinct, and who, in the second place, have trained the instinct by a careful study of their own national collections, and even by reading some considerable part of the literature of the subject. Of how many of their Anglo-Saxon colleagues or rivals could this be said?

To return from this digression to our Sir Caius Verres, or rather—since there is no particular reason for a fictitious name when the real ones are so many—to such a sale as that of the possessions of the late Mr. William Wells, which occupied the best part of a fortnight during the present season. Mr. Wells was not himself much of a collector, but he was the nephew of one of the men who in the

last generation most abundantly, as the phrase runs, "patronized art." This uncle, who had a large house at Redleaf, in Kent, was fond of entertaining leading artists of his day, and was an especial friend of Sir Edwin Landseer, though hardly as good a friend as Sir Edwin has proved to be to Mr. Wells's descendants. He filled half his house with Landseers, but the other half, with equal or perhaps superior wisdom, he filled with old Dutch pictures of a high class. Of these he had a sale in the year 1846, and great was the fame of it, and high, relative to the standard of those times, were the prices that were brought. A certain number of the old pictures were purchased at the sale by the nephew, who also inherited the modern works, and it was this double collection which started the series of Wells sales in the present year. Those who follow these things in the newspapers have probably read of the astounding prices brought by little pictures by Landseer—two, three, and four thousand guineas for comparatively unimportant works of cabinet size, such as "Not Caught Yet," which everybody knows from the engraving, and the pretty "Honeymoon," a picture of two sentimental-looking roe-deer. There were other examples of a greater art than this; a jewel-like landscape by Hobbe-ma, a grave and noble Ruysdael, a little Adrian van de Velde, which in itself is a summing up of the Dutch school, so minute and yet so broad, so delicate in technique and yet so firm. Nine hundred and forty guineas was a very small price for a gem like this. Then, in the week after, came the turn of those who care for art of another kind, the art of the oriental pattern, in which Mr. Wells was equally rich. Seldom has such a collection of quaint Japan dishes or of suites of Chinese vases been seen in Christie's rooms, and seldom has the fancy of dealer and amateur been carried so nearly to the pitch of frenzy. Again, a week later, came the library, not so remarkable as the objects of ornament; and a little while after, the collection of plate, solid, substantial, and mostly old, but only of great interest by its containing two pieces of absolutely unique interest. One was a censor, in

form like a bit of a Gothic cathedral, of English workmanship, and dating according to the experts from the time of Edward III., and consequently, if this is true, at least seventy years older than any other extant piece of English plate. The other, also ecclesiastical, was a century later in date, and bore the Tudor rose and a sort of anagram of Ramsey Abbey. Both had been found at the bottom of Whittlesea Mere, in Huntingdonshire, where they had doubtless lain since the dissolution of Ramsey Abbey by Henry VIII. had led some monk to fling them away rather than they should fall into the hands of the despoiler. Of course the coming of such pieces to Christie's caused no little excitement, and no one was surprised when the pair brought two thousand guineas.

It is just such a scene as the sale of the Wells pictures that Mr. Furniss has taken for the subject of his principal sketch, and by great good luck we are able to compare the scene as it strikes a clever observer of the present day with a corresponding scene sixty-four years ago. The firm has lately, by a singular chance, become possessed of a picture by a comparatively unknown artist, J. Gobaud, of “A Sale at Christie's, 1828,” and this, by the kindness of Mr. Woods, we have been permitted to engrave. The art of the picture is not amiss, and the historical interest of it is very considerable. It represents the famous sale of Lord Carysfort's pictures. Mr. Christie himself is in the box eagerly looking toward the bidder in the left-hand corner, and on the easel is Sir Joshua's celebrated “Snake in the Grass,” which now hangs in the National Gallery. The nation bought it, with the rest of the Peel collection, for Sir Robert Peel purchased the picture at this sale, and there he is standing to the right, his hands behind him, his frock coat tightly buttoned across his small waist. There are other famous persons here, as may be seen from a sale catalogue of 1875, describing the picture.

J. GOBAUD.

1875.
LOT 146.—The Sale of Sir Joshua Reynolds's Picture of “The Snake in the Grass.” A scene at Christie's during the sale of the late Earl of

Carysfort's pictures, June 14, 1828, with portraits of the late Sir Robert Peel, the late Marquis of Stafford, Prince Paul Esterhazy, Lady Morgan, the late John Allnutt, Esq., Mr. Smith of Bond Street, Mr. Emmerson, and other well-known personages.

Lady Morgan, the bright Irishwoman, with many friends and not a few enemies, is in the centre of the picture, and the bidder, with his hand and pencil raised, is the “Mr. Smith of Bond Street,” of whom the catalogue speaks, and who was himself the author of the most famous of all catalogues, the “Catalogue Raisonné of Dutch, Flemish, and French Pictures,” which is still regarded by dealers and amateurs as the principal authority on the pictures which it describes. “The Snake in the Grass” was knocked down to this eminent dealer, for Sir Robert Peel, at the price of twelve hundred guineas. Lord Carysfort paid five hundred and ten for it seven years before. What would it bring now? Those times, as far as the great works of English portrait-painters are concerned, are long past, and can hardly return again; though, on the other hand, it is difficult to suppose that the fashion of the next generation will not turn against such freaks of extravagance as that which a Rothschild of Paris is said to have committed the other day in giving £60,000 for a pair of full-length portraits by Gainsborough.

Mr. Furniss did not intend, like his predecessor, to take the actual portraits of the persons present, so we will not attempt to identify his figures. If he had wished to do more than generalize his impression of the sale, he would have given us pictures of many well-known men; of Sir Frederick Burton, the director of the National Gallery, with silver hair and a pair of keen eyes behind his spectacles; of his *confère* of the Dublin Gallery, Mr. Henry Doyle, famous for making a very small endowment go a very long way, and for having enriched his gallery with many admirable and characteristic works, especially of the Dutch masters, bought at prices far below their value; of private collectors like Mr. Charles Butler, whose appetite for old masters is insatiable; of Lord

Pembroke, who buys Watts to keep company with the Vandycks, at Wilton; of Lord Rosebery, a keen lover of the old English school; of Mr. W. H. Smith, who amid the cares of public life still finds a moment of leisure to visit Christie's, and to add fine examples to his collection of modern masterpieces. Nor would Mr. Furniss have forgotten the professional *habitués* of the place, the pivots, so to speak, on which the great machine of art business turns—Mr. William Agnew, the unquestioned head of his profession; Mr. Vokins, the intimate friend of Dewint and David Cox, a man of excellent judgment still, and of a most racy memory; Mr. Martin Colnaghi, the bearer of a name celebrated in the picture business, one whose knowledge of old pictures is wide, and who can tell, when the fancy takes him, many a lively anecdote of discoveries and artistic *bonnes fortunes*. It may amuse our readers to try to find in Mr. Furniss's drawing suggestions of these well-known faces. They will find others, especially in the separate vignettes; a dealer who seems to have thriven on his trade; a visitor from Paris, bringing, doubtless, an excellent judgment with him; and, above all, the auctioneer, who for many a year has wielded the ivory

hammer in the historical rostrum with admirable tact, great patience, and imperturbable good temper. We began this article with the indication of some points of contrast between Christie's and the Hôtel Drouot; but, after all, there is none that is half so striking as the difference in demeanor between the two auctioneers. While in Paris the seller, the expert, and the *huissier* carry on, from the beginning of the sale to the end, a hideous rivalry of noise; while the bidder's modest nod or word is taken up and translated into a shrill volume of sound, as though a picture could not be sold in tranquillity nor business done in peace, at Christie's everything is sober, steady, silently decisive, and, for all that, none the less serious and important. We have used the word imperturbable, and it is the word *par excellence* that denotes the skilled English auctioneer. He never loses his presence of mind, he never raises his voice or seems to quicken the beat of his pulses, whether the bid be for a shilling or for a thousand pounds; whether the object he is selling be a trumpery bit of bric-a-brac or a masterpiece of Rembrandt. It is the system, and it is the outcome of the national character.

THE LADY HANNAH—A BALLAD OF CAPTAIN KIDD.

By James Herbert Morse.

If ever you meet with Captain Kidd,
At dawn, or dusk, or late moonrise,
Pray hale him hither to Dead Neck Isle,
Where the Lady Hannah lies.

The tale is old. At the dead of night,
Because she wearied of the sea
And prayed full long for the turf she loved—
"You'll have it soon," quoth he.

At dead of night they plied the oar
From where the pirate at anchor lay,
With taper spars against the stars,
Until they reached the bay.

Round Dead Neck Isle they cut the waves
That never a keel had ploughed before,
And, where the ancient cedars rose,
Rose sharply up the shore.

"Now take my hand," quoth Captain Kidd,
"The air is blithe, I scent the meads."
He led her up the star-lit sands,
Out of the rustling reeds.

The great white owl then beat his breast,
Athwart the cedars whirled and flew;
"There's death in our handsome captain's eye,"
Murmured the pirate's crew.

And long they lay upon their oars
And cursed the silence and the chill;
They cursed the wail of the rising wind,
For no man dared be still.

Of ribald songs they sang a score
To stifle the midnight sobs and sighs,
They told wild tales of the Indian Main,
To drown the far-off cries.

But when they ceased, and Captain Kidd
Came down the sands of Dead Neck Isle,
"My lady wearies," he grimly said,
"And she would rest awhile.

"I've made her a bed—'tis here, 'tis there,
And she shall wake, be it soon or long,
Where grass is green, and the wild birds sing,
And the wind makes undersong.

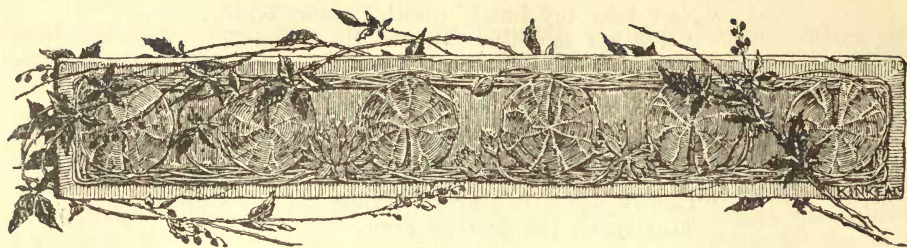
"Be quick, my men, and give a hand,
She loved soft furs and silken stuff,
Jewels of gold and silver bars,
And she shall have enough.

"With silver bars and golden ore,
So fine a lady she shall be,
A many suitors shall seek her long,
As they sought Penelope.

"And if a lover would win her hand,
No lips e'er kissed a hand so white,
And if a lover would hear her sing,
She sings at owlet light.

"But if a lover would win her gold,
And his hands be strong to lift the lid,
'Tis here, 'tis there, 'tis everywhere—
In the chest," quoth Captain Kidd.

They lifted long, they lifted well,
Ingots of gold, and silver bars,
And silken plunder from wild, wild wars,
But where they laid them, no man can tell,
Though known to a thousand stars.



JERRY.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

“Dark, dark was all! A mist
A blinding, whirling mist of chilly snow,
The falling and the driven; for the wind
Swept round and round in clouds upon the
earth,
And birm'd the deathly drift aloft with moans,
'Till all was swooning darkness. Far above
A voice was shrieking with a human cry!”

THE wind was howling wildly, and the snow, falling in swirling sheets, was scurrying across the wide plain, driving against the great cliffs, and banking, dangerously almost, on the frail new houses. It had not been falling for an hour, and yet all the land was covered. The fire burned hotly, sending a vivid glow over Joe's chair that stood in its accustomed place, and seeming as if it strove to touch with one little shaft of light Joe's pipe that lay in the crack between the logs where for years he had kept it. Buck slept in his box; the lamp shone brightly, and Jerry, with his arms crossed on the table, and his head bowed down on them, sat alone.

There was nothing to indicate that Joe might not come in at any moment, except that his clothes hung long and limp against the wall, that his hat was on the peg behind the door, and that his boots stood in the corner with some mud still on them, and their tops drooping over one another.

The bread hanging in the spider; the coffee-pot steamed on the hearth; why should not the old man come in? Because the door was barred, or because

the window was shut fast, blind and all—was that a reason?

Lonely? Jerry had never realized that such loneliness could be felt.

Fresh from the whirl of gayety and excitement, fresh from the midst of luxury and praise, to this. He raised his head and looked about him; this was all he owned; all he owned, for the old man had died with the secret of his “find” kept close. Jerry was in despair; he had spent hundreds, and had pledged himself for far more; and now Joe was dead, and the secret of where he found his gold was dead with him.

It was not in Durden's Mine; that appalling truth had come home to Jerry in the midst of that awful death-scene like a merciless blow. For he had been so sure that Joe got his gold in Durden's Mine, and Dan Burk, who professed to know, had confirmed his surmises—and now?

A groan broke from his lips.

“Great God!” he cried, “what *shall* I do!”

What, indeed! The next week the engineer would come, and the examination of the mine begin. Never go to the left, the old man had said, but had added, “There's death in the mine?” Death. Death was nothing compared with failure. He would suffer a thousand deaths rather than fail.

What should he do?

He turned his head from side to side to deaden the dull pain that had never left it since that bewildering day in the Board room; a heavy, heavy pain that would not go.

He looked back all along his course ; how he had been pushed and driven ; how his present position seemed to spring on him full-armed, and he so unprepared ; how blindly he had gone into this wild scheme that no man with any experience would have dreamed of attempting. It had wound like a coil about his feet—a net spread so plainly that any eye could see. Nothing but invincible ignorance would have dared so much so regardless of all consequences. And now the consequences were on him, and he was lost in a mist of despair.

Would it not be better to put the engineer at work on the new finds ; while he searched for Joe's place of work ?

Again he shook his weary head ; this would lose to him the people's confidence ; and a slow feeling of resentment began to burn in him against the poor dead man. He had not money to live on even, now that Joe was gone ; he was afraid to ask Greg if Joe had repaid all of Mr. Greg's advances ; he was afraid to ask any question ; to meet Dan Burk ; to look anyone in the face ; for what better was he than a pauper and a fraud ? At last he rose and shook himself ; whatever else he might be, he was surely a fool and a coward. He must not dream of flinching now, but must fight this thing through whatever the end might be. He must put the engineer to work in Durden's Mine ; must go in himself regardless of the death that was prophesied for him there.

He laughed.

It showed what an idiot he was to remember even an old man's superstitions ; and he tramped up and down the little house until the floor shook. To-morrow he would put on his old clothes and move into Durden's ; he was going to live with Greg now, and the change and new life would help to rouse him from this wretched weakness and despondency ; he would move everything and shut up the old house for a while.

Up and down he tramped until he felt better ; well enough to put his supper on the table.

One week ago he was at that ball. He put his cup down ; he seemed to hear again the minor chords of the waltz that passed by him when he sat alone among

the flowers and heard that last farewell ! He took up his cup again, and emptied it ; he would lose his mind if he allowed himself to brood in this way. He must eat his supper, and then must read the sealed paper the doctor had given him that morning after the funeral. He had put off the reading hour after hour : he had said that when he finished cooking his dinner he would read it ; then, when he had finished eating his dinner ; then, when he had finished cutting his wood because the storm was coming ; and then, when he had finished cooking his supper. Now all was done save the eating of his supper, and he could have no further excuse. The paper was in the inside pocket of his coat, he could hear it crackling a little every time he moved ; he was silly to put it off any longer ; he would finish his supper and then open it.

Resolutely he set to work and made himself eat as usual ; then he washed the few things and put them away, as he had done for so many years, then sat down by the light.

It was a large yellow envelope, with inky finger-marks on it, and a long smirch where it had been glued down. Jerry turned it over slowly ; no living creature knew its contents. This thought gave him a tremulous feeling, as if a ghostly company were waiting to see him read it, and to watch his action.

He looked over his shoulder hastily, and the clothes of the dead man hanging limp and straight against the wall, fluttered slightly as a more violent gust than usual struck the house. A cold perspiration broke out on Jerry's forehead ! For one moment he sat quite still, then rose and took the clothes down, putting them on Joe's bed. Of course the wind had stirred them ; the wind was unusually high.

Then, once more seated near the lamp, he took the ugly envelope from the table, turned it over once, then tore it open.

Was there anything in it ?

Nervously enough he held it before he looked, then one little scrap of dirty white paper was all he found, and on it, in cramped, laborious, printed letters, these words :

"Een the dorg korner—een the raf-

ters—een the j'ists—een the korners"—that was all!

Jerry put the paper down and looked about him bewildered—what did it mean?

The dog's corner; that was mentioned first. Should he go there; and if he went what would he find? In the dog's corner—he must look!

He called old Buck from out his box, putting all the remaining supper on the floor for him, then pulled the box away. Carefully he rapped the floor—it was hollow; but all the floor was hollow. He took the lamp from the table and looked more closely; all the boards were short, and were more compactly fitted together; more carefully still he looked, and in the darkest part of the corner he saw a place worn almost smooth, and on the edges of it many finger-marks.

He thought for a moment, then put his fingers in this place, and the floor came up!

Jerry drew a long breath and dropped it. He walked up and down the floor once or twice: was he dreaming, or was he a coward?

Once more he approached the corner, once more fitted his fingers—it came up readily, and looking he saw that a square of the short boards turned on well-greased wooden hinges.

He had often seen such hinges, why should they so astonish him? Then he saw something else; was it another floor or a box? He ran his fingers over the whole smooth surface, then carefully examining he found more finger-marks; he fitted his fingers to them—one second—then a lid was lifted!

Had his mind deserted him suddenly?

He passed his hand slowly over his eyes and brow, then knelt by the open hole as if turned to stone!

Was any one knocking, or crying, or was it the wind?

Hastily he sprang up, shutting down both floors, and putting the lamp on the table.

Buck was eating his supper quietly; the wind howled despairingly, and he could feel the snow banking against the window. He could feel it falling flake by flake, he knew he could—and some one was walking and wailing outside!

He covered his face with his hands—

was it Joe? A shudder ran over him—Joe longing once more to count his hoard!

With a wild shriek the wind came down the gorge, striking like a human hand against the door and window. Jerry stood still, and cold and white; it came across those lonely graves: those lives had been sacrificed for this gold!

Greg had left a flask of brandy on the shelf; he needed strength now, and he would find it in that flask.

He took a tin cup and poured some in it; how Fred Greg would scorn to drink from such a vessel; and yet this was the same brandy Fred drank in the East. It looked like melted gold as the light shone through it; then he tossed it off. He stood still for a moment: he was on fire—there were broken stars before his eyes, and red-hot blood in his veins! He walked to the book-shelf—those were his books, he knew every one of them—and there was Joe's ax in the corner, and Buck lying full length before the fire.

Nothing ailed him, he had taken only a little brandy to steady him after a day of unusual excitement; he had often seen men take more than he had taken.

Now he had strength to open those floors; and after that—"een the rafters—een the korners—een the j'ists"—he laughed aloud.

Poor Joe, he said always "een" for "in." He felt better now, quite strong and well, and had been a fool to think he had heard voices, or footsteps, or snowflakes falling—a perfect fool!

He walked to the corner, he knew what was there now; he knew that his reputation was saved—his name made good.

Eagerly, greedily he lifted the two floors—ah, those little bags: they could hold only one thing—gold! Gold dust—gold nuggets?

Anxiously he opened one—one, two, three of them—five, ten of them—and a cry burst from his lips!

Gold money, firm and solid from the mint! He heaped more wood on the fire—he spread a blanket on the floor—a blood-red blanket—how the gold would sparkle against it!

And then bag after bag he emptied it. How it clinked—how it rang—piles

and piles of it! He was drunk with the sight, and sat on the floor and smiled at it, and talked to it like an idiot; then suddenly rising up with arms outspread he cast himself upon the glittering heap!

"Mine, all mine!" he cried aloud; a wild, sharp cry that seemed to still the wail of the wind as it passed, and an awful silence fell. Had he made that sound?

He got up slowly. What ailed him? Was he mad? Of course not; but foolishly he had emptied many of his bags of gold; he must fill them all again and put them back; that corner was the safest place in which to keep them.

Then the words came back to him—"een the rafters—een the korners—een the j'ists." He looked up; could gold be hidden up there in the rafters? He put his hand up in the lowest corner of the roof, and something was there—something soft and round. He paused a moment; should he take it down and examine it now, or wait until he had put away all his gold, and replaced Buck's box. Poor dog, he waited so patiently, so still and watchful near the fire. Perhaps he was accustomed to see those little bags taken out and emptied—emptied and counted over and over again. Old Pete had had those patient ways, too.

Slowly Jerry filled the little bags, packing them tightly;—had he done it too securely? He looked about him bewildered; he must have, for there was no gold to fill the last bag which he held in his hands. He passed his hand slowly over his forehead and eyes—had an unseen hand filched any from him?

Out again, hurriedly, eagerly, came all the little bags; how many pieces had there been in each? Many of them he had not touched as yet; he would count the pieces in these, and fill the others with the same number of coins.

Bag after bag was carefully set apart on the floor; the unopened ones opened and counted, and the rest filled accordingly, and enough was left for the last bag—none had been taken.

Then he put them back; shut down the floors; drew the box into its place, and watched as without any command the great dog stepped into his resting-place.

While he had been dreaming of the equal distribution of land and money, and making maudlin speeches about the inalienable rights of humanity, old Joe was gathering and old Buck was guarding!

Humanity had no inalienable rights—had no right to anything save what he could get and hold by his own strength. Buck and Joe had been wise—had gathered and saved the one thing that would make these ignorant hordes respect him, and stand back from crowding him down; the one thing that would give him power in the world.

He laughed a little, then stood still in front of the fire trying to calm his excitement, and decide what he would do. Should he hunt for and examine his treasure now, or wait until daylight?

For a moment he wavered; he might lose some in the night; but in the daylight Greg might come upon him at any hour—he was more secure now.

He again took up the blurred, rudely written paper; "een the rafters—een the korners—een the j'ists." He would have to tear the house down! Had the old man designed this so that no one should have the house he built so long ago for his little Nan? But now he must look.

The rafters were rough logs with the bark still on them, and ran the length of the house; nor were they very far apart, for the clapboards that stood for shingles were nailed to them without any intervening sheeting. Jerry was tall, and the house was low; he could reach up and touch every rafter except the three in the peak of the house, and these he could reach by standing on a chair.

He took it all in; almost he could see Joe's long arms reaching up, and his bony hands fumbling about the rough bark; and now he could understand why he was not allowed to whitewash the inside of the house, nor to move Buck's box. What a blind fool he had been! If he had had any sense he could have read the secret of Joe's life long ago, and the mystery that kept him aloof from his fellows; it was all clear to him now—so clear that the only wonder was that he had not seen it sooner.

Now he went back to the place where

he had put up his hand, and had felt the soft little bundle he had been afraid to take down. He went back now and lifted his slim, nervous hand that trembled foolishly; it was there, he had not been mistaken, and he brought it to the light eagerly. A little roll about the size and shape of his finger, and wrapped in a piece of leather that looked as if it had been cut from the top of an old boot, and tied round with a leather string.

He sat down by the table, he was so nervous, and untied it—slowly it unrolled before him, an orderly pile of bank-bills!

One hour ago he had looked on himself as a ruined man—a pauper—a fraud! Now, who could say how much he owned?

He got up and poured more brandy into the cup, but before he drank it he wound up the clock; this task would take hours, and he must know when to look for interruptions. An intense, excited quiet seemed to have fallen on him now; he must work steadily and systematically; he must know exactly where he began his search, and carry it on quietly from that point. He marked the place, then went regularly on, putting all he found on the table. Strange little rolls wrapped in scraps of leather, or in pieces of the skin of animals, or in squares of felt that looked like the remains of old hats, and all of them carefully tied. Some were hard, as if they were rolls of gold or silver, and some were soft as the first bundle had been. Carefully, slowly up and down the long rafters he felt his way; up and down all the higher ones, filling his pockets that he might not have to move too often.

How careful and ingenious the old man had been in hiding his treasure! No one could possibly have found it without some clue. Then he emptied his pockets on the table. What a pile it made! and how should he store it away? One or two of the little packages he had found stuffed in between the clapboards. How many more might be there he did not know; but he would find out—find out if he had to pull the house down piece by piece!

Carefully he went over it all again, very carefully; he must not miss one inch of that roof. He was not trem-

bling now, but he was cold, cold as death! He piled more wood on the fire; the blaze mounted up higher and higher—the room was in a glow. Then he looked about him; there was his trunk he had bought while he was gone, and his valise. Not in the valise, but in the trunk; that had a false bottom that opened with a secret spring. A new invention, the man had told him; he would put all his money there: the bills would not rattle, and would lie flat; and he could put the extra covering on the rolls of coin to stop any possible sound.

In a moment the trunk was open, and all his clothes out on the floor, all his fine new things that had cost so much money, and been put on with so much pride and pleasure; what did they matter now—what did anything matter! Down, down to the bottom, down into the false tray that was so deftly concealed; one touch and it flew open. Only one thing was there—one small bundle tied up in an old newspaper. Jerry stopped; his hands fell at his side, and the light died out of his eyes. "Mammy! mammy!" he whispered.

What came to him that he looked all about him; stood up and turned and looked about as if listening. What did he see or hear?

He turned the soiled, crumpled bundle over and over in his hands. The same old paper he had put about it as a child—the same old paper he had left there because he had not known that it was wretched and dirty—and that later he had left because of a nameless pathos that appealed to him from every smirch, and every wrinkle! Now it came to him like a voice or a touch from another world; his life was cut in two, and that other life he had lived had died and been buried long ago.

He was another person; he could not be that wild dreamer who had thought to equalize all the possessions of the earth; who would now have had him give a roll or a bag to every person in the town. How strange he had been! No wonder Joe had laughed at him.

And this little bundle that, for all his life until now, had been his only possession; poor little bundle, the only inheritance of his life.

He turned to look at the table where his treasure lay in piles and heaps—now! He thrust the bundle far back in the bottom of his trunk—far back in a hidden corner; the night was going and he must work. Hurriedly he began to drag the trunk across the floor; midway he stopped and lifted it; it might jar some of the little bundles from their resting-places in the joists; and he put it down very carefully near the table and began to pack. All the bundles of bills he smoothed out evenly, laying them in exact piles in the false tray; then the rolls he covered more securely, putting them in even rows, and there was a great space left.

“Een the korners,” the paper had said. He took the lamp, and moving his cot looked carefully on the floor in the corner, while visions of another double floor, as in the dog’s corner, flashed across his mind.

But carefully as he looked there were no marks; he tapped the floor, he tried the boards, but with no success, and a feverish impatience began to pervade him. What had Joe meant “een the korners?”

He lifted the lamp and looked up and down where the logs crossed each other—ah—! In each joint there was a crack, an innocent natural crevice, but they meant much to Jerry. There they were, little rolls and bundles hidden away, pushed in carefully and systematically, hidden entirely. Slowly but surely he pulled them all out, one after another, with an absorbed, intense expression on his face, and a burning light in his eyes. One after another they came out; how many more were there, and how many more in the other corners? How much would he have when he gathered it all together? how much? And would he ever find time and place to count it?

Each corner yielded up its treasure, and he put it away as he had done the rest, then paused and looked about him.

He was very weary, and the night was nearly done. Should he put away everything and rest until the day came, or should he search further? He was very weary, and his head felt strangely heavy. Was it the brandy, or the pain that had worried him for so long, turned to heaviness?

It was something he had never felt before, and he must rest.

It would not do for him to be ill and all this money about; no, he must put the house in order, and rest; perhaps a little sleep would send the feeling away.

Slowly and heavily he moved about, shutting down the secret tray, putting his clothes back as they had been, and carefully rolling the trunk against the wall. The fire; yes, he must make that safe, it would never do to let there be any danger of that kind, with all this money about. How reckless he had been all these years, not knowing the wealth hidden all about him!

But now he was very weary; he must rest; but he would not put the light out—a light would be a safety to the house; seeing it thieves would think him awake, and be afraid to break in. But yet the light might guide some wanderer there, some traveller lost on the trail; so he must turn it very low, for it would not be safe to take strangers in with so much money about.

He must be careful now, very careful, for no one must know of his wealth; no one must know. Nor must he undress, that would not be safe; and the old rifle must be loaded and cocked by his bedside; that was what Joe always did; Joe, who was so clever to gather and to hide!

He felt better lying down; but had he left any of the little rolls in his pockets that he could not lie easy? And he felt about him on the bed and in his pockets. No, they were all safe in the trunk, unless he had dropped some on the floor. He did not remember hearing any of them fall, and yet they might have. Would it not be better to get up and look?

Only he was so weary; let him rest a little while longer, then he would look; yes, he would look, for perhaps he had left some on the table, and that would betray him to Greg.

Was Greg there in the room—had he come softly over the snow from Durdens’?

He must get up; he must! If Greg found it out everybody would know, and they would force him to share it out. Never—never!

He must hide it: he must send it to

old Mr. Greg to buy shares, and make into millions and millions; until it would be scattered about him like chips around the woodpile—yes, like chips!

And so he tossed and dreamed, half asleep, half awake, while the night waned, and the wild wind blew the snow-clouds away and let the morning stars shine and glitter, and the moon turn all the snow-covered world to silver.

Clear and crisp, and cruelly cold when the red sun rose and shone on the work of the busy snow-clouds, and stole under Jerry's doorway, following a little drift of snow that had driven in, and lay across the floor a beautiful, unheeded stream of gold; stole in to show that a new day had broken over the land, and a new time and chance wherein man might begin his life afresh.

A beautiful new day; a resurrection from the death of sleep; a clearing of the soul from troubled visions that once more it might look up to God's glad light and turn away from sin and darkness; one more gift of time and opportunity sweeping in a golden flood before each life!

CHAPTER II.

"Howbeit all is not lost;
The warm noon ends in frost;
The worldly tongues of promise,
Like sheep-bells, die off from us
On the desert hills cloud-crossed!"

It was late when Jerry roused from his restless dreams, and he wondered vaguely what had come to him, and if he had slept at all. The fire had smoldered into a gray heap; the sun shone under the door, and old Buck lay with his nose up on the edge of the box blinking at the unaccustomed darkness at this hour.

Jerry sat up and looked about him: it surely had been a black, wild, snowy night when he lay down, and now the sun was shining.

He got up slowly, staggering a little just at first, and his head was very heavy; that was the brandy—yes, he had taken some brandy. Then slowly across his memory came all the scene of the night before; and he covered his face with his hands—could it be true possibly?

He walked to the window and pushed

open both sash and blind, and the sight of the whitened world reassured him that he had not lost his mind. But it was cold, bitterly cold.

Quickly he made the fire and put on the kettle; now he would go out to the bathing-pool and put his head under the spout of the spring—that would clear his brain so that he could think.

The fire burned brightly, and Buck came out of his box to sit near it; things were beginning to look more natural.

Jerry took out a suit of the rough clothes he had worn always, and that Joe had put away for him in the old wooden chest; he would put them on when he came back from the spring, and things would seem more real.

Once out in the crisp cold air he started at a full run up the little snow-covered path: he used always to run on cold days, and somehow he had a wish now to do as he had done always; he wanted to take a fresh hold on the old life that had been so real and so happy! Yes, it had been happy, but he had not realized it at the time; this new life, into which he had stepped so suddenly, seemed like some strange dream from which he must soon be roused; he seemed to be able to stand off and look at himself as if he were some other person. He could see himself smiling, and talking, and bowing in the beautiful rooms that were full of light and music and lovely women; he could see himself down among the busy offices with his face grown keen and sharp after gain; he could see himself mad with joy over his heap of gold! And the person who looked was a grave young man, with rather a sad face, who trudged back and forth to the humble school-house in Eureka; a sad young man with a heart all wounded and embittered by the love cast back on it.

Ah, that had been the turning-point! If only the doctor had not cast him off.

The thought was bitter to him still, and hastily he pushed his head under the rough spout. The little icicles hanging on the side broke and fell clinking down with a sharp rattle; he laughed a happy little laugh, the sound took him back so entirely into the old days. And the water was so cold, his head felt clear and sound in a moment.

Now he could go back and cook his breakfast and make his plans in a cool, sensible way.

He rubbed his hair round and round with a rough towel; Joe had made him do it in this way always, and he was finding Joe to be a very wise old man in many ways.

And they had been happy together in all those long, quiet years that were gone—they had been very happy. And the study under the doctor had been so pleasant and good, and he had found when he went out into the world that he knew more than most of the young men; nor had their ways and manners been strange to him. Yes, his life had been happy; picking his way slowly back to the house; but there was no reason why this new life should not be happy also—why not? He took off his "city clothes" and put on the rough suit that seemed so much more real and substantial; and made up the bread for his breakfast, and the coffee, and sliced the bacon that he would fry when the bread was nearly done. It was all so much as usual that he felt quite sure Joe was at the spring and would come in soon.

Busily he swept the floor, stepping softly lest he should jar some of the little bundles out of the joists; but when he remembered all the years that he had been coming in and out, and Joe, stamping heavily, he thought there could be no such danger.

Then looking up, his eyes fell on the little flask; that was what had made him so wild the night before, so miserable this morning, and it should not stand there to tempt him, he would pour it out—Greg had plenty more. It made a little hole in the snow as he poured it—a little round hole like a bullet—and the smell sickened him, bringing back the horror of the night. He put the empty flask back on the shelf, and arranged the table for his breakfast; it was better to do things with the usual regularity, it would help to calm him from the excitement of the past week, and allow him to think quietly of his future.

He would send his trunk down to Greg's, and whatever else they would need out of the house; and Joe's clothes and tools he would give to some poor

emigrant—there were plenty of them who would be glad to get these things.

His books he would pack in the old chest, and take them with him, too; he paused, and a sudden thought came to him that made him turn and look at the chest. Surely it would hold all his books even with a false bottom put in, and his gold bags packed between. And books were heavy, so that the weight of the chest would not be noticed, and he would pack the gold so as not to rattle; this was a good plan, and he felt relieved.

As to the house; and he paused again in his slow eating to look up at the roof—it would have to come down, and what excuse could he give for taking it down himself? This thought worried him. He could not say it was from love to Joe, affectionate recollection of the old man who had been all to him. A real pain—an acute, accusing pain for the poor old man—crept into his heart. Until now no thought of love or of mourning had come to him; it had been painful, and he had missed Joe, but that had been all.

And he hated himself for the coldness of his heart.

No, he could not claim love as a motive for pulling down the house himself; he could not use the kind old man's memory in this way. He would pull down the house and say nothing about it, and when it was all down he would move it into the town, it would make a good house for somebody. This was the best plan, and surely it was nobody's business.

The dog was fed, the things put away, then he went to the bottom of his trunk once more; all was safe, and he put his clothes back more carefully, and on top he put the rest of his coarse clothes; it would be best to dress as he had always dressed, and to live as he had always lived, for too much public money passed through his hands for it to be safe for him to change in any way.

And not even Greg must know of the extent of his fortune, for no one would be loath to suspect him of knowing Joe's "find," and of concealing the knowledge in order to reap all the advantage.

Now he must prepare the chest; and

the lid from the second floor in the corner would make an excellent false bottom, for it was thin and light.

The tools were all there, and he knew pretty well how to use them; it would not take him long; then he must go down and see Greg.

Quickly the hours slipped by, so busy was he, but all the little bags were safely stowed away, with space left for what he might find in the joists.

And gradually, as he worked, the absorbing thought of his future took hold of him again; in the morning the reaction from the troubles of the night had made him long to go back to the wholesome old times; but as the hours went on, and he realized for what he was preparing, the same excitement crept again into his veins.

So soon as these minor matters were made safe, he would map out his future course, and pursue it steadily to the end.

Durden's should succeed—Durden's should swallow up Eureka—Durden's should be the creature of his hand, and call him master as long as life pulsed in his veins. Only wait a little while—only be patient—and soon all the world should see what he could do and be.

He cooked his dinner and ate it, then locked the chest, and the trunk, and the house, and set off down the trail toward Durden's. He must see Greg, for it had occurred to him that it would be better to put up another room in addition to the two which Greg had already; it would be much more convenient for them to have such a place, and there was lumber to be bought in Eureka and plenty of men anxious for the work.

Certainly it would be best, for things had changed, and they could not now have all affairs in common.

To-morrow the Town Committee would meet, and the sub-committee make a report; after that he would have to report, and he must make out his papers to-night, and the feeling of a pressure of work seemed to lighten his heart and his step.

He had risked a great deal in giving his notes to Mr. Greg for such large amounts—had done wrong, perhaps, but it had been Joe's fault—Joe had given him unlimited credit. Then again there came into his mind the question

of the motive that had instigated Joe's course. On his death-bed he had said that he sent him to learn to love money—to learn to love money. A light seemed to break in on him: Joe had been afraid that Jerry, not valuing money, would share it all out! Was this his only motive?

He remembered Joe's distress when mention was made of buying Durden's Mine; the distress that more than anything else had convinced Jerry that Joe worked in Durden's Mine.

Now that theory was done away with, what caused that distress? And his death, what caused that? Something mysterious which he would not tell; and Greg's story of his absence surely looked as if he had some resort and place of work other than the mine.

All this came back to Jerry now that his mind was free from the awful anxiety that for two days had possessed him—the anxiety about his notes falling due, and, there being no money to take them up, what would have happened? The whole scheme would have failed, and he have been branded forever as an impostor.

Now all was secure, perfectly secure; he could take up his notes and invest more—could himself run up the Durden's stock a point or two, so that even those keen, cautious men in the Board would feel secure. In a day or two he would take Greg and go in the mine, but he would not suggest any of the men going with them; for until they were accustomed to the idea of people going in and out of this haunted place it was best not to ask them, so risking a refusal, for a refusal would set the whole town talking, and he must be very cautious about this.

And besides his report he had a proposition to make to the committee; it was to buy all the lumber now lying in Eureka. It would be sold at cost, now that Eureka was depressed, and it all would be needed in Durden's as soon as the rush began. It would be a good investment for the committee to build the houses, so that the community would own them, and when rented or sold, the money would come back to the treasury. It was a good plan and he would suggest it.

And now he began to whistle merrily as he walked, for his heart grew light as he planned his future, and felt that in the present he was safe. Yesterday the world had seemed blacker than the grave—to-day there were no tints needed to brighten it. But it would not do to be too gay suddenly—Greg nor the doctor would understand it, and he sobered down before he entered Greg's house, where he found him writing letters.

"Letters for you, too, Wilkerson," he said; "the old gentleman has followed you up quickly."

"A note of mine falls due next week," Jerry answered, opening Mr. Greg's letter first. "And good news, too," he went on, "Durdens's stock on a steady rise, and Fred anxious to join us."

Greg shook his head.

"I shall say no to that," he said. "Too many of a family or a class coming in will look like a ring, and we cannot afford to lose the least bit of ground in the confidence of these people."

Jerry looked up from his letters.

"Is it well for us to live together, then?" he asked.

"I have been thinking about it," Greg answered, rather hastily, "and scarcely think it wise; and for Henshaw, the engineer, I have taken a room at Dave Morris's. I tell you, Wilkerson," he went on more gravely, "that since I worked on that committee I have not the least faith in these people; they would turn against either or both of us in a minute. They cannot understand anybody's working for the common good, and immediately grow suspicious of anyone who says that he does. Constantly I hear them going back to the doctor's case, and saying how he deceived them. They have to be held with a strong hand, or they will turn on you."

Jerry sat quite still; these were Joe's own words—"They will kill you in a minute"—and they would, if he did not kill them first!

Still, he did not blame them altogether now, for his own views had changed as to the rights of the masses, and as to the masses themselves; and, perhaps it was well that they had changed, for now, instead of trying to

work out some romantic dream—some philanthropical impossibility, he would take hold of these people and rule them as the ignorant needed to be ruled.

"I will manage them," he answered, "and perhaps we had better not live together, although it would have been very pleasant."

"Very," Greg assented, drawing idly on a piece of paper that lay near him on the table; but the voice was not hearty, and Jerry wondered why the wisdom of not living together had come to Greg so suddenly—yesterday he had insisted on it.

Did he know of anything these people were plotting, and so had grown afraid of being connected with him? Jerry would not look up while he thought, for he was afraid the suspicion would show in his eyes; and it was a mean doubt to have, but since the doctor had failed him he had come to doubt everybody. "I shall try to get a room at Mrs. Mil-ton's," he said, "until I can move my own house nearer the mine; it is too far from my work now;" then he went on opening and reading his letters.

Three or four applications for places under him from young men of good standing; two or three inquiries as to the real worth of land in Durdens's, and of the true future of the place; and numbers of answers to his circulars sent out two months ago. He read them all through gladly enough, for they all promised well; and in a general way he told Greg their contents; but thought that as things between them were turning out so differently from what he had expected, it would be wiser to keep his own counsel. Nor did he mention his plan of buying lumber and building; he would keep this to himself also. And he was glad that Greg had declared himself so early in the campaign, thereby giving him time to strengthen himself so as to stand alone. It had all turned out very well, and it would be a good thing to read out these answers to his circulars, then propose the building plan to the full meeting of the Town Committee, and let them see that Greg was no more in his confidence than they were.

And he would not, as he had thought of doing, send more money to Mr. Greg

to invest for him ; but after taking up all his notes he would employ a regular broker to transact his business for him ; for of course all that he told the father would be used to help the son, and maybe the son would join with any party that might form against him—might even form one.

And in the half hour that he sat so sociably by his friend's fire, the whole plan and temper of his life had changed ; and the thought came to him, as he left the house, that it seemed to be ordained that he should stand alone.

He had grown up with two men whose lives hid mysteries, and so touched his only on the outermost surface, leaving him to live within himself ; and now when he thought that he had made a friend ; had found one of his own age with the same views and ambitions, this friend suddenly withdrew from him ; because their ambitions *were* the same, perhaps. It was disappointing, but maybe it was best ; his life would be much more to the purpose, and much more intense, if he lived entirely within himself, and frittered away none of his strength or energy on love and sympathy.

A little laugh broke from him as he walked, that was not pleasant to listen to, and he said aloud—"Love and sympathy!" and said it with great contempt. It seemed to him that he had given so much, and to what purpose—to have it all thrown back on him, not because of lack in him, but because of a love given long ago to a woman.

And as he stood knocking at Mrs. Milton's door, that weary, delicate face rose up before him. A strange story—a sad fate that often he dreamed over : and who was the one shut away in the convent—and why was Paul with the doctor?

"Bless my heart, Jerry Wilkerson!" and Mrs. Milton stood in the doorway looking him over from head to heels. "Come in—come in," she went on, after Jerry had shaken hands with her and had knocked the snow off his boots—"it's rale wittles an' drink to see youuns a-bowin' aroun' an' a-talkin' fur orl the worl' like the doctor ; tucker cheer," and she dropped into one of the rocking-chairs that had figured so many years ago at 'Lije's funeral ; only now it had

grown rusty and bare of varnish, and the arms were tied in place by pieces of string.

"An' how did youuns favor down East?" she asked.

"Very much," Jerry answered ; "but I could not live away from Durden's."

"Gosh, no!" scornfully ; "I ain't got no stomick fur the pulin' way folks lives down East, thar ain't no grit 'bout nothin'—notter specker grit!"

Jerry laughed.

"But it is very comfortable over there, Mrs. Milton," he said.

"Durden's 'll do me," she answered, taking down a black clay pipe ; "an' it did fur Joe Gilliam, an' it did fur 'Lije Milton, an' them were good men as ever wuz daubed outer clay ; an' youuns orter 'gree to thet, Jerry Wilkerson."

"I do," and Jerry looked into the fire sadly ; certainly Joe had been faithful to him.

"I 'llows thar's sumpen on youun's mine, Jerry Wilkerson," the old woman went on, reseating herself and looking at him keenly from out a cloud of smoke ; "when a man's wittles don't sot easy, or ther's the least little thing a-pesterin' him, he allers looks like he's a-hankerin' atter a-buryn' ; what's up?"

Jerry ran his hand over his face, trying to change his expression ; this old woman was so keen.

"I came to see if I could board with you, Mrs. Milton," he said, quietly, "my house is too far from my work."

"I knowed it," nodding slowly, and looking into the fire ; "Joe's gone, and youuns is a-goin' to spen' what he saved, a-boardin'. Mussy me, boy, youuns kin live a heap cheaper to youuns 'seff."

The color rose in Jerry's face.

"I want to board only until I can move my house," he said, "and I am going to work, Mrs. Milton, not waste."

"Jest so, thet's better ; but movin' thet house ain't a-gointer pay, them logs is plum rotten by now ; git youuns a little new lumber an' put up a shanty—it'll pay a heap better."

"Maybe so," Jerry answered. This was a good idea to have in people's minds ; they would think the old house had rotted away ; and as no one used the trail now, no one would know it had been aided in its fall.

"I shall send my trunk and my bed down on Monday," he suggested.

"Well, an' the price?"

"You must settle that," rising, "you know best what it will be worth."

"Youuns makes a fine trade, Jerry Wilkerson," standing between him and the door, with arms akimbo; "Joe'd be rayly proud to hear how peartly smart hisn boy were."

"I don't think you will cheat me, Mrs. Milton; at least I did not think so," laughing.

"Thet mout beso, an' agin it moutent; an' I'd sot a heap mo' sto' by youuns if youuns'd try to maker trade, I would. Youuns tried it on me when youuns come alonger Dan Burk to buy the mine, an' youuns made a rale good trade, youuns did," putting her head on one side and taking her pipe from her mouth. "I reckon youuns is got mo' truck sence Joe's gone, an' don't feel so pertickler bad off; ain't thet so?"

It was in Jerry's mind, indeed on his lips, to say that then he had been buying for the people, and now he was making only a little arrangement for himself; but he remembered Greg's words that these people did not believe in such motives, words he knew to be true, so he said only:

"Yes, Mrs. Milton, I have more money now than then."

"I knowed it," nodding her head, "an' nobody need not to prophesy to know it; kase orl the town knowed thet Joe Gilliam were a savin' creetur, an' lived lonesome;" she went on more thoughtfully, "an' did orl fur hisseff and fur youuns; I'll be bound Joe washed youuns's cloze; now ain't thet so?"

"Yes," Jerry answered, "and mended them, too."

"Great-day-in-the-mornin'! an' a heaper gals jest ready to tuck up alonger him. Gosh!"

Jerry laughed, he could not help it. The idea of Joe's marrying seemed so queer, it had never occurred to him before; and the other idea—of the young women being willing to take him—that was still more strange; marry old Joe! and he laughed. The old woman joined in with a grim sort of chuckle over her own wit, walking with him to the door.

"Go 'long, boy," she said, "an' don't fotch no beds—I've got beds, I reckon, an' Milley kin rub out youuns's shirts onest inner while; an' youuns is jest right thet Mandy Milton ain't agoin' to cheat youuns. I were jest a-foolin'; come along when youuns hes a mine to, and youuns'll find the inside of Mandy Milton's han' jest sure, youuns will," and she slapped him on the back too heartily for comfort almost. "I ain't furgot thet Joe Gilliam, an' me, an' 'Lije come from the same ole State, and thet fur a while Joe Gilliam an' 'Lije were kinder pards—I ain't furgot—farwell," and she stood in the doorway to watch him.

"Poor creetur," she muttered, "to think as he's pards alonger Dan Burk, the pi'sen-meaneest parry-toed creetur as ever were growed, drat 'im;" then she shut the door.

And Jerry went his way up the lonely trail, thinking deeply, and readjusting his mind to the new order of things that had come to him since he had left his home, light-hearted, and sure of his future.

CHAPTER III.

"Friend, who knows if death have life or life have death for goal?"

Day nor night can tell us, nor many seas declare, nor skies unroll

What has been from everlasting, or if aught shall always be.

Silence answering only strikes response reverberate on the soul

From the shore that hath no shore beyond it set in all the sea."

SETTLED at Mrs. Milton's, Jerry felt more himself than he had done since the time that seemed so long ago when he had waited to warn the doctor.

It was better for him to be always among his fellows; the lonely life up on the trail allowed him too much time to brood and see visions; this busy life was more wholesome.

His report had been received with great applause by the committee, and his proposition to buy the lumber from Eureka, and to build houses, had been accepted, and a committee on building appointed, of which he was chairman.

Engineer Henshaw had come, and had been settled in his rooms, and now the

investigation of the mine was to come the next day.

It was very late ; Mrs. Milton and the town of Durden's had been long sleeping the sleep of the weary, but Jerry's light burned still, and he wrote busily. All day he had worked for the Commune—to-night he worked for himself. His private affairs were in the most prosperous condition ; he had taken up all his notes as they fell due ; and had spent three days in riding to and from the nearest station—to send his money to be deposited safely in bank. His broker had telegraphed its safe arrival, and his certificate of deposit and bank account had come to him that afternoon. He knew now how much he owned : at last he had counted all the savings of old Joe's long life, and of old Durden—whose money Joe had found—had counted every cent won by those lives of unceasing toil and saving, and knew himself to be a rich man.

It had taken time for him to get the money together ; log by log, and board by board, he had taken down the whole of Joe's house ; he had gotten all that was hidden under the floor, and had searched the roof most thoroughly. If ever it came to his memory that he was destroying the place that had sheltered all his happiest years, the thought did not stay his destroying hand ; rather there was a haunting fear always that some of the treasure might be lost ; and his most constant dream was that the little bundles were rolling away from him in the snow and the rain.

Relentlessly he pulled down all the little shelves and conveniences that one after another Joe had arranged for him. The first shelf put up for his school-books ; the larger one put up later for books that Joe had given the doctor money to buy for him ; the little cupboard nailed against the wall, that served to store his papers in—all these came down one by one ! Whatever was of any use he gave away—Joe's clothes, and tools, and bed—the rest of the things he kept to put in his own house that was now building.

All his money was safe now—what did these old things matter ? But he kept the little bags that had held the gold ; somehow he could not destroy them ;

and in one of them he had found a strip of paper, and the words on it puzzled him ; but he could not destroy the little bags.

His face had grown very sharp in the last few weeks, and his eyes burned more brightly than ever before, as he sat writing under the full glare of the lamp.

He was a rich man now—a rich man ! Sometimes he said the words over to himself until they rang in his ears and his heart—a rich man ! And the respectful letters from his broker, and the paternal notes from Mr. Greg, were but the forerunning voices of what the world would soon sing around him.

His broker had advised him not to take any more stock in Durden's just now ; he carried enough to assure people of his confidence in the venture, and to take any more would look as if he wished to prop it up. So some of his money was invested in other ways, and people in business circles looked on him as a "solid man." But in Durden's he was still only "Mr. Wilkerson," the chief man of the Commune ; the man who had the responsibility of the whole town and its affairs on his shoulders, but who expected to make his money as the Durdenites made theirs. No one knew of Joe's treasure, and his strange sickness and death were soon forgotten.

Mrs. Milton had said, and everyone believed it, and thought it most natural that Joe Gilliam had saved a little money, and young Wilkerson was living on it ; but no one knew of the bank account, nor of the investments made in his name in various prosperous railways ; only Dan Burk wondered in his heart where Joe's money was. He knew how much he had saved, and he knew that Joe must have saved twice as much ; yet no word had come to him—no whisper of Jerry having found but the little he was now spending on his living ; and he wondered if the old man had hidden it too securely, or purposely had put it out of Jerry's reach.

Burk had been to see Joe once during his illness, but Joe had not vouchsafed to notice him except to say that there was "a curse on the gold, and death in the mine"—and this looked as if he might have buried it out of sight for-

ever. Then Dan remembered Jerry's visit to the East and hearing that he had spent a great deal there; maybe it had gone in this way, maybe; but then this would not account for Joe's great desire that Jerry should learn to love money. He could come to no satisfactory conclusion, and fell to watching Jerry closely for any betraying word or action; he went to see him at all hours, hoping to surprise him in some way, but gained nothing for his trouble. Jerry lived quietly at Mrs. Milton's—he was building for himself a small house in no way better than the houses built for the emigrants; only two small rooms close under the cliff near the mine's mouth; he gave no sign in his dress, nor in any of his habits, that he was in possession of any great amount of money, and Dan Burk was puzzled.

The others who watched Jerry were Greg, with always an anxious look in his eyes; and Paul Henley.

The doctor came and went silently; he attended carefully to his work in Eureka, and kindly to all the sick and dying; his life seemed to have lost all interest, and he went about as one to whom duty has become habit. His great tract of land lay under the sun and rain untouched and unsought; his great stacks of lumber had been sold to Durden's; his imported workmen had followed their leader Greg, each buying his little lot, and building his little shanty; and the land-agents whom he, more than Jerry, had foiled, had been bought out by the railway company, and in a body had gone away in search of further prey.

All things rested in Jerry's hands now, and he had begun to think he could not fail—that all he touched must succeed. Nothing surprised him unless it went wrong; then he was provoked. He ruled the Town Committee, never hesitating to tell them the most biting truths; he dictated to the Building Committee; he asked no advice, and told none of his plans. When a plan was fully matured in his own mind he systematically worked things in that direction, then laid the plan before the committee, quite sure of its adoption.

He was fully armed always, and people said he was not afraid of the devil.

More than once Dave Morris had bragged of his defeat, elevating himself along with the reigning hero—a friend intimate enough to knock him down; and Dan Burk often had repeated old Joe's words, "he would kill without thinking," and, if true or not, this was believed.

And Jerry's laws were stringent.

No whiskey was allowed in the town save as rations to men who were working; and it was said that Mr. Wilkerson would shoot any man he caught selling anything stronger than beer. Long ago he had established a school and church, where services of some kind were held every Sunday; but he had no reading-rooms, no lending-libraries, nor any news-stalls; those who wished newspapers might take them privately, but the fewer the better; he did not think them good for the masses, they only fomented discord and discontent. He had seen this, and as the people were satisfied with the *Durden's Banner* he made no move to introduce papers from the outside world.

As it was, his power was scarcely realized; and Durden's, surprised by the order and method with which she was governed, followed Jerry quietly and blindly.

His letters were finished now, and he pushed aside the coarse curtain that shaded the window and looked out. The autumn was very late, fortunately for his plans, with only the slightest snowfalls at long intervals; allowing him to build and prepare for the newcomers, and to push the work in the new "finds;" a little more good weather, and the old mine would be reopened, and the railway in; and of course the weather would hold.

There was a slight covering of snow on the ground now, as Jerry looked out, but the stars were shining overhead, and the moon so brightly that he could see the stone meant for Joe's grave leaning against the fence.

"*Joe Gilliam's Last Find*" was the inscription cut on it, with the date of his death.

Jerry turned away; his last find! Where had his first find been? where had he worked all these years? where had he found all his gold?

Up and down Jerry walked ; to-morrow, for the second time in his life, he would enter Durden's Mine. Would he find anything there to tell of that long toil and saving ? Might he not have mistaken Joe's last words ?

He had found no mining tools among Joe's things ; no lanterns, nor miner's lamps, nothing but common saws and hammers and hatchets ; no clothes that looked as if he had worked underground. Would he find them all in some black passage in the mine ? all piled carefully in some far recess, put there by the old hands that could handle them no more : or had Joe said true, that he had not worked in the mine—that it was all safe unless you turned to the left.

He paused in his walking ; some day he would examine that turn to the left. Die—he could not die yet—he *would* not die ! If the devil had filled all the cracks of the earth with gold, he would dig it all out and give it to men, so that there would be no more power in it to tempt them ; and he laughed a little, remembering his foolish visions.

He went to the window again ; his head was hot and heavy, and lifting the sash he leaned out into the biting wind.

"Joe Gilliam's Last Find."

The stone leaning against the fence seemed to speak to him. Something connected with his work had killed the old man ; and his last find, did that mean his grave, or the thing that had caused his death ?

He could never find out ; and to-morrow he would go into the mine that the

old inhabitants looked on as fatal to all who entered it.

Mrs. Milton had uttered sad forebodings.

"My 'Lije were a good, strong man, an' he were gone two days," counting slowly on her fingers, "two days, a Thursday an' a Friday, thet were orl—the time he were in thar ; thet were orl, but when he come home a Saturday, he were done—plum done !" And she wiped her nose with the corner of her apron ; "thar warn't no mo' sperrit in him, no mo' sperrit in 'Lije Milton," shaking her head ; "he never said aneth'er cuss, ner tuck aneth'er dram, 'ceppen what the doctor give him ; an' he never tole what he sawn in thar—he never tole it."

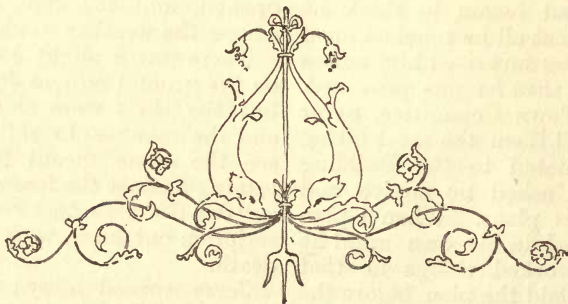
Then Jerry had left her : he had heard that story long ago from Joe, and later had had suspicions of Joe's connection with this same story—dark suspicions that he had stilled ; now they all came back to him as he thought of the next day, and looked at the stone leaning against the fence.

"Joe Gilliam's Last Find"—that narrow grave up among the rocks—the common pine coffin—the quick forgetfulness !

He came in hastily from the cold night, and shut the window ; he must get some rest, or he would not be fit for the next day's work.

Carefully he put the fire together, and drew the curtain, then looked at the clock ; it was time almost for Mrs. Milton to get up.

(To be continued.)





THE POINT OF VIEW.

It cannot be denied that this last decade of the century is not precisely the flourishing period of either jovial or sentimental celebration, and it is doubtful if the Spirit of Christmas Present and Tiny Tim find much tolerance at the hands of even the most catholic of the *fin-de-siècle* critics. There are "no new facts to communicate" (to quote from the bashful man of science recently cited in these pages) as to holly, plum-pudding, or the whole duty of man to his neighbor under the Christmas-tree or elsewhere; and he would be a bold man who should essay a seasonable talk to the generation that has run the whole gamut of Christmas literature, from the Carol and Bracebridge Hall to Mr. Stevenson's Christmas sermon. Nevertheless, the diminution, not only of this literature, but of the cheery, optimistic note in current literature generally, is not altogether owing to its past abundance, and is in itself the subject for a homily that has not yet been read, if one were preacher enough to handle it. If Christmas does not bring new expositors of a gospel of good cheer, it suggests at least an inquiry into their absence, and a question whether it means loss or only change.

The world has had harder treatment at the hands of the pessimists in the last two decades, perhaps, than in any like space of time before; but probably no man will seriously contend, whatever his philosophy, that there has been any real diminution in the fund of enthusiasm, initiative energy, and on the whole of genuine hope, in the race at large. If he be a pessimist himself he may lament it—that the younger gene-

rations, at least, will keep on hugging their delusions, and believing in the time-honored possibilities of happiness and fruitfulness; but he cannot deny the fact that the trait is ineradicable, and that it carries with it as a corollary a tendency to do something for the general good. If he looks, like Cardinal Newman, at the many races of men, their starts, their fortunes, their mutual alienation, their conflicts; and then . . . their aimless courses, their random achievements and acquirements, the impotent conclusion of long-standing facts . . . the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental anguish," and all the rest of the dreary catalogue set forth by the unerring pen of the "Apologia," why, so has every man looked at them after his kind, and it has made no difference—the sum total of effort and of hopefulness has remained the same. Even beliefs may change in part, as they undoubtedly have changed in their literal form, and yet the bases still remain unaltered with the vast majority of men—probably with as large a majority as ever; in the last analysis a faith in benevolent design, in an essential and consistent purpose of good, in the duty to one's neighbor. Added to these are other and greater faiths, from Newman's to the simplest individual belief; but so much is virtually universal.

On the whole, too, there has been no decrease in the emotional enjoyment of life. To reverse the old line in a way that sometimes suggests itself, *nos mutamur, et tempora mutantur in nobis*, and the older man must recognize that it is he that is changed.

and the times only as he sees them ; but, taking age for age alike, no one will doubt that men love as deeply, feel pleasure as keenly, enjoy their happiness as fully as they ever did.

What, then, is the reason for the undoubted fact that the cheery side of life seems to find less voice in literature ? Or if not absolutely, at least relatively less ? There are the old stock explanations, the greater complexity of contemporary life, the growing intensity of the struggle for existence, a repressive criticism, and so on ; each one of which seems to lead back to the same untenable premise, that not only the utterance but hopefulness itself has actually decreased. But has any one thought sufficiently of the fact that the mere gigantic increase, if not of literature, at least of literary expression, the immensely greater ease of intercommunication, and the extent to which nowadays we share each other's experiences, have driven writers more and more to the exceptional and the recondite—to the psychological entanglements and the unhappiness which form, to quote Mr. William James's phrase, the "unclassified residuum" rather than the established conditions of life ?

Contrary to the common belief, it is the unhappy and not the happy man who is loquacious. There are very few who are compelled to make record of their happiness ; but the Rousseaus and Senancours and Amiels (and Marie Bashkirtseffs if you like) find voice enough. And now, when the channels have become wide and easy, the same principle applies with a new force, and with results which are portentous. Now that the habit of rushing into print has so enormously increased, almost everyone who feels the impulse indulges it, and *ex hypothesi* the great majority who feel it are of those to whom unhappiness, commonly their own, seems the most important thing in life. Add to this the fact that, when we all know so much about each other, to write about so well understood a condition as happiness seems *fade* and commonplace to all except the few who have too much real power to fear it ; and here is, I think, at least one factor in a possible explanation why the short stories and the minor novels shun the old open, and take to devious ways of entanglement and misery, or to the

strained realism of showing faithfully only the hard, outer shells of things.

A FEW nights ago, after seeing a good American play well acted, I wished, for perhaps the hundredth time, that we might hand over to our descendants, before this nineteenth century closes, a subsidized metropolitan theatre devoted to our own drama, which, though often crowded out by successful foreign plays, can no longer be said not to exist. We, who are destined so soon to be regarded as odd remnants left over from another age, shall never live to see such a theatre founded by the government, and granted annually for its support a large sum out of the public treasury ; they do this as well as other things better in France, and he who should venture to suggest the scheme at the present stage of our civilization would not have to wait long to be convinced of its impracticability. But neither private munificence nor private enterprise need wait upon the passage of a bill through Congress. Already we have an opera-house second to none, where the work of the great composers is produced in a manner that falls little short of perfection ; and every winter we listen with delighted ears to an orchestra established in another city by one man's generosity. Overflowing houses attest the hearty acceptance of these gifts by the music-loving public ; their entire success is proved beyond dispute. Why, then, should the sister art languish for like recognition ? How much longer must we wait in New York for the Comédie Américaine ?

Ten years remain to us in which to set this good work going—to us, because if it is deferred until the twentieth century we shall no longer be identified with it. Not half the time we have left is really needed. In five years our theatre, well organized and conducted, would command attention the world over. That it will do so at no very distant day is almost certain, since the people's interest in the theatre increases constantly. It rests with us to make a day that is sure to come our own. But the chroniclers are sharpening their pencils and getting out their note-books to set down the fact that this century of our republic, with all its devotion to literature, its museums, its schools of art, never founded a dramatic

school, and let its national theatre go a-begging for the means to undertake it. "Such welcome and unwelcome things at once, 'tis hard to reconcile."

Every one knows, of course, that a theatre of the highest class might be carried on with a much smaller fund than that required for the Metropolitan Opera House, with its famous singers, its important conductor, and its enormous corps of supernumeraries. With the right man at the head of it, a syndicate for the promotion of a national theatre could be formed in one day. Were the money a gift, it would be one of public benefit, making honor for the benefactors. In the end it might prove to be no gift at all, but only a good investment; our theatre-goers have never yet been slow to recognize the best that comes before them. The details, to be sure, would take some serious thought, but there is the long experience of the Comédie Française ready to be drawn upon. *Va pour la Comédie Américaine!* It needs but one man to make the effort. Where is he? Naming no names, it can do no harm to put the question openly to whom it may concern.

THERE is probably no good American citizen of regular occupation (and good citizens, almost to a man, are regularly occupied) who has not at some moment observed and deplored the fact that his life, without strenuous effort to the contrary, is but a mere passing and repassing over the same familiar ground. The busy man, whether lawyer or merchant, clerk or cashier, soon learns the shortest way from his door to his business, and the chances are many to one that he will always go and come by it. Day by day his feet are slowly wearing away the pavement in ruts scarcely wider than those of the long-silent chariot wheels in Pompeii; were he stricken with sudden blindness he could follow that hurried course in the dark; and as the landmarks along it are so hackneyed that he has ceased to regard them, he might as well be blind to every non-obstructive thing. Study his face, and you will find that he is absorbed in his task, whatever it may be. Question him about any matter that does not immediately concern that private interest, and he will plead in excuse for his ignorance,

often with a sigh of regret, that he has no time for side-issues.

Now, in nine cases out of ten this is not strictly true, though he has made the statement so often that he really believes it, and under oath in the witness-box would solemnly state it again. He does not know what is the matter with him, but you can take *your* oath, if need be, that the patient old scape-goat of the scythe and hour-glass is less to blame for it than himself. He has simply fallen a victim to the money-getting habit—a vice like opium-eating or any other. Its earliest symptom is a passion for overwork, attended by total indifference to social and other distractions, including every form of literature except the newspaper; relaxation, when indulged in at all, is taken with a rush, like the mid-day meal at a lunch-counter, where all eyes are fixed upon the clock, and the voice of the ticker dominates everything. The acute form reveals a kind of mental dyspepsia to which enforced leisure brings additional pain rather than relief. The brain-wheels, nicely adjusted to their narrow groove, are unfit for freer service, and nothing short of recasting will make them go.

The desire to live at ease by achieving success in a chosen profession is natural and proper, but a reasonable variety in one's life is not inconsistent with it. He who listens to the clink of coin in his own pocket is never to be envied; on the other hand, the poor man with a wide range of resources becomes enviably happy in his own flexibility of temper which makes friends for him on every side. One such cheerful soul, no longer in his first youth, and anxious to make the most of the fleeting remnant of existence left to him, actually divides his day into epochs, giving an hour to study, an hour to exercise, an hour to light literature, and so on. In his eagerness to avoid running in a groove, he has run into the other extreme with as many grooves as his waking hours will permit. His plan, if generally practised, would have its inconveniences, no doubt; yet he is a far more rational creature than the man who has merged all ideas in one. He is living his life, at all events; he will not break down before his time, and pursue health ever after, restless and miserable, with no comfortable tastes or habits to fall

back upon. Would that our nervous nation might take to heart and learn to apply this lesson in deliberation of an English sage: "It does a bullet no good to go fast, and a man, if he be truly a man, no harm to go slow; for his glory is not at all in going, but in being."

WHY do people care so much about what is said in newspapers? They do care, especially when the something said is said of themselves. My friend the Judge remarked the other day, on what seemed to him the absurd fact, that when a young man of questionable wisdom made a remark you gave it such attention as his abilities and the accuracy of his information seemed to warrant; but when the same young man got his remark committed to type, and put into a newspaper, it became clothed in an authority which you felt bound to respect, and did respect more or less, however you might have differed from the opinion. But the fact was not so absurd as the Judge thought.

When Brown remarks to Jones, "Robinson is an ass," that is one thing. Brown may not really mean what he says. His remark is intended for Jones, and very possibly he counts upon certain qualities in Jones to qualify its force. Beauty lies in the eye of the beholder, and of course very much of the force of talk lies in the listener's ear. Then, too, when Brown makes his remark it may be with recognition of the chance that he may feel differently about Robinson the next morning, and may recall his opinion the next time he and Jones meet. But when Brown, the editor, composing the opinions of his newspaper, has his disparaging opinion of Robinson put into type and published, that is a different matter.

In the first place, when the opinion once

gets into print it becomes something *more* than Brown's opinion. It is the opinion of a responsible business establishment, which very possibly represents an investment of some hundreds of thousands of dollars, the profits of which depend in a considerable measure upon its reputation, which in turn depends, to some extent, on the ability of its editor to say the right thing at the right time, and defend it.

And to anything which a responsible newspaper prints attach many of the qualities which thus characterize its personal remarks. For whatever it says it must be ready either to fight, or to apologize and pay. Inevitably it will have to apologize sometimes; but the apologies of great newspapers are far between, and are apt, when they come, to relate to matters of minor importance. The obligation to be right, or at least defensible, in the first place, is seriously taken, and an apology is a confession.

In the second place, when an opinion about Robinson gets into a newspaper it is on the way to become the opinion of that newspaper's readers, and from that it is only a step to becoming the opinion of the public. If the remark is so manifestly true, or supported by such evidence that the average intelligence accepts it, it comes with the force of revelation, as did the remark of the little boy in the fairy tale that the king hadn't his clothes on. From private opinion to public opinion is as great a step as from a liquid to a crystal; but when matters have come to the right point a little jar will often precipitate the change in an instant.

Robinson may bear with equanimity the knowledge that Brown in talking with Jones has called him an ass, but the suspicion that Jones's opinion is public opinion may reasonably disconcert him.

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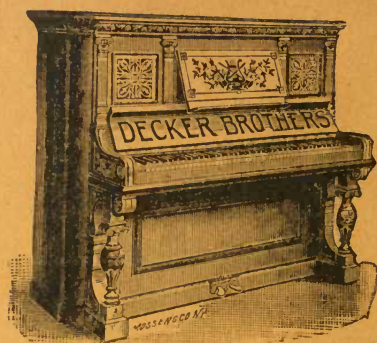
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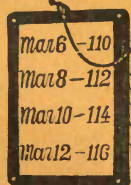
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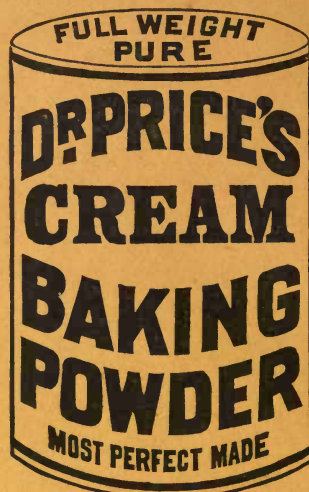
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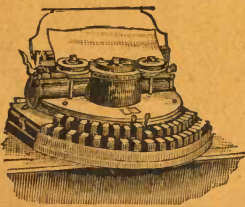
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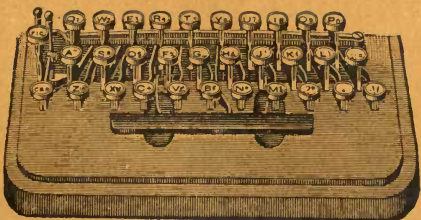
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